



Offeso in Cristo
Paolo Cav. Grassi

THE

General Baptist Magazine

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EDITED BY

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GOD SO LOVED THE world, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOEVER
BELIEVETH IN HIM MIGHT NOT PERISH, BUT MIGHT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.
AND WHEN HE IS COME HE (THE COMFORTER) WILL CONVICT THE world OF SIN, AND OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND OF JUDGMENT.
LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION.

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THE
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STIRRING THE FIRE : A PARABLE.

"STIR the fire; stir the fire!" is the shrill sound heard this cold January morning in many a British home, where the inmates are fortunate enough to have plenty of coals, and little need for hesitation in rousing the sleeping heat-forces to their fiercest flame. But why stir the fire? The fuel is already there; and there is plenty of it, and it is alight; slowly burning in a patent fire-stove warranted to use up the coals to the last ash, and not to waste a solitary ray of heat. What need, then, for the poker or his "curate?" This need: that the fuel will not burn of itself. It must have the life-giving breath of the atmosphere plentifully playing about the whole of it, reaching every particle of carbon, and setting free its yoked powers to march forth on their warmth-giving mission. Grip the poker, then, separate the clogged coals, provide air-currents freely, and you will soon have the quickened flow of blood, the readier thought, the kindlier feeling, the increased hopefulness that a bright and blazing fire rarely fails to give on a biting winter's morning.

And yet it might be wiser if, instead of stirring the fire, we were to stir ourselves; for the same air, whose free access gives flame to the burning coals in the grate, feeds and reanimates our bodily life. We, too, burn air. We are always burning it, sleeping or waking, resting or working; and the more we "stir" ourselves by diligent and well-measured exercise the more we burn; and the more we burn the better for our vigour and warmth and healthfulness. A brisk walk is a good way of saving coal. Consuming more air in our own lung furnaces, we have less need for the artificial heat of the coal-and-air fire.

Hear ye, then, the parable of the Stirring of the Fire. The fuel is the living word of God, the cross and throne of Christ, the facts of the gospel, the powers of the world to come, placed within us by faith, and all which, though ever burning, are like the mysterious bush of Moses, ever unconsumed. The air is the breath, the very life of the Eternal Spirit, and it is this which gives flame to the fuel, glow and brightness to our spiritual life, and even spiritual being and strength itself. Now the more ready and unopposed the access of the breath of God to every particle of our renewed nature, the more complete will be our devotion, and the more effective our service. We must, therefore, cease to resist His influences. Our souls should be open at every pore to receive Him. By meditation, by communion with Himself, by aspiration, by faith, by pureness, by knowledge, by love unfeigned, we must stir ourselves up to the task of securing the quickening currents of His grace, so that we may have life, and have it *more abundantly*.

We have no lack of fuel, stored with heat power; but it is often clogged together, and merely smoulders rather than burns away in the grates of churches and schools, pulpits and pews, prayer meetings and church meetings; and this notwithstanding the fuel is put in grates of the most approved pattern, some so ancient that you cannot trace their origin, and others so new that you cannot tell their effects; some so richly ornamented that you almost forget your chill in looking at them, and others so extremely plain that many will not believe any coal will ever burn in them; some so large that they gather in anything and everything, no matter what, even to the choking of the fire, and others so exclusive that they cannot even keep up a glimmer; and yet, indeed, in no one of them is the fire so bright, and the heat so high that there is no need of stirring amongst the fuel to make way for the life-giving air of heaven. "Stir the fire." Let the breath of God into the church till it vitalizes every part, and then a cold world will no longer shiveringly exclaim that our altar-fires are delusions, and our warmest welcomes little better than muttered threats.

But better than stirring the fuel in the church grate, is stirring *ourselves*. "While I was musing the fire burned." Glow comes with thought. Fervour is the offspring of fixed attention. Meditation on God and on the realities of religion keeps the affections alive and raises their intensity. Whoso would stir the fire of zeal and love for God, must not give a passing glance once in seven days at the things revealed, but must meditate in the law of the Lord day and night, and esteem God's word more precious than his necessary food. Meditation brings the motive that is outside of us *within*, and so we move ourselves by means of it. It opens air-circuits for the breath of God. Spiritual truths become to us not questions but realities, and move the very depths of our being. We muse on the gentleness of God, the tenderness of His pity, the riches of His grace, and the fire burns up all our hardness and melts us into love. Garments that are dyed twice or thrice do not readily lose their colour; nor do minds that are saturated with the mercies and grace of God easily take the hue and aspect of worldliness. Sir Isaac Newton said that the main difference between himself and other students and interpreters of nature was not in his original genius, not in his keen vision, but simply in his power of fixing his attention. It is also one of the chief causes of the differences of spiritual excellence and power, enthusiasm and success amongst saints. David could say, "Give ear, O Lord, to my *meditation*," as well as to his prayer. Jeremiah felt the word of the Lord was like a fire shut up in his bones, and that he must let it flame out. Paul's heart is set on fire by meditation on the unsearchable riches of Christ, and all his prayers betray the ardour of a soul burning with the love of God. Yes! our hearts would much oftener burn within us if we were not so slow to stir the fire with meditation.

Cæsar was once found bathing a volume of the life of Alexander the Great with tears, and his friends asked him why he wept. He answered, "Do you think I have not sufficient cause for concern when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast." We never read a volume of biography without experiencing some such stimulus. The life of Robert Alfred Vaughan, so short and yet so full of work and of success, gave an impulse

we feel even yet. Robertson's brief but eager, energetic, and victorious career is like a goad in the side spurring to fresh exertion. McCheyne's useful devotedness allures one on in the soul-winning race. But in no life is there so much of that eager haste to work while the day lasts, blended with calm steadfastness in doing the work, as in that One Peerless Life, so short that it only reached the verge of manhood, and yet so full of deeds that we never read it without hearing the word, whatever thine hand findeth to do, do it, do it at once, do it with all thy might, for the working time is soon spent, and good work is never lost! Idleness is burnt up in the flame lit by contemplation of the life of our Master and Lord.

And so if we wish, like Brainerd, to be "a flaming fire in the service of God," we must live and walk and talk with and work for our Redeemer. Whilst Christ was journeying with His disciples, their hearts burnt within them, and they felt a love they could not express, and a joy they could not understand. His free love-talk, sweet and hallowing self-revealings, made through the Scriptures, revived hope and gave birth to prayer and joy. We get most of the free quickening currents of heaven into our hearts as we commune in worship and work with Him who is our elder Brother, and the fulness of grace and truth and life.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Translated from the first hymn in the French Baptist Hymn Book by

E. HALL JACKSON.

From out the sounding lyre,
A sudden chord leaps free,
Then swiftly to expire
Goes through the ether-sea.
So comes each year that rolls,
And vanishes the same,
To leave our startled souls
Remembrance and a name.
Ah less! for somewhere lowers
Oblivion veiled and dim,
Who evermore devours
These days that speed to him;
And o'er the countless things
To which the past gave birth,
His heavy shadow flings
Eclipse of grief and mirth.
But O thou God of light!
God of the endless age!
Plain in thy piercing sight
Lies life's wide-open page;
For all with thee doth stay
When all is passed for me,
A century as a day
Is present unto thee.
I question life gone by,
She scarce replies, confused,
By all thy justice high
Confronted and accused.
Then from their hidden vaults
Rise at my King's command,
A thousand secret faults
With stern reproaching hand.
Ah where shall I secure
A refuge from His ire,
Who through my soul impure
Has plunged His look of fire?
Where from myself? for oh!
Remorse can thrust his dart
Before the day of woe
With burning fills my heart.

To vegetate below
Devoid of love and peace,
In bitter tears that flow
From griefs that cannot cease;
To feel that though we smile
The heart is torn by care,
To have our joys awhile,
But always our despair—
To watch days disappear,
To lose them drop by drop,
And flame within for fear
Their quick succession stop;
To love, yet hate to be,
To wish yet dread to die,
Till from the ordeal free
We face the judge on high;—
O soul! this life of pain
Is dying day by day:
Awake! some help to claim,
Some refuge while you may;
Haste thee! the hour has wings;
Live! live before you die;
The day that sentence brings
Bids hope for ever fly.
Of human griefs and care
Redresser all divine,
The Father's image fair,
O Jesus! Saviour, mine!
My faith to Thee I give,
And hope the while I cry
Thy help to truly live,
Thy grace to calmly die.
Let this new year begun
A clean new heart disclose;
Let love and hope in one
My happiness compose;
My Lord by faith's embrace
My heart to Thee would draw,
Come there to pour Thy grace,
And there to grave Thy law.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE GODLY.

An Exposition of Psalm xci.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

This Psalm is without a title, and we have no means of ascertaining either the name of its writer, or the date of its composition, with certainty. The Jewish doctors consider that when the author's name is not mentioned we may assign the Psalm to the last-named writer; and, if so, this is another Psalm of Moses, the man of God. Many expressions here used are similar to those of Moses in Deuteronomy, and the internal evidence, from the peculiar idioms, would point towards him as the composer. The continued lives of Joshua and Caleb, who followed the Lord fully, make remarkably apt illustrations of this Psalm, for they, as a reward for abiding in continued nearness to the Lord, lived on "amongst the dead, amid their graves." For these reasons it is by no means improbable that this Psalm may have been written by Moses, but we dare not dogmatize. If David's pen was used in giving us this matchless ode, we cannot believe as some do that he thus commemorated the plague which devastated Jerusalem on account of his numbering the people. For him, then, to sing of himself as seeing "the reward of the wicked" would be clean contrary to his declaration, "I have sinned, but these sheep, what have they done?" and the absence of any allusion to the sacrifice upon Zion could not be in any way accounted for, since David's repentance would inevitably have led him to dwell upon the atoning sacrifice and the sprinkling of blood by the hyssop.

In the whole collection there is not a more cheering Psalm, its tone is elevated and sustained throughout, faith is at its best, and speaks nobly. A German physician was wont to speak of it as the best preservative in times of cholera, and in truth it is a heavenly medicine against plague and pest. He who can live in its spirit will be fearless. even if once again London should become a lazaret-house, and the grave be gorged with carcases.

DIVISION.—On this occasion we shall follow the divisions which our translators have placed at the head of the Psalm, for they are pithy and suggestive. 1. The state of the godly. 3. Their safety. 9. Their habitation. 11. Their servants. 14. Their friend; with the effects of them all.

1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2. I will say of the Lord, *He* is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.

1. "*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High.*" The blessings here promised are not for all believers, but for those who live in close fellowship with God. Every child of God looks towards the inner sanctuary and the mercy-seat, yet all do not dwell in the most holy place: they run to it at times, and enjoy occasional approaches, but they do not habitually reside in the mysterious presence. Those who through rich grace obtain unusual and continuous communion with God, so as to abide in Christ and Christ in them, become possessors of rare and special benefits, which are missed by those who follow afar off, and grieve the Holy Spirit of God. Into the secret place those only come who know the love of God in Christ Jesus, and those only dwell there to whom to live is Christ. To them the veil is rent, the mercy-seat is revealed, the covering cherubs are manifest, and the awful glory of the Most High is apparent: these, like Simeon, have the Holy Ghost upon them, and like Anna, they depart not from the temple; they are the courtiers of the Great King, the valiant men who keep watch around the bed of Solomon, the virgin souls who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Elect out of the elect, they have "attained unto the first three," and shall walk with their Lord in white, for they are worthy. Sitting down in the august presence-chamber where shines the mystic light of the Shekinah, they know what it is to be raised up together, and to be made to sit together with Christ in the heavenlies, and of them it is truly said that their conversation is in heaven. Special grace like theirs brings with it special immunity. Outer court worshippers little know what belongs to the inner

sanctuary, or surely they would press on until the place of nearness and divine familiarity became theirs. Those who are the Lord's constant guests shall find that He will never suffer any to be injured within His gates: He has eaten the covenant salt with them, and is pledged for their protection.

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The Omnipotent Lord will shield all those who dwell with Him, they shall remain under His care as guests under the protection of their host. In the most holy place the wings of the cherubim were the most conspicuous objects, and they probably suggested to the psalmist the expression here employed. Those who commune with God are safe with Him, no evil can reach them, for the outstretched wings of His power and love cover them from all harm. This protection is constant—they *abide* under it, and it is all-sufficient, for it is the shadow of the *Almighty*, whose omnipotence will surely screen them from all attack. No shelter can be imagined at all comparable to the protection of Jehovah's own shadow. The Almighty Himself is where His shadow is, and hence those who dwell in His secret place are shielded by Himself. What a shade in the day of noxious heat! What a refuge in the hour of deadly storm! Communion with God is safety. The more closely we cling to our Almighty Father the more confident may we be.

2. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress." To take up a general truth and make it our own by personal faith is the highest wisdom. It is but poor comfort to say "the Lord is a refuge," but to say He is *my* refuge, is the essence of consolation. Those who believe should also speak—"I will say," for such bold avowals honour God and lead others to seek the same confidence. Men are apt enough to proclaim their doubts, and even to boast of them, indeed there is a party nowadays of the most audacious pretenders to culture and thought, who glory in casting suspicion upon everything; hence it becomes the duty of all true believers to speak out and testify with calm courage to their own well-grounded reliance upon their God. Let others say what they will, be it ours to say of the Lord, "He is our *refuge*." But what we say we must prove by our actions, we must fly to the Lord for shelter, and not to an arm of flesh. The bird flies away to the thicket, and the fox hastens to its hole, every creature uses its refuge in the hour of danger, and even so in all peril or fear of peril let us flee unto Jehovah, the Eternal Protector of his own. Let us, when we are secure in the Lord, rejoice that our position is unassailable, for he is our *fortress* as well as our refuge. No moat, portcullis, drawbridge, wall, battlement and donjohn, could make us so secure as we are when the attributes of the Lord of Hosts environ us around. Behold this day the Lord is to us instead of walls and bulwarks! Our ramparts defy the leaguered hosts of hell. Foes in flesh, and foes in ghostly guise are alike baulked of their prey when the Lord of Hosts stands between us and their fury, and all other evil forces are turned aside. Walls cannot keep out the pestilence, but the Lord can.

As if it were not enough to call the Lord his refuge and fortress, he adds, "*My God! in Him will I trust.*" Now he can say no more; "my God" means all, and more than all, that heart can conceive by way of security. It was most meet that he should say "in Him will I trust," since to deny faith to such a one were wilful wickedness and wanton insult. He who dwells in an impregnable fortress, naturally trusts in it; and shall not he who dwells in God feel himself well at ease, and repose his soul in safety? O that we more fully carried out the psalmist's resolve! We have trusted in God, let us trust Him still. He has never failed us, why then should we suspect Him? To trust in man is natural to fallen nature, to trust in God should be as natural to regenerated nature. Where there is every reason and warrant for faith, we ought to place our confidence without hesitancy or wavering. Dear reader, pray for grace to say, "In Him will I trust."

3. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6. *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in darkness; *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noon-day.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." Assuredly no subtle plot shall succeed against one who has the eyes of God watching for his defence. We are foolish and weak as poor little birds, and are very apt to be lured to our destruction by cunning foes, but if we dwell near to God, He will see to it that the most skilful deceiver shall not entrap us.

"Satan the fowler who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways,"

shall be foiled in the case of the man whose high and honourable condition consists in residence within the holy place of the Most High. "*And from the noisome pestilence.*" He who is a Spirit can protect us from evil spirits, He who is mysterious can rescue us from mysterious dangers, He who is immortal can redeem us from mortal sickness. There is a deadly pestilence of error, we are safe from that if we dwell in communion with the God of truth; there is a fatal pestilence of sin, we shall not be infected by it if we abide with the thrice Holy One; there is also a pestilence of disease, and even from that calamity our faith shall win immunity if it be of that high order which abides in God, walks on in calm serenity, and ventures all things for duty's sake. Faith by cheering the heart keeps it free from the fear which, in times of pestilence, kills more than the plague itself. It will not in all cases ward off disease and death, but where the man is such as the first verse describes, it will assuredly render him immortal where others die; if all the saints are not so sheltered it is because they have not all such a close abiding with God, and consequently not such confidence in the promise. Such special faith is not given to all, for there are diversities in the measure of faith. It is not of all believers that the psalmist sings, but only of those who dwell in the secret place of the Most High. Too many among us are weak in faith, and in fact place more reliance in a phial or a globulè than in the Lord and giver of life, and if we die of pestilence as others die it is because we acted like others, and did not in patience possess our souls. The great mercy is that in such a case our deaths are blessed, and it is well with us, for we are for ever with the Lord. Pestilence to the saints shall not be noisome but the messenger of heaven.

4. "*He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.*" A wonderful expression! Had it been invented by an uninspired man it would have verged upon blasphemy, for who should dare to apply such words to the Infinite Jehovah? But as He Himself authorised, yea, dictated the language, we have here a transcendent condescension, such as it becomes us to admire and adore. Doth the Lord speak of His feathers, as though He likened himself to a bird? Who will not see herein a matchless love, a divine tenderness, which should both woo and win our confidence? Even as a hen covereth her chickens so doth the Lord protect the souls which dwell in Him; let us cower down beneath Him for comfort and for safety. Hawks in the sky and snares in the field are equally harmless when we nestle so near the Lord. "*His truth*"—His true promise, and His faithfulness to His promise "*shall be thy shield and buckler.*" Double armour has he who relies upon the Lord. He bears a shield and wears an all-surrounding coat of mail—such is the force of the word "*buckler.*" To quench fiery darts the truth is a most effectual shield, and to blunt all swords it is an equally effectual coat of mail. Let us go forth to battle thus harnessed for the war, and we shall be safe in the thickness of the fight. It has been so, and so shall it be till we reach the land of peace, and there among the "*helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim,*" we will wear no other ornament, His truth shall still be our shield and buckler.

5. "*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.*" Such frail creatures are we that both by night and by day we are in danger, and so sinful are we that in either season we may be readily carried away by fear: the promise before us

secures the favourite of heaven both from danger and from the fear of it. Night is the congenial hour of horrors, when alarms walk abroad like beasts of prey, or ghouls from among the tombs; our fears turn the sweet season of repose into one of dread, and though angels are abroad and fill our chambers, we dream of demons and dire visitants from hell. Blessed is that communion with God which renders us impervious to midnight frights, and horrors born of darkness. Not to be afraid is in itself an unspeakable blessing, since for every suffering which we endure from real injury we are tormented by a thousand griefs which arise from fear only. The shadow of the Almighty removes all gloom from the shadow of night: once covered by the divine wing, we care not what winged terrors may fly abroad in the earth. "*Nor for the arrow that flieth by day.*" Cunning foes lie in ambuscade, and aim the deadly shaft at our hearts, but we do not fear them, and have no cause to do so. That arrow is not made which can destroy the righteous, for the Lord hath said, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." In times of great danger those who have made the Lord their refuge, and therefore have refused to use the carnal weapon, have been singularly preserved; the annals of the Quakers bear good evidence to this; yet probably the main thought is, that from the cowardly attacks of crafty malice those who walk by faith shall be protected, from cunning heresies they shall be preserved, and in sudden temptations they shall be secured from harm. Day has its perils as well as night, arrows more deadly than those poisoned by the Indian are flying noiselessly through the air, and we shall be their victims unless we find both shield and buckler in our God. O believer, dwell under the shadow of the Lord, and none of the archers shall destroy thee, they may shoot at thee and wound thee grievously, but thy bow shall abide in strength. When Satan's quiver shall be empty thou shalt remain uninjured by his craft and cruelty, yea, his broken darts shall be to thee as trophies of the truth and power of the Lord thy God.

6. "*Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness.*" It is shrouded in mystery as to its cause and cure, it marches on, unseen of men, slaying with hidden weapons, like an enemy stabbing in the dark, yet those who dwell in God are not afraid of it. Nothing is more alarming than the assassin's plot, for he may at any moment steal in upon a man, and lay him low at a stroke; and such is the plague in the days of its power, none can promise themselves freedom from it for an hour in any place in the infected city; it enters a house men know not how, and its very breath is mortal; yet those choice souls who dwell in God shall live above fear in the most plague-stricken places—they shall not be afraid of the "*plagues which in the darkness walk.*" "*Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*" Famine may starve, or bloody war devour, earthquake may overturn and tempest may smite, but amid all, the man who has sought the mercy seat and is sheltered beneath the wings which overshadow it, shall abide in perfect peace. Days of horror and nights of terror are for other men, his days and nights are alike spent with God, and therefore pass away in sacred quiet. His peace is not a thing of times and seasons, it does not rise and set with the sun, nor does it depend upon the healthiness of the atmosphere or the security of the country. Upon the child of the Lord's own heart pestilence has no destroying power, and calamity no wasting influence: pestilence walks in darkness, but He dwells in light; destruction wastes at noonday, but upon him another sun has risen whose beams bring restoration. Remember that the voice which saith "thou shalt not fear" is that of God himself, who hereby pledges His word for the safety of those who abide under His shadow, nay, not for their safety only, but for their serenity. So far shall they be from being injured that they shall not even be made to fear the ills which are around them, since the Lord protects them.

"He, His shadowy plumes outspread,
With His wing shall fence thy head;
And His truth around thee wield,
Strong as targe or bossy shield!
Naught shall strike thee with dismay,
Fear by night, nor shaft by day."

7. "*A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand.*" So terribly may the plague rage among men that the bills of mortality may become very heavy and continue to grow ten times heavier still, yet shall such as this Psalm speaks of survive the scythe of death. "*It shall not come nigh thee.*" It

shall be so near as to be at thy side, and yet not nigh enough to touch thee; like a fire it shall burn all around, yet shall not the smell of it pass upon thee. How true is this of the plague of moral evil, of heresy, and of backsliding. Whole nations are infected, yet the man who communes with God is not affected by the contagion; he holds the truth when falsehood is all the fashion. Professors all around him are plague-smitten, the church is wasted, the very life of religion decays, but in the same place and time, in fellowship with God, the believer renews his youth, and his soul knows no sickness. In a measure this also is true of physical evil; the Lord still puts a difference between Israel and Egypt in the day of his plagues. Sennacherib's army is blasted, but Jerusalem is in health.

"Our God His chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves."

8. "*Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.*" The sight shall reveal both the justice and the mercy of God; in them that perish the severity of God will be manifest, and in the believer's escape the richness of divine goodness will be apparent. Joshua and Caleb verified this promise. The Puritan preachers during the plague of London must have been much impressed with this verse as they came out of their hiding-places to proclaim mercy and judgment to the dissolute age which was so sorely visited with the pest. The sight of God's judgments softens the heart, excites a solemn awe, creates gratitude, and so stirs up the deepest kind of adoration. It is such a sight as none of us would wish to see, and yet if we did see it we might thus be lifted up to the very noblest style of manhood. Let us but watch providence, and we shall find ourselves living in a school where examples of the ultimate reward of sin are very plentiful. One case may not be judged alone lest we misjudge, but instances of divine visitation will be plentiful in the memory of any attentive observer of men and things; from all these put together we may fairly draw conclusions, and unless we shut our eyes to that which is self-evident, we shall soon perceive that there is after all a moral ruler over the sons of men, who sooner or later rewards the ungodly with due punishment.

9. Because thou hast made the LORD *which is my refuge*, even the most high, thy habitation;

10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

9, 10. Before expounding these verses I cannot refrain from recording a personal incident illustrating their power to soothe the heart, when they are applied by the Holy Spirit. In the year 1854, when I had scarcely been in London twelve months, the neighbourhood in which I laboured was visited by Asiatic cholera, and my congregation suffered from its inroads. Family after family summoned me to the bedside of the smitten, and almost every day I was called to visit the grave. I gave myself up with youthful ardour to the visitation of the sick, and was sent for from all corners of the district by persons of all ranks and religions. I became weary in body and sick at heart. My friends seemed falling one by one, and I felt or fancied that I was sickening like those around me. A little more work and weeping would have laid me low among the rest; I felt that my burden was heavier than I could bear, and I was ready to sink under it. As God would have it, I was returning mournfully home from a funeral, when my curiosity led me to read a paper which was wafered up in a shoemaker's window in the Dover Road. It did not look like a trade announcement, nor was it, for it bore in a good bold handwriting these words,—"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." The effect upon my heart was immediate. Faith appropriated the passage as her own. I felt secure, refreshed, girt with immortality. I went on with my visitation of the dying in a calm and peaceful spirit; I felt no fear of evil, and I suffered no harm. The providence which moved the tradesman to place those verses in his window I gratefully acknowledge, and in the remembrance of its marvellous power I adore the Lord my God.

The psalmist in these verses assures the man who dwells in God that he shall be secure. Though faith claims no merit of its own, yet the Lord rewards it

wherever He sees it. He who *makes* God his refuge shall find Him a refuge; he who dwells in God shall find his dwelling protected. We must *make* the Lord our habitation by choosing Him for our trust and rest, and then we shall receive immunity from harm; no evil shall touch us personally, and no stroke of judgment shall assail our household. The *dwelling* here intended by the original was only a tent, yet the frail covering would prove to be a sufficient shelter from harm of all sorts. It matters little whether our abode be a gipsy's hut or a monarch's palace if the soul has made the Most High its habitation. Get into God and you dwell in all good, and ill is banished far away. It is not because we are perfect or highly esteemed among men that we can hope for shelter in the day of evil, but because our refuge is the Eternal God, and our faith has learned to hide beneath His sheltering wing.

"For this no ill thy cause shall daunt,
No scourge thy tabernacle haunt."

It is impossible that any ill should happen to the man who is beloved of the Lord; the most crushing calamities can only shorten his journey and hasten him to his reward. Ill to him is no ill, but only good in a mysterious form. Losses enrich him, sickness is his medicine, reproach is his honour, death is his gain. No evil in the strict sense of the word can happen to him, for everything is overruled for good. Happy is he who is in such a case. He is secure where others are in peril, he lives where others die.

11. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

11. "*For He shall give His angels charge over thee.*" Not one guardian angel, as some fondly dream, but all the angels are here alluded to. They are the body-guard of the princes of the blood imperial of heaven, and they have received commission from their Lord and ours to watch carefully over all the interests of the faithful. When men have a charge they become doubly careful, and therefore the angels are represented as bidden by God Himself to see to it that the elect are secured. It is down in the marching orders of the hosts of heaven that they take special note of the people who dwell in God. It is not to be wondered at that the servants are bidden to be careful of the comfort of their Master's guests; and we may be quite sure that when they are specially charged by the Lord Himself they will carefully discharge the duty imposed upon them. "*To keep thee in all thy ways.*" To be a body-guard, a garrison to the body, soul, and spirit of the saint. The limit of this protection "*in all thy ways*" is yet no limit to the heart which is right with God. It is not the way of the believer to go out of His way. He keeps in the way, and then the angels keep him. The protection here promised is exceeding broad as to place, for it refers to *all* our ways, and what do we wish for more? How angels thus keep us we cannot tell. Whether they repel demons, counteract spiritual plots, or even ward off the subtler physical forces of disease, we do not know. Perhaps we shall one day stand amazed at the multiplied services which the unseen bands have rendered to us.

12. "*They,*" that is the angels, God's own angels, shall cheerfully become our servitors. "*They shall bear thee up in their hands;*" as nurses carry little children, with careful love, so shall those glorious spirits uphold each individual believer. "*Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;*" even minor ills they ward off. It is most desirable that we should not stumble; but as the way is rough, it is most gracious on the Lord's part to send His servants to bear us up above the loose pebbles. If we cannot have the way smoothed it answers every purpose if we have angels to bear us up in their hands. Since the greatest ills may arise out of little accidents, it shows the wisdom of the Lord that from the smaller evils we are protected.

13. "*Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.*" Over force and fraud shalt thou march victoriously; bold opponents and treacherous adversaries shall alike

be trodden down. When our shoes are iron and brass, lions and adders are easily enough crushed beneath our heel. "*The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.*" The strongest foe in power, and the most mysterious in cunning shall be conquered by the man of God. Not only from stones in the way, but from serpents also, shall we be safe. To men who dwell in God the most evil forces become harmless, they wear a charmed life, and defy the deadliest ills. Their feet came into contact with the worst of foes, even Satan himself nibbles at their heel, but in Christ Jesus they have the assured hope of bruising Satan under their feet shortly. The people of God are the real "George and the dragon," the true lion-kings and serpent-tamers. Their dominion over the powers of darkness makes them cry, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy word."

14. Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.

15. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

14. Here we have the Lord Himself speaking of His own chosen one. "*Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him.*" Not because he deserves to be thus kept, but because with all his imperfections he does love his God; therefore not the angels of God only, but the God of angels Himself will come to his rescue in all perilous times, and will effectually deliver him. When the heart is enamoured of the Lord, all taken up with Him, and intensely attached to Him, the Lord will recognise the sacred flame, and preserve the man who bears it in his bosom. It is love,—love set upon God, which is the distinguishing mark of those whom the Lord secures from ill. "*I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.*" The man has known the attributes of God so as to trust in Him, and then by experience has arrived at a yet deeper knowledge, this shall be regarded by the Lord as a pledge of His grace, and He will set the owner of it above danger or fear, where he shall dwell in peace and joy. None abide in intimate fellowship with God unless they possess a warm affection towards God, and an intelligent trust in Him; these gifts of grace are precious in Jehovah's eyes, and wherever He sees them He smiles upon them. How elevated is the standing which the Lord gives to the believer. We ought to covet it right earnestly. If we climb on high it may be dangerous, but if God sets us there it is glorious.

15. "*He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him.*" He will have need to pray, he will be led to pray aright, and the answer shall surely come. Saints are first called of God, and then they call upon God; such calls as theirs always obtain answers. Not without prayer will the blessing come to the most favoured, but by means of prayer they shall receive all good things. "*I will be with him in trouble,*" or "*I am with him in trouble,*" Heirs of heaven are conscious of a special divine presence in times of severe trial. God is always near in sympathy and in power to help His tried ones. "*I will deliver him and honour him.*" The man honours God, and God honours him. Believers are not delivered or preserved in a way which lowers them, and makes them feel themselves degraded; far from it, the Lord's salvation bestows honour upon those it delivers. God first gives us conquering grace, and then rewards us for it.

16. "*With long life will I satisfy him.*" The man described in this Psalm fills out the measure of his days, and whether he dies young or old he is quite satisfied with life, and is content to leave it. He shall rise from life's banquet as a man who has had enough, and would not have more even if he could. "*And shew him my salvation.*" The full sight of divine grace shall be his closing vision. He shall look from Amana and Lebanon. Not with destruction before him black as night, but with salvation bright as noonday smiling upon him he shall enter into his rest.

THE BEST GUIDE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. H. ATKINSON.

THOSE were words of loving tender appeal, mixed, it may be, with reproach, which God addressed to the children of Israel when He said, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" For at that time the children of Israel had turned their backs upon God, and they were "saying to a stock, Thou art my father." Now, while God reproves them for their idolatry and sin, He also pleads with them in love; He seems to say to them, "Don't call a stock and a stone your father, what good can they do for you? Have you not already begun to feel pain and remorse from serving idols? Do they not fail you, and disappoint you in your time of need? Will you not have Me for your Father? Will you not accept of My grace—My love—My help? Instead of saying to a stock and stone, Thou art my father, wilt thou not cry unto *Me*, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth? Though these words were spoken by God to the Jews more than 2500 years ago, yet He most assuredly addresses them to-day to every boy and girl that may read this paper. And they remind us of three things:—

I. *The young need a guide.* Because you are in a *peculiar position*. You are just entering into life. You are beginning to think and act for yourself. Your character is being formed, and you are beginning to influence the world. Hitherto your parents or guardians have in a great measure thought and acted for you. You have followed their directions, obeyed their commands, worked out their plans: but now you are beginning to think and speak and act for yourself. You are forming that character by which you will be known by and bye among your fellows, be that character good or bad. And character, you know, does not become good or bad all at once. It is in its nature a growth. It does not shoot up like a rocket, but is built like a house; it does not spring up like a mushroom, but grows like a tree—a tree grows to be such gradually, we know that it takes weeks and months and years for the little sapling to develop into a tree. When men build a church, they don't lay the foundation and erect the walls, and put on the roof in a day. The builders put one stone upon another, and one stone at a time, until the walls are built; it sometimes takes months and years to build and furnish and finish a church. Well, so your character is not built up all at once, it does not grow into what it will be in a day, it grows gradually, it is built up little by little, and now you are building it—this is the season in which it is growing. All your thoughts and feelings and actions are now going to form your character. If the sapling be gnarled and crooked, the tree will be gnarled and crooked too. So the character you will bear in the future depends very much upon the character you are forming now. If in years to come you desire to have a character free from knots—a character straight and true—you must form it now straight and true, you must keep it now free from knots. You see then, how peculiar is your present position. Do you not need a guide to lead you into that which is good, to teach you how to become in heart and life, pure and true? You are ignorant, you are inexperienced, you do not know the ways of the world, you cannot tell the

difference between appearances and realities, you are unconscious of the trickeries and impositions and delusions of the world. How peculiar is your position! The Bible says, "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Do you not need a guide?

And then in addition, you have *special temptations*. Satan has temptations suited to all. He knows that one temptation would not do for anybody, for instance, that which might prove a very strong temptation to you might be none at all to me, and that which might be a great one to your sister or your mother might be as nothing to you. Satan adapts his temptations to the weakness of our nature. We are not all weak at the same point, but we are all weak somewhere. So Satan first of all finds out where we are weakest, and then he flings his temptations to that part. Now the young are unguarded and unsuspecting, and ignorant of the numerous devices of the evil one. Yea, such is their nature that they may fall into the snares of the wicked one almost without knowing it. He can pour music into the ear and poison into the heart at the same time. I remember hearing many years ago, of a man who spent much of his time in railway trains, and who had two sets of hands, one false the other real, this man would sit next to travellers, talking and laughing with them very pleasantly indeed, with his false hands on his knees, whilst with his real hands he was picking their pockets. So Satan sometimes comes to the young; he comes to them almost in the form of an angel of light, for he talks and sings so pleasantly, no one suspects him to be Satan, his false hands only are seen, for with his real hands he is putting poison into their hearts. Considering then all these things, don't you need some one to warn you, to teach you, to help you, to guide you?

II. *God is just the guide you need.* When the children of Israel were marching through the wilderness to the promised land, they found in God all that they required. They were exposed to danger, and He was their defence; they were exposed to want, and He was their provider; they were in a pathless desert, and He was their guide. And God is equally the leader of His people now. "A good man's steps are ordered by the Lord." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Such a guide as we need must have *wisdom* to know which is the best way—*power* to support and protect us—*love* to bear with our wilfulness and waywardness. God is just such a guide. He is *infinitely* wise. He knows the *best* way. He cannot lead you astray. Your brother may make a mistake, your father and mother even may make a mistake, but God never can make a mistake. Your future path is an untried, untrdden, and an unknown path to you, but it is no new, or uncertain, or hidden way to God. He knows the end from the beginning. He has wisely and kindly veiled the future from your sight, and some day you will thank Him for so doing; but all that future, its minutest event, is as transparent and visible to Him as the past. He knoweth the way that you take. He is *infinitely* powerful. Some guides meet with dangers and robbers, and they cannot protect either themselves or others, not so with God. He is the Almighty. He is all-powerful as well as all-wise. He can support you under the heaviest burden—He can provide for every want—He can give strength for every weakness—He can deliver you from every adversary—and He can make

all things work together for your good! He is *infinitely loving*. He will not cast you off when you are self-willed and disobedient. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." You know how your earthly father pities you, how he bears with you. When you are wayward and disobedient he does not turn you out of the house and fasten the door against you. No; he talks with you, he tries to show you how wrong you are, he tries to make you sorry for your wrong doing, he tries to make you better. That is just how God, our heavenly Father, deals with us. He is all to us that an earthly father can be, only with this difference, He is more kind, more loving, more patient, more faithful, more able and more willing than it is possible for earthly parents to be. Is not God just the guide you need?

III. *There are special seasons when God expects to be sought by you* Is not *youth* itself such a season? "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," says God. I cannot tell you half the blessings and advantages that result from remembering God in your youth. I gave my heart to God when I was a boy at school, and ever since have I had cause for thankfulness that I did so. When you *leave home* to enter upon any new scenes or engagements, to go to school or to learn a business, *that* is a time when you ought to say to God, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth;" for not having the father's eye to watch you, and the mother's hand to lead you, as much as when you were at home, you need more than ever the watchful care and the loving instruction of the heavenly Father. And then when your *parents* leave you—leave you to go and dwell with their Father in the higher home—that is a time when God expects to be sought by you. The greatest loss a youth can sustain is the loss of godly parents. The tears are starting now to the eyes of some who read this, for you have no mother now, no father now, God has taken them; but God promises to more than supply their place. He says he will not leave you orphans, He will be to you all that you need; and, oh, to you He especially cries, "Wilt thou not from *this time* cry unto Me, my Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

When Mr. Harcourt was at the sea-side the other day, he saw a number of boys playing at "baptizing," as they explained to him, he said to them, "I wish you loved Jesus, I would baptize you," and then talked lovingly to them about Jesus, appealing to them to give their hearts to Him, when the boys pointed to one of the biggest of their number and said, "Please sir, he *was* good." "But wont any of you decide to be good now," said Mr. Harcourt. When another boy said, "I will, if he will." Again Mr. Harcourt appealed for personal consecration, when a little fellow, the least in the company, said, "Please, sir, I will." "Ah," said the boys, "he *is* good." And when asked why he, the youngest, had decided to give his heart to God, he said that God took his mother to heaven a year before, and she had told him to be good; and he wanted to be like her, so that when he died he might go and live where she was.

Will not some of you who read this piece decide now to give your heart to Jesus? He loves you, He wants to be your friend and guide, He asks you to give your heart to Him. Who will? You cannot begin the *now* year better, you cannot more certainly ensure that it shall be a happy and a blessed year than by now saying to God, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth."

ANTIQUE GEMS RESET.

No. I.—*Claudius, or the Arena.*

I.—PROLOGUE.

VALERIAN, Emperor. So read the parchment in its brazen frame. The crowd gathered, open-mouthed, around the pillar of the Capitol to which the edict was affixed. The lull in the storm was over. Again with renewed fury it had burst over the heads of the hated and despised Galileans. For some years the horrors of persecution had been stayed. The laws against the Christians were indeed, still unrepealed. They were still proscribed and regarded with suspicion. A bloodthirsty and vindictive mob, remembered with savage pleasure the spectacle afforded by their sufferings. Decius had resolved to exterminate them, and his short-lived successors in power had urged on the work. But with the triumph of Valerian and his assumption of the purple, came brief rest to the followers of the Nazarene. The Emperor, a stern old man who had been raised by his talents and virtues to the head of the state, had however, been roused at last to resume the work of death. His unworthy favourite, Macrianus, prefect of the Prætorian Guard, had gained his ear and wrought upon his fears. The prefect was the sworn foe of the Christians. On their part they regarded him as a foul magician, in league with the powers of darkness.

The times were troublous. The provinces of the empire were overrun with hordes of barbarians. In the east, the horizon was heavy with the clouds of the Persian war. Preparing for the campaign against Shapur which resulted so disastrously, Valerian was determined to crush disaffection at home. He therefore resolved to destroy the Christians, who were regarded as the foes of public order. Their principles were a standing rebuke to the licentiousness of the age. They sternly denounced its idolatries. Their refusal to share in the pomps and vanities of the public shows brought them into popular hatred and contempt. Hence, the crowd on the steps of the Capitol welcomed the edict. They greedily devoured its contents, and their talk thereon was strangely mingled. Domestic sedition, foreign foes, social frivolity. Gossip about the excesses of a luxurious and effeminate nobility. Earnest conversation about the inroads of the Goths, Franks, and other barbarians. Eager discussion notwithstanding, about the approaching games in the amphitheatre, and the part the Christians were expected to play therein.

And the sun shone brilliantly upon the great city, with its domes and towers, its theatres, baths, and public buildings. On the narrow crowded streets, and the places of popular resort. On busy politician and lounging idler, on proud patrician and his following of slaves.

II.—IN THE TOMBS.

Darkness. Proscribed and hunted, the Christians had taken refuge in the catacombs. Here, in the sand quarries of Rome, they had sought shelter in past troubles. Here too, they had laid their dead. Here were the tombs of the martyrs. And so, in damp and darkness, in the narrow tortuous galleries, the church was underground. Thither, along the Appian Way, as the stars were just paling with the grey of the Sabbath morning, went Claudius Lartius, a noble Roman who had been brought

under the power of the truth. He had passed through the training of the catechumens, and had been admitted by baptism to share in the privileges and dangers of the church. Forsaking houses and lands, forsaking friends and kindred, he had associated himself with those who, oppressed and forsaken on earth, were "heirs of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Arrived at the secret entrance of the quarries, among some ruins by the road side, he was met by one initiated in the mysteries of those vast labyrinths. Following his guide, who lamp in hand threaded his way rapidly through the dark passages, he proceeded to the meeting of the brethren. The rays of the flickering light fell upon the memorials of past persecutions. And already the edict of Valerian had smitten the sorrowing church full sorely. Many had been tortured, and refusing to deny the Master or sacrifice to the gods, had been cruelly slain. The fessor halted with his lamp before a newly-filled tomb, above which was the inscription—"LUCIUS, EPISCOPUS, DORMIT IN PACE." Lucius, the bishop, sleeps in peace. The shepherd had been cut off. His remains had been brought there by certain of the brethren. He was enrolled in the noble army of martyrs. Not with the despairing sorrow of the heathen, but with the calm quiet trust of the Christian, did the disciples—noble and plebeian, but equal in Christ Jesus—gaze upon the memorial. The eye of Claudius kindled and his voice broke into thanksgiving, as he looked upon the sculptured cross surrounded with its garland of flowers, and the legend, "IN HOC VINCES." By this thou shalt conquer. And as with a full heart they drew near to the meeting place of the church, the trickling of water announced the recess in which was the baptistery, where he had been immersed on his profession of faith by the martyred bishop.

And now the sound of voices proclaimed the presence of the brethren. The church had assembled for worship. With greetings and tokens of recognition Claudius was welcomed. "He is risen!" said a brother who stood near the entrance of the meeting place which the industry of the fessors had excavated for the use of the church. "He is risen!" "And hath appeared unto Simon!" was the thrilling response of Claudius and his companion. The scene presenting itself was full of interest. The memorials of the sainted dead, who had given their all for Christ. The darkness of the galleries leading to the place of meeting. The half-lit vault, with its alternations of yellow glare and sombre shadow. The earnest upturned faces of the worshippers, with flashing eye and compressed lip. All made up a picture at once striking and solemn.

The chief pastor of the church (the successor of the martyred Lucius) had already taken his place. In the hush that followed, his voice was heard in invocation. Then came the hymn of praise to Christ, thundered forth by earnest and devout worshippers. And as the echoes died away the voice of the bishop rose in fervent and impassioned prayer. He confessed the sins of the church, their departure from primitive purity and faith. He entreated pardon for the past, and asked strength for the future. He glorified God for the faithfulness of many of the brethren "who were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might attain a better resurrection." And as he referred to one who had presided over them in the Lord, who, martyred by the hand of violence was now with the blood-washed throng before the throne, the responses of the worshippers died down into sobs and tears. They thought of the tombs newly

hewn in the sandstone galleries, and of the dear ones who there slept in peace. And they thought also of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and a note of triumph interrupted the wailing, as they remembered that HE was the avenger! The voice of bishop and people rose together in passionate enquiry, "How long O Lord, how long?" Then, after the reading of the Scriptures, came a homily on Paul's magnificent argument for the resurrection. The members of the church were exhorted to be faithful even unto death—to suffer the loss of all things rather than deny the faith, and to let no man take their crown.

And as the first part of the service was concluded, bread and wine were placed on the table for the celebration of the eucharist. After words of admonition, the Lord's supper commenced with the salutation of the presiding minister, "The Lord be with you!" To which the people responded, "And with thy spirit." Thanksgiving having been offered, the deacons performed their appointed task of handing the eucharistic elements to the brethren. And now the collection for the poor of Christ's flock and for those who were in bonds, was about to be made. The sudden glare of torches and the rude shouts of the approaching soldiery told the Christians that their hiding place was discovered. The pastor stood calm and self-possessed, as the legionaries securing the entrance, rushed into the vault. They were guided by one who, familiar with the intricacies of the catacombs, had relapsed under the torture, and to save his life had consented to lead the soldiers to the place of assembly. Now, in remorse and terror, he slunk behind into the darkness. The bishop was the first to speak.

"Whom seekest thou?" he asked of the commander.

"Art thou Stephen, bishop of these pestilent Galilean dogs?" was the question in reply.

"I am Stephen, pastor of the persecuted church of the Lord Jesus," answered he.

"Knowest thou not that thou art assembled in defiance of the imperial edict?"

"I know that we ought to obey God rather than man," answered the bishop.

"That is for thee to determine," said the officer; "but know also, that the law hath decreed punishment for all such disturbers of the public peace. I am commanded by the prefect of Rome to bring thee, and those who follow thee, prisoners before him."

Many however, had already escaped in the confusion by ways unknown to the soldiers. The bishop and those who surrounded him still confronted the centurion. Claudius had sprung forward at the first intimation of danger, and stood at the bishop's left hand. Sixtus, Laurentius, and others of the officers of the church also gathered round him.

"Why are we thus persecuted?" asked Stephen: "like Him we follow, we are harmless and inoffensive. We seek only to do good, to succour the distressed and relieve the poor!"

"I understand not thy sophistries, and care not to argue with thee!" returned the blunt soldier. "My orders are simple and precise."

"Art thou not, then, in fear of the judgment?" asked the bishop.

"I serve the emperor," exclaimed the centurion; "and fear neither man nor devil!"

"He whom thou servest shall come to nought!" cried Stephen, his

eyes lighting up with the fire of enthusiasm. "The bloody-minded persecutor shall fall before his enemies, and his carcass shall be a gazing-stock to friend and foe!"

The soldiers were excited to frenzy. The sacred books of the Christians were regarded as magical. Their secret rites were said to be profane and diabolical. The words of Stephen therefore, sounded like the spell of a wizard.

The centurion, anxious to prevent violence, stepped forward; "Resume thy seat, old man, and blaspheme not the supreme pontiff of the gods!"

"Aye!" exclaimed a fierce warrior, seizing the bishop by the throat and thrusting him backward into his chair, "Resume thy seat, and receive thy deserts!" striking him fiercely on the head.

Hardly had he time to exclaim, "Ah! Lord Jesus, forgive them," when the glittering sword swung through the air. Before the officer could interpose to restore authority, the weapon, urged by a practised hand and brawny arm, descended with a dull thud on the old man's neck and his head rolled on the floor of the church. The blood of the martyr spurted up like the jet of a fountain, and fell in showers over the robe of Claudius. The eyes, still open in the severed head, seemed to look at him from the floor as though to say, "Be faithful!"

The hoarse word of command rang through the vault as the officer called his men to order. He reproached them for their fierce and ill-timed zeal, and directed them to secure their prisoners.

"And what of him?" said one as he lifted the head of the bishop from the floor, and after a glance at the face swung it carelessly beside him by the beard.

"Bring the head to the Prefect and let that carrion carcass remain seated," was the reply. "It may warn those who resort hither. Bind the wretches!"

At this instant the eyes of Claudius met those of the officer commanding the legionaries. "Ah!" exclaimed the soldier, "art thou too, noble Lartius, numbered among the enemies of Rome? Art thou become one of these vile outcasts?"

"I am a Christian, noble Livius," said Claudius, firmly, "and a friend of Rome; yet for the faith of Christ I also am now ready to be offered up."

"I wish thee well," said the centurion, "thy family hath served Rome nobly in the wars of the old time; and thou too, shouldst be smiting her foes abroad, rather than encouraging her enemies at home. But fear not, a few words of denial before the Prefect, and a pinch of incense to the gods, will deliver thee from danger and thou wilt learn wit in future! Close up, and guard the prisoners!"

And so the legionaries filed out with their captives, lighting up with the glare of their torches the long dark galleries.

And so the headless bishop sat still in his chair before the overturned table of memorial. His white robe all dabbled with blood, which still oozed in a sluggish stream from his neck.

And so by the light of the dying lamps, the fugitive brethren returned, "and took up the body and buried it," and in an agony of prayer "went and told Jesus!"

III. THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Led by the apostate, the soldiers threaded the dark galleries and at last emerged among the ruins by the Via Appia. They formed up on the causeway, and with steady stride took their way to the palace of the Prefect. The Christians, securely fastened together, their hands bound with thongs, walked in the midst with a step as firm as that of their guards. The procession was speedily surrounded by a yelling crowd. "Death to the Galileans!" arose on all sides; "To the torture with the wretches! Fling them to the lions!" Claudius, his garments stained with the blood of the murdered bishop, walked unbound between two soldiers. "Bind me, noble Livius!" exclaimed he, stretching out his hands. "Bind me! I desire no favour. I am a Christian, and these are my brethren! Together will we suffer!"

"Nay, noble Lartius," exclaimed the centurion, "by the memory of the bridge kept by thy bold ancestor, I bind not thy patrician limbs!"

Soon the hall of the Prefect of Rome was reached. The soldiers, their arms glancing in the sun, passed under its portals. The crowd surged into the Judgment Hall, and the officer went to report himself to the Prefect. Hardly were the prisoners arranged, when a crimson curtain was drawn aside, and Servius the Prefect stepped into the tribunal. By his side was Macrianus, commander of the Prætorian Guard. Significant looks were exchanged between the prisoners as "the magician" entered. Gorgeously habited, his armour curiously wrought and inlaid with silver and gold, he shook a cloud of perfume on the air as he removed his crested helmet and laid it carelessly on a seat. He bent his dark and sinister brow on the prisoners, and a bitter sneer curled his lip as he whispered to the prefect.

"So!" exclaimed the official, "The Roman nobility also must follow the new mode! Let the herd stand back, centurion, we will examine this degenerate patrician!"

The other Christians accordingly were removed to the rear of the hall, and Claudius stood alone, face to face with his judges. His eye were uplifted for an instant, and his lips moved as though in prayer. He then bowed to the tribunal and stood expectant.

"Claudius Lartius," began the judge, "thou art accused of disobeying the imperial edict, and disturbing the public peace by consorting with these Christian dogs! What sayest thou?"

"Noble prefect, I am a Christian. I esteem it my highest honour to be a servant of Him who came to redeem the world."

"Aye, doubtless," returned the prefect, "but what sayest thou then of thy duty to the state and to the Emperor?"

"The Christians strive to live in obedience to the laws, and work no harm to any man," answered Claudius. "Peace and purity are their watchwords."

"Ah!" said the judge, "dost thou prate of purity, when thine unnatural feasts and lewd and filthy orgies shame even the darkness in which they are celebrated? I marvel the gods consume thee not!"

"Noble prefect," answered Claudius, "these are the inventions of the enemy, and have been denied again and again. We worship God in spirit and in truth."

"It matters not," sneered the official, "whether the charge be true or false. The Emperor and the Senate are determined to root out the followers of the accursed Nazarene. Yet know that of his great clemency, the Emperor hath directed that if thou wilt deny the name of Christ and offer incense to the gods, thy life shall be spared, thy riches increased, and thou shalt have preferment and honour. Sacrifice then, and ask what thou wilt."

"Shall I deny Him who died for me?" said Claudius, firmly. "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth rather! I refuse thine offers and I spurn thy bribes! I count not my life dear to me, so that I may win Christ."

"Nevertheless, let him have the opportunity," said the prefect, "high sounding words may come of a weak resolve."

At a sign from the tribunal, Claudius was dragged by the lictors to the altar. The perfumed flame of aloes and sandal wood flickered upon it. Behind it, on a rich pedestal was placed a marble statue of Apollo. In an attitude of grace and beauty it stood impassive above the throng, and seemed to look with stony eye on the scene enacted below. The priest stepped forward and offered a jewelled dish containing the incense to the prisoner.

"I have said it," exclaimed Claudius, looking calmly at the judge, "and I will not retract! Thou canst but give me the crown of martyrdom, which some of the brethren have already attained. I will not deny the Christ whom I love—I will not sacrifice to thy demons, whom I spit upon and defy!"

"Consider well what thou hast said," said Maerianus, with a scowl, "and blaspheme not the holy gods. Canst thou follow thy friend here?" pointing to the gory head of the bishop, which lay on a cloth before him.

"Aye! consider well," cried the prefect, stretching forth his hand toward the recess where stood the instruments of torture, "consider well if thou art able to endure the pains of the rack, the searching of the wires, the tearing of the pincers! Canst thou brave the lions?"

"I have well considered," answered the Christian, "I will not deny Jesus, my Saviour! He hath said 'Him that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and all His holy angels!' He is with me now! and I am able to endure all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"Away with him then to the torture!" shouted the prefect, infuriated by his quiet resistance. "Away with him! let him consider on the wheel."

Instantly Claudius was seized by the apparitors and dragged to the rack. Soon the creaking of wheels and pulleys, and the subdued groans of the prisoner told that the torture was being savagely applied.

"Ah! Lord Jesus," sighed he, "of thy mercy, succour me!"

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In the vaults of the Flavian amphitheatre. Darkness; broken only by a gleam of light which streams through a crevice in the ironbound door. The light falls upon a prisoner, lying in pain and exhaustion on the cold damp earth. Claudius, a confessor for the Lord Jesus! The bloody robe still covers his tortured limbs. Is his spirit broken? Listen!

"O Christ! Thou hast counted me worthy to suffer for Thy name,

death itself shall not sever me from Thy love ! Strengthen me, that I may make a good confession."

As he prays another and a keener torture is preparing. Another door swings back on its hinges, and the dungeon is filled with ruddy light, which extinguishes the gleam from the ironbound door. A janitor, torch in hand, steps forward. Following him, the betrothed of the prisoner—Virginia, a daughter of one of the noblest houses of Rome.

Claudius rises with difficulty to his feet, and stands haggard and pale before the fair Roman maiden. As he looks upon her he thinks of all the happiness of the past and of the unutterable woe of the present.

A single word breaks from the lips of each.

"Claudius !"

"Virginia !"

And she has fallen upon his bosom in an agony of tears.

"Oh Claudius ! beloved of my heart ! love hath brought me hither to save thee ! Why art thou here, incurring the doom of a malefactor ?"

"Virginia, darling ! light of my life, I am here for the faith of Him of whom I spake unto thee, and whom I will not dishonour !"

"Know, Claudius," sighed she, "thy mother and I have seen the Emperor, and besought him for thee with tears ; but thou art doomed unless thou dost give up the religion of the Christians. Thy mother, sick nigh unto death, joins her entreaties with mine ; O save thyself !"

He looked upon her for a moment in silence.

"Macrianus hath already sought to renew his hateful attentions," she pleaded, "and boasts that thy death will place me within his power. Thou knowest how I loathe him ! O, Claudius ! how can I live without thee ?"

A deadly pallor overspread his features, and then his brow flushed scarlet. The strife was terrible. A few simple words of denial and he would be at liberty ! Still he was silent.

"Consider," she urged again, "what happiness may await us ! We can retire to the quiet of thy Volscian estates and in better times thou canst resume thy profession !"

He put her gently from him. "Thou knowest not, Virginia, the power of the love of Christ. Thou knowest that I love thee above all earthly things ! For thee I would gladly surrender riches, honour, life, all—but not even for thee can I be recreant to my faith ! Oh ! Virginia, I have sought to lead thee to Him, to my Saviour, but I fear thou art yet in darkness. I pray thee by the love thou bearest me, tempt me not."

As she stood in speechless agony, a sound like thunder reverberated through the vaults. It was the terrible roar of the lions in the vivarium—fresh from Numidian deserts and hungry for their prey. With a shudder and a groan she fell senseless to the earth. Claudius bent over her and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her brow. The strong arm of the gaoler thrust him aside, and lifting her up from the floor, bore her from the dungeon. As the door closed upon them, love, light, and hope vanished ! But Christ remained.

Again the gleam of light from the iron-bound door falls upon the prisoner. Kneeling upon the earth, he is praying. As the light plays around his uplifted face, it is radiant as the face of an angel—a halo of glory seems already to surround his head.

* * * * *

"So, my friend! art thou for the show to-day? 'tis a brave sight." Thus a Roman citizen to his acquaintance, as they joined the crowd flowing steadily toward the Flavian amphitheatre. Approaching it, its vast bulk towered above them in stately magnificence with its triple order of columns. The coloured placards announcing the sports were posted by the door by which the citizens entered. Amid the crush they had much ado to secure good places. Settling into their seats the gossip turned carelessly on the staple topics of the day.

"Well is it named Colosseum," said one, looking round on the vast building, accommodating it is said, nearly a hundred thousand spectators. The four tiers of seats—each divided by its wall—towered one above another. The lowermost—a covered gallery—was assigned to the imperial family, the senate, and the vestal virgins. The next was allotted to the patrician, and the next to the equestrian order. The topmost was crowded with the populace.

"Ah!" said his friend, "but the sights here are nothing compared with what they used to be. Why, the Emperor Titus when he built this theatre, gave five thousand beasts to fight in the arena, and the shows of gladiators lasted for a hundred days! But look, they are making ready again!"

The arena was strewn with fresh sand, and the heralds announced the order of the amusements.

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"Christian! thy time is come." Again the door had turned upon its hinges, and the officers of the arena stood before him.

"Welcome death! Come quickly, Lord Jesus," said Claudius, rising calmly.

The ironbound door is swung open. Dazzled by the sudden glare—the transition from midnight to noonday—and confused by the thousands of faces turned upon him, Claudius halts for a moment at the entrance. Recovering himself by a strong effort, he quietly walks, an officer on either hand, towards the pillar in the centre of the arena. As he stands waiting, a flood of sunshine streams upon him through the apertures of the velarium. Thunders of applause greet the announcement that Claudius Lartius, the Christian, is to be thrown to the lions.

In the hush that follows, the captive looks round upon the sea of pitiless faces, and his voice is heard, clear as a trumpet peal. "Romans! for the faith of Christ I have been tortured. In the faith of Christ I am ready to die! This poor body may be destroyed, but to-day I shall be with Christ in Paradise!"

At this instant, the clang of martial music drowned his voice, and the doors of the vivarium were thrown open. A noble lion sprang forth, and then, dazzled by the glare and the thronging faces, turned and sought to retreat. But the doors were closed behind him. Imprisoned by the lofty wall of the arena surmounted by its gilt nettings, and finding no way of escape, the huge beast shook his tawny mane, laid his nose to the earth, and lashing his sides with his tail, uttered a prolonged and terrific roar.

Claudius sank upon his knees, and with clasped hands commended his soul to God.

A fearful shriek rang through the Colosseum. A woman's voice in agonized and piercing accents broke upon the ear.

"I also am a Christian! I also am a Christian! O Claudius, my beloved, let me die with thee!"

A movement on the benches set apart for the patricians, told where they carried forth the fainting form of Virginia. She had sought admission that she might see the last of her affianced; and decided by his noble testimony, she had now made profession of his Christ.

Disturbed for a moment by the incident, Claudius rose and calmly faced the monster. It circled stealthily round him, trying to shake off the steady look and to get within distance for a spring. Suddenly the lion crouched upon the sand, and lashing his sides, glared upon his victim, who met his gaze with steady calmness.

For an instant the eyes of Claudius were uplifted, as he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus! come quickly!"

The spell was broken. With a flash and a roar the lion bounded upon him and bore him to the earth. With fierce and angry contortions the hungry monster tore his helpless prey.

Suddenly from out of the cloud of dust that rose by the pillar in the centre of the arena, there rang out a voice, clear and triumphant. It thrilled through the vast amphitheatre—one word, "VICTORY!"

Through death to life!

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Bribed by Christian gold, the officers of the arena collected his mangled remains and gave them up for burial. They were laid by loving hands in the resting place of the martyrs, to await the resurrection of the just.

In the catacombs may still be seen a tomb with the inscription—the sign of victory above it—

CLAUDIUS, THE FAITHFUL MARTYR,
SLEEPS IN PEACE.

and near by it another—

VIRGINIA, HIS AFFIANCED,
ALSO SLEEPS IN JESUS.

W. H. ALLEN.

A VISIT TO "OIRISHMAN'S COORT."*

BY DR. BARNARDO.

LEADING out of Ratcliffe Highway is a poor and narrow court. On each side are narrow one-storied houses, places of abode, so small, confined and low, that a stranger wonders how human life can be supported in them.

The court itself is horrible—piles of filth, decaying vegetable remains, old oyster shells, and other garbage strewed throughout it, render cleanly locomotion impossible, and respiration, to those unused to such smells as are ever arising, difficult indeed; and yet this one court is inhabited by no less than two hundred and nineteen human beings, natives of the Green Island, besides a curious mixture of live-stock, selected apparently on the "happy family" system.

* We are glad, by the kindness of the Rev. W. J. Mayers, to be able to afford our readers this glimpse of the good work Dr. Barnardo is doing in the East of London.

Terriers, bull-dogs, curs of every size and breed, represent the canines. Cats—black, white, spotted, tabby, tortoise-shell, and tailless, are to be found in abundance; a few miserable specimens of spiritless fowl; seven costermongers' donkeys of most deplorable appearance; a long gaunt looking pig, evidently an importation, and apparently of a most inquiring turn of mind; a fifteen-year-old fleshless pony, suggesting catsmeat most forcibly to the observer. These, and others too numerous to mention, shared with the aforesaid two hundred and nineteen human beings the shelter of the thirty structures contained in the court.

We "happened" on the place curiously enough. It was on this wise. We are fishermen; sometimes we fish in the great oceans and seas, then we use nets, trawlers, and drags; at others we fish in swift and rapid rivers or placid streams; and then the skilfully used rod and line with attractive bait are useful; but oftenest, and with most success, do we seek out black and turbid waters, fœtid and almost stagnant pools, and here we find in shoals the fish we most dearly prize—poor, ragged, shoeless, and destitute Arab and gutter boys and girls.

On a certain day, whilst pursuing our calling—bearing with us the rod and line of experience set with the attractive bait of kind looks, words and offers of help—we left Tiger Bay, a noted evil haunt hard by Wapping, and followed a little winsome girl about eight years of age, who seemed as though she had been out picking up scraps. A blacking box, in which were a few lucifers, hung from her neck by a string; whilst with one hand she gathered up her meagre skirt, enclosing therein what seemed like broken pieces of victuals. The complete earnestness of her look, the absence of listlessness or playfulness in one so young, and the brisk pace at which she walked, first drew our attention; and thinking there was something to be done and learnt, we followed her. Our fish looked neither to right nor left, but walked on swiftly; so did we, in and out, and across the road, round a corner, by a short cut through some pestilential alleys, when suddenly she came to this as yet undiscovered court, and in she dived. It looked nasty; we hesitated, but not for long, then after her, for a few steps, when such a din arose as made us quickly and gladly beat a retreat. Dogs barked, growled, howled, whined; cats mewed, groaned, and spat: the aforesaid Milesian porker made a rush at us and squeaked; the donkeys one after the other began to bray; the hens cackled; the cocks crew; lazy men swore, dirty women shrieked, babies and children of all ages yelled, hallooed and ran towards us; and, fearful of consequences, we made good our speedy exit, noticing the locality, however, as we ran. Of course we resolved to go again, but it must be in the shades of evening or of night, and accompanied by one of our young couriers.

We select Tim Riley, a little Irish boy, a native of Limerick, who has accompanied his widowed mother to the great metropolis in search of work. He is an old and trusty ally; he knows every nook and corner in Ratcliffe, Wapping, and St. George's-in-the-East generally, and in his company we have spent many a night fishing most earnestly. We tell him of the place. "Sure an' its meself knows ev'ry inch of that same; whin would yer honour be thinkin' of goin'?" "To-night, Tim, after ten o'clock." "All right, I'll be wid yer honour and no mistake, mebbe I can show you a gossoon or two." "Ah, but I want to find out all

about the little girl, Tim, that's where I want your help." "Did yer honour iver know Tim Riley to brake his word, that's what I axes ye, but sure I'll come, plase God," and with a touch of his cap Tim runs off.

Tim's residence of three years in London has not deprived him of his rich mellifluous brogue, and his quick and courageous offers of help have made him a great favourite.

At half-past ten o'clock, p.m., we sally forth, Tim leading the way, and reach "Oirishman's Coort" in about half-an-hour. For awhile we stand at the corner peering or trying to peer through the obscurity; a solitary and injured-looking lamp freely burns midway; the very gas seeming to share the general dilapidation and want of vigour characterizing all objects in the place. Although late, some wretched little children are still playing out of doors, waiting, we suppose, for a parent's return to get admission; two of the boys are fighting to fill up the time—oaths, imprecations, and obscene expressions sadly exhibiting their juvenile depravity. We stand outside, and Tim, to whom we have pointed out the house into which the little girl went this morning, joins the crowd of children to collect some information about her before entering the house.

Soon he returned, and with a hurried "whist," to demand silence, he beckoned us in; and concealed somewhat by a few projecting boards, we made good our way to the door. Tim put his hand on the latch, which he raised, and boldly entered, and having followed, we shut the door after us, remaining in the dark in a very narrow and abominable smelling passage. We heard voices coming clearly through the boards against which we pressed.

A young child's voice, clear and sweet, said, "Them's the words, Granny, I'll read 'em ag'n," and then, evidently with difficulty, she spelled out rather than read,—“Let not your heart be throubled; ye belave in God; belave also in me;” “Lord bless the babby! Lord help me unbelafe!” replied a feeble voice, as of one in suffering and distress; “Rade lower down, darlin', about not lavin' us comfortless,” and again the sweet voice gave out, “I will not lave ye comfortless; I will come to ye.” “Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Lord, I do belave,” rejoined the feeble voice.

A moment's silence followed. We knocked; a child's footsteps were heard tripping across the floor, and as the door slowly opened we saw the same sweet child whose face and manner had arrested our attention in the morning. “Is your grandmother sick?” we asked. “Yes, sir, an' she's only me to take care of her, an' she's mortal bad to-night.” The speaker was, as we said, about eight years of age, tall and slight for her years, and spake with a gravity that betokened a due sense of heavy responsibility. “How long has your grandmother been sick?” “Sure an' it's three months an' all, sense she tuk to bed, but she was bad a long while afore she'd own to it.” We turned to the invalid—she lay in the corner without a bedstead, but on a heap of horrid rags and straw: a flickering glare from the thinnest of rush-lights is cast upon her countenance, yellow, shrivelled, and in pain; her days were evidently numbered; her hands were almost cold with the approach of death. We read aloud in response to her request, those blessed words we listened to ere we entered. The poor dying Irishwoman was happy in the know-

ledge of her Saviour's love, but a great burden still lay on her heart, for after we prayed with her she gasped out, "'Tis the darlin' over there I'm troubled about; what's the likes of her to do all alone in this wicked world? her father's far away over the blue say, and there's no one to take up me darlin' when I'm dead and gone." "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me," sounded out solemnly from the old thumbed Bible as we turned to the passage. "Shure an' He will; God bless ye kindly for thim words; shure ye comfort the dyin' widdy, and the Lord will reward ye."

Tim Riley and little Mary O'Neill were talking together, meanwhile. They had seen and known each other before, and now Tim tried to comfort her and to dry the tears that would flow on in sorrow, as she thought of losing her only relative. We called Mary to us; her bright eyes are dimmed with tears, but she stands quietly enough as we speak.

We learned that her mother died when she was two years old; her father went to America, leaving her—at four years of age—in charge of his mother, old Mary O'Neill, who kept an apple-stall in the Highway. He got work in Philadelphia as light porter in a warehouse, and until about six months ago regularly transmitted money for his child's support, and in his later letters wrote concerning his intention to send passage-money to bring her over; but six months ago all communication ceased, and they had written in vain for a reply. The grandmother fell ill; her stock-in-trade and little tray were sold for food; dire poverty came; the neighbours, poor as they were, helped as well as they could, but for some weeks their chief support had been derived from whatever the little girl could pick up in the streets by begging or selling lucifers. It wasn't much, and they were half-starved. The relieving officer wanted them to go into the Union; the old woman would not hear of it; she *could* not die in "The House;" nor would she suffer her darling charge to be separated from her by entering the Union; but she prayed, and prayed, and prayed; hoping, amid all, that her God would raise up some help and shelter for her child. In this state we found her dying, and thankfully removed her burden by offering to take and guard little Mary, and, if possible, discover the father's whereabouts, and send her to him.

Three days afterwards she died in quietness and peace, her last moments cheered and comforted by the "Rod and Staff" promised to the pilgrims as they enter the dark valley.

We found a friend for little Mary; a kind lady who loved such little ones took her in at once, comforted her in her great sorrow, and soon succeeded in filling her young heart with fresh hope. Six weeks after a letter came from America, bringing the news that her father was dead. We had no Home then for little orphans and destitute girls, and as the lady could not keep Mary any longer, we were compelled to send her away to the north of England, to a home where such children are reared and housed for the sake of the work they learn to do at a very early age; but now, thank God, we have a home large enough to shelter fifty little Marys, and train them in kindly love and thrifty ways as Christian servant maids.

Thus ended our first visit to "Oirishman's Coort," but since then several poor little homeless children have been found there and rescued.

JOHN STUART MILL AS A WITNESS AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

Few critics opposed to Christianity have exerted a wider or deeper influence upon the thought and beliefs of this generation than the late John Stuart Mill. Owing to various and complex causes, some of them centring in himself, and others in the circumstances and conditions of the age, his power has been felt far and near; amongst the hard-headed members of the so-called working classes, and by the leading philosophical politicians and thinkers of every school. Parliament has had its utterances tinged by his teaching, and some of the statutes of the land owe more than appears on the surface to his persistent and bold utterance of the truth. His "Logic," "Political Economy," and "Representative Government," are our accepted text books on the sciences of reasoning, wealth, and politics: and some of the living questions of the next age will owe not a little of their accelerated movement to his work.

No doubt much of this power is due to the fact that he caught and fixed in himself the spirit of the age. Science has now imperial sway. Mill widened the domain of science and sought to apply its methods to all human interests. He was the scientific spirit, embodied, reasoning, calculating, urging, and his real interest in progress and in the welfare of the people was as largely attributable to impatience with error as to any vivid sympathy with human necessities. In an age demanding facts, and asking for verification at every stage, he stood forth the apostle of induction, intolerant of a fallacy, and determined to restrict his beliefs within a circle jealously guarded and fenced with most rigorous logical barriers.

But still his character had in it many sources of strength of a distinctively personal kind. Though not "following with us," and never to be ranked amongst the friends of Christianity, and occasionally appearing to take the attitude of a foe, as in his books on "Liberty," "Auguste Comte," and the "Subjection of Women," yet he has certainly helped to cast out the "demons" of error and selfishness that hindered the progress of the gospel of Christ. In his devotion to truth he was ardent and self-denying, and in his assiduous effort to be fair and accurate in reasoning, a matchless model. Always forward to confess a mistake he was also more free from self-conceit than is common with scientific and literary men. He was indefatigable in work, keen searching and thorough in enquiry, patient and careful in thinking, lucid in exposition, clear, transparent, and forcible in style, and uniformly directed all his works towards the advancement of the good of men. His advocacy was mostly on the right side. Slavery of every kind was a wrong to the intellect, and a diminution of the sum of human enjoyment. No one entered with more intensity of interest into the American struggle, and no stranger rejoiced with more joy in the final triumph of freedom. His election to parliament was a protest against the "moral wrong" of buying a seat in the House of Commons; and his career at St. Stephen's was characterised by the boldest independence, much daring, and strong human sympathy.

The “autobiography” of such a man could not but be anticipated with eager anxiety. To trace the secret sources of his strength, to catch sight of the dawn of efforts that have led to greatness, to watch the gradual building up of character; and above all to be admitted within the privacy of the man’s innermost life, and listen to his thoughts on the profoundest subject of human enquiry, this is one of the keenest pleasures mortals taste. What, such at least was our pressing question as we took up the book, what was Mill’s position with regard to Christ? Did he believe in and love the God of the Bible? Was he in any sort a Christian? Had religion of any kind aught to do with his character?

Our first impression was one of utter sadness; and it was deepened as we passed from stage to stage of his career to find that he had no other religion than his mental work for the early part of his life, and his supreme devotion to his wife for the later. He says, “I am one of the very few examples in this country of one who has not thrown off religious belief; but never had it; I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.” In fact he was cradled in scepticism; he took it in with his father’s first words. Nor was it in any mild form either. Jas. Mill taught his son to regard “Christianity, as commonly presented; to mankind, as the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness.” The boy was steeped in that solution, and he never lost the dye as long as he lived. He knew nothing of the glory of Christianity, yet he criticised it, opposed it; and his criticism and opposition are reckoned in the list of high intellectual authorities to be put against the acceptance of Christ and His gospel.

Now I wish to enquire into the actual value of such an authority. What is the weight of opinions uttered by such a profound thinker on the subject of the teaching and religion of the Lord Jesus? Adopting Mill’s own methods and reasoning according to his own principles, I purpose, in a subsequent paper, to test the worth of his witness against the religion of Jesus Christ.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

“WATCH AND PRAY.”

A NEW YEARS MOTTO.

NEVER man spake like this man. He addressed those around Him as one having authority. He knew not only the power of prayer, but its necessity; and what He commands to others He conformed to Himself: hence this word is not only a breakwater against our spiritual dangers, but the anchorage of the soul’s safety in God. He who bade us pray neglected no season of prayer. The mountains and gardens of Palestine send us down the echoes of His appeals to the mercy-seat, together with the fervour of spirit that accompanied them. Often did He leave His disciples in order to pray alone. “And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood:” a painful but impressive proof of His own faith in prayerful communion with the Father. It is as though He said, God is your Father, you have needs, go tell them to Him, and “when ye pray, say, Our Father.” Not a soul in existence but needs that prayer we call the Lord’s Prayer: and though it does not make Christ’s merits the ground of its acceptance, it was but because He was not yet the Lamb slain for the removal of our sin, and hitherto nothing had

been asked of the Father in His name; but "henceforth whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name He will give it you." And what is the command of the Son is the will of the Father. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Can we neglect to comply and not feel it? Can we engage in its hallowed exercise and not feel its refreshment? Archbishop Trench says—

"We kneel, and all around us seems to lower,
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear."

As the voice of Christ to the tempest, so is prayer to the troubled mind. As the "Be not afraid" to the trembling disciples, so is prayer in its power over the soul that engages in its exercise in faith.

"If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or foes dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray!"

But if needful to pray it is not less so to watch. Peter was not a prophet when he said, "though all men be offended because of Thee, yet will I not be offended; though I die with Thee, yet I will not deny Thee." Hardly possible does it seem that the same man should curse and swear and say I know not the man. Had he prayed when he presumed he would have watched and been wise when he was only warm. Sincerity is hardly sufficient to assure security. "What I say unto you I say unto all, *watch*." This is the one word that expresses life's successful action; it saves the vessel from the treacherous rocks. It is not at command always to lay aside the sin that doth so easily beset us; but we can watch and guard that weak and vulnerable nature of ours. Nor is the warning of the apostle unkind or uncalled for—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

There is a subtle fatalism blended with some views of divine grace. Its holders cry, "Jehovah-jireh"—the Lord will provide—and then fall asleep, but it is the sleep of art, not of grace. God graciously does for us what we cannot do for ourselves, not what we can. He "will keep them in perfect peace whose minds are staid on Him;" and we know, "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it;" and further, that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." But He says, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

Beautiful flowers grow along life's pathway. We view, admire, and would pluck them. We take the rose, and if we do it watchfully may escape the thorn. Some one has said, "better cut our bread without honey than be stung by the bees," and the precept will commend itself to all thoughtful Christians. Our heavenly Father allows us abundance of means to live happily and even sumptuously, but He will not countenance waste. Let thy table be well supplied, but avoid such dishes as pride, anger, curses, and all the rest pointed out by Paul to the Galatian Christians; but let your supply be abundant of those fruits that he also commends to the same persons.

Need I further say why we should thus "Watch and pray." David tells us, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, that standeth not in the way of sinners, and that sitteth not in the seat of the scornful." And how avoid those evils but by watchfulness and prayer? As the oak tree is in the acorn, the greater in the less, so the atheist begins with a doubt, and the intemperate man with a glass. Further, we have the example of Him who uttered the text, and also "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." We, too, must have pain if we are to bear the palm, taste the gall if enjoy the glory, carry the cross if we would wear the crown—therefore, let us "Watch and pray."

THE LOCAL PREACHER'S PAGE.

I. GOD AT WORK FOR MAN'S GOOD.

"Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."—Job xxxiii. 29, 30.

Introduction.—One great lesson of the Book of Job is this: God makes man great by sorrow. Job was greater in his distresses than he had ever been in prosperity. The text sums up Elihu's first speech. Note these four points—

I. GOD AT WORK. In all the things that "happen," in all events that "transpire," in all the "processes" of nature, God is at work. A divine activity everywhere manifest.

II. GOD AT WORK IN ALL METHODS. "All these things." What things? 1. By common providences. 2. In special experiences, pensive or pleasant. 3. In secret ways, walking the pathway of our dreams, meeting man face to face—verse 15. 4. In afflictions of all sorts—verse 19.

III. GOD AT WORK CEASELESSLY.—Weariness is a weakness incident to mortality. God never tires. Shining does not tire the sun, flowing does not weary the tides. God speaks once, yea, twice; aye, a thousand times—verse 14.

IV. GOD AT WORK FOR MAN'S GOOD. All this varied untiring work to bring man out of a dark loathsome sad condition, out of a pit; into life and light and joy.

II. THE CURE OF SADNESS.

"What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"—Luke xxiv. 17.

Introduction.—Compassion was never a sentiment with Christ. He had compassion on the lost, and died for them. He had compassion on the sorrowful pilgrims journeying to Emmaus, and joined them and banished their sorrows. Consider—

THE SADNESS OF THESE DISCIPLES.

1. *It was ill-timed.* This was the first Easter-day. The grave in the garden was empty! The Lord had risen, and yet they were sad. 2. *It was selfish and proud.* Their hearts were not breaking for the Lord they had lost. Their hopes had been disappointed—see verse 21. 3. *It was perverse.* They gave no heed to testimony that would have banished all their fears. The message of the women was despised—verse 22. 4. *It was blinding sadness.* Christ was near, but their eyes were holden, they knew Him not.

II. CHRIST'S REMEDY FOR THEIR SADNESS.

He held up the mirror of the divine word. Ought not these things to be? A careful examination of our sorrows in the light of God's word will make us ashamed of half our sadness, and for the rest we shall learn not to "think it strange concerning the fiery trials."

III. RUTH'S VOW; A PARABLE OF CHRISTIAN DEDICATION.

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."—Ruth i. 16, 17.

Introduction.—The romantic story of the daughter of Moab illustrates the power of mutual sufferings to sanctify human affliction. The text has a special message to such as are seeking Christ.

RUTH'S VOW AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES.

1. It was the vow of a mind well made up. No entreaties, no arguments, could dissuade. Ruth was resolved; Orpah's example, Naomi's tears, could not move her.

2. In making this vow Ruth counted all the cost. *Where thou goest, I go. To what thou goest, I go.* To poverty, or sorrow, or gladness, I will share thy lot. Let the worst come, I will not leave thee.

3. It was a vow for life. "Where thou diest I will die."

4. It was a vow made in the fear of God, and in reliance on His almighty power. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

IV. A SAILOR'S QUESTION ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

"What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"—Mark iv. 41.

Introduction.—Three things would astonish these sailors on the night of that memorable storm. 1. The fearless sleep of Jesus. 2. The quiet dignity of His way and word: not a stormy voice rating the storm, but a gentle voice saying, "Peace." 3. The immediate calm. Very reasonable was this question, and many answers suggest themselves.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?

1. A man who shares the worst with His followers.
2. One who, with divine power, holds sacred such power as men possess, and lets them do their best without upbraiding them for weakness.
3. One always nearest when most wanted.
4. One who responds to the first cry for help.

Oh! blessed storms! Oh! happy tempests that teach us so much of Christ.

T. W. HANDFORD.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE JANUARY NUMBER OF "OUR MAGAZINE."—We have printed a thousand extra of this number, and are anxious to start the year with a circulation of 5000. We can only do this by the willing help of our many friends. Make the contents of this number known far and wide. Brethren in the ministry, officers of churches, agents, readers, all help, and then we cannot fail of a good start in our good work. We are very thankful to be able to give such an admirable specimen of Mr. Spurgeon's work on the Psalms. Those who have the three volumes already published, and extending to the 78th, will be glad to taste and see what is being prepared for them, in the coming volumes; and those who have not enriched their libraries and lives with the wealth of this treasury, will, after looking at this precious metal, buy the whole.

II. OUR COLLEGE.—We are glad to hear that the Lord of the Harvest is answering our prayer and sending us more men to train for His service. Three new applicants for the benefits of our "School of the Prophets" were received at the last committee meeting, so that the house is now full. We hope the churches are not forgetting the call for more money. With coals at 40s. a ton (in London at least) and rising, and with all house expenses on the rise, to say nothing of our new arrangements, we must prepare ourselves for a larger annual expenditure. Let us give our College our heartiest generosity and our sustained prayers.

III. THE LATE HENRY S. P. WINTERBOTHAM, M.P.—The nation has sustained a great loss, and that section of it identified with Nonconformist feeling and in-

terests specially, in the sudden and premature removal of the senior member for Stroud, in his 37th year. We mourn, unfeignedly, the unexpected departure of a man of such high promise from our ranks. One of the most distinguished *alumni* of London University College; a graduate with high honours at the London University, a man of extensive and varied culture, courteous bearing, and striking ability, Mr. Winterbotham had already taken a forward place in the House of Commons. He was decidedly one of the ablest amongst the rising young men of parliament, and he was as good as he was able.

IV. THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL is a very suggestive document in many ways. First, it reminds us of Peter and proves that the Pope is a true successor of the apostle; but specially of him before the day of Pentecost, and on that fearful Thursday night, during which he "cursed" so vehemently. For this last document of the poor old man is as full of bitterness and cursing as a London fog is of smut. Germany is in a deplorably rebellious condition, some of the cantons of Switzerland have lifted on high the banner of freedom and independence, and even the United States is hostile to the regulations of the Papal Church, and we are therefore soundly and hotly denounced. But England, England whose "imperial will" is, according to Dr. Manning, to be either "bent or broken," finds no place in this Roman Jeremiad. We are so fast returning to the right path that we are no longer an occasion of grief to the Holy Father. He is so pleased with the work being done amongst us by his own authorised delegates, and by others who though not taking their orders from his lips, are more

effectively doing his will, that he can afford to pass us by as no longer a thorn in his side or a cause of lamentation to his troubled spirit. Alas! alas! that England has ceased to doserve the curses of Rome! It is the most ominous aspect of the Encyclical!

V. THE ANSWER TO THE DAY OF PRAYER. We rejoice exceedingly in the privilege of reading that the gracious work of God is deepening and extending in our churches. News just received along several lines from the Midlands, testifies to an un-

wanted realization of the Divine Presence, an intenser earnestness in seeking the salvation of souls, and a large increase in the number of those seeking the Lord. In the North also, the signs of reviving continue. Dear brethren, let us abound in prayer. The Lord will richly bless us, make us a thousand times more than we are. The years hasten away from our grasp. Eternity is at hand. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."

Reviews.

THE NEW HANDBOOK OF ILLUSTRATION.
Introduction by W. M. Punshon, LL.D.
Stoek. Pp. 568.

It requires special tact and wide knowledge to preside over the compilation of a book of this kind. A man should have a genius for it: a memory that forgets nothing, and a skill in marshalling remembered facts and passages that enables him to rightly place each fact and passage at once. We have tested this volume and found abundant evidence of these qualifications. The range of choice is wide, the selections are to the point and skilfully arranged, and the work is sure to be useful to all engaged in the illustration of scripture truth. Two things we should like to see in another edition. More of the similes, symbols, etc., of the poets. Poetry is the realm in which illustration reigns, and might yield abundant and telling aid in such a collection. And large as the index is it would be possible to make a useful addition to it in the shape of an index of texts of Scripture. As the book is designed to illustrate "Scripture truth" this seems necessary.

JOHN BUNYAN. An autobiography. *Religious Tract Society.*

This is an admirable idea well worked out. The tediousness and prolixity of Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" have blocked the way to many who have desired to know something of the Bedford tinker's account of God's gracious dealings with himself, and so has limited the usefulness of that fine piece of autobiographic writing. By skilful and sympathetic treatment of Bunyan's own statement we have all that is essential to the fulness of the story, and nothing but what will be welcome. The omissions are additions to the interest of

the whole, and the additions made are what no reader will wish omitted. The illustrations are executed in the highest style of art, and its general appearance and excellence will give it a place amongst the welcome occupants of the drawing room table.

WORK HERE, REST BEYOND. Sketch of the life of Robt. Wherry, Esq., J.P. Pp. 120. By E. C. Pike, B.A. *Simpkin, Marshall & Co., and Winks & Son.*

Men of business, men holding a high place in civic life, and young men starting in life will obtain from this valuable biography sound and guiding principles, exemplified in a faithful, natural, and forcible manner. Very grateful are we to the writer for this useful portraiture of a friend dear to so many throughout our churches. His was a worthy life, and here it is told in such a way that by it he being dead will yet speak for principles and interests prized by him while he was with us.

TYPES AND EMBLEMS. By C. H. Spurgeon. Pp. 280. *Passmore & Alabaster.*

That astonishing fertility which is one of Mr. Spurgeon's greatest charms now yields not only a *printed* sermon every week, a monthly magazine, an exposition of the Psalms that will take rank with the first expository works of the age, and much besides, but also a series of volumes made up from his evening sermons. This vol. is the first of the issue. It will be sure to be a favourite. *Types and Emblems* are attractive themes, and in Mr. Spurgeon's hands they neither lack suggestiveness nor power. All his well-known qualities as a preacher are in great force throughout this volume.

WHOM SHOULD THE CHURCH RECEIVE?

By J. H. Atkinson. *Stock and Winks*. While Mr. Atkinson maintains the urgent necessity that the teaching of the pulpit should be distinctly and decisively Baptist, yet he holds in answer to the question, "Whom should the church receive," that the neglect of the rite of Christian baptism by those who *sincerely* fail to see its obligation is no bar to their reception into Christian fellowship. Sincere faith in the Lord Jesus is the one and only condition we are justified by Scripture in demanding in those who seek communion with us. The sermon is able as well as outspoken, and as convincing as it is earnest.

ANNUALS, ALMANACKS, DIARIES, ETC.

The *Religious Tract Society* still maintains the efficiency of *The Cottager and Artizan*. It is one of the very best periodicals for working men and their wives. The illustrations are worth twice the cost, and the teaching is of the most attractive and useful type. Similar features, but intended for another class, characterize the volume of the *Child's Companion* for 1873. It is full of life, and ministers pleasure and instruction at the same time.

The sixth vol. of the *Hive* (Stock) is stored with excellent materials for Sunday school teachers, and forms a volume of permanent value for those engaged in this work. *Our Own Almanack* for 1874, compiled by *W. J. Mayers* (Partridge), has great variety, is richly illustrated, and only costs twopence. The texts are chosen with tact, and there are words of comfort and stimulus for Christians, and of warning for the ungodly. As a specimen of its contents we call special attention to the attractive paper in this number from the pen of Dr. Barnardo. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack*, and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* (Passmore and Alabaster) are as racy and robust as ever. They sparkle with wit and good sense. Wherever they go they will be read and will do good. Those looking for New Year's gifts that combine usefulness and beauty will do well to purchase *The Young People's and the Scripture Pocket Book*, published by the Religious Tract Society. For school rooms, mission rooms, hospitals, and workshops we have not seen any better *broadsheets* than the Hymns and Texts, or any more attractive cottage pictures than the *Scripture Subjects*, printed in oil colours by Kronheim, and issued by this Society.

Church Register.

NOTTINGHAM PREACHERS' UNION.

On Monday, Dec. 8th, the fourth quarterly meeting of the local preachers and delegates was held in the Mansfield Road School Rooms. The attendance was good, and the churches, supplied by the brethren, reported an addition of ten by baptism, and five candidates, making a total of 63 for the year. The financial statements also showed a considerable extension during the year, one new chapel having been erected at a cost of 500, and three others improved at an outlay of £330. The Bulwell friends having experienced a gracious revival, have resolved to erect a new chapel and schools, to meet the requirements of the increased population, and having an excellent site of land, in a good situation, we predict for them a successful undertaking. Any donations or articles for their bazaar may be sent to the treasurer of the building fund, John Woodward, Esq., Bulwell, near Nottingham. The Sunday schools in most of the stations are progressing favourably, the

conversions among the adult scholars form a considerable proportion of those baptized, affording a reward for past toil, and an incentive for increased energy and devotion in the future. One brother having passed the examination required by the rules, was, with another, recommended in the usual way, received into the union. After tea, a paper was read by Mr. S. Stumbles, on the "atonement," which was followed by an open conference, in which several of the brethren took part. The subject appointed for the ensuing quarter is, "What we ought *not* to preach, and what we ought to preach."

W. RICHARDSON, Secretary.

CHAPELS.

BARTON.—We earnestly invite the attention of our readers to the following communication from our "Mother Church":—

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, through you, to inform your numerous readers, that it is the intention of the friends connected

with the Barton church to hold a bazaar in the spring of this year. It is proposed to renovate the chapel, and the object of the bazaar is to assist in raising the necessary funds. This proposal, which receives the warm approval of the supporters of the General Baptist cause at this place, needs, we are sure, only to be made known, to receive similar approval on the part of all who know our chapel. It is expected that from four to five hundred pounds will be required. We shall be very much obliged to our friends, distant and near, for contributions in money, or articles of sale for our "fancy fair." Barton was the first church of the New Connexion of General Baptists, on which account she has, not inaptly, been called, "The mother of us all;" and she feels that she may look with confidence to her numerous and grown up daughters, for sympathy and help in her present desirable object. Contributions may be sent to, and will be thankfully received by Mrs. Truman, Odstone; Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Derry, Miss Jackson, and Mrs. T. Deacon, jun., treasurer, Barton. Your insertion of these lines in the next number of the Magazine will oblige, yours, very truly, in behalf of the ladies' committee, and of the church,
W. JARROLD.

Barton, Dec. 12, 1873.

BELPER.—On Thursday evening, Dec. 4, a very interesting service was held. The Rev. J. Wilshire preached on the ordinance of baptism to a crowded and attentive congregation. After which he baptized five—four of them being out of the Sunday school, and one a local preacher amongst the "United Methodist Free Churches," and who will still remain with his own people. We are very thankful to be able to say that the prospects are brighter than they have been for some time in connection with this church.

BRADFORD, Infirmary Street.—The chapel has been thoroughly renovated and remodelled at an expense exceeding £300, the whole of which has been defrayed by the warm-hearted and benevolent senior deacon, J. Rhodes, Esq. Re-opening services were held Nov. 16th. A public tea meeting was attended by a large number of friends on the following Saturday afternoon, at which an address, composed by a brother deacon, to be elegantly mounted, &c., was presented by the church to Mr. Rhodes, expressive of the high esteem in which he has been held during his long official connection with the church. These services were concluded Nov. 23rd, when the Rev. J. J. Dalton preached in the morning, and the Rev. B. Wood, of Tetloy Street, in the evening. Proceeds £50.

LEICESTER, Archdeacon Lane.—For some time past we have felt the need of cleaning, renovating, and repewing our chapel. It was not decided to do so until about the middle of this year, 1873. We then agreed to re-pew the chapel throughout, to put in a new ceiling, to light it in the modern mode, to thoroughly repair, clean and paint wherever needed, and to make some necessary additions to the organ, at a cost of about £1000 in all. As one means of raising the required funds, a bazaar was held in the Temperance Hall, elegantly decorated for the occasion, on Dec. 3-6. Our appeals for help were generously responded to; and both in goods provided and given, and in the sum realised, the bazaar was a complete success. After all expenses are paid we shall have £470 or £480 to pay over to the restoration fund. In addition to this sum between £300 and £400 have been promised as subscriptions; so that we hope to reopen free of debt. We enter upon the alterations early in the new year, so giving the beloved senior pastor of the church the opportunity of closing his ministry of forty-five years in the chapel so long and honourably associated with his name and work.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—*Jubilee Services.*—The jubilee of this church was celebrated Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., preached on the Sunday, and on the Monday upwards of 500 sat down to tea. Rev. W. Evans, the pastor, presided at the following public meeting, and Mr. Wilford, the secretary, gave a lucid account of the history of the church. The friends composing this church came from Friar Lane, and were formed into a society, Nov. 30, 1823, by Mr. Baines, of Austrey. The new chapel, to which the Friar Lane friends contributed £100, was opened in the following March—the Revs. Robert Hall, Thos. Stevenson, of Loughborough, and J. Goadby, of Ashby (grandfather to the late minister) being the preachers. The late Rev. Jos. Goadby was called to the pastorate, and in 1828 the chapel was enlarged to its present dimensions, and in 1840 side galleries were erected to meet the growing numbers of the prosperous church. Large schools were built in 1844. Mr. Goadby's successful ministry at Dover Street was terminated in 1848 by his removal to Loughborough. For the next year and a half Dr. Sutton took the oversight of the church. Then came Mr. Chew, but ill health compelled him to resign after six months work. Rev. J. C. Pike was pastor for the next five years and a half, and he was followed by Mr. Malcolm. In 1862, Rev. J. J. Goadby began his ministry and

continued till October, 1870. The present pastor's work dates from August 6, 1871, and is being richly blessed of God. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Goadby, B.A., J. J. Goadby, T. Stevenson, J. C. Pike, W. Bishop, and S. T. Williams.

LINCOLN. *Todmorden.*—On Lord's-day, Nov. 16, we held our chapel anniversary, when three sermons were preached on the occasion. That in the morning by our pastor, the Rev. W. Sharman, and those afternoon and evening by the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., of Birmingham. The attendance was very large, especially in the evening. Collections about £15.

NANTWICH.—*New Chapel.*—For two hundred years the Baptists have had a name and a place in the ancient town of Nantwich. During the first century of their history they were so active in spreading their principles that they succeeded in planting several churches in the district, notwithstanding the troublous nature of the times. By the generosity of Mr. Samuel Acton, a wealthy salt proprietor, the chapel just vacated was erected, and he became the pastor. By his influence and ability a somewhat influential congregation was gathered, and amongst his hearers was the widow of John Milton, who attended the chapel the whole period of her long widowhood of forty years. Great changes have come over the cause during the latter century, changes so great as that twelve years ago the church was all but extinct, the chapel was closed, having got into the hands of a Unitarian, and the prospect of reviving the interest was very gloomy indeed. At this time the late revered pastor of the church at Wheelock Heath, Mr. Richard Pedley, with a few attached friends of the denomination, obtained possession of the place, and with some difficulty effected a transfer of the property to a new body of trustees. They then engaged a minister, and made great efforts to establish a sound and prosperous church. As signs of returning vigour appeared, the importance of enlarging the old chapel and making it fit for a place of worship was felt very strongly; and the hope was entertained that a frontage to a good thoroughfare might be obtained. Failing in obtaining land for this purpose, a new site was purchased in a central position, and on April 2nd, 1872, the memorial stone of a new chapel and school was laid by the Rev. Richard Kenney, of Wheelock Heath, who has since his residence in the neighbourhood felt a warm interest in the progress of the church, and who is the largest contributor to the building fund. After some delay (arising from the unsettled state of the labour market) the

new premises have been completed and opened. On Friday, Nov. 14, two sermons were preached by the Rev. John Clifford, M.A. On Sunday, Nov. 16, Rev. Richard Kenney preached in the afternoon, and Rev. R. P. Cook (the minister of the chapel) in the evening; and on Sunday, Nov. 23rd, the services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Burns. The congregations were large. On the 23rd, scores were unable to find even standing room. The very successful series of services were brought to a close in the orthodox way by holding a tea meeting. About six hundred persons attended, and the very large room of the Town Hall was filled to overflowing with those who attended to hear the addresses. The chair was taken by Mr. Richard Pedley, of Wintaley, to whose zeal and influence much of the success of the scheme is due, and he was supported by Revs. Dr. Burns, R. F. Griffiths, T. Clark, J. Midgley, J. Cooke, J. Timmins, and J. S. Mitchell. An efficient choir gave additional pleasure by their hearty service. From the statement, read by the Rev. Robt. P. Cook, it appeared that the chapel would easily accommodate three hundred, the school two hundred, and that there were the usual vestries for the minister, week-night services, tea meetings, &c. The total cost of land and building (the school is at the back of the chapel) is £1500, towards which £1489 14s. 9d. had been contributed, leaving the small sum of £10 5s. 3d. to be given before the place could be pronounced free of debt. The amount was at once contributed, and the doxology gratefully sung. The presence and liberality of the members of the evangelical denominations of dissenters at all the services have been marked with much pleasure, affording most satisfactory evidence of the unity which prevails among the Nonconformists of the town. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present enthusiasm of the church and its supporters may result in the building up of the spiritual temple of the Lord within this material house so successfully reared for divine worship, and so completely consecrated to God.

MANSFIELD.—Mr. Marsden, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate, and since his settlement the cause has revived. The morning congregation has nearly doubled, and in the evening the chapel is filled with attentive hearers. Last month twelve were received into church fellowship, and a goodly number of candidates and anxious souls remain. Great efforts are being made to renovate the chapel, which has long needed it. The necessary alterations will incur a

cost of £300. Will not some of our more wealthy friends help in this effort, or the ladies of the denomination send goods for a bazaar, which we expect to hold in the spring? Mansfield has over 14,000 inhabitants and only one Baptist church. Will friends send a new year's offering to aid us?

RYDE, Park Road.—The eighth anniversary was celebrated on Thursday, the 4th Dec., by a public tea meeting. The Rev. John Harrison, the beloved pastor, presided, and in his address stated that £259 had been raised during the past year for special purposes,—that the chapel had been put in trust for the Baptist denomination,—that a Sunday school had been started, and that there was a good and efficient band of teachers. The Rev. W. Jones, of Portsmouth, W. Page, B.A., R. Y. Roberts, of Southsea, L. Waterhouse, Wesleyan minister, of Ryde, and Dr. Hardin also delivered useful and earnest addresses.

SCHOOLS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—*Silver Wedding and Presentation.*—On Wednesday, Nov. 26, Mr. John Salisbury, in commemoration of his silver wedding, gave a tea to the teachers of the Sunday school, of which school he is now one of the superintendents and has been one of its teachers without intermission for forty-four years. Tea having been served in the lower school room, the teachers, about fifty being present, adjourned to the upper school room. Mr. John Salisbury in the chair. The Rev. C. Clarke, Mr. Thomas Orchard, Mr. George Orchard, Mr. Poole, Mr. Mumford, and others of the teachers gave addresses. It is worthy of record that the two superintendents, Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Thomas Orchard, were both admitted as teachers at the same meeting forty-four years ago, and have continued in the same work in the same school from that day to this. Mr. G. Orchard, in the name of the teachers, read an address and presented to Mr. Salisbury a handsome walnut embossed writing pad and envelope case, and silver pen, in token of the esteem in which he is held in the school, with congratulations on his happy wedded life for twenty-five years, and earnest wishes for future life, health, and prosperity.

GRIMSBY, Freeman Street.—On the 10th Dec., a social tea was provided in connection with this school, to which the parents were invited. After tea a meeting

was held in the school-room, which was addressed by the chairman, R. Smart, pastor, and also by the superintendent and teachers, interspersed with music and singing, and a most profitable and enjoyable evening was spent. Our aim is to interest the parents in the great work which has to be done in the Sabbath school, and we are thankful for signs of seriousness in our senior scholars, and hope, by the blessing of God, they will be led to yield to the Saviour.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON, Sandy Lane.—Nov. 9, two, by W. Taylor, of Leeds.

BELPER.—Dec. 4, five, by J. Wilshire.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—Dec. 4, eleven, by J. Harcourt.

BIRMINGHAM, Lombard Street.—Nov. 26, two, by E. C. Pike.

BURNLEY, Enon.—Nov. 26, fourteen; Dec. 3, twelve, by W. H. Allen.

CONGLETON.—Dec. 2, one; Dec. 7, three, by Jas. Walker.

DERBY, Watson Street.—Nov. 23, one, by H. A. Blount.

KIRKBY.—Nov. 30, four, by J. S. Lacey.

LENTON.—Dec. 7, five, by J. Fletcher.

LINEHOLME.—Nov. 23, two; Dec. 11, four, by W. Sharman.

LONDON, Praed Street.—Dec. 3, four.

RIPLEY.—Oct. 13, two, by E. H. Jackson.

RYDE.—Dec. 11, four, by J. Harrison. The first baptism in the building.

SPALDING.—Nov. 30, six, by J. C. Jones.

SUTTON ASHFIELD.—Nov. 23, four, by J. S. Lacey.

Marriages.

CORNWELL—DARKIN.—Dec. 8th, at the Pound Lane chapel, by Rev. G. Towler, Mr. Cornwell to Mrs. Darkin, both of Isloham.

EKINS—GRAY.—Dec. 2nd, at Ely Place Baptist church, Wisbech, by Rev. W. E. Winks, assisted by Rev. W. Gray, uncle of the bride, Alfred Ekins, timber merchant, to Elizabeth Hannah, only daughter of the late Thomas Gray, of Wisbech.

STAYNES—SPURGEON.—Dec. 3, at the Baptist chapel, Osmaston Road, Derby, by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., the Rev. W. J. Staynes, of Quorndon, to Louise Letitia, eldest daughter of the late B. W. Spurgeon, Esq., of Derby.

Obituaries.

BALDWIN.—Nov. 24, at Loughborough, at the residence of her son, Mr. Benjn. Baldwin, Frances, widow of the late Mr. George Baldwin, of the Park, Nottingham, in the 76th year of her age.

DAVID FRIDLINGTON, Esq.—On Friday, March 29, 1872, died David Fridlington, Esq., of Louth. He was born in the village of Utterby. In the church register of that parish is the following entry;—“David, son of David and Mary Fridlington, baptized Jan. 4th, 1783,” so that his “pilgrimage” was scarcely less than ninety years. He was a Lincolnshire farmer, and in his personal appearance and style was a good specimen of the class to which he belonged. In his early years he was an attendant of the Established Church, and lived a moral life, but there is no evidence that he was “made wise unto salvation” until he was more than thirty years of age. On March 14, 1819, he was “buried with Christ in baptism,” and became a member of the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Jones. In after years he enjoyed the ministry of the Rev. Finlator Cameron, the Rev. James Kiddal, and others, and “increased in knowledge and in wisdom.” He was favoured more than many in his worldly condition; but it was his lot to pass through various trials, and it was his sorrowful task to follow three beloved wives to their graves. During half a century he was a disciple of Christ—he realized in his heaviest trials the consolations of the gospel, and was “buried in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.”

Our departed friend himself knew full well that he was not perfect, and those who most revere his memory do not regard him as a faultless model; yet there are some features of his character that deserve to be had in remembrance.

He *loved his Bible*. It never occurred to him to doubt that the Scriptures are able to make men wise unto salvation. His test of all religious teachers was this, “To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word there is no light in them.”

He was a *firm Baptist*. It was clear to his mind that the only true baptism is the immersion of believers. So decided were his views that it was not always easy for him to have the “charity that thinketh no

evil” towards those who use sprinkling for baptism, and administer the rite to unconscious babes; and even towards those who admit any other than baptized believers to the table of the Lord.

He set a *high value on the public worship of God*. He always sought to be present. Even when he had to drive from Elkington, his place was seldom empty; and towards the close of his life when he was too feeble to walk, he was conveyed to the chapel in a hired carriage, that he might enjoy the services which he had so long found refreshing to his soul.

He *endeavoured to be useful to others*. His method of doing good was emphatically his own. He was not a public man. He had not that fluency of speech which would have enabled him to take any prominent part in the services of the sanctuary, and perhaps sometimes his spirit was wanting in gentleness; but no member of the church desired more earnestly to do all that was in his power to serve his Lord and Saviour. He was a liberal supporter of the ministry. No sooner did he become a follower of Christ than he gathered the villagers week by week in his large farm kitchen, and invited his pastor to make known to them the way of salvation.

About 1840, when it was thought needful to increase the accommodation in the Louth Chapel, he was one of the most active and liberal supporters of the movement. And one incident especially is worth recording. He was sent to Hull to purchase timber for the alterations, and was passing up the Humber on board a steamer, when the boiler exploded. Some were instantly killed; others were thrown by the force of the explosion into the water and perished, while he himself escaped unhurt. To this narrow escape he often referred; and always attributed it with devout gratitude to the special providence of God. In his latter days he had great pleasure in accompanying his pastor in his visits to the aged and the sick, and in contributing from his purse to the relief of the needy. Thus, in various ways, he sought to be useful to others; and though his services were not amongst the most admired by men, yet of such the great Master will say, “Inasmuch as ye did unto these My brethren ye did it unto Me.”

THE

MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JANUARY, 1874.

GRAVESEND TO SUEZ.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

YOU are aware that we did not sail until Sunday morning, Nov. 8th. We were to have started at midnight, but the weather was so foggy that it was not considered safe to move. Our last letters were written on Saturday night, for we were told the pilot would leave us at Deal; but a stiff breeze sprang up, and he was unable to leave till Sunday morning about nine o'clock.

Sunday, Nov 9th, 6.30 a.m. Got out of my berth to take a cup of tea (tea is always brought round to the cabins soon after six o'clock) and found it was very rough, so I determined to go on deck, according to the "advice gratis" received before starting. A tremendous wave swept over the ship, giving us a benefit in our cabin, for hitherto our ports had not been closed. It is not considered necessary to close them unless the sea is very rough, whereas the outer ports must be closed except in the very calmest weather or you run a risk of a drenching. Our cabin is No. 27; and I was just going to reach my coat when the sea broke in. However this was only a little splash to what was to come, for one day when we were sitting at dinner a sea broke right over the top deck, the water pouring down in buckets full through the skylight, which was partly open. 9.0 a.m., breakfast. Gale rougher. Pilot left us. Beginning of tribulation—sea-sick! I went up at one o'clock to get some lunch for Mrs. Pike and self, but we were not able to eat. Gale stiffer. 7.30, service in the saloon conducted by Rev. C. T. Rhenius a chaplain. During the reading of the prayers there was quite a panic caused by the first officer calling out aloud for the captain. A light had been seen, and it was supposed that we had got out of our course and were nearing the land, but it proved to be the light of another vessel. The confusion was something indescribable. The ship being turned in a moment or two caused the most dreadful pitching and rolling. A lot of water bottles and crockery in the saloon were smashed; passengers' luggage was banging about as if it would break in the sides of the cabin; ladies were fainting, and just at the worst, when a sort of suppressed sob went through the saloon, the chaplain was reading, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," there was an exodus, but hardly in peace. The gale continued till past midnight.

Monday, Nov. 10th, 5 a.m., woke much better, but just a little squeamish. Sea calm, but ship rolling from the swell. Nine, I had breakfast in the saloon! Not many there, and not very many had any breakfast at all if I am not mistaken. Went up on deck, and I saw a large flock of porpoises. One of the passengers was shooting at sea gulls. We got into the Bay of Biscay about three o'clock, and had a beautiful calm sea for about eight hours, but in the evening a gale sprang up, and at midnight we were all awake by the motion of the ship together with the noises of banging cabin

doors, &c. We saw a rat on the ledge that runs round the cabin about a foot above one's head. Another night Mrs. Pike awoke with a rat nibbling at her hair, and a night or two after that I had one running over my face.

Tuesday, Nov. 11th. A terrible day. Storm raging violently; occasionally waves sweeping over the top deck. Several gentlemen were thrown off their feet and sent rolling against the bulwarks. It was altogether out of the question for ladies to go on deck. A deck chair swept into the sea. The bay in such a storm is a grand sight, indeed, and worth some suffering to see. The storm lasted just about twenty-four hours, *i.e.*, from midnight on Monday to midnight on Tuesday, when we got out of the bay, past Cape Finisterre. Mrs. Pike and the children were not out of bed the whole time. Indeed, it was not safe for the children to be up. They might have had their legs broken. I was at times very squeamish, but managed to keep about, and went on the top deck for an hour or two when the storm was at its worst, but had to hold on hard with both hands. The angle we made may be imagined when I tell you that the boats which are swung with their keels a few inches below the level of the top deck touched the water.

Wednesday, Nov. 12th. Sea calm, with a little swell. Also a little rain in the course of the day. Mrs. Pike still unwell, partly the effect of fright. We were passing along the coast of Portugal all day.

Thursday, Nov. 13th. 6.30 a.m. Went on deck. The rock of Lisbon in sight. Was much shocked to hear of the death of one of our party. A Miss Leighton, of the Church Mission, going out with three other ladies for Zenana work. I believe she was qualified as a medical missionary. She had been very ill before starting, and complained several times of palpitation of the heart, but she appeared much better on Wednesday, and was in the saloon. She would not have anyone with her at night because she felt so much better; however, she was found dead close to the cabin door this morning.

5.30 p.m. Miss Leighton was buried. Her coffin was placed on the lower deck, covered with the Union Jack. Rev. C. T. Rhenius, chaplain, read the funeral service; at the words, "We now commit her body to the deep," the coffin was launched forth, and sunk in a moment, some large shot having been placed in it.

6.30 p.m. We passed Cape St. Vincent. The light is very brilliant. I think the lighthouse is in the midst of a convent.

Friday, Nov. 14th. 5.30. Got up thus early for the ship had been rolling so dreadfully none of us could get any sleep. The land was in sight on either hand, *viz.*, coasts of Africa and Spain. About six o'clock I must have fallen down the stairs from the upper deck to the saloon, through one of the sharp lurches of the ship. I was unconscious till about half-past seven, when I slowly and very gradually recovered consciousness. Found I had received a terrible blow on my right temple and eye, as well as a cut on my leg. It was a mercy I was not killed on the spot. During the morning I quite thought I should die. The pain in my head was indescribable, and the least noise seemed to go through it. The doctor was very attentive. It was misty when we passed Gibraltar, and so none of the passengers saw much of it. I saw the dim outline of it just before my fall. In the middle of the morning I tried to lie down on a bench on the deck, for the heat in the cabin was very great, but was soon obliged to go down to my berth. The Mediterranean was literally like a lake, not a single wave, frequently presenting the appearance of a "sea of glass."

Saturday, Nov. 15th. I got up this morning much better, thanks, as far as means go, to the doctor's attention and the hot water bottle to my feet, but felt strangely weak, as if I had had a month's illness.

Sunday, Nov. 16th. A beautiful day. We noticed the range of mountains on the coast of Algeria, the highest from 6000 to 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Rev. — McCarthy, chaplain, took the morning service, and the Rev. — Newport, of the London Missionary Society, that in the evening. I had been asked, but owing to the fall did not feel equal to it. In the evening we noticed the peculiar phosphorescent

appearance of the sea that one sometimes reads about. It was as if the fishes had been rubbed with phosphorus and were darting hither and thither in the water.

Monday, Nov. 17th, was a contrast to Sunday, and a very trying day. It was not a rough sea, though we had a taste of Euroclydon, but if you will notice our position by the map, you will see that there is a stretch of many hundreds of miles of ocean on either side of Italy, and when the wind is in that quarter the waves are very high and powerful. Admiral Smyth says they are often higher than in the Atlantic. The heavy swell caused our ship to roll very much. Mrs. Pike was really sea-sick for the first time. Many of the braver passengers succumbed; as for me I had passed my apprenticeship in the Channel and the Bay, and was made free of the ocean, with an appetite like a hawk. The swell ceased for a time when we were well past Cape Bon and under shelter of Sicily.

Tuesday, Nov. 18th. We have had a quiet night. It remained quiet till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rolling began again as bad as ever. We passed Malta about ten o'clock—saw St. Paul's Bay, and took particular notice of the breakers which form a feature of that coast. We also had a glimpse of Mount Etna on our left.

Wednesday, Nov. 19th. No one got any sleep last night through the dreadful rolling. There was but little sea on and little wind, but the swell was tremendous. We have had a taste of the Adriatic, and shall feel an interest in Paul's journeys that we did not feel before. Then we must remember the Apostle had no screw steamer. Yesterday evening would be perilous to small craft. The colour or colours of the Mediterranean are very beautiful. Some parts are a very brilliant and yet very dark ultra marine blue, others a light emerald green. These seem the prevailing colours, though there are fifty tints.

Thursday, Nov. 20th. I wonder what sort of a day it is about Limehouse and Stepney. Here it is something charming—a beautiful clear summer's day. The air so fresh, and the sea a perfect picture. On board ship one half the time seems to be taken up with eating; and though this is so, I get ravenously hungry between meals. I eat a more hearty luncheon than I have eaten dinners for a long time, and then there is the dinner after that.

Friday Nov. 21st. We have beautiful weather still, and we are beginning to feel the sun. Three or four children's birthdays occurring this week—amongst them Edie's, Nov. 18th, and Nollie's, Nov. 21st—Captain Taylor gave a tea party in the saloon. Edie and Florrie enjoyed it very much. Miss Florrie declared she would stay in the saloon. It was rather a grand affair—all kinds of cakes, sweetmeats, jellies, &c., &c.

Saturday, Nov. 22nd.—We arrived at Port Said about two o'clock, and went ashore, taking a good look at the Arab portion of the place, and then going to the French part to do a little shopping—a very little, for articles that we want are dreadfully dear. I got a good hat for eight francs; Mrs. Pike also got one. Port Said, I should say, is noted for oranges, dates, musquitoes, flies and dirt. There was some kind of religious festival among the Arabs, and we were not a little amused to see merry-go-rounds which might have come out of the street at the back of Ball Lane, Stepney, filled with little Arab children. They have not yet applied steam to the merry-go-rounds as they have in England. I should think you would see as many nationalities represented at Port Said as at any place. The largest numbers, however, were of Egyptian, Arabs, and Frenchmen. The variety and brilliancy of costume was very pleasing to the eye. The children were many of them dressed in the scandalous style of the Greek slave. You are aware the Arabs are notorious thieves. A number of them were employed to bring up the coal (we took in 500 tons) and in spite of all the watching they managed to steal a good number of our fowls. Three or four fellows were beaten off one side of the coops, but three or four more were quietly abstracting the fowls from the other side. We staid at Port Said all night, and a magnificent sight it was. We were on dock till very late, for it seemed a shame to go to bed.

Sunday, Nov. 23rd.—We are now in the canal steaming very slowly, not more than about four miles an hour. We have had several narrow escapes of sticking in the mud, but hitherto have kept going, except once when we had to wait a few hours in consequence of a homeward bound steamer, being stuck fast a few miles ahead of us. It seems we have had a remarkably good passage considering the weather. The P. & O. steamer, the *Lombardy*, that left Southampton the day we left Gravesend, arrived at Port Said just as we were leaving it, and is now some thirty miles behind us. The French mail steamer that also left the same day we did, was obliged to put back again through stress of weather. The *Woosung* in which the Baptist missionaries sailed, has not reached Port Said, although I think she started the day before us. We have also gained five days on the *Sultan*, and the first officer of the *Viceroy* talks of being back in England before the sister ship puts in her appearance. This morning we saw in the distance what appeared to be long low ranges of white rocks to our right hand, in the kind of lake which extends for some miles along by the canal. On looking through a glass we discovered these to be large birds sitting or standing in the shallow water. Thousands if not millions of them, cranes, flamingoes, pelicans, and the sacred ibis. Later on in the day we saw a mirage. Most of us could not be persuaded that what we saw was not water, though assured by those who knew that it was not until we noticed that it stretched right up to the canal, but when we got to the place there was nothing but sand. Rev. W. Brock took the morning service and I the evening.

Monday, Nov. 24th.—We expect to reach Suez either to-night or early in the morning, where I shall post this, leaving any description of the place for my next letter. We have seen numbers of camels feeding on the scrubby bushes (something like gorse) by the sides of the canal. We are passing through a very desolate region. Scarcely any inhabitants, a few Arabs here and there, and a French official connected with the canal. I will now bring this rambling letter to a close unless something very striking should occur before we reach Suez, when I will begin another sheet. We are all well. I had hardly finished writing the above, when we were brought to a standstill. We were told a steamer was stuck fast ahead of us.

Tuesday, Nov. 25th, 9 a.m.—We are only just starting. The canal officials made a mistake in the signals, yesterday. We need not have waited. It is very annoying. We expect to reach Suez this afternoon.

LETTER FROM REV. W. MILLER TO THE SECRETARY.

Government Steamer, "Pioneer," Brahminee River, Nov. 5th, 1873.

BEFORE this reaches you the news of the safe arrival in Calcutta of brethren Bailey and Smith, with their wives, will have been received in England. They were to leave Calcutta this morning for Cuttack, via Chandbalee. Our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, with Mrs. Miller and myself, are now on the way to Chandbalee to meet and help them on to Cuttack. We left home early yesterday morning, and passing through the canal entered the river at Minchghue at three p.m. Thence to this our course has been a very circuitous one, in consequence of the winding nature of the river. We are now entering a wider part of the river, which has on each side vast plains covered with paddy extending as far as the eye can reach. The land is very low, only raised a few inches above the level of the river, and almost destitute of trees—save those that mark the mounds on which the people have built their houses. The river in front of us is studded with wild ducks and geese. Alligators are seen here and there basking in the sun, too idle to move until we approach within a short distance of them. We hope to reach our destination at four p.m. to-day. Our friends are due at ten a.m. to-morrow. I should have mentioned how charming the country on both sides of the canal appeared, covered with splendid crops of rice. It being the

day of the Ballee Jatra, a noted bathing festival, at every village crowds of men, women, and children were seen bathing and making their offerings to the canal or river. One offering was a small boat, with masts made of the bark of the plaintain tree, which when launched called forth a loud and prolonged shout from the women.

Cuttack, Nov. 11th. Having penned the above I was obliged to lay my pen aside until now. We reached Chandballee on the 5th, at three p.m., and at nine next morning had the privilege of meeting with and welcoming our dear friends to Orissa. At five p.m., after placing all the luggage in two country boats, and dining on board the Calcutta steamer, we went on board the *Pioneer*, and with the luggage boats in tow started for Cuttack. Next morning at nine o'clock we entered the canal, and at nine p.m. reached Cuttack, having enabled our friends to make the quickest and most inexpensive journey from Calcutta to Cuttack that has as yet been made. In fact we got back a day earlier than some of the friends here expected, hence, instead of meeting us at the river side, as they intended, they had comfortably retired for the night, supposing our arrival before the next day impossible. The Smiths' are our guests. Brother Smith took the English service last Sunday evening, and preached, I imagine, to a larger congregation than he expected to see, though several of those who usually attend were absent. His discourse, founded on Psalm xlvi. 7, was well adapted to arouse and encourage all engaged in the Lord's service. We all feel devoutly thankful that our prayer for help has been so far answered, and cannot but hope that all our need will eventually be supplied. The conference sermons are to be preached next Lord's-day, and the business commences on the following day. Your letter to brother Buckley, announcing your son's acceptance of the committee's invitation to join the Mission in Orissa, and his intention to embark in the *Viceroy*, has been received. We shall not fail to remember him and his at the mercy seat, that they may have a prosperous journey, and come to us in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I need not say how happy Mrs. Miller and myself will be to welcome them and do what we can for them on their arrival. I am sorry to say Miss Packer has had an attack of Dengue which has left her far from well. We are hoping she may come into Cuttack in a few days for a change. All the rest of the friends are pretty well.

ARRIVED AT CUTTACK.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY MRS. T. BAILEY.

Cuttack, Nov. 14, 1873.

WE went on board the *Madras*, at Calcutta, on the evening of the 4th. There was an eclipse of the moon that evening, and the natives turn out and break all their pots and pans; they say it is a demon swallowing the moon. We got driven right into the midst of the confusion, and Mr. Bailey had to leave us to find boats to take us on board. I thought our carriages would have been turned over more than once. Some men came shouting for the luggage, but I would not let it go, and the coachmen, who of course are also natives, helped me to keep them off; at last some came holding up Mr. Bailey's stick as a sign that they were true men, so then I let the boxes go, but sent a policeman after them.

Can you imagine the scene? The unknown language, the half naked men, the procession streaming by, &c.; one family came entirely naked, with their clothes in their hands, and performed the operation of dressing just by my carriage window. At last the men wanted me to get out, and all I could say was, "Sahib kie," where is the master? but I did not understand the answer, so they went and told Mr. Bailey that Mem Sahib did not understand, she would not come, she would do nothing, so Mr. Bailey was obliged to come, and then we were carried on boards across a lot of mud to the boats, and at last, got safely on the *Madras*; the steward was just telling us

what a fortunate thing it was we were safe on board, as the bore, or tide, would come up directly like a wall of water, and just then we felt the vessel roll to one side and spin right round, so we were very thankful to be off the little boats. We set off the next morning as soon as a hoavy fog had dispersed, and arrived safely at Chandbaleo the following morning, where some of the missionaries were waiting to meet us with a hired steamer, a gunboat, that had been used in the mutiny. We had forty miles by river, and then some distance by canal. It was quite funny to go through locks again. The whole route was very lovely. We saw some monkeys and alligators, the cocoa palm, the date palm, the banyan tree, several temples and villages, with naked children running about, and lots of other things that I should like to tell you about, but it would take too much time. We landed finally on Friday evening, and had a drive of two miles here. We were not expected, as every one thought we could not get here so soon, but our welcome was very warm. Dr. Buckley took me to a native christian wedding on Tuesday. You can see nothing of the bride but her bare feet, as she is entirely covered with a sort of white robe. The natives are very dexterous in twisting this kind of dress round them, and a bride only leaves herself just room to look through. Her feet are painted red. I could not hear her responses. I suppose the bridegroom and Dr. Buckley were satisfied. The next day the father gave a feast to which we were all invited. Mrs. Buckley and I did not go, as we were too tired. There were about 500 present, including forty Europeans.

You would like to know something about the Zenanas I visited with Mrs. Dakin in Calcutta. I was very much pleased with some of the women. The first we saw was the wife of a high caste brahmin. She has learned to read, but her husband will not let her read the Bible. He says, "he reads it himself, and allows his sons to read it, but the women are not sufficiently educated to understand it or to judge between right and wrong." He and his wife are very fond of each other, and she makes a more loving than a judicious mother. Their girls are married about eleven, but this brahmin does not let them live together till they are eighteen; till then the boys go to college and the girls visit alternately at the house of both their parents though they have become the property of their husband's parents, but those I saw did not seem so much at home there as in their former homes. One lady showed me her jewellery. I should think that very few even amongst our own aristocracy possess as much or as good. They think nothing of silver, excepting as anklets, pure gold and precious stones are their delight. They respect gold to such a degree that they look upon it as the greatest calamity if they happen to let it fall, and immediately ask its pardon. They will not wear it on their feet as they say they will come to want if they do. I saw some nose ornaments so hoavy that they said it made their noses ache to wear them, and they could only bear them on a few minutes. All this looked very strange in comparison to the shabby houses, dirty rooms, broken chairs, &c., in fact they generally sit on the ground. I was sorry not to be able to understand the religious discussions; one woman ended by saying, "Oh, well your religion is good for you and mine for me." They were very anxious for me to go again; but Mrs. Dakin, who had been interpreter, told them that I was going to Orissa; they wanted to know if my husband were going too. I said, "Oh yes, I would not go without him," and told them that we had had a walk together before breakfast. They looked as if they could not understand. They, poor things, have no idea what a street even is like, for if they have to go from one house to another they are closely veiled and shut up. Once the master of the house wanted to pass through the corridor where we were talking to them! He announced his desire by coughing. Immediately they fled into different passages, covering their faces with their veils; but I was surprised to find that a man servant could pass through without any notice being taken. We saw several widows; they are deprived of their ornaments on the death of their husbands, and thenceforwards become the servants of the family. But even this is an improvement on the old Suttee plan. One of them gave it as her opinion that "widows would soon be allowed to marry again in India like they do in England." I forgot to say that the married women have also

a streak of red down the parting of the hair. The native christians are constantly coming to see Mr. Bailey, and it is quite pleasant to see how pleased they are that he has come back again.

Amongst other things I have to be busy with the language every day. It is very difficult to understand, but I am beginning to put one or two words together now. It is so ridiculous when I make use of them, for the natives then think that I can understand everything; they go on talking, and then are quite astonished to find that I have not understood a word. It is quite cold here in the mornings, too hot to go out in the middle of the day, and cool in the evening. This season has, I suppose, been particularly unfavourable. I told you of the famine. It is not expected to be felt in Orissa this time, and the government is doing all that it can to prevent it, or rather to mitigate its horrors.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XII.

“And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it.”—Matt. vii. 26, 27.

IN Orissa we have a striking illustration of our Lord's parable. The country abounds with rivers, many of which are dry, or nearly dry, for several months in the year. On these beds of sand, from which the river has retired, and in order that they may be near the contracted stream, fishermen and boatmen build their huts. Month after month these huts remain secure. Suddenly, however, the rains set in; the waters from the high lands in Central India pour down in torrents; the huts are swept away; and where, a few days before, there was nothing but an immense bed of sand, there is a mighty river, from one to two miles broad, and from ten to twenty feet deep. In addition to its own rainfall, averaging 62½ inches per annum, Orissa receives the drainage of 57,000 square miles of Central India. During the hot season the five chief rivers send down upon Orissa only 1690 cubic feet per second; but during the high floods in the rainy season, the same rivers pour down an aggregate of 2,760,000 cubic feet per second. The waters of the Mahanuddy alone, rush through a gorge seven miles above Cuttack, at the rate of 1,800,000 cubic feet per second. Against such a torrent how powerless the fisherman's hut! erected on the river's low and sandy bed it is swept away as a thing of nought, without leaving the slightest trace behind. With the hope that it might resist such a torrent, how foolish would be the man who should build not simply his *hut*, but his *house*, and his *ALL*, upon the sand!

To such a man our Lord likens “every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not.” So long as there is no torrent, no tempest, no trial, the work of the hearer and the doer may seem equally secure. And, did they not sit in the same class, attend the same sanctuary, and hear the same minister? Alike, however, in many respects, on *ONE* point, and that the all important point, they were widely different—the one was a doer, the other a mere hearer; the one was on the sand, the other on the rock. Happy they who are thus building on the “Rock of Ages,” beyond the reach of the swelling flood or raging storm! Resting there they may fearlessly sing—

When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail;
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

EPWORTH, &c.—On Lord's-day, Nov. 23rd, sermons were preached at Epworth and West Butterwick by Revs. W. Bailey and W. M. Anderson, pastor of the church. Mr. Bailey's discourses were listened to with marked attention, and we trust with permanent good to many. The public meetings during the week at Epworth, Butterwick, and Crowle, were of a deeply interesting character. The short addresses of the brethren who took part in the different meetings were lively and well received; but the great attraction of each meeting was Mr. Bailey's address, which was full of the most striking incidents of missionary labours in India. We are thankful to almighty God for what He has done for India through the instrumentality of our Society; and we pray¹ that He may still do more for us. W. M. A.

ILKESTON AND NEWTHORPE.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. Congregations good. Collections and subscriptions much improved.

NUNEATON.—Deputation, Rev. H. Wilkinson. Collections small, but encouraging as a beginning.

OLD BASFORD.—Services Nov. 29th, 30th, and Dec. 1st. Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. Increased interest, shown by increased contributions, which amounted to the noble sum of £47 14s. 0d.

POYNTON, near Stockport.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. The first missionary service in the above chapel was held on Dec. 1st. The meeting was of a most encouraging character. Mr. Walker, the minister presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. Platts and Borrowdale and the missionary. Only three days' notice was given of the meeting, but the sum of £5 5s. 6d. was collected. The friends here, though few in number, have just completed chapel and school-rooms which cost £370; and though only recently received into the Cheshire Conference are anxious to do all they can for our institutions.

STALYBRIDGE.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. An interesting juvenile service was held in the afternoon, in which the pastor took part, and a lecture on "The Rise and Progress of the Mission" was given in the evening. Collections in advance of last year.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Arrangements have been made for an earlier publication of the Magazine than formerly. This will ensure its being in the hands of all our ministers on or before the first Monday in the month; it seems, therefore, unnecessary to continue sending to them monthly a copy of the *Observer* by post. In fact it is believed, after a year's trial, that the separate publication of the *Observer* at all is, for the most part, a needless expense, as parties who take the Magazine do not care to have the *Observer* separately, and it should be remembered that every copy of the *Observer* stitched with the Magazine is at the cost of the Society. Frequent letters have been received to the above effect from different friends. The number sent out is, therefore, much reduced this month, but wherever it is wished a supply can be had on application to the Secretary and stating the number required.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BRAHMINEE RIVER—W. Miller, Nov. 5.
CALCUTTA—T. Bailey, Oct. 31.

CALCUTTA—J. H. Smith, Nov. 8.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Nov. 8.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society, from
November 18th, to December 18th, 1873.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Legacy—Executors of the late Miss Harrison, on account	1500	0	0	Epworth, &c.	9	16	6
Ashby-de-la-Zouch— Mr. John Salisbury, for Rome ..	3	0	0	Halifax	41	15	6
" " for Piplee Chapel ..	2	0	0	Longton	0	6	0
				Magdalen	0	12	0
				Nuneaton	2	17	0
				Old Basford	47	10	0
	5	0	0	Poynton	5	5	6
Birchcliffe—Rome	1	15	0	Queensbury	13	10	0
Clayton	5	19	6	Quorndon and Woodhouse Eaves ..	10	17	0
Coalville—Rome	2	1	0	Sheepshed	1	11	0
Crowle	4	6	8	Stalybridge	26	0	4

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

PAUL GRASSI.

IN several numbers of this Magazine for the closing months of the past year papers were inserted giving details of the Life, Labours, and Conversion from Popery of Canon Grassi, formerly connected with the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, a Cathedral Church next in importance to the famous St. John of the Lateran. The church to which the subject of this notice was attached is situated on the Esquiline Hill, and is surrounded with an immense population of about 25,000, characterised by the highest spirit of independence—a people proud of their ancestry, and glorying in the name of Roman; and this high tone of feeling strongly influences a considerable section of the ecclesiastics of Santa Maria Maggiore.

PAUL GRASSI occupied a prominent position in this church of the Esquiline; and great was the consternation of papal-dom when it was known that, in obedience to the dictates of truth and conscience, the Canon had sacrificed his position and associations, and had united with a little band of baptized believers, worshipping in a tent, under the designation of the Primitive Apostolic Church of Rome. The facts of this extraordinary case were known to one of our brethren who had been pleading for some time with the General Baptists to send help for the employment of an Evangelist in Rome; and on the recommendation of the Rev. JAMES WALL, one of the most successful of the evangelists in Rome, Signor Grassi was adopted by the Committee of the General Baptist Missionary Society as their first labourer in the Capital of the Papacy. The manner of his life, from his youth up, has been written by this reformed priest, and the record has been translated for and inserted in the pages of this Magazine. Fuller details have been collected from various sources, and have been published in pamphlet form; the circulation of which has reached a total of nearly 15,000. The General Baptists of England have cheerfully adopted PAUL GRASSI as their Evangelist in Rome, to act in conjunction with and under the direction of Mr. Wall, the adopted agent of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Many of the readers of this Magazine have desired to see the brother for whose support they have cheerfully contributed the necessary funds. The time may come when it may be advisable to introduce Grassi to the company of his English friends and supporters; and in the meantime it is our pleasure to present with this number of the Magazine a Portrait which has been drawn by one of our artist friends, and which has been pronounced by a distinguished artist living in Rome an excellent likeness. A beautifully graphic pen-and-ink sketch has been drawn by the Rev. C. M. BIRRELL, of Liverpool, on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome; and with an extract from his very

interesting letter, addressed to the *Freeman*, these brief notes are closed. The extract is from the first of a series of three deeply interesting letters, written from Rome, by the distinguished minister whose name has been quoted. Of the little church in the Via Laurina, and its newly-added convert, Mr. Birrell thus writes:—

“ Following the line of the old Flaminian Way, I turned very shortly into a narrow side street. It is a cheerless place which the sun’s direct rays—an indispensable condition to health in this climate—never strike, and the foundations of which are so low that a very moderate rise of the Tiber serves to put it under water. As I groped my way up the narrow and not fragrant staircase, I tried in vain to think of a good reason why a man who was not a prisoner under military detention, like the first apostle, but the messenger of easy English Christians to a civilized, sensitive, and high-minded people, should find it necessary to remain in such desolate head-quarters. This course of reflection, though resumed afterwards, was interrupted when, on pulling a piece of string attached to a bell, I was ushered into an apartment upon which the door bluntly opened. It was a small room, though with the encaustic tiles and frescoed ceiling which mark some of the rudest Roman houses, and served a great many purposes, domestic and public, in the course of every day. At this moment four men sat in it, round a small table, with books open before them, which proved to be copies of the Scriptures in the original languages, and in two or three modern versions. My entrance necessarily broke up the conference for a few moments, but the sudden flash upon the eye of a group so employed, on such a spot, striking in with my previous meditations, made me feel strangely near to one who, probably, only a few streets farther off, ‘dwelt two whole years in his own hired house and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things that concerned the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him.’—Acts xxviii. 30, 31.

“ The men before me might easily have passed for some of those whom he names in his affectionate greetings, and the next time the door opened it would hardly have surprised me to have seen Epaphroditus come in with feeble step after his illness, or, what would have made the great teacher leap to his feet, his ‘son Timothy,’ with the parchment in his hand, and the cloak over his arm, which he had done his ‘diligence’ to ‘bring before winter.’ One of this company I may venture to name, as he is already an object of interest in England, the late Canon and Incumbent of Santa Maria Maggiore in this city, Paul Grassi. He seized my hand and pressed it to his heart with great emotion, as if he had caught hold of all his English brethren in one, expressing, through Mr. Wall, the peace which he had found in Christ after his long struggles with the powers of darkness, and his trust that he should be kept faithful unto death. He looks a little under fifty years of age, with a finely formed head and countenance, indicative, perhaps, of taste and gentleness, rather than of force. His secession, and especially his courage in obeying the citation of the Court of the Inquisition, after the government had declined to guarantee his safety, have produced a deep impression among all classes, and not least amongst the clergy themselves. The confession which he witnessed before those formidable witnesses, though

hastily prepared, was clear and manly, and went to the heart of the people, who bought it up at once when it came to be cried about the streets of Rome. The somewhat impassioned conclusion which I have seen in some English papers does not give a fair representation of the definite character of the whole, as, for instance, when he says :—' I see that in the citation delivered to me, &c.' (See his reply to the citation.)

"This distinct assertion of principles* is headed—'I, who am a Roman, have desired to search and find out what was the true church of my ancestors. The first Romans who accepted Christianity were those who, at the Pentecost, accepted Christ's word; and though without masses and without a Pope, they were imbued with a faith so strong that it was known and published in all the world.' From this point it was that he seemed to catch sight of the mass of perversion which he had abandoned for ever, and pouring upon it the fire of the uttermost moral indignation, he bowed to a court shorn of the power which once made short work of such witnesses, and walked forth to such service and suffering as his Divine Master may require of him.

"He takes the change in his condition with great artlessness, and when some injudicious people have referred to it in rapturous terms, he has looked puzzled, as if he had not known that he had done anything but what was natural and inevitable. I confess that when I have seen him sitting on the same benches with the humble brotherhood listening to instruction, and have recalled the external splendour of the robed priest as he elevates the host in the jewelled *ostensorio* before the prostrate multitude in the great Basilica on the Esquiline Hill, I was sensible of a sort of sympathy which was hardly chased away even by calling to mind the moral dignity of his present position, which no man more appreciates than himself. No greater disservice, I believe, could be done to him or to the cause which he has espoused than in any way to lionise him. If Mr. Wall is allowed to continue the judicious course he has hitherto pursued, all will be well; but if that which some seem anxious to adopt be taken, we shall not only make fools of ourselves, but what would be a much greater pity, spoil a hopeful and good work. It is well fitted to fill us with praise, that a man apparently so far removed from right influences should have been brought under the power of Sovereign grace, and led to renounce all earthly advantages for Christ; but it is well to remember that our greatest help has not come from priests. Their education is not favourable to character. They have little training in the practical part of life. They are so much habituated to unreasoning submission on the part of the people, and so little used to deal religiously with others, except in the confessional, that they rarely acquire moral power over a free body of men. Signor Grassi, with his simple and guileless nature, his prepossessing manners, his marked disinterestedness, and his great popularity with his countrymen, may be expected, through Divine grace, to be useful as a preacher, and perhaps especially as a pastor. He longs to carry the Gospel to the homes of the people whom he has been confessing for years—but he must be allowed to carry out his own resolution to live for some time the quiet life of a student of Holy Scripture, under the guidance of the friend and teacher to whom he owes so much, and to whom he is cordially attached."

THOMAS COOK.

* See Pamphlet "Canon and Cardinal," published by E. Stock, London, price 2d.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "JUST AS I AM."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT has written hymns that will live as long as the English language; and gained a place for her productions along with the best offerings of those sweet songsters of the sanctuary endeared in earth and heaven, Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Newton, Toplady and Swain, Heber and Keble, Montgomery and Lyte, Lynch and Bonar. Her "Just as I am," reminding us of the "Rock of Ages" but richer in its meaning and sweeter in its music; has given voice to the bitter anguish, mingled fear and hope, and struggling faith of thousands upon thousands who have striven, through crowding doubts and snares, to touch the hem of the garment of Christ. To few amongst the servants of the Saviour has the privilege been afforded of ministering in larger measures healing to the bereaved, faith to the despairing, and hope to the desolate, than to this patient and long-stricken saint of God, who filling the sacred chalice of song out of her own experience has poured peace and gladness into the wounded hearts of the orphan and the widow, through the plaintive strains—

"My God and Father while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say—
Thy will be done."

And time and space would fail us to tell how often an eager trustful spiritual life has been calmed and yet quickened by those lines which she adopted as the motto of her own life—

"O, Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living bright reality,
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie."

Verily it were well to have lived, and suffered, and sung, if only to have enriched the hymnals of the world with those three heaven-inspired "spiritual songs."

Charlotte Elliott's poetry, as the biographical sketch prefixed to this selection of her poems* shows, was the transcript of her life. And as her life was not her own, but the life of Christ in her, of Christ the Comforter, the Friend, the sympathetic Brother, the gracious and all loving Redeemer, she sings almost always of Christ. He quells her fears. His voice brings peace in the midst of perplexity and agitation. He gives joy for mourning, and the strength and calmness of patient faith for the weakness and unrest of unbelief. He is her rock; and, according to her chosen figure, she clings to Him as the limpet to the beach, feeling that any effort to tear her from Him is like rending her soul asunder. Hence her songs are like those of the early Christians of whom Pliny speaks, "songs of praise to Christ." Softly sounds the prayer—

"O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen!
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee."

* Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, author of "Just as I am" with a Memoir by her Sister. And a Portrait. Religious Tract Society.

And then, as faith becomes victor, the triumphant strain breaks forth—

“Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

“They fear not life’s rough storms to brave
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e’en at death’s dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.”

It is this holy calm which is at once the most characteristic feature of Charlotte Elliott’s life, and of her poems. Her simple faith in the word of God never wavers. A sweet serenity, as of heaven, pervades her own spirit, and breathes through all her hymns. The peace of Christ was enjoyed to the full. She had what she prayed for, “great faith, great patience, and great peace,” springing from the clear and reasonable trust which she exercised in her Saviour who *had done all for her, and promised all to her*. The key to her life is in her words—

“Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove
Here, for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!”

And if we go further and ask whence came this clear and reasonable trust, we are carried into the presence of one of the most useful men of the Christian church, Dr. Cæsar Malan, the writer of a small tract we have much used and often commended, known as “Doubts Removed.” After years of seclusion and bodily distress, Charlotte Elliott, deeply conscious of the evil in her heart, but not rejoicing in the fulness and freeness of the grace of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, was, on the 9th of May, 1822, being then in her thirty-third year, introduced to Dr. Malan, at her father’s residence at Clapham. That day became the most memorable of her life. For forty years, during which a constant correspondence was maintained with Dr. Malan, its anniversary was kept most sacredly. Some of his first words are given in this sketch. “One look,” he wrote, “silent but continuous and faithful at the cross of Christ is better, is more efficacious, than all beside. It is a look of life, aye, of life divine.” Again and again he directed her to the true remedy—simple faith in God’s word; and specially to such passages as “He that hath the Son hath life,” and John iii. 16, Isaiah lv. i., and described, in his peculiarly earnest and tender way the guilt of “making God a liar by refusing to believe the record that He hath given of His Son.” The burden was lifted. The horizon was clear. Her soul entered into light and liberty and peace; and all through her life her one unfaltering witness was, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” So, he who was the Barnabas to one of the greatest of Scotland’s thinkers, scholars and talkers, the celebrated Rabbi Duncan, a marvel of profound learning, intellectual acumen and originality, was also a light-bearer to one who had often been assailed by doubt and distressed by suffering. Never again was her faith shaken; and out of the depths of that divine calm she sings the music which

forms the "Invalid's Hymn Book," "Hymns for a Week," and "Hours of Sorrow," and which continue their ceaseless mission of consolation and joy to the suffering and afflicted family of God.

Taken thus to the Word of God for peace and joy she never forsook it. Hence forward it was her chief study. She says of it, "My Bible is my church. It is always open; and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my psalm of praise, a field of promises, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy—prophets and apostles and martyrs and confessors—in short all I can want I there find." And in her own private Bible the lines were written—

*"Dig deep in this precious golden mine;
Toil, and its richest ore is thine;
Search, and the Saviour will lend His aid
To draw its wealth from its mystic shade;
Strive, and His Spirit will give thee light
To work in this heavenly mine aright;
Pray without ceasing, in Him confide,
Into all truth His light will guide."*

Charlotte Elliott's was a long life: pure as the lily, modest as the violet, and fragrant as the rose, placid in the midst of suffering, joyous and glad notwithstanding its loneliness and seclusion; and when in the Sept. of 1871 she passed away, in her eighty-second year, it was with all the sweet peacefulness and radiant calm that had made beautiful her Christian life. Being dead she yet speaks in her songs; and wherever sorrow needs soothing, loneliness a companion, affliction a balm, weariness a cordial, and despondency a brightening hope, her "select poems" may be welcomed with the full assurance of success.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

HYMN FOR THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

Translated from No. 192 in the French Baptist Hymn Book, by E. HALL JACKSON.

COMES a new combatant into the field;
Here's a new worker our labours to urge;
Comes a new bondsman new service to yield,
And a new mariner battles the surge.
Soldier of Christ, let an armour of might
Guard thy young heart from beleaguering sins;
Th' Spirit Celestial now gird thee aright,
Shield thee with faith which the victory wins.
Called to a field that is vast without bound,
Strong in His power, by His wisdom made wise,
Till and subdue to God's laws the hard ground,
Under His hand the fair harvests will rise.
Hold thou thy hands to the glorious chains
Carried by heaven's elect to the grave;
God is best served when you're sharing their pains—
Bear then their burdens and help them be brave.
Sailor courageous on earth's stormy sea,
Launch without murmur, and sail without fear;
Life's mighty Prince sweeps the billow with thee,
His gates of salvation stand open and near.
We with the rudder fatiguing the land,
Weary with toiling by night and by day,
Pray for him, pray for him, and of our land
Tell him the beauties, and show him the way.

Ripley.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.*

No. I.—*Amongst the Gutter Children.*

MANYSIDED London has been described times without number; and its manifold life has been sketched by thousands of pens. Skilful artists have painted dark and gloomy pictures full of the seething squalor, teeming filth, riotous drunkenness and savage crime of this populous city: but its brighter sides have less frequently attracted the painter's eye, and its cheering and ennobling aspects have found fewer to portray them. And yet, notwithstanding the notorious poverty, misery and vice of St. Giles's, Ratcliff Highway, and similar districts, London is not without many scenes of surpassing beauty and loveliness. Few aspects of human life are more full of hope and gladness, or more resonant with cheering promise and inspiring prophecy than the myriad works of that "enthusiasm of humanity" that sweeps in the mud of the gutters of this metropolis for the lost piece of silver, and sweeps diligently till it is found; and when found carefully cleans and burnishes it, so that the image and superscription of its divine maker distinctly appears. It is the incarnation of the spirit of the cross. It is the living and loving operation of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was rich, but for our sakes, became poor." It is one amongst many proofs that there is amongst us in this very stronghold of iniquity a power that will yet redeem us from the evils of our present social life.

On the second day of this new year we saw at its brightest this bright side of our London life. An invitation had reached us to view "the gathering of the clans, the grand assault, the final attack, and to hear the crowing of the victors at 8, Great Queen Street, W.C." Accordingly we went to the celebrated battle-fields known as "the National Refuge for the Homeless and Destitute," and there saw the congregated "clans," consisting of 211 boys from Bisley, 113 girls from Ealing, 109 girls from Sudbury, whilst the rear was brought up by the naval reserve of 214 boys from the "Chichester;" making altogether, with those in the Queen Street Home, 767 soldiers belonging to the great metropolitan army of destitute infantry, all marshalled under their gallant commander-in-chief, William Williams. The sight was one never to be forgotten. The rooms were covered with beautiful decorations, mainly the work of the children, and made in the leisure of the past two months. The fine bright open faces, beaming and intelligent eyes, and well developed heads of the lads, the pleasant countenance and modest behaviour of the girls, contrasted with the pictures of what they were a short time since, brought gladness to the heart and tears of joy to the eyes.

At one o'clock all were ready for the conflict and eager for the clash of arms. On the one side were these 767 children, and arrayed against them were 750 lbs. of roast meat, ten sacks of baked potatoes, 750 lbs. of plum pudding, and two hundredweight of bread. At a signal given a strain,

* The following is the plan of this Series of Papers:—I. *Amongst the Gutter Children.*—II. *With the Orphans and Foundlings.*—III. *Cripples and Incurables at Home.*—IV. *The Deaf Dumb, and Blind.*—V. *Fallen Women.*—VI. *Destitute Sailors and Soldiers.*—VII. *Discharged Prisoners.*—VIII. *Our Suffering Poor.*—IX. *Our Aged Poor.*—X. *Extra Ecclesiastical Mission Work.* If our readers desire to assist any of the institutions named we shall be most happy to receive and hand over their contributions.

sweet and strong, rose from the young soldiers, and the attack began in good earnest, and was maintained with determined vigour, leaving at two o'clock nothing more than a collection of fragments, which were to be afterwards completely demolished by a gathering of ragged school children.

But this was not all. Assembled in the Freemason's Hall, Sir R. Carden proceeded to distribute amongst the "old soldiers" their well-earned prizes. One girl received a handsome Bible for having remained *seven* years in her situation, and another had a similar gift for staying four and a half. Silver medals were given to all who had remained twelve months; and workboxes, writing-desks, and books, were presented to those who had been two or more years. The girls in the school had prizes for general improvement, for being the best housemaid, the best cook, etc., etc., and one bonnie girl for being "the best girl in the school" according to the unanimous vote of her companions. The boys had also their share. Prizes were given for swimming, rowing, and all the excellences that sailor and farmer boys can attain to.

But "who are these, and whence came they?" They came from the lowest depths of destitution and misery. Only a year ago 566 of them were sunk in the mire of wretchedness, ragged, depraved, and half-starved, not criminal, but on the very skirts of the criminal class, and likely soon to swell their ranks. 239 of them are without a father, 94 of them know nothing of a mother's sympathy or a father's guidance; and all were, from some cause or other, both homeless and destitute at the date of their admission to this thrice-blessed refuge. Look at these photographs taken of a few at the time of their admission, Nov., 1872, and forming some of the happy company to-day. The first we looked at was fifteen years old last March, and was small for his age. He lost his mother when a little child, his father married again, and died a few years back. The step-mother not caring for him he got on the streets, and in March, 1867, was taken up by the police for being destitute and without home, and sent to a Certified Reformatory, a few miles from town, for three years, where he was supported by the government, and at the expiration of that period he was discharged by the Committee of that Reformatory and sent to London, without any effort being made to put him in a way of earning his own living. What was the poor boy to do but steal or beg? He resorted to the latter course, and ultimately was taken up and sent to prison for so doing; and so he might have gone on from bad to worse until he was branded as an habitual criminal and then sent into penal servitude; but providentially for him and for the country he was brought to the Refuge and received at once.

J. R., sitting next him, never knew his father; believes he was a soldier, but to what regiment he belonged he cannot say. Deserted by his mother he was in a country union for eight years, but left that six months ago and came to London to try and get work, but could not succeed in obtaining any permanent employ, and so was left a prey to all the vices of the streets till we found him a refuge. That intelligent little fellow there has neither father nor mother, and slept at different casual wards at night for a long time, and begged in the day. Those two sisters have a very sad story to tell. One is fourteen and the other twelve years old. Eight years ago they lost their mother, and the father, who

was a hard-working industrious man, struggled on with these girls and two small boys, and seemed to get a living for them. One evening he was returning home in the neighbourhood of Poplar, when he saw a drunken man strike a young man with whom he had had some altercation in the street with an iron punch. The father of these poor girls interfered with a view to prevent the young man being seriously injured with the instrument. No sooner did he interfere than the furious drunken fellow commenced an attack upon him with the same iron tool, and, alas! death ensued to the father of these children. The man was arrested, tried, and condemned to twenty years penal servitude. Thus these girls and their little brothers were deprived of their only parent through his effort to save the life of another man. The children were left quite destitute.

You see that little sailor boy, when he came he said his name was "T. S.," but why he was called so he could not tell, for he *did not know where he was born, or who his parents were*. A woman he used to call "Aunt" put him to a sweep's in H—, where he was for nearly two years. He has never seen this "aunt" since he went to the sweep's, and where she is he knows not. He never was at school. Used sometimes to go to chapel on Sunday, when he was washed. "How often, then, used you to wash?" said the Secretary. "Only once a week." "Why was that?" "Master would not allow it, sir." "Then you must have made your bed very black?" "Didn't go to bed, sir, except on Saturday and Sunday nights." "Where did you sleep, then, the other nights?" "Down below in a place like a cupboard." "And what did you lie upon?" "Sacks, sir." "And what had you over you?" "Some more sacks." "And was this the way you slept five nights out of the seven?" "Yes, sir." "When did you wash?" "Every Saturday afternoon when the work is done, and then I put on other clothes and used to sleep up stairs that night and Sunday." "Was your master kind to you?" "Yes, sir." "Did you go up many chimneys?" "Yes, a great many." "How was that?" "Why, you can't use the machine to many of the chimneys in the country, they are so big." "But I thought the law would not allow boys to go up chimneys now." And here the boy smiled, and replied, "They don't mind the law in the country." This unfortunately is often the case, and so these poor boys are cruelly used notwithstanding the Chimney Sweeps' Act, which was passed to prevent boys being sent up chimneys. He left H— and came to London, where he hired to another sweep; but here he could not work long because he injured his finger, and so the poor little sweep got on to the streets, and hearing of the Refuge, he came and applied for admission.

That black "Chichester" boy was found wandering about the streets in such a deplorable state that a policeman at the West End thought he was not properly clothed to be in the streets, and so took him before Mr. Knox, at Marlborough Street Police Court, to know what he should do with him. He had neither shoes nor shirt, and the tatters which he gathered around him could not conceal his naked body. No charge could be brought against him, for he had neither stolen or begged. The magistrate, struck with the openness and intelligence of the lad, inquired into all his antecedents, ascertained that he wanted to go to sea, sent

him to the Refuge, and promised to pay for his outfit if he could be taken on board the "Chichester." He was at once received, and it would have made any one's heart leap for joy had they seen him two days afterwards when he was attired in his sailor's costume on his way with other lads to join his ship.

Those two girls came from a back garret on the third floor of a house in Dudley Street, Seven Dials. The room was about ten feet from the window to the wall, and about six feet from the door to the fire-place. There were living in it a poor man, his wife, and one child, and a widow woman, with a youth of seventeen out of work, and three little girls aged ten, eight, and six. The scene was really dreadful. There was no bedstead, but two bundles supposed to contain the bed and bedding, one in one corner of the room and the other in the opposite corner, upon which these families were supposed to lie at night. The father of these children was a respectable mechanic, and after his death misfortune overtook the widow, and brought her down to the depths of destitution in which she was found.

Let one tell the story of many. He is a blacking boy, a poor, shoeless, shuffling mortal, whose entire suit consists of a pair of manly trousers ingeniously secured by a single brace over a dilapidated shirt of the Guernsey order, and whose stock in trade is five or six cakes of boot blacking, contained in a box strung round his neck. "How old are you?"

"I am nine and a half," said he, "and I lives in Playhouse Yard, in Whitcross Street. It ain't a house, at least it ain't a house what you goes in-doors to, with tables and chairs and that, and a fire."

"What is it then?"

"It's a barrer, a baker's barrer, one of them with a lid. The baker lets me sleep there, and I watches out for the cats."

"For the cats?"

"It's down a yard with gates to it where the barrer is, and the baker he keeps breeding ducks and pigeons there, and the cats come and nail 'em o' nights, and when I hears 'em I gives the lid of the barrer a histe, and down it comes with a whack, and they are off like a shot."

"Are your parents alive?"

"I ain't got no mother, I've got a father; I sees him sometimes. He don't live up my way, he goes to fairs and that. I ain't got no brothers. I've got a sister, she's in the hospital. She used to work up Mile End way, at the lucifer factory, till she got the canker making of 'em. She's been in the hospital this ever so long. That's why I don't sell "lights." I can't bear the sight of 'em. I'm on my own hands. I earns all I gets. I've been adoin' it ever since she was took to the hospital."

"Are you ever ill?"

"I ain't been ill a long time, not since the middle o' summer, when I had the measles. No, I didn't sleep in the baker's barrer then, I didn't know him. I knowed a pipemaker, and he let me lay in his shed, and his missus was werry kind to me. I do werry well. I hardly ever goes without grub. I don't know what you mean by "regler" grub. I most times saves three-halfpence for my breakfast, and this cold weather I gets

a ha'porth of bread and a penn'orth of pea soup; there's lots of shops what sells penn'orths of soup in Whitecross Street, ha'porths too. I sell out somehow every night. I gets a dozen cakes of blacking for tuppence-ha'penny, and I in general clears about fivepence. Dinner time I gets a baked tater, or sometimes a ha'porth of fried fish. All I got left, 'cept three-halfpence for breakfast and stock-money, we spends at supper-time.

“ We goes together, four or five of us, sometimes to the soup shop, sometimes to the baked tater and fish shop. It's all right mostly; course there *is* hard times. Once a p'liceman took away my box, blacking and all, cos I cheeked him. It was more'n a week before I could make another start. I washes myself sometimes, not often; I ain't got no towel and soap. I don't recollect when the last time was. It was afore the frost, though, cos I know it was a wrench at the pump I had. Yes, sometimes I wears boots. I ain't had none since the last boat-race day, Cambridge and Oxford, and I lost one on 'em turning cat'n wheels behind a carriage.”

But what are they doing with these “waifs and strays,” now they have brought them in safety to this National Refuge for the Homeless and Destitute? Doing! In a word, they are doing everything that sagacity, common sense, and deep Christian feeling can suggest to convert them into productive citizens, and good and useful Christian men and women. This Refuge, along with TWENTY others of the same character, are the great “factories” in which the “raw material,” the very dregs and refuse of society are being made into sailors and soldiers, farmers and mechanics, grocers and gardeners, cooks and housemaids, nurses and laundrymaids, etc. In the MAIDA HILL Refuge the boys are mainly employed in paper making and printing. At REGENT'S PARK carpentering is the chief occupation. DR. BARNARDO'S boys are trained to make boots, and they abundantly stock a shop with the work of their hands. In the NATIONAL, girls are taught every kind of domestic work, with sewing and knitting and the three Rs; at the *Bisley* farm, one branch of the “National” the lads are instructed in general gardening and farm operations. Besides supplying 182 boys for the merchant service and twelve for the royal navy from the “Chichester,” the year's work at the “National” shows 1252 pairs of men's boots and shoes, 1315 repairs, 235 new articles of the tailoring class, and 2677 repairs, more than 100,000 bundles of fire-wood, and much besides.

So these “Refuges and Homes” extend their sheltering wing over between two and three thousand of our “Street Arabs,” and leave, even when they have done their utmost, at least 50,000 of these hopeless castaways surging too and fro in the filth and vice of this centre of civilization, waiting for the loving grasp of Christian hands and the genial and kindly discipline of Christian men and women. The London School Board discovers 100,000 children of school-age not at school,—a population larger than that of Nottingham, growing up in lawlessness, and exposed to vice and crime. And this return does not include the 30,000 or 40,000 in Ragged Schools, nor those who sleep one night in a dark railway arch, another in a cart down a mews, and a third in a casual ward, or like the poor little fatherless fellow who was found dead the other day in an empty sugar barrel, into which he, a cigar-light seller and news-vendor, had retired for a night's shelter.

But these "Refuges" do not work alone. There are 181 schools in connection with the Ragged School Union, which, by the assistance of 2,882 voluntary unpaid teachers, together with a body of paid masters and mistresses, minister religious and secular instruction to 29,625 children. The blessings clustering in these schools cannot be described or imagined. At George Yard, Whitechapel, they carry on the following operations:—*For children*, a Day School, an Evening School, a Sunday School, Children's Services, Band of Hope, Sewing and Knitting Class, a Class for Teaching the Sewing Machine, a Farthing Bank, Distribution of Food to the Necessitous, Clothing Lent to Regular Attendants, Medicine for the Sick, Baths and Lavatories, Library, a Swimming Class, Soup Suppers for Street Children, Shelter for Outcast Boys, Home for Lads who have obtained Employment. *For senior scholars*, Bible Classes, Prayer Meetings. *For adults*, Religious Services, Prayer Meetings, Lodging-house Services, Open-air Services, Temperance Meetings, Bible Classes, Mothers' Meeting, Tract Distribution and Sick Visiting Society, Believers' Meetings, Library, Working Men's Benefit Club, Free Loan Society.

At Perkins's Rents (One Tun), the work of the institution comprises Day and Evening Schools, Sunday Schools, Mothers' Meeting, Band of Hope, Blind Bible Reader, Penny Banks (two), Boot and Shoe Club, Lending Library, a Clothing Fund, a Sick and Destitute Fund, and the Fathers' Home, known as the Westminster Working Men's Club and Reading Rooms, Old Pye Street, late Duck Lane—with its separate efforts of Bible Class, Prayer Meeting, Sunday Evening Service, Lectures, Penny Bank, Labour Loan Society, Barrow Club, Temperance and Sick Societies, Boot Club, Burial Society, Club and Lending Libraries, etc., also the Dwelling-house for Sixty-one Families, Westminster Buildings, Old Pye Street. The *Day* and *Evening Schools* are open every day in the week.

Of course all these schools are not carried out in the same thorough-going and effective way: but in connexion with every one of them there are several beneficent institutions in addition to the work of religious training. Many of them provide the vagrants with a good wash, a comfortable night's rest, and a hearty meal. Others furnish or find employment for them: notably is this the case at Field Lane; hundreds and thousands of dinners are given away every year, the "Destitute Children's Dinner Society" having fed 110,803 in this way during the past twelve months. Springing out of these Ragged Schools we have the three well-known brigades,—the Shoe Black, the Rag Collecting, and the Doorstep Brigade. The first is entirely self-supporting. Last year the 384 boys earned £11,742 11s. 8d., or a weekly average of 11s. 9d. each; and after paying all expenses they had £693 8s. invested in their favour, to be drawn out as required. The Doorstep Brigade is only three years old, but gives bright promise of increasing usefulness. Its members are employed at gentlemen's houses, cleaning boots, knives and forks, filling coal scuttles, and doing any other rough and dirty work that domestic servants are willing to shirk.

Indeed, Christian enterprise is constantly extending its agencies for undertaking the necessities of the gutter population of this metropolis. Nothing amongst us shows more signs of growth, inventiveness, and

sympathetic skill, than this "enthusiasm of humanity." We cannot possibly describe the comprehensive and widening range of its operations. Like our beautiful verbenas, it is constantly throwing out new shoots which are as constantly being pegged down to become, in time, the parents of new shoots themselves. The Ragged School gave birth to the "Refuges and Homes." Out of the Refuges came the "Training Ship for Boys," and the Farm Schools, and by the noble generosity of the Baroness Burdett Coutts another ship, to be called the "Arethusa," will soon appear in the Thames, and the "National" will have her 1000 children under its benignant wing. Following the Farm Schools, and Training Ships, which meet the demands for gardeners and stable boys and sailors, we have the "Emigration Fund" for sending youths who desire it, thoroughly equipped, to Canada. No lad goes before he is fifteen, and each one is bound for a twelvemonth to a farmer, and is then free to make his own arrangements. Miss Wye, too, is annually shipping hundreds of little gutter girls to kind homes and helpful friends in Canada, and Miss Macpherson is engaged in doing a similar work for boys. And the last phase of this growing work we have seen is the "Home for Newsboys and Boy Traders," where these busy little tradesmen, who drive an active business through the day, may escape the debasing companions and immoral practises of the common and cheap lodging-houses, and find a night's rest in scenes that will be helpful to their physical comfort and moral purity. Here is the offer this Home is able to make. On the ground floor is an office, lavatory, kitchen, and workshop. The first floor is one large living room; on the second are the superintendent's rooms and space available for a school room or dormitory; and above are two comfortable dormitories, each capable of holding sixty to seventy beds. The cost of a night's lodging will be twopence, and breakfast, dinner, and supper will be provided as cheaply as possible. Firewood chopping will be carried on to enable the boys to put a few pence into their pockets, instead of spending their leisure at pitch and toss, thus speedily getting rid of their previous earnings. The house will be closed at nine o'clock at night, and every effort made to provide sufficient recreation indoors to compete with the attractions of the streets. A night school will be established, so that if in some far future a certificate of knowledge should be necessary to enable these boy traders to use the queen's highway as their place of business, the machinery for supplying such education may be ready to hand.

Thus, located in all parts of London, east and west, north and south, these institutions pursue their philanthropic and blessed work. 300,000 persons are interested in them. Twenty-one "Refuges" and "Homes" give shelter, food, clothing, and education to 3,504 boys and girls, at a cost of £93,479. Ragged Schools help in manifold ways 29,625 more, at a cost of about £41,000. Add to these the voluntary gifts connected with "Emigration," "Sick Children's Dinners," etc., and remember that we have before us only *one* stream from the fountain of Christian generosity and sympathy, and the conclusion is irresistible that the spirit of him who said, "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish," is still eagerly at work amongst us, toiling to make this desert area of "no man's-land" into "the fruitful garden of the Lord."

And with what result? This at least. That these children are

rescued from the perilous position in which they would almost certainly have been whirled into the vortex of crime. Who can gainsay the testimony of Earl Morley when he declares that "The returns of the inspector of prisons showed that, in 1843, when the population was 16,300,000, the criminals sentenced to penal servitude or transportation amounted to 4,488, and that, in 1869, when transportation was at an end, and when the population was 21,900,000, the criminals sentenced to penal servitude amounted to 2,006. That certainly must be reassuring to those who had an idea that crime was increasing in this country. He believed that the facilities for the detection of crime, increased education, and the *charitable institutions in which the noble earl (Lord Shaftesbury) opposite took so much interest, had, to an immense extent, repressed crime in this country.*"

Nor is this all. The children are made into useful, honest, and productive citizens. The "National Refuge" committee asserts that 83 per cent. of the children turn out well. Captain Thurburn says, "the long experience I have had amongst seamen and boys, two years of which I spent in the 'Chichester,' now confirms me in the opinion that our 'Chichester' boys possess all the elements, under good training, of becoming as good men as ever enter the royal navy or mercantile marine." The Ragged School Union Report says, "The exact number of 'gutter children' who, by earnest 'drilling,' have been prepared to win their daily bread honestly, we cannot ascertain, but statistics supplied by five of the older Ragged Schools will at least aid us in forming an approximate opinion. Thus, 1.—E. C. states that 12,065 have been admitted into its day school alone, of whom the large number of 6,400 were placed out at work. 2.—E. reports that it has admitted 13,000 scholars, and that of these 4,800 were put into the way of earning their living. 3.—E. has admitted 1,500 scholars, of whom 310 have obtained situations. 4.—W. C. returns 828 as admitted into its night school, of whom no less than 583 have gone to work, chiefly as shoeblocks. 5.—S. E. states that 4,273 have been admitted, and that 3,110, or nearly three out of every four, have obtained situations. It thus appears that these five schools have admitted 31,663 scholars, of whom 15,202 were so well trained as to get their living by honest industry. If this proportion holds good for the remaining Ragged Schools, it follows that a quarter of a million of 'gutter children' have been successfully taught the grand Bible doctrine—'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

And magnificent as are these issues yet they are not all. Here, as in all true Christian work, there are results which no actuary can assess. The spirit of genuine religion not only prompts to the formation of, but pervades and inspires all these institutions. Gentleness sweetens the tones of the voice of authority, and sympathy is the chief element of power and rule in all these "Homes." The managers are never satisfied till they see their children "stealing away to Jesus," rejoicing in the assurance of His brotherly sympathy and help, and thereby obtaining glimpses of the brightest side of our human life.

May our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings rest on all these efforts to save the "gutter children" of London, and make them fruitful of good in an ever increasing degree.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. II.—*Rabbi ben Israel.*

“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

Thus the Rabbi ben Israel of the synagogue of Antioch. In the comfort and luxury of his home on the banks of the Orontes, he was reviewing in soliloquy the events of a toilsome journey. The aspirations of the whole Jewish race had again centred in the city of David. The new emperor had declared his sympathy with their misfortunes, and his admiration of their constancy. He condemned their oppressors, and signified his royal intention of restoring their ancient capital. And their hearts beat high with hope. Since the days of Constantine they had been under the yoke of Christianity, and the power of the church had been exercised with pitiless rigour. But Julian had avowed himself a philosopher, and panted to restore the ancient worship of the gods. As a step toward the discomfiture of Christianity, he had published an epistle setting forth his favour to the Jews. Hence there had been infinite correspondence between the heads of the scattered people. Journeys to and fro in the earth; between Antioch and Damascus, and Tiberias and Alexandria, and all their principal colonies. And among the foremost in the good work, was Rabbi ben Israel of the synagogue of Antioch.

“To see the Holy City lying waste, her very name forgotten! The sacred places of the Most High, desolate as when the ploughshare of the Roman tyrant was drawn across their foundations! Jerusalem the joy of the whole earth, trodden underfoot of the Gentiles . . . known only as the abode of the Ælian colony, until the dotard Constantine gave the holy places to the Nazarenes—with their mock miracles, their cross and sepulchre of the malefactor whom they impiously call the Messiah. . . . But the prophecies of the accursed Galilean wonder-worker shall be falsified. Our God will arise and have mercy upon Zion, He will turn again the captivity of Jacob. . . . Already the one thought, the undivided purpose of my life seems near its accomplishment. The emperor has decreed the restoration of Jerusalem. And if the gifts and prayers of the chosen people can aid his purpose no effort of mine shall be wanted to stimulate them.”

He rose and paced the apartment with excited air and irregular step. “Yes,” cried he, “the temple shall be rebuilt in all its ancient splendour. The scattered people have wealth, and wealth shall be freely devoted. Its altars shall again smoke with sacrifice and its courts resound with praise. Zion shall arise and shake herself from the dust and put on her beautiful garments. Surely the prophecy of Isaiah is receiving fulfilment, ‘Behold I will lift up Mine hand to the Gentiles and set up My standard to the people . . . and kings shall be thy nursing fathers and queens thy nursing mothers . . . and thou shalt know that I am the Lord!’”

* * * * *

In the cool shade of the summer arbour, the Rabbi sat in earnest conversation with a stranger of venerable aspect. The luxuriance of a semi-tropical vegetation made the garden of his dwelling seem a very paradise. The vine hung its luscious clusters around them, and the fig tree put forth its fruit amid the leaves. The balmy air was heavy with the scent of flowers and aromatic shrubs, and the hum of the nectar-seeking bee seemed to vie with the distant hum of the crowded city. At the bend of the river, lay the stately and beautiful capital of Syria. Spreading on either bank of the Orontes, it covered the island between, and rose upon the abrupt slopes of Silpius, crowned with the ruins of the temple of Jupiter. There might be noted the theatres, baths, and palaces; the arches, aqueducts, and temples; and towering above the surrounding buildings, the basilica known as the cathedral of Antioch. From east to west, the eye could distinctly trace the splendid colonnades of marble which intersected the city, and constituted one of its chief glories. Beyond, lay the thick groves of the vale of Daphne, with its magnificent temple sacred to Apollo. All gleamed in the sun through the soft evening haze. The song of birds and the ripple of the stream which flowed through the garden, seemed to invite to luxurious ease.

But the Rabbi and his visitor talked earnestly on. And well they might. For their attention was engrossed by affairs of the utmost importance. Julian had resolved to humble the pride of Persia, and carry his victorious arms to the very gates of the enemy's capital. He had therefore marched from Constantinople through Asia Minor, and was now resident in the palace of Antioch, preparing his legions for the coming struggle. But amidst all the cares of state and the din of approaching war, his religious zeal had never cooled. More active than any of the priests, more zealous than any of the votaries of Paganism, he wrote treatises, held disputations, and offered sacrifices. The rarest offerings were presented at the shrines of the gods, and hecatombs of oxen blazed upon their altars. And with devout earnestness he officiated, not only as pontiff, but as haruspice. He first slew the victim; and then thrusting his bloody hands into its reeking bowels, interpreted the omens. Yet, notwithstanding all his efforts, Paganism knew no enthusiasm, and displayed no signs of kindling life. Men but derided him as a superstitious butcher. The scurrilous wit of the men of Antioch exercised itself as of old. They invented curious nicknames, and composed ribald songs which were sung under the very walls of the palace. They laughed at the earnestness of the emperor, and celebrated in a way more witty than decent the peculiarities of his manner. The carelessness of his personal appearance, the huge growth of his shaggy, ill-kept beard, his restless fiery energy, and his unceasing volubility, were all made the subjects of their insulting lampoons. But the philosophy of Julian led him to restrain his wrath. He was proof against their malice, and treated their libels with contempt, or retaliated with stinging jest or clever satire. Meanwhile with steady earnestness he pushed forward his plans for the humiliation of Christianity, for which, in his youth, in consequence of the cruelty of Constantius, he had imbibed undying hatred. Among these plans was that of rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem. And it is business in connection with this that has brought the Rabbi Samuel, of Alexandria, to Antioch. And on this business turns the earnest discussion in the arbour.

The contrast between the Rabbis was most striking. He of Alexandria, venerable with years, sat stroking his long white beard, as he listened gravely to the news dispensed by his Syrian brother. Him of Antioch, robust and swarthy, with piercing eye and aquiline nose, his face adorned with a profusion of dark hair, seemed excited with enthusiasm as he spoke of the hopes of Zion—of the failure alike of Paganism and Christianity—and of the approaching triumph of Judaism.

“My brother has not yet had speech of the emperor?” said he.

The Alexandrian Rabbi replied by a gesture.

“Then we must speedily present ourselves in the presence. But be assured the emperor is determined to carry the business to a successful issue. When I was last with him, he was possessed with the idea of celebrating his triumph at Jerusalem on his return from the Persian war. He strode to and fro, his eye glancing hither and thither—and such an eye—it pierces one! . . . His brow is fair and broad, but his jaw is heavy, and his mouth with its hanging lip, is ill-shaped for all the covering of his horrible beard.” And the Rabbi, overcome by the thought of the beard, complacently stroked his own well kept hirsute appendage. “And then the jerking of his shoulders, his filthy hands with their long ink-black nails . . . and his immoderate laughter as he anticipated the discomfiture of the Galileans! ’Twas a sight to be remembered!”

“God sometimes works by strange instruments,” quoth he of Alexandria.

“Yes, but beneath all the assumed carelessness, all the affectation of philosophic indifference, there is the towering genius, . . . the unquestioned power. He was never at rest for a moment. Now exchanging a word with his friends Maximus and Libanius, who in philosophic garb share his triumph . . . and then turning and questioning me about the progress of the good work at Jerusalem. You have heard of Maximus, the bosom friend of the emperor and his master in philosophy? He it was who initiated him into the lying mysteries at Ephesus. He it was who caused the statue of Hecate to smile upon him, and kindled the torches in her outspread hands. . . . Well, Maximus is high in the council, and though he hates our people, favours the scheme as striking at the very root of Christianity. If the prophecies of the wonder-worker prove false, he argued that the faith of His disciples would be shaken. And Julian laughed a bitter laugh. ‘Faith,’ sneered he, ‘what faith have they in common? Everywhere the warring sects seek to extirpate each other, and even common peril scarcely unites them against a common enemy! At Constantinople, as at Antioch, the Arian heresy has divided them into hostile camps.’ And he laughed again. ‘I will divide them still more, and in Antioch, the heretic Meletius and the orthodox Paulinus shall fly at each others throats, . . . and at the edifying spectacle, men shall say, not as they used to, ‘See how these Christians love one another,’ but, ‘See how these Galileans hate and destroy one another!’”

“Do I not know it, brother?” said the Rabbi Samuel. “We have the same experience at Alexandria. The Nazarene dogs are divided into opposite factions. The Archbishop Athanasius, and the rascally Arian

dealer in swine's flesh, George of Cappadocia, have bitten and devoured each other. The history of the last twenty years or more, is a history of confusion and riot and murder. . . . The streets and churches of Alexandria have run down with the blood of the accursed, whom may God destroy!"

"Even so, amen!" ejaculated the Rabbi ben Israel. "But my good brother, you should have heard the emperor as he described the disputes at Constantinople! 'Christianity!' said he, as he paced the room, shrugging his shoulders and spreading his hands, 'Christianity! 'tis doomed by the infatuation of its own adherents. Every mechanic and slave is a profound theologian now, and the shops and streets are the scene of their wrangling. Every ill-bred Galilean can preach to you on the matters in dispute. If you ask for change for a piece of silver, you are told wherein the Son differs from the Father. If you ask the price of a loaf of bread, you are informed that the Son is inferior to the Father. And if you inquire whether the bath is ready, the answer is that the Son was made out of nothing! And so the endless discussion goes on with increasing fury. Their founder was a prophet in this—he declared that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Already Christianity totters; and I will accelerate its downfall; for I have decreed that the Galileans shall no longer be permitted to teach in the schools, or engage in the instruction of the young. We philosophers will see to that. Sufficient for them if I allow them to air their eloquence in the churches.'"

"But he said not," continued the Rabbi, "that if Christianity was tottering to its downfall, Paganism was effete and corrupt. He can no more restore it to vitality, than he can put life into a corpse! . . . The only hope of the world is in the religion of Jehovah and the coming of the Messiah. . . . Yonder lies the valley of Daphne. There, in the magnificent temple resplendent with gold and gems, embowered amidst groves of laurel, bay, and cypress, the famed image of Apollo attracted its crowds of worshippers. In the gloom of the far-spreading woods were practised rites more abominable than those of the prophets of Baal; orgies more filthy than those of the worship of Astarte. The Castalian fountain performed its lying wonders at call, and the deluded votaries accepted its revelations as the utterance of an oracle. . . . The priests were powerful and wealthy; and the great suburb of Daphne was crowded with the multitudes that thronged to its sensuous delights. . . . And what is it now? . . . Let Julian himself declare. The decayed temple, spoiled of its riches, was falling into ruin. The Nazarenes had built a church in the very grove, over the remains of their martyred bishop Babylas, and seized on a portion of the sacred lands as a burial place. And the emperor going thither to the festival of Apollo, instead of libations and incense, processions and sacrifices—witnessed the offering of a wretched goose, the gift of the solitary priest left alone of all the wealthy crowd! . . . As saith the Psalmist, 'Accursed be all they that serve graven images; they that make them shall be like unto them.'"

"But the chosen people, depositaries of God's truth, shall be redeemed from their wanderings. A king shall reign at Jerusalem and a ruler shall go forth out of Zion. . . . The idolators, whether Pagan or Nazarene, shall be our servants."

And in sonorous tones, with stately gesture the Rabbi recited—

“They shall build the old wastes,
 They shall raise up the former desolations.
 And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,
 And the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and vinedressers.
 But ye shall be named priests of the Lord;
 Men shall call you the ministers of our God.
 Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles,
 And in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.”

* * * * *

In the private chamber of his house at Antioch, the Rabbi ben Israel sat upon the floor amidst all the tokens of mourning. His hair and beard were dishevelled, and his head hung down upon his breast.

The dream was over. The fond imaginings of the past were rudely dissipated. Wealth had been lavished in vain. Trusty messengers had brought news of the utter failure of the attempt to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem. The ruins had been levelled and the materials for building prepared, when strange convulsions of the earth alarmed the workmen. Balls of fire burst from the foundations and drove the masons away. Incited by the fierce eagerness of the Rabbis, who offered great rewards, they had tried again and again to carry on the work. But scorched and affrighted, they refused any longer to continue the attempt. And the Christians had appealed in triumph to the result, in confirmation of the truth of their religion and the divinity of their Messiah.

Nor was the Rabbi's sadness diminished by the startling news that came from beyond the Tigris. Julian was dead . . . slain in battle with the Persians. The purple again rested on the shoulders of a Christian.

’Twas said how that the omens on the march had been sinister and unhappy. ’Twas remembered how the emperor, riding through Antioch gates, had jestingly asked a Christian who stood by, “What is the Galilean carpenter doing now?” and received the terrible rejoinder, “He is making a coffin!”

The news of his death was rendered more striking by the vague accounts, gathered from various sources, which reached Antioch. The Christians affirmed, that the incorrupt body of a martyr was missed from its tomb at Jerusalem, having taken with it the spear that lay by its side. They affirmed that the morning after the emperor's death, the body of the saint lay in its place, but that the lance-point was stained with blood. And they declared that the Jerusalem martyr had been the minister of God's vengeance upon the apostate.

Reports came in how that Julian had been troubled by forebodings of his approaching fate. . . . How he had stood at midnight in conversation with Maximus, and declared his earnest desire that his divinity might mingle with that of the orbs of heaven which shone above them. . . . How that he had been appalled by an unendurable vision of the crucified One, and that the great figure clothed in white, stood constantly in his path with outstretched bleeding hands. . . . And how that, in the darkness and terror of the night attack on his camp by the Persians, he had seen the colossal Christ, robed in majesty and strength, coming down the heavens to destroy him. . . . And how, mortally wounded in the side by javelin or lance thrust, he

had cast the blood toward heaven with his hands, exclaiming in accents of horror, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

And so the reports, true and false, history and fable, came drifting into Antioch. And there was rejoicing in the churches and wailing in the synagogue, while the heathen prepared with sullen resignation again to relinquish their privileges.

The Rabbi ben Israel was crushed with a double sorrow. Hope was dead within him. Out of the depths of a despairing and broken heart he wept aloud,

"O God, why hast Thou cast us off for ever,
Wilt Thou not cause Thine anger against us to cease?
Turn unto us, O God of our salvation,
And remember Thy mercy that we perish not from the earth!"

W. H. ALLEN.

THE CLOVER-BLOSSOM.

A PARABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

A PINK CLOVER-BLOSSOM popped her head out of her green leaves one fine summer morning. She found herself planted in a border of grass that surrounded a circle of flower-beds in a beautiful garden, and scarcely dared to raise her eyes to take a peep at the grand place in which she was growing.

"You are very pretty," whispered a blade of ribbon-grass, bending down to the clover-blossom. "Now that I come nearer, I can see that you have a hundred beauties I didn't notice before, each one blushing sweetly."

"It must be so," thought the clover, as the wind swung the tall blade up straight; "for he is so high he can spy out everything all around me."

She spread her pink and white-winged spikes wider, and looked out at her neighbours, but soon discovered that of all the garden-flowers she was the plainest and lowliest when compared with the rest; though her leaves were soft and beautifully marked, they were unnoticed in the dark green grass, and her pink and white-winged spikes, though there were so many of them, were very insignificant.

The blade of ribbon-grass bent gracefully toward a scarlet fuchsia, nodded to a tall spire of blue larkspur, and waved good-day to the morning-glories whose striped skirts were spangled with glittering dew. The garden was filled with stately beauties,—lady-slippers in puffs and frounces of every hue, yellow marygolds, blue harebells, pansies in purple and gold, and majestic gladiolas in scarlet and white caps. The clover-blossom hung her red head; she felt like an uninvited guest; she had come there quite by accident; it was not intended that her lowly form and humble dress should appear among these fine flowers of quality.

"This is no place for me," she sighed, wishing that she might creep again under the cover of the green leaves, and hide her homely charms. But none of the gay beauties were thinking of her. The ribbon-grass took no notice of her; he was paying his compliments to the garden belles, and had quite forgotten the clover-blossom.

The eyes of the butterfly were very large; he roved from one flower to the other without spying out the red clover-head. When the sun rose

higher the four-o'clocks and morning-glories closed their eyes and went fast asleep.

"Dear me! they look very old and withered, to be sure," thought the clover-blossom; "and I am not at all sleepy, my eyes are opening wider every minute. These fine folks do not suite me. Perhaps the gardener will chop off my head with his hoe when he finds me here. I should not be very sorry, for I am of no use,—no one needs or cares for me here."

A busy bee came humming and buzzing through the garden; he hovered around the apple-tree; the blossoms had long ago withered; he could not find what he came for there, so he buzzed on and stopped at the group of four-o'clocks.

"Lazy things!" said the bee. "Sleepy heads! they can't keep awake half of the day. They are the drones of the garden. I won't call here again. Bah! I need not expect anything from you," continued the bee, in contempt, pausing for a moment at the withered, unsightly morning-glories.

He was looking for something better than grace and beauty and mere ornament. The wise bee knew it could not be found on the dew spangled skirts of the morning-glories and four-o'clocks, so he passed by the languishing fuchsia, the blue harebell, gorgeous pansies, and red-capped gladiolas.

They all looked after the bee as he flew past, wondering why they were neglected, and saw him linger near the clover-blossom, almost hidden down under the meek grass.

"Will you give me some honey?" said the bee. "I have come miles for it; I have passed by all the fine garden-flowers, hunting for my little favourite; I always find honey stored away in your red and white spikes. I will carry it back to the hive, and we all know that the best honey we have is that we get from our friends the clover-blossoms."

"Take what I have to give you, busy bee; you may have my honey," said the clover-blossom gratefully.

"Ah! I am of some use, then," she thought, as the bee flew away from the garden, laden with honey taken from the clover-blossom. It was a precious treasure for him.

"It is better to live and die in the shade down here with the gentle green grass than to be a brilliant garden beauty. I would rather be useful than ornamental."

The evening breeze wafted the tall blade of ribbon-grass down toward the clover-blossom, as she murmured these thoughts to herself.

"The beautiful flowers all wondered why the bee passed them by and came to you," said the ribbon-grass.

The clover made no reply. She had learned the sweet spirit of contentment; she was happy, because she knew that she was of some use in the beautiful world in which the Creator of all things had placed the little homely blossom.

If any of my little readers should taste the sweetest honey from the hive, perhaps they may remember that from the clover-blossom the bee gathers it and stores it away in the hive for our use. And as we see the common flower which springs up in every meadow and roadside, remember that usefulness is greater than beauty; and what we store in our minds of more value than the most attractive exterior.

J. S. MILL AS A WITNESS AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

No. II.—*Mill's Position.*

To what extent is Mill's autobiography a reliable representation of actual facts? Taken in connexion with his published works, and the supplementary information contributed by those who knew this eminent man, can we be sure that this candid and severe analysis of the author's mental and moral development is not to be received *cum grano salis*?

On two points, at least, all readers of the autobiography *twice*, will be strongly inclined to make serious deductions. The glamour of retrospect hangs over Mill's description of the literary achievements of his youth. It is part of the joy of advancing years to surround with a brilliant halo of glory the reminiscences of a youth that has struggled into a distinguished manhood and an honoured age. That the boy's drill was thorough, incessant, severely sad, and terribly earnest, no one can doubt. Fancy a child, not "extremely quick of apprehension, nor possessed of a very accurate and retentive memory, and below par in natural gifts" babbling Greek when three years old, and having read Herodotus, Xenophon, Diogenes Laertius, Lucian, and Isocrates before attaining the mature age of eight. Marvels of learning greater still populate the next few years, and ere he has got far in his teens he has read enough Greek and Latin for the classical M.A. at the London University. Remembering on the one hand his age, and his confession about his abilities, and knowing on the other that few claim for Mill the laurels of extensive and accurate scholarship, and of wide and comprehensive knowledge, we venture to credit these descriptions with some of that pleasant deceptiveness that not infrequently gathers, quite unconsciously, about an elderly man's views of the efforts of his dawning youth.

Nor will any one who has been in love—and in love baffled, pent up, and restrained for seemingly interminable weeks, months, and years, refuse to believe that no mortal man, bewitched of woman, ever suffered more from the extravagant delusions which that state of mind is notoriously exposed to, than this grave philosopher. Mill loved Mrs. Taylor so intensely, and for so many years before he could claim her as his wife, and she returned that love with such large appreciation and affectionate homage, that, lover-like, he clothed her with all his own great gifts, and imagined, yea, believed, that the lady who has left nothing behind her, save a second-rate essay, was the inspiration of all that is noblest and best in his great works. Narcissus was enamoured of his own image reflected in a fountain; Mill admired Mrs. Taylor for all that she was in herself, and in his profound devotion supplemented her attractive qualities with all the great gifts of his own intellect. He made her a goddess, and she filled his pantheon! And no wonder! To get out of the wearing and tearing clutches of that logical and emotionless machine in which he had been ground all his days into the embrace of a woman one thousandth part as loving, beautiful, and clever as Mrs. Taylor is pictured in these fervid pages, was quite enough to fill him with an intoxication of delight.

When these deductions are made, this book remains one of the most striking and suggestive expositions of self in our literature, and for all the purposes of our present enquiry is, along with the other sources of information, amply sufficient and authoritative.

But is Mill a witness against Christianity? "He that is not against us is on our side." It is well known that Mill rarely appeared as an *active* opponent of the Christian faith; and that his criticisms are directed more to its passing forms of expression than to its abiding substance. This policy of silence, like much else we find in his life, was due to his acceptance of the advice of his father. "In giving me an opinion," he says, "contrary to that of the world, my father thought it necessary to give it as one which could not be prudently avowed to the world. This lesson of keeping my thoughts to myself at that early age was attended with some moral disadvantages; though my limited intercourse with strangers, especially such as were likely to speak to me on religion, prevented me from being placed in the alternative of avowal or hypocrisy."* Unfortunately for

* Autobiography, pp. 43, 44.

us, Mill adopted this pleasant policy of prudence and reticence. "*Cuiuslibet in sua arte perito est credendum.*" Credence should be given to one skilled in his peculiar profession in a universally accepted law of evidence; and having regard to the many fine qualities of J. S. Mill's mind, it is much to be regretted that he did not direct the force of his genius in the investigation of the truth of the Christian religion. If Christians are wrong in the flagrant way James Mill taught and his son believed; if Christianity is the "*ne plus ultra* of wickedness," some of them certainly would like to know why. Men cannot be saved by any process of seclusion, physical or mental; and as it is better for men generally to be purified by temptation, even if the fire destroy some that go through it, so it is better for truth and the world that all the tests of philosophy and all the powers of analysis should be rigidly applied to the gospel of Christ. Christianity looks its foes in the face still, and says, "Which of you convinceth me of wrong: and if I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?"

But there can be no doubt as to Mill's position. He claims to belong to the complete sceptics, and to that extremely limited section who have not "thrown off religious belief, but never had it."* Secularists claim him as one of themselves, and there is not a line in his autobiography to disprove their claim, whilst there are many to sustain it. The whole weight of his authority is, without question, against Christianity: and it is all the more damaging to young men captivated by great and illustrious names because of his immense reputation for wisdom and virtue. He knows Plato and Socrates, but he does not believe in God, and ignores Jesus Christ. Christianity did not concern him any more than the worship of Baal or Bacchus. It was merely one instance of "the variety of opinions among mankind;" and from the way in which he treated it, not an instance of great significance or deserving the special consideration of grave and thoughtful men. He was not an atheist, but an *agnostic*: one who does not profess to know. His father taught him that dogmatic atheism is absurd; but he held that "the proof is incomplete that the universe is the work of design, and assuredly disbelieved that it could have an Author and Governor who is *absolute* in power as well as perfect in goodness."† And he adds, "The world would be astonished if it knew how great a proportion of its brightest ornaments,—of those most distinguished, even in popular estimation, for wisdom and virtue—are complete sceptics in religion." Perhaps it would. Of this we know nothing certain. Most of these "bright ornaments" are unnamed. They do not condescend to enlighten us. They are "complete sceptics in religion" in the midst of a generation of believers, and yet only here and there is a solitary voice heard breaking the monotony of a prudent silence to expose our folly and to show us an obviously "more excellent way."

But whatever may be our ignorance about the great proportion of these "bright ornaments," who are "complete sceptics in religion," at last, and after his removal from amongst us, we have the materials for forming a fairly accurate opinion of the most celebrated thinker amongst those "distinguished, even in popular estimation, for wisdom and virtue." The veil is lifted. We see what he thought, and how and by what processes and under what influences he came to think of religion as he did. The qualifications of this leader and champion of "complete scepticism" in religion are laid bare; and if it should appear on fair and indisputable evidence that no witness ever was quoted in any case that ever was brought before the bar of human judgment with less of real and trustworthy qualification to utter a criticism on the highest exposition of religion, viz., the Christian faith, than John Stuart Mill himself, we may venture to repress our astonishment and clip the wings of our wonder at "the great proportion of the world's brightest ornaments—of those most distinguished, even in popular estimation, for wisdom and virtue—who are complete sceptics in religion." If the leader should himself be blinded with bias and prejudice, we shall know where to look for those who are led. If Goliath falls before "the sling and stone" of honest and impartial investigation, Israel may take heart notwithstanding the "great proportion of complete sceptics in religion."

The grounds on which we urge Mill's complete disqualification as a witness against Christianity will be discussed in a subsequent paper.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Autobiography, p. 43.

† p. 46.

RETIREMENT OF REV. T. STEVENSON.

ON Sunday evening, Dec. 28th, Mr. Stevenson closed his pastorate at Archdeacon Lane, Leicester, and our Magazine would not be complete without some record of so important an event. On the following day the annual tea meeting was held in the school room, and at seven p.m. the church and congregation met in the chapel. In deference to the feelings of the retiring pastor, and in beautiful accord with his whole life, it had been determined that the presentation should be made as quietly as possible. The scene was one which could not soon be forgotten, and seemed to give a sanctity to church relationship, which we had never before witnessed.

The junior pastor occupied the chair, and the deacons the platform. The chairman said, "He occupied a somewhat peculiar position, and felt very much as a son would feel were he called upon to preside at the "golden wedding" of his own father, and that, too, in his own father's house! Mr. Stevenson seemed to be the father of that house, and that family; and for nearly fifty years he had been wedded heart and soul to it. He then bore testimony to the uniform kindness and consideration that he had received from the retiring pastor, and to the hearty and harmonious manner in which they had carried on their work."

In the absence of the senior deacon, J. Noble, Esq., through indisposition, Mr. W. Gray was called upon to read the address and present the testimonial. The address was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—We cannot allow you to retire from the pastorate of this church, which for forty-five years you have continuously and successfully sustained, without expressing our sense of gratitude to God, and of obligation to yourself. As a small, but hearty and spontaneous expression of our affection for your faithful ministry, we beg your acceptance of a purse containing £275—contributed by your friends, who are, and have been, members of this church and congregation. In presenting it we especially acknowledge the large measures of spiritual prosperity which God has granted to us during your long ministry, and the fidelity, wisdom, and affectionate sympathy which at all times have marked your pastorate. We desire, as you retire from us as our pastor, that you should feel that you carry with you the warmest affection of your friends, and our warmest prayer to our heavenly Father is, that you may be able occasionally, here and elsewhere, to preach the gospel you love, and that your last days, brightened by the thought of past success and of future reward, may be many and peaceful. On behalf of the subscribers, J. Noble, J. Hensworth, W. Hackett, W. Shipman, W. Chamberlin, W. Gray, S. Bates, deacons."

In handing the purse to Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Gray said, "It was impossible to give utterance to the sense of obligation they felt to the retiring pastor. The testimonial was only an outcome of their love, and would waste in the using, but their love for him would last for ever."

Mr. Stevenson was deeply moved, and it was some time before he could utter a word. He said, "He was never more astonished in his life. He had never looked forward to receiving such a testimonial, and he never imagined that such a thought would ever enter the minds of his people! From the *depth of his heart* he thanked those who had been so generous, and for such a manifestation of their kindness. He had always given the Archdeacon Lane people credit for cordial affection towards him, but he never thought they loved him so much. If he had one qualification more than another for the pastorate, it was that he heartily loved the people to whom he had ministered 'the word of life.' He never entered on a Sabbath-day's worship without fervently praying that God's blessing might rest upon them. From the testimony he had received that night he was strong in the conviction that the great power of the minister of the gospel was sincere attachment to the people, and a full and firm belief before God in the truth of the gospel, and in the plain testimony the Scriptures contained concerning God's presence, His Spirit, and His power, in connection with the ministry of the gospel."

Mr. Stevenson concluded his appropriate address by saying that "his people owed him nothing, but he should value their gift as the offshoot of warm and devoted hearts, and that anything he could do to promote the welfare of the church would be to him a source of happiness and satisfaction as long as he

lived." Several pleasing addresses followed by Mr. Thos. Cook, G. Stevenson, Esq., and others, and the meeting closed with the hymn, "For ever with the Lord," &c.

The church is peaceful and united—the chapel is about to be restored at the cost of £1000; and this year for home and foreign work an unusually large amount has been realized.

For a minister to retire from so long and appreciated service, and under such hopeful circumstances, is an honour to himself and his people. Every reader of the Magazine will wish for our brother a happy termination to his long and useful life, and "the crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming."

We append the following extract from a leader, on the voluntary system, in the *Leicester Chronicle and Mercury*:—"Last Monday night the members of the congregation of Archdeacon Lane chapel, in this town, met to present their pastor, the Rev. Thomas Stevenson, with a purse containing £275, and an address expressive of their gratitude and affection to him, evoked by his labours among them during forty-five years. We here learn that, purely by voluntary subscriptions, the congregation has for that period maintained its minister and its religious worship and its schools, and helped in other ways the denomination to which it belongs; and finally, in addition, given its retiring pastor a very handsome purse, as a token of respect and goodwill. Surely, in the Church of England, with its broad lands and noble edifices found for it, no brighter example—perhaps none so bright—has ever been forthcoming, of the genuine effects of free and spontaneous attachment to principle, and ability of making self-sacrifice for a cherished object. It argues much also for the consistency, faithfulness, and ability of the pastor that he has held his influence over his flock undisturbed for forty-five years; and to the greedy and aspiring of all sects, the fact of a minister in receipt of £50 or £60 a year only declining an offer of £150 to leave his congregation, conveys a silent rebuke and an honourable example. We should add, on Mr. Stevenson's retirement into private life, that amid all his various engagements he has found time to aid in the promotion of popular education, as a constant and enlightened helper in the management of the British schools, and has been a steady and zealous supporter of Liberal principles." W. BAILEY.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. NEWS FOR THE CHURCH REGISTER.—

We never forget that "our Magazine" is a "Church Newspaper," and are scrupulously careful to insert every communication that reaches us for the "Church Register." Of course if we have two or three reports arrive, one in a newspaper, with all the tedious prolixity of a penny-a-liner, and another written, but emulating the length and indefiniteness of the newspaper, and a third brief, but full and to the point, we have enough consideration for our readers to put the newspaper and the "roundabout" letter in the waste-basket and give them only the direct one. The best thing for our churches to do is to appoint a correspondent who writes a good "Palmerstonian" hand, is prompt in business, and can report intelligence in telegrams. In case anything is sent and does not appear, the blame is, of course, to be given to that useful but not perfect branch of the public service known as the post office.

II OUR HOME MISSION WORK.—

Eight pages a month we give to our FOREIGN Mission Work, and not eight lines to our organized efforts for extension of the kingdom of Christ at HOME. Surely this is wrong. No less! not a word, for Orissa and Rome, but why should our work for England be passed over in silence? We are glad to have a message from LONGTON, and to say that a friend who knows little of the place save what has appeared in the Magazine, and is anxious to promote the works amongst us which contemplate the occupation of new spheres of service, forwards the challenge to give £10 to Longton if one hundred friends be found to give £10 each. Brethren, read this letter and suffer yourselves to be "provoked" to "good works."

"Dear Sir,—May I beg the favour of calling the attention of your readers to the Longton bazaar advertisement which appeared in last month's Magazine, and also to express a hope that they will kindly

help us in our enterprise. I am happy to report that some of my Yorkshire friends have already sent us a valuable contribution. The few devoted female friends here have begun a weekly sewing meeting, and are greatly in need of materials for working up. On Monday, Dec. 29th, we had a public tea meeting and Christmas tree, when some encouraging promises were made towards our new chapel. It is now twenty years since the late Mr. Wileman began a General Baptist cause in this thriving pottery town. That revered and saintly man, the deceased Mr. Pike, of Derby, and Mr. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, took part in the formation of the church.* At the united request of the Midland Home Mission Committee and the Longton brethren I have deemed it the path of duty to enter this wide and promising field of evangelistic labour. The town and its immediate suburbs embrace a population of forty thousand, and no Baptist chapel. We have ceremonialism, both Anglican and Papal, while intemperance and sensualism have obtained colossal proportions. Truly the harvest is plenteous, but gospel labourers are few. In the name of our God we have set up our banners. It is in my heart, in my plan, and in my purpose, to raise a building to His praise and glory, and in firm reliance on the cordial sympathy and practical help of the whole denomination, to open it free of debt. Dear Mr. Editor, might it not facilitate the advance of this "new departure" towards the "unification" of our connexional Home Mission work if you would kindly allow me to report the progress of our movement in your columns? Yours very cordially,

C. SPRINGTHORPE,

Jan. 5, 1874. Meir Green, Longton."

III. LECTURES FOR LOCAL PREACHERS.—We have before suggested, that lectures by able men might be obtained for our Local Preachers' Associations which would be of great and abiding value. A "Local Preacher" says, "There are young men whose family and position prevent them going to the College, and yet would like to be better prepared for the duties of the Sabbath, and who are not connected with a church over which there is a pastor. Cannot something be done for these? Would it not be possible that classes for this purpose should be formed, to meet, say once a fortnight, and some resident minister or ministers preside over them and give

instruction in this special work, and be remunerated for his trouble." Let the secretaries of our Local Preachers' Associations take this matter in hand, and we are sure they will find the utmost readiness on the part of the ministers to assist them.

IV. DALE ON THE "GENERAL BAPTISTS" AND THEIR DOCTRINAL RELATIONS.—Mr. Dale, in his able statement on the Non-conformists, published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Christmas-day, says,—“Among the larger Nonconformist sects the only serious doctrinal differences relate to the Calvinistic controversy. All branches of Methodists reject Calvinism, and it is probable that comparatively few Independent ministers—not one in ten of those under forty years of age—preach the characteristic doctrines of the great Geneva reformer. There is a section of the Baptists called “General Baptists,” because they hold the doctrine of “general redemption,” which affirms that Christ died for all men, though only those who believe in Him will be saved. Like the Methodists, they reject the Calvinistic theory of election and the correlated dogmas. The Particular Baptists, on the other hand, derive their name from the doctrine of ‘particular redemption,’ which affirms that Christ died for the elect only. It is probable, however, that with a very large proportion of those who belong to this section of the Baptist churches, Calvinism has become almost an obsolete theory, although it is still maintained by the powerful influence of Mr. Spurgeon. The Presbyterians in England—there are several different kinds—retain the Westminster Confession, which is Calvinistic; but even among them the theological rigidity and severity of the Westminster Assembly have very generally disappeared.” This is what the Rev. E. Conder would call the “Decay of Theology;” but surely in more precise language it should be called the “Decay of Calvinistic Theology.”

V. THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINE: 6,000 PRINTED.—The “January Magazine” has surpassed all its predecessors in the number sold. From all parts of the denomination we hear of increased appreciation, and increased sales. Some churches have doubled their subscribers. We print 6,000 this month; and look to our many kind friends, and especially to our brethren in the ministry, to take advantage of this issue to add to our opportunities of usefulness. Copies of January Magazine may be had through any bookseller.

Reviews.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE. By M. Prosser James, M.D. *Balliere, Tindal, & Cox.*

THIS is a most satisfactory record of the progress made in the art of healing within the last twenty years, and due to the discoveries in chemistry, physiology, pathology, and the sciences generally. All science, all knowledge belongs to the physician, and may serve him in the relief of sickness and suffering. Hence, spectrum analysis, which investigates other worlds, also solves medical problems for this; the microscope has explored the hidden causes of disease, and has been specially helpful in the accurate diagnosis of parasitic complaints. The sense of touch has been aided by the thermometer, of hearing by the stethoscope, of seeing by the ophthalmoscope and the laryngoscope. New drugs, such as chloral hydrate and the bromides, have been brought into use. The progress is decided and great; and its leading features are well described by Dr. Prosser James.

BARDS OF THE BIBLE. By George Gilfillan. *Hamilton, Adams, & Co.*

ONE of the most pleasant reminiscences of our student days is of the avidity, exhilaration, and joy with which we read this volume. It was an inspiration never to be forgotten. The place where it was read, the scenes, the sermons it coloured, the tea-table talk about its contents, the passages quoted, all come back again as we renew our acquaintance with this magnificent prose-poem on the writers of the Bible. We heartily welcome it in its new dress, and commend it to the young men of this generation for its able analysis, bold thinking, beautiful and forcible style, and abundant information about the word of God.

THE INTERPRETER. Parts xiii. and xiv. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Passmore & Alabaster.*

WE have used this "Interpreter" at family worship for a long time past, and have found many advantages in so doing. The selections are made with much skill and tact, and from portions of the Bible that are scarcely the most adapted to be read through from beginning to end; but contain many passages that when set, as they are here, in the framework of history, become as helpful as they are appropriate. Heads of families will discover the excellences of this publication the more they use it.

LONELY QUEENIE AND THE FRIENDS SHE MADE, by Isobel, *Marlborough & Co.,*

Is a touching story of a lonely fisherman's girl, showing the cheerful courage with which she faced the difficulties she was forced to meet owing to the loss of her mother, and the simple, artless, and affectionate way in which she won a place in the hearts of strangers, and both obtained and gave blessing wherever she found a welcome. Girls will discover in the "Lonely Queenie" a pleasant and helpful companion.

THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE. THE DESIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS. By John Bunyan. *Blackie & Son.*

THIS edition of Little Books by Bunyan, edited by George Offor, is progressing in the most satisfactory way. The last issue contains two of the most choice works of the immortal dreamer.

BOOKS FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

WE have received from the Religious Tract Society another batch of admirable books for our young people, all characterized by that healthy tone, attractive style, and richness of illustration which secure a welcome for the works of this Society everywhere. *Uncle Ned's Stories of the Tropics* present in a free, familiar, and conversational style the natural history of the tropics, and the perils and joys of tropical life. It is vivid, realistic, and full of information. *Willie Smith's Money Box* is a model book for boys and girls; full of pathos and power, exhibiting the ways of the heart with singular insight and tact; shows how evil, though slowly accumulating, results in misery and wretchedness; and encourages generous consideration of others, economy, thrift, hard work, self-help, and faith in God. *Dick's Strength and how he gained it* describes the wisdom and advantage of never hiding but always making a clear, straightforward confession of a wrong deed. *Bessie Bleak and the Lost Purse* is an illustration of the conflict between downright honesty of purpose and the fiends of poverty. *Janet Darney's Story*, by Sarah Doudney, is a graphic, well-told tale of Christian patience and its reward. *What is her name?* by Dr. Eleisheim, lays bare the influence of a little child on the heart of a conscientious Jew in leading him, against the prejudices of his training, to look with favour on the gospel of Christ.

Church Register.

THE BURNLEY ASSOCIATION, 1873.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

THE President of the year, the Rev. Samuel Cox, has placed his Inaugural Address, on "Inductive Theology," at the service of the business committee for publication. This offer has been accepted. But before printing the Secretary is desirous to ascertain, as far as may be, how many copies could be disposed of, and so avoid the risk of a loss. The address occupies 26½ pages in the current number of the *British Quarterly Review* (demy octavo size); and could 1000 copies be disposed of at sixpence, there would be a fair balance in favour of the Association Fund. Will the ministers and deacons of our churches kindly take the matter up at once, and say by post card, before the 10th Feb., how many they will take; and if 500 copies are ordered, the printing shall be commenced at once, so that the address may be ready with the March Magazines. It could not have been published under any circumstances earlier than February, it being so arranged with the Editor of the *British Quarterly*: so that there will be the least possible delay if we get it out by 1st March. The address will be reprinted from the *B. Q. in extenso*, and certainly has a value, both intrinsic and permanent. As a contribution to theological literature, it may take a place beside the address of the President of the Congregational Union, on "The Decay of Theology." The price will be five shillings per dozen. Send post card at once to
SOLOMON S. ALLSOP,
March, Cambs.

CONFERENCES.

The next meeting of the MIDLAND CONFERENCE will be held at Barrow, on Tuesday, Feb. 24. The Rev. J. Greenwood, of Swadlincote, will preach in the morning at eleven o'clock. Reports from the churches will be presented in the afternoon. C. CLARKE, *Sec. pro tem.*

THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held in Enon Chapel, Burnley, on Wednesday, the 17th of Dec.

The Rev. W. Sharman opened the morning service, and Rev. W. Chapman preached from Rom x. 1—3.

The Rev. W. H. Allen presided over the business meeting. The reports of the churches were exceedingly gratifying, and were of a very hopeful character, especially that from Enon, Burnley, where a very gracious revival is now enjoyed, which we hope may long continue and

spread to other churches. Baptized, 107; candidates, 46.

I. *Armley, near Leeds.* A new G. B. church having been recently formed in Armley, and very favourable reports being given of the condition and prospects of the new cause, it was agreed:—"That we comply with the request of the brethren at Armley, and very cordially welcome the church there into this Conference, and that the Secretary of this Conference be instructed to inform the Secretary of the Yorkshire Baptist Association that we have received the church at Armley into this Conference.

II. *Hyde Road, Manchester.* That we recommend the churches to afford supplies one Sunday in the month during the coming year, as requested, but that the friends there appoint their own secretary. We hope brother Horsfield, now of Manchester, will be able to render valuable assistance, especially in securing the services of ministers.

III. That we very heartily welcome the Rev. W. Sharman, of Lineholme, into this Conference and district, and pray he may enjoy much success in his new sphere of labour.

IV. That the case from Bacup be duly submitted to the Home Mission Committee.

V. Next Conference to be held at Birchcliffe on Wednesday, May 27, and that the Rev. W. Sharman read a paper in the morning on "The privileges and duties of the youthful members of our churches." The paper to be followed by discussion. J. MADEN, *Sec.*

LOCAL PREACHERS' CONFERENCE.

THE sixteenth half-yearly conference of the Derbyshire Baptist Preachers' Association was held at Duffield on Dec. 26, 1873. The afternoon sitting was devoted to the transaction of business, and was well attended by preachers and representatives of the churches. Reports from the churches were very satisfactory, some having added to them, and others having hopeful candidates. Two fresh preachers were received into the Association, and one on probation. After the meeting a tea was held in the chapel, and a goodly number sat down, after which a public meeting was held, Mr. Bakewell, of Kilburn, in the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Harding, subject, "Christian Manliness;" Mr. J. Smith, subject, "The Village Preacher, his discouragements;" Mr. H. A. Blount, subject, "The Village Preacher, his encouragements." The meeting was very

well attended, and after the usual votes of thanks, closed one of our most successful conferences. H. A. BLOUNT, *Sec.*

CHAPELS.

ALLERTON.—The church in connection with the new Baptist chapel here was formed on Lord's-day, Sep. 14, 1873, by the Rev. J. Taylor, Donholme. It consisted of fifty-seven members, fifty-four of whom were transferred from the Baptist church Sandy Lane Bottom, and three from other churches. On Tuesday evening the first baptismal service was held, when the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, of Bradford, preached, and afterwards baptized eight believers, four of whom were from the Sunday school. On the following Sunday the newly-baptized, with three others dismissed from other churches, were received into the church by the Rev. J. Seager, of Thrapston, who afterwards administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. On Saturday, Dec. 27, a public tea was provided in the school-room, and partaken of by about 300 persons, after which a largely attended meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Seager, Mr. S. Atkinson, of Halifax, and other friends. Mr. W. Middlebrook occupied the chair. The friends are encouraged by the success which has thus far attended their labours, and are hoping, by means of a bazaar to be held in the middle of February, to materially reduce the debt remaining upon the building. Parcels may be sent to Mr. G. White, No. 1, Brook Street, Bradford.

BARROW-ON-SOAR—*A New Village Chapel.*—For a long time a branch of the Quorndon church has been zealously working for God in this place. A large school and congregation gathers in an ill-ventilated chapel totally unsuited to the congregation or the requirements of the village. Therefore a piece of land adjoining the chapel has been secured whereon to erect the new house of the Lord. The estimated cost is about £700. The friends are few, and have to contend with a richly endowed church whose ritualism and charities are employed to entice people from their midst. A bazaar is to be held on Whit Tuesday and Wednesday; many have generously contributed sums of money towards this object. Aid is much needed. Will friends far and near come to our help either by money or articles for our bazaar? Contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. Swallow, Mrs. Goodacre, and Mrs. C. Cross, of Barrow-on-Soar, or Rev. W. J. Staynes, Quorndon.

BURNLEY, ENON.—The annual festival of the church and congregation assembl-

ing at Enon Chapel, was held as usual on Christmas Day. Between five and six hundred persons sat down to tea, and the after meeting was crowded. The minister, the Rev. W. H. Allen, presided. The report was of a very encouraging nature. During the year a considerable number had been added to the church. The congregation had grown steadily, and the Sunday-school had largely increased. The Young Men's Society was entering upon the fourth year of its existence with greater vigour and a larger membership than ever. Times of revival had been experienced, and the chairman could only say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." The Christmas tree just held by the ladies of the congregation had resulted in a very gratifying success. It was designed to reduce the debt this year by £200. The proceeds of the tree, however, amounted to £240 besides some £70 worth of goods left on hand. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. E. Heap, R. Law, Kilshaw, Atkinson, Lever, and others, and was brought to a close in the usual way.

LEAKE AND WYMESWOLD.—The anniversary services of the Wymeswold section of this church were held on the last Sunday and Monday in Dec., 1873. The sermons were preached by the pastor, the Rev. W. Morris, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Stevenson, Mr. Lemon (Independent), and Mr. Savage, similar services were also held previously at the East Leake branch, in which the same persons took part, with the addition of T. W. Marshall, Esq., and Rev. J. Alcorn. Net proceeds of the services £28.

SWADLINCOTE.—On Tuesday, Jan. 13, the annual meeting of the members of the Baptist church, Swadlincote, took place, the pastor, Rev. J. Greenwood, presiding. After the usual business was gone through, it was announced that 15s. more would complete the debt of £100 which the church eight months ago resolved should be wiped off by Christmas. The 15s. was at once placed down, and the chapel was declared out of debt. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the goodness that has enabled us to accomplish this; but still greater things must be attempted, a new and larger chapel is needed; land we have in front of the present one, which will then form school-rooms, which we are at present without. We hope the assistance of our friends will be forthcoming when required.

VALE, near Todmorden.—Vale Baptist Chapel has been closed ever since March last for extensive alterations and enlargement. It will now seat comfort-

ably about 560 persons. The whole of the lower part has been furnished with pitch-pine seats, stall ends, and neat doors, the seats being raised an inch and a half one above the another. A new platform has been erected, elegant in its structure and beautiful in its decorations, and a new baptistry has been built. It is expected that the expense of the alterations, including new schoolrooms, which were opened in August last, will be between £1400 and £1500. Towards this the friends connected with the place have now in hand £600, with a good number of outstanding promises. The chapel was reopened on Wednesday, Dec. 3, when the Rev. T. W. Handford, of London, preached in the afternoon and evening. On the following Sunday the Rev. Dr. Burns preached twice, and on the following evening gave a lecture on "A Tour in America." On Sunday, Dec. 14, the Rev. J. Lewitt, of Scarborough, preached twice, and on Monday night gave an address on "Pastoral Life in a Fashionable Watering-place." The whole of the services were well attended, some of them crowded, and the collections amounted to the very liberal sum of £148 13s. 6d.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—Report showed congregations large; forty-six added to the church; 1,500 tracts given away; a substantial and handsome platform had taken the place of the pulpit.

HITCHIN.—The annual social meeting was held on new year's day, when a good number of the members of the church and congregation took tea together. After tea addresses were given by several of the friends, and a purse of £14 5s. was presented to the pastor (Rev. J. H. Atkinson), with many expressions of esteem.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Forty-seven added to the church. To general expenses, £304 15s; Foreign and Home Missions, £101 12s.; towards restoration, &c., upwards of £700.

LONDON, Praed Street.—Sixty-seven added to the church; clear increase, twenty-seven. Total receipts—General Church Fund (£515 6s. 11d., less £114 9s. 3d. for R. F.) £400 17s. 8d.; Sunday school, £55 19s.; Hall Park Sunday school, £29 16s. 11d.; Society for Ministry to the Poor, £70 9s.; Church poor fund, £71 5s. 3d.; Temperance Society, £20 14s.; Band of Hope, £8 16s.; Dorcas and Sick Visiting Society, £12 7s.; Hospital Sunday, £17 1s.; London Baptist Association, £27 10s. 6d.; Foreign Missions, £64 6s. 2d.; free seats, £16 10s.; Renovation Fund, £264 18s. 8d.; New

Chapel Fund (rents and interest included), £538 9s. 11d. Total, £1,600 14s. 1d.

SHEFFIELD.—Financial statement—General expenses, £354 7s. 6d; reduction of chapel debt, over £100; to charities, missions, &c., £218 7s. Total from all sources, £672 15s.

WENDOVER.—On Monday, Jan. 5, a service of Sacred Song, with connective readings, was given, called "Creation," and was felt to be both interesting and profitable to those present. The chapel was neatly decorated for the occasion with evergreens and chrysanthemums. Mr. Smith, of Chilwell College, kindly took the reading part.

TESTIMONIALS.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—On the occasion of Mr. John Saunders, seventeen years the superintendent of the boys Sabbath school, and more than seventeen years deacon of the church, a large tea party of more than three hundred was held in the Town Hall, followed by an entertainment given by the choir. Rev. J. Harcourt presided, and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Saunders a valuable timepiece and silver teapot as an expression of the esteem in which they are held. Mr. Saunders replied in appropriate terms.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street.—One of the most interesting meetings within the recollection of the oldest attendants of this place of worship took place on the occasion of making a presentation to the honoured guest of the evening, the esteemed and highly-respected Mr. Edwin Barwick, of the firm of Messrs. Windley and Barwick, and who has worked most assiduously in connection with the church and Sunday schools for nearly forty years. The Rev. T. Ryder presided. After congratulatory addresses had been given by Messrs. Tagg, George Savage, and H. Cooper, Mr. John L. Young was called upon to make a presentation to Mr. Barwick, which consisted of a splendid and elaborately finished timepiece, as an expression of the high appreciation in which he is held both by his co-workers and also by those who have been under his instruction. Mr. Barwick, in gratefully accepting the gift, referred to the long cherished memories of the past, and to the motives which had actuated him in all that he had done. Other addresses followed.

SCHOOLS.

HALIFAX.—On New Year's Eve the female first select class, numbering 30, at North Parade Sunday School, presented their teacher, Mrs. H. F. Etherington, with an elegantly chased silver tea-pot,

bearing a suitable inscription, in recognition of her services as their teacher for the last ten years. The presentation was made at a tea party, got up by the class for the occasion in the lecture room of the chapel. Miss Matilda Whitoley being deputed by her class-mates to make the presentation, which she did in most appropriate terms. Mrs. Ekherington, in accepting the gift, expressed her sense of the kind feeling that prompted it. The remainder of the evening was spent in recitations, singing, and other amusements.

LINEHOLME.—The annual gathering in connection with the Lineholme Sunday school and church took place on new year's day, when about 450 persons assembled for tea. The evening meeting was crowded; and it appeared from the Secretary's report that the school is in a prosperous condition. An increase of twenty scholars on the year brings up the present number to 260, with sixty-one teachers. Seven young persons from the school had been baptized and added to the church, while several others were anxious inquirers. Recitations from the scholars, appropriate music by the choir, and excellent speeches, filled up the evening. The Rev. W. Sharman presided on the occasion.

NAZEBOTTOM.—The annual Sabbath school tea and meeting were held on Dec. 25, 1873, attended by nearly 250 people. Rev. J. R. Godfrey presided at the meeting. The report read by the secretary, Mr. J. Peel, was favourable, showing that a large amount of healthy literature had been circulated, and eight of the scholars had joined the church during the year. Addresses were given by Rev. E. W. Cantrell, Messrs. B. Midgley, D. Dearden, W. Speak, T. Pickles, and W. Pickles.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Christmas-day we had our annual Sunday school tea party, about 350 being present, who were well entertained after tea by the choir singing choice pieces interspersed by readings and recitations.

MINISTERIAL.

BROWN, J.—Recognition services were held at Nuneaton in connection with the settlement of the Rev. James Brown as pastor of the General Baptist Church. In the afternoon the friends assembled in the chapel, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. J. Parkinson opened the service. The Rev. W. Satchwell offered prayer, and the Rev. H. Cross delivered an appropriate discourse. The friends then adjourned to the Town Hall, where they, to the number of 228, partook of tea. The evening meeting was presided over by the Rev.

S. T. Groathead, of Nuneaton. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Parkinson. Mr. Copson, one of the deacons, made a few remarks respecting the invitation, and Mr. Brown briefly related his religious experience, views of Christian truth, and reasons for accepting the call, after which interesting and telling addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Stevenson, W. Jarrom, H. Cross, J. Scholes, W. Satchwell, and I. Dixon.

FLETCHER, Rev. J., of Lenton, has accepted a most cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Commercial Road chapel, London, and will begin his work there early in February.

REV. W. GREEN, late minister of Ebenezer chapel, Coseley, near Bilston, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Melbourne, and entered upon his pastorate there with the new year.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON.—Eight, by R. P. Macmaster.

BOSTON.—Dec. 28, eleven, by J. Jolly.

CARRINGTON.—Jan. 4, at Old Basford, two, by H. Belton.

DERBY, St. Mary's Gate.—Jan. 4, nine, by J. Wilshire.

EAST LEAKE.—Jan. 5, four, by W. Morris.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street.—Dec. 31, seven, by Mr. Bown, in the absence of Rev. T. Ryder.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Jan. 4, four, by W. Evans.

SHORE.—Dec. 7, four, by J. Maden.

MARRIAGES.

CROSSLEY—THOMAS.—Dec. 24, at Birchcliffe Chapel, by the Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Shackleton Crossley, Hurst, Wadsworth, to Miss Charlotte Thomas, Charles Town.

GREENWOOD—GREENWOOD.—On Dec. 24th, at Birchcliffe Chapel, by the Rev. W. Gray, Mr. William Henry Greenwood, Wood-end, to Miss Susy Greenwood, Foster-mill-lane, Hebden Bridge.

LARGE—WOOTTON.—Dec. 26, at the Baptist Chapel, Kegworth, by the Rev. T. Yates, Mr. James Large, of Nottingham, to Miss Narcissa Wootton, second daughter of Mr. Robert Wootton, builder, of Kegworth.

STOTT—BROADBENT.—Jan. 1, at Birchcliffe Chapel, by the Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Nimrod Stott, Bridge Gate, Hebden Bridge, to Miss Elizabeth Ellen Broadbent, Providence Place, Sowerby.

TAYLOR—LOSEBY.—On Dec. 25th, at the Baptist Chapel, Chapel Street, New Basford, by the Rev. J. Felstead, Mr. William Taylor, of Lineholme, to Eliza Loseby, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Loseby, of Nottingham.

Obituaries.

BEALE.—Jan. 5, 1874, at her residence, Prospect Place, Packington Hill, Kegworth, Georgiana, the beloved wife of Thos. Oliver Beale, Gent., late of Leicester, and formerly of Wellingborough, and daughter of the late George Palmer, Esq., Goldington Hall, near Bedford, aged 73. Deeply lamented and much respected by all who knew her. Her end was peace and hope.

COOKE.—Jan. 9, at his residence, Quorndon, near Loughborough, Mr. Thomas Cooke, in the 67th year of his age. "Complete in Him."

HORSFIELD.—Mrs. Thomas Horsfield was the daughter of William and Susannah Ingham, and sister of the late Rev. Richard Ingham, D.D., whose name will be for years to come in General Baptist families "as ointment poured forth." Elizabeth Ingham, afterwards Mrs. Horsfield, was born at Clough Mill, in the township of Heptonstall, January 5th, 1813. Mrs. Horsfield was brought to Jesus, and receiving Him as her Saviour, was baptized and united in fellowship with the church at Heptonstall Slack, under the ministry of her uncle, the Rev. R. Ingham, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, distinguished alike for his deep piety and his attainments as a scholar, and whose amiable and gentlemanly presence endeared him to all who possessed the privilege of his acquaintance. It is much to say, but it can be said with truth, that her religious advantages and superior training brought forth appropriate fruit. In her conjugal relationship she was a true "help-mect" to her husband; he could say of her, "she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." At Sheffield and Bradford she was an efficient conductor of mothers' meetings; and at other places, as Vale and Louth, she was, when health permitted, a systematic visitor of the female members of the church and congregation. In her Christian character were united the elements of considerable scripture knowledge, great gentleness and forbearance, and strong affection. Though a decided Baptist, she loved all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Wherever located she endeared herself to all with whom she was intimate by her Christian courtesy. The graces of the Spirit, both in her family and Christian life, shone with a chastened brightness. While there was nothing

dazzling, there was nothing dull. For several years the hand of affliction lay heavily upon her; but though kept from the moans of grace and from any but the most occasional social intercourse she bore the rod with great patience and resignation. She knew whom she had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep what she had committed to Him against that day. Her hope was not falsified. When "that day" came, and she entered the valley, and bade adieu to earth and near and dear earthly friends, Jesus was with her, and His rod and staff comforted her. The following are some of the choice utterances which she left as a balm to wounded hearts that still survive. "All is well; I do not seem to have had a doubt. What a comfort it is that the Lord Jesus Christ has suffered for all our sins, and that we now rest on His finished work. The Lord only can comfort and sustain now.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

She seemed to desire to depart, and once quoted the words—

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my roving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Once, awaking from a kind of dream, she remarked, "I thought I had escaped from this afflicted body and was present in heaven, but I found to my disappointment that I was still here." But though wishing to depart, she was not forgetful of those whom she was about to leave behind; hence, she desired her dying love to be given to friends at Sheffield, Bradford, Vale, Louth, and Halifax, and twice repeated to those around her bed the beautiful benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Thus fixed on the Rock, her mind kept in perfect peace, on Wednesday, 26th November, 1873, Mrs. Horsfield calmly and serenely exchanged earth for heaven. She was interred in the burial ground, Heptonstall Slack, on the following Saturday, and her death was improved at Vale, by the Rev. William Chapman, on Lord's-day, Dec. 21st, to a large and deeply sympathetic audience, from the words, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

W. CHAPMAN.

THE MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

OUR ROMAN EVANGELIST IN SUFFERING AND LABOUR.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—During the past month I have again been to Rome, and have had another interview with SIGNOR GRASSI, our adopted Evangelist with Mr. Wall. I visited our brother on his couch of suffering,—suffering from the malignity of his adversaries, and from the treachery of Jesuitical professors of friendship, who had tried to set him at loggerheads with his christian associates. In the chamber of his affliction I found a faithful brother, a deacon of the little church gathered by Mr. Wall, affectionately watching over him; and although we could not speak to each other in audible language, with warm emotion he pressed my hand to his heart, and in words interpreted by Mr. Wall assured me of his steadfastness and peace, and of his earnest desire to resume his work amongst his neighbours, many of whom, resident within sight of the Basilica in which he formerly officiated, are desirous that he should preach amongst them on that famous Esquiline hill. Although weak, he was increasing in strength, and expected soon to return to public work.

Amongst other misrepresentations of his foes and mistaken friends was one that he was in actual want of the common necessaries of life, such as food and clothing; a report which has been industriously propagated in England, and which prompted Mr. Spurgeon the other day to write me as to the truth of these representations, and afterwards to forward me £10, to assist in relieving our brother from some obligations imposed upon him chiefly by the treachery of some who had taken advantage of his benevolent disposition.

The amount of the quarter's stipend, which I left with Mr. Wall in September, had been faithfully appropriated, as I saw by the ledger account kept by Mr. Wall; and the additional sum that I advanced to clothe him as a citizen had also been properly expended. Subsequently I had sent £5, contributed by a christian lady, and now an additional £10 promised by Mr. Spurgeon. I also gave a cheque for the second quarter's salary, before it was really due, in order that there might be no ground for such representations has have been made in some prints, especially a statement made in a letter which appears in this month's *Sunday School Teacher*, signed "W. Nicholson." I feel somewhat indignant that attempts should be made to employ him as a Sunday and day school teacher, at a salary of one hundred francs a month, when it is known that he is engaged as an Evangelist to co-operate with Mr. Wall, at a fair remunerative salary. I refer to this in direct reply to unfounded statements made by Mr. Van Meter, and published in the *Sunday School Teacher*. It is a little unfortunate that in the evident desire of some people to sink denominational distinctions they ignore the proper designation of important organizations like that of the "General Baptist Missionary Society." In the letter referred to Mr. Wall is made to say that Signor Grassi is supported by the "English Baptist Missionary Society," a designation not sufficiently distinctive to enable strangers to judge which Society is intended, whereas our proper title proved itself to be worth £3000 for mission objects one fine morning a year ago. Without offence to anyone, or any other organiza-

tion, I am inclined to stick to the old flag, under its "general" and comprehensive designation.

With these remarks and explanations, which I hope will reach the right quarters, I have now the pleasure of introducing some details of the work of our Evangelist, which will, I think, be read with additional interest in association with the "finely formed head and countenance, indicative of taste and gentleness," which adorns the number of the Magazine to which this contribution is made, by

Yours very truly,

THOMAS COOK.

LETTER FROM MR. WALL.

"Rome, 17th December, 1873.

DEAR MR. COOK,—I enclose you one of the weekly reports of Signor Grassi. You will see that his time during the last three months has been spent,—1. In visiting from 'house to house.' 2. In the distribution of tracts and gospels. 3. In preaching. 4. In study of the Scriptures. We have been much pleased with his work among the people, and hope that when he has been well instructed in the doctrines of the gospel he will be an efficient preacher. You will easily understand how one who has left Santa Maria Maggiore and entered the church in Via Laurina, has need of time and quiet to grow in knowledge and acquaintance with the Scriptures. He has *worked hard* since he has been with me, both in visiting, preaching, and in composing discourses, and is quite prepared to continue doing so. This has been, however, interrupted by the illness from which he is now recovering, and will not be resumed for a few weeks. The sufferings through which he has passed have been the cause of sorrow to us all, and we hope that you, dear Mr. Cook, together with the members of your committee, will unite with us in prayer that our brother Grassi may come out of this fight of affliction as gold from the furnace.

Yours in the Lord,

JAMES WALL."

This satisfactory letter was accompanied by a DIARY OF A WEEK which Mr. Wall selected from the weekly reports given by Signor Grassi:—

"Brother Paolo Cavalier Grassi, to Mr. Wall, his brother in Christ.

Monday, Nov. 17th, 1873. Distributed tracts amongst families and merchants in the Via Giulia.

Tuesday, 18th. Biblical conference in the town; I also catechised V. and A. D., both of whom I found well instructed, manifesting intelligently their convictions, and fit to be admitted to baptism, which they desire.

Wednesday, 19th. Visited several families and merchants in the Corso; instructed them in the catechism, and left them persuaded of the truth of the gospel.

Thursday, 20th. Examined a boy who presented himself, and, his friends being willing, admitted him to our schools in Via Laurina: the same evening preached in a room in the city, and had a number of believers to hear the gospel truths.

Friday, 21st. I was occupied in distributing tracts; had a conversation with a Roman Catholic priest, Dr. A., who lives in the Via C., and whom I hope to introduce to my dear brother Wall after meeting him a few more times.

Saturday, 22nd. Engaged in the study of the Holy Scripture, in preparation for the Sunday evening service. May God bless our work.

P.S.—To these details of work may be added the fact that our brother has written a number of tracts on "Christian Doctrines and Duties;" one of these, on "Baptism," was written expressly for me, but had got into other hands when I was in Rome. I hope to get possession of it."

Mr. Wall asks, if a room can be found suitable for preaching, on the Esquiline Hill, will the General Baptists guarantee the rent of it, and thus establish their own *locale*, and support their own minister in Rome?

T. C.

CONFERENCE AT CUTTACK.

IN reporting for the information of your readers, as I have now done for many years, our ORISSA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, I must begin by striking a more cheerful note than I have been able to do for some time past. When Paul met the brethren at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns (for some of them went the longer distance) he "thanked God and took courage;" and at our recent meeting we felt that it was a time to do the same, and also to express our hearty acknowledgments to the Committee for the earnest efforts they have put forth to send us the help so urgently needed. We could not forget the deep emotion with which we have repeatedly presented the claims of the Mission before the Committee, nor the agonizing solicitude with which supplications for more labourers have been offered at the mercy seat. We sometimes thought of the "man that saw affliction by the rod of God's wrath," and of his sad and sorrowful wail, "Thou hast covered Thyself with a cloud that our prayer should not pass through." We seemed like a besieged party, and doubted whether we should hold out till the hoped for relief came; but brighter scenes are beginning to dawn, "the joy of the Lord is our strength," and our grateful language is, "Blessed be God, who hath not turned away our prayer, nor His mercy from us."

Our dear friends, *Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bailey, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith*, reached Cuttack on the night of Nov. 7th, a little before ten o'clock, having left Calcutta on the morning of the 5th. Now I know it is nothing wonderful in a country of express trains to travel two hundred and fifty miles in a single day, and that with you the wonder would be that three days should be required; but we are slow coaches in Orissa, and I can assure your readers that such rapidity is unprecedented in the annals of the Mission. Bampton, Peggs, and Lacey were *eighteen* days on the journey; and even twenty years ago it required *eight* days, and only *three* travellers could go by *dák* at the same time, as a larger number of bearers could not be found. Our friends came *via Chandbally*, our new port, and though accounts cannot yet be made up, as all the bills have not been received, I have no doubt that it will be found the cheapest as well as the quickest journey any of us have ever made from Calcutta.

The Conference expressed its satisfaction and pleasure in the return of Mr. Thos. Bailey, and in the arrival of Mr. J. H. Smith and our two new sisters; and the hope was expressed that all might be spared to labour long and usefully in this most blessed service. It was felt to be an additional gratification that another brother and sister were on their way to Orissa, our brother bearing the honoured name of the founder of the Mission—John Gregory Pike—a name beloved and revered by myriads. But while devoutly thankful for the pleasing change in our prospects, the Committee and the churches must not suppose that we are satisfied. By no means. More labourers are still needed for this important field, and prayer should still be offered that such labourers may be sent forth from the fatherland, and raised up in Orissa, for the latter is as important as the former.

It was stated to the brethren that *Miss Packer* had fully decided to leave for England before next hot season, and cordial testimony was borne to the cheerful and self-denying spirit in which she had discharged her varied and multiplied duties. As our estimable friend is not personally known to many of the supporters of the Mission at home, I may add that she is an agent of the Female Education Society, and has laboured for nineteen years without leaving India, and nearly twelve of these years have been spent in Orissa. She leaves with the kind wishes of all the Mission circle, and is much esteemed by all who know her. The inspired words may be fitly applied to such as she, "Hold such in reputation." She expects to leave in March, and we all hope that she will return in invigorated health.

It will interest your readers to know that nearly fifty years have passed since our aged sister, *Mrs. Lacey*, arrived at Cuttack. A circumstance so interesting could not pass unnoticed, and the minute adopted may with propriety be given entire—"As half a century will have passed on the 19th of December since the arrival of our beloved sister Lacey at Cuttack,* we feel constrained to record our deep sense of the goodness of God to our aged sister during her lengthened residence in this inhospitable clime. We cannot forget that she came to Cuttack

* Dec. 19th, 1823. See General Baptist Repository for 1824, p. 391.

almost at the beginning of operations here. We remember with interest that words of encouragement which she spoke in the long toilsome years that preceded success cheered the hearts of faithful labourers now sleeping in Jesus when they were ready to faint, and that she rejoiced with them in the gathering of the firstfruits of Orissa unto Christ, as she has rejoiced with us in those who have since been added to the church. We express our obligations for the continued interest she manifests in the welfare of our native christians, and for her readiness on all occasions to help them and, indeed, the natives in general. As "it is towards evening, and the day is far spent," we pray that our gracious Lord may "abide" with her to the end, and that the closing scenes of a life marked by the lovingkindness of the Lord may be crowned by enlarged communications of the peace and joy which Christ gives to His chosen." This minute has been signed by the brethren and sisters; and as the native preachers expressed a desire to add their signatures we cordially agreed.

We had much discussion on the *stations of the brethren*, in connection with the Committee's minute. It was thought desirable, as a temporary measure, that Mr. T. Bailey should go to Pipelee; and that Mr. J. H. Smith should be on the Cuttack side till the end of the cold season, and itinerate, as far as possible, with me or other of the brethren. At the close of the season a special meeting is appointed to be held to decide on future arrangements.

Much time was usefully devoted to our *Bible and Tract work*, when all that had been done, or was proposed to be done, came under review. The generous grant of the Bible Translation Society was suitably acknowledged; and all our friends will, I doubt not, remember the claims of a Society which has done so much for Orissa. The printing of the New Testament, small type, had advanced to 2 Timothy iv., and it was hoped would be completed by the end of the year. As soon as this is finished, another edition, large type 8vo., will be commenced. The importance, too, of printing a volume of scripture selections was very strongly felt, and a hope was expressed that it would be printed during the year.

The liberality of the Religious Tract Society in sending paper and casts of cuts, and of the American Tract Society in giving 200 dollars (£37 2s.), was acknowledged, and the work done or projected was discussed. Several new tracts were presented, as "Christ the only Saviour" and "Negro Servant," by Shem, "The true Christian described," a dialogue between Kasaba and Bonamali, by Makunda Das, and three illustrated tracts, translated from the Bengalee by Mr. Miller. All will be carefully examined before being printed.

I am glad to report the finishing of "*Pilgrim's Progress*" in Oriya. It was completed last month, and an advertisement, bearing date "October 3rd," states that "the translation of part I. is by Shem Sahu, and of part II. by Ghanushyam Naik—both estimable native ministers. The whole has been carefully examined by an experienced missionary; and the work is now solemnly commended to the effectual blessing of our covenant God and Saviour." The brethren expressed their satisfaction that the *Anglo-Oriya Dictionary*, by Mr. Miller, had been finished, and as many as five hundred copies sold. It was hoped that the *Oriya and English Dictionary*, by Mr. Brooks, would be printed in 1874. Paper and type for the purpose have been obtained from England, and the work will, it is expected, be soon begun on.

The native brethren met with us on Thursday, the 20th, and we had much interesting conversation for nearly four hours. Pursua Rout opened the meeting with prayer, and Thoma closed it in the same way. The brethren gave a report of their labours among the people, and it was gratifying to note that places had been visited during the year which had rarely or never been visited before, and that the gospel had been preached to many who had not previously heard it. The important district of Sumbulpore had again been visited with the life-giving message. Parikood and other places in the Pooree district, as well as some of the tributary states, had been visited by the messengers of salvation. One of the brethren emphatically expressed his conviction that the exposure of the absurdities of Hindooism in preaching was of little use; our only hope was in telling them of the love of Christ, and he said he had seen them weep as they listened to the story of Calvary. This is the work to which missionaries and native preachers are called—to "run to and fro," and spread abroad everywhere the savour of the knowledge of Christ. I wish that a thousand times more of it could be done. Let me here refer to 2 Cor. x. 15, 16. The phrase, "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond," is often used, but the important context is

generally overlooked. Let the reader mark the lesson it teaches. "Having hope, when your faith is increased, that we shall be enlarged by you according to our rule abundantly, to preach the gospel in the regions beyond you." It does not appear clear whether Paul ever went to "the regions" he thought of when this inspired sentence was penned, but if not, we know the cause. Brethren and friends of the Orissa Mission, we, or those who enter into our labours, will go to the regions beyond "when your faith is increased"—not till then. It is easy to explain this. When faith is increased, zeal will be inflamed. Money will flow into the treasury on a scale of liberality hitherto unknown; and what is even more important, men and women, filled with love to Christ and fired with zeal for His glory, will say, "Here am I; send me."

"In the deserts let me labour;
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem the world from hell."

"Lord, increase our faith," is as important a prayer now as when first offered to Christ by the disciples.

It is painful to see that some of our native brethren, who have spent the best years of life in preaching the word, are beginning to bend under the weight of age, and cannot be expected to render much more service. On the other hand, several promising young men are rising up, and this is a very hopeful sign. The supply of students for the College has for a number of years been painfully limited, but at present there is a prospect of a large number of gifted young men enjoying its advantages.

The proposal to build a new chapel at Piplee received the warmest approval of the brethren; and it was pleasing to learn that the subscriptions received or promised towards this object exceeded 1,500 rupees.

The action of the Madras government in relation to the Oriyas in that presidency had recently passed orders with the view of encouraging the study and use of the Oriya language in the schools and public offices in the Oriya speaking districts of that presidency, comprising about a million and a half of people; and the information was thought very satisfactory.

Another public question which was considered related to a proposed alteration in the Marriage Law of India, and of which the Conference expressed its cordial approval. In explanation it may be observed, that the legislation proposed is intended to prevent persons who have been married according to christian rites from acquiring a rite to practise polygamy under the pretence of changing their religion, and it would render it a criminal offence, as bigamy is in England. The necessity for such legislation has unhappily arisen from the conduct of a few Europeans in different parts of India who have changed (or professed to change) their religion for the purpose of marrying another wife. The last case I have heard of may be mentioned as an illustration. This professed convert to Islam is a Punjab civilian whose name I will not mention, though it is given in the papers. While his wife and family were in England he married a Mussulman girl said to be only ten years old!

I have omitted to state that the brethren were pleased to make choice of me to preside over their sittings, and that Mr. T. Bailey was appointed Assistant Secretary.

The Public Services of this Conference were numerous attended, and were seasons of spiritual enjoyment. The principal services were held on Lord's-day, the 16th. Ghanushyam preached in the morning from Psalm cx. 1, 2, "The Lord said unto my Lord," &c.; and Mr. Hill in the afternoon, from Hosea vi. 3, latter part, "He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." In the evening Mr. T. Bailey preached the English sermon, on the reign of Christ, from 1 Cor. xv. 25. It was a day of good things. On the following Thursday evening the Annual Missionary Meeting was held, at which the writer presided, and addresses were delivered by Shem Sahu, Sebo Patra, and Makunda Das. Many good things were said; but it did not seem to me so lively and interesting a meeting as some we have had. A daily service was held during the week; and on Lord's-day, the 23rd, the Lord's Supper was administered, when addresses were delivered by the pastors of the church, and Ghanushyam offered prayer and assisted in the breaking of the bread. Thus ended the Conference of 1873.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Cuttack, December 1st, 1873.

FROM SUEZ TO CEYLON.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

Tuesday, Nov. 25th.—We reached Suez about two o'clock, and started about four posting our letters there. We noticed as we passed out into the Red Sea the Waddy Mousa, or valley of Moses, on our left hand, and the well of Moses (some green patches of land) on the shore at our left. Captain Taylor states, as a remarkable fact, that just across the sea at this point there are shoal soundings, so that a strong east wind would almost lay bare the rocks, and drive the waters into the bay—not without miracle, but with that economy of miracle which we always notice. The mountains which formed barriers on either hand, shutting the Israelites as in a trap, were very beautiful in the setting sun. They are of a purple hue, with here and there patches of quite a bright crimson. Query? Does not the colour of these mountains give the name to the Sea? We saw part of the Sinai range, and early in the morning of

Wednesday, Nov. 26th, some of our party saw Mount Sinai itself; at least the peak which is called so by the Arabs, but several peaks dispute the honour with it.

Friday, Nov. 28th. We had a strong wind and a heavy sea, but as both wind and water were directly in our favour we felt little of them, hardly any rolling or pitching. Had the wind caught us sideways, the Captain said we should have had quite a gale.

Saturday, Nov. 29th. The sea was remarkably calm. We saw for the first time large numbers of flying fish. Afterwards, in the Indian Ocean, we found them still more numerous. The ship started them up like coveys of partridges. They would fly a hundred yards, and sometimes more than that, moving their fins like wings. I thought at first they were birds. About noon we passed Jebbel Teer, a volcanic island. It has been in action in quite recent times. The night was the most magnificent one I have ever seen. I could see to read tolerably large print by moonlight.

Sunday, Nov. 30th. Soon after midnight, and very suddenly, a strong wind set in from the south-east. Most of us were awake by the motion of the ship. Some in a rather rough manner by a salt water bath. The outer ports had not been closed, for no one was dreaming of rough weather, and as the ports were simply just below water mark, the water was shot violently across the cabins upon the sleepers. We who had the inner cabins took no harm, nor have we had our ports closed at all, with two brief exceptions, one in the Bay of Biscay. During the day the motion of the ship was not much, the wind was so directly in our teeth. Early this morning we passed Jebbel Zoogur and some rocks, a passage dangerous in rough weather. In the afternoon we had a good view of Mocha, with the ranges of hills behind it, whereon used to grow the coffee berries. We noticed several minarets; and these, with the mosques and houses, appeared to be built of white stone, which shone like silver in the rays of the sun. I dare say a nearer view of Mocha would have undeceived us as to its beauty. I believe it is very dirty, like most eastern towns. At 7.15 p.m., passing through the Straits of Babelmandeb we saw the wreck of the *Azailia*, which we mistook for a ship going our way. Rev. W. MacCarthy preached in the morning from the text, "The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth." Rev. — Insell took the evening service. His text was, "I will never leave thee," &c. The heat has been very great for the past few days; for though the log showed eighty-two degrees as the highest, that was the reading in the Captain's cabin, about the coolest part of the ship. Under the shade of the awning on the upper deck it has been eighty-eight and ninety degrees.

Monday, Dec. 1st. We passed Aden at 4.45 this morning. Sea nearly calm, wind much moderated.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. Captain Taylor pointed out the great frankincense growing district of Africa. South of the Gulf of Aden, at seven, noted False Cape, and the

reason for it being so called. There is a high promontory, and then beyond this a range of lowland and rocks, but this lower land is nearly always enveloped in mist, whilst the high Cape is visible, and so unless seamen give it a wide berth they run on to the rocks.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. There was a good deal of rolling, though not much sea. Mrs. Pike was very sea-sick, as were two or three other ladies. Thursday night was also rough, and for a day or two the ship continued rolling.

Sunday, Dec. 4th. Much calmer. Mrs. Pike better. We passed a shoal of whales. I saw four spouting up water at the same time. Whales had been seen before by some of the passengers, but I was not fortunate enough to be there. A little while afterwards we saw one or two threshers—sword fishes—but they were some distance off. They leaped out of the water and made a good bit of commotion for some time, but we could not distinguish them well. They were evidently after the whales. Morning service, Rev. W. Brock preached, and evening Rev. — Rice. I had a long chat with Captain A. D. Taylor, R.N., and brother of the Captain of the ship. He is an author of some note, a great authority in Navigation, and a sincere and humble christian. Our conversation was most interesting, and I hope edifying.

Monday, Dec. 8th. Nothing particular to notice. We passed by the island of Minikoi. I suppose it is about six miles long, but very narrow. One part seemed to be covered with cocoa nut trees. A little amusement was occasioned by one of the passengers reading a brief account of this island. It appears there are about three hundred more ladies than gentlemen, and when strangers arrive these spinsters are in the habit of making proposals of marriage.

Tuesday, Dec. 9th. The first thing this morning we sighted the mountains just at the back of Cape Comorin, and we are all excitement expecting to reach Colombo tomorrow morning, where I shall post this. We expect to arrive at Ceylon about nine a.m., and leave on Thursday about noon, then to get to Madras by Saturday night or Sunday morning, and Calcutta Saturday week. That will make us exactly six weeks on our journey. Considering we lost two days in the canal through no fault of ours, and shall have to stay at Ceylon and Madras about four days discharging cargo, it will be a very good passage. Mrs. Pike seems herself again, and I hope has done with sea sickness. The children continue very well. They have been just a little feverish, but so have all the passengers. They eat heartily and sleep well, so that I think there is not much the matter. I generally go down and sit beside them whilst they have breakfast and dinner, and Mrs. Pike when they have tea. Florrie amuses us sometimes by her quaint remarks. She wishes it to be distinctly understood by the other children that they must not claim us as their parents. She says with emphasis, I am HER papa, and Mrs. Pike is her mamma, and Edie and Nellie are her sisters, and the cabin is hers, and the others mustn't go into it. Of course they get into mischief when possible, and almost when impossible, but there are always stewards or ayahs about. This afternoon they got by climbing Nellie's soothing mixture, and would have drank it all, only fortunately they managed to spill three parts of it on the bed. Nellie is remarkably bonny, and gets very interesting; the ayah takes a great pride in her, and I am afraid spoils her a little. I have not been able to do much at the language, nor do I think it wise to try. One may easily get the wrong pronunciation of letters and words, and find it all the more difficult to get right afterwards. I am able to write and read most of the characters, however, and I do not apprehend any difficulty in that direction. We are beginning to feel tired, and I shall be glad to get to work.

Wednesday, Dec. 10th, Colombo. We were surprised this morning by a gentleman coming on board and inquiring for me. Mr. D— is a native of Wisbech, who is engaged in the office of the Colombo *Observer* newspaper, and an active member of the Baptist church. He came with an invitation to spend a day or two with Mr. F—, proprietor of the paper and deacon of the church. Mr. F.'s eldest son was a fellow-student of mine at Regent's Park. They want a minister for English work here, and offer £500 a year. I was informed that they had written to England about me for the post, and they talked of stopping me. Have had a very enjoyable day. Expect to sail to-night. Adieu.

PIPLEE CHAPEL.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	104	5	0
Thos. Cook, Esq.	2	0	0
T. B.	1	0	0
A Christian Lady	4	8	0
R. Johnson, Esq.	10	0	0

WE would again most affectionately and earnestly urge the claims of the Piplee New Chapel Fund. It was determined at the Conference recently held at Cuttack to build a substantial chapel; but the work cannot be satisfactorily completed without more being realized in England! Connected with our work in India we know of no object more worthy of the generous consideration of the friends of the Mission. A gentleman of another denomination says, "I should think that the Piplee chapel case is just one of 'ask

and have.' I enclose a cheque for £10 towards the object, and am sure that your own body will feel so strongly in the matter as hardly to leave others the opportunity of helping them in this particular instance."

The erection of a christian sanctuary is a significant act in any land, but how much more so in a locality like Piplee, where for ages the whole land has been given to idolatry.

Contributions can be sent to the Secretary, or to Rev. W. Bailey, 2, Crescent Buildings, Leicester.

MELBOURNE.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 24, an interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. T. Cook, of Leicester, after which the sum of £4 12s. was collected for the Mission to Rome.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, Dec. 6.
 COLOMBO—J. G. Pike, Dec. 11.
 CUTTACK—T. Bailey, Nov. 18, Dec. 9.
 " W. Brooks, Nov. 18, 29.
 " J. Buckley, Nov. 25, Dec. 2.

CUTTACK—W. Hill, Nov. 25.
 " W. Miller, Nov. 28.
 " J. H. Smith, Nov. 17.
 PIPLEE—Miss Leigh, Dec. 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from December 18th, 1873, to January 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Audlem	6	18	8
Beeston	29	5	9
Caversham, for Miss Leigh's orphanage	8	0	0
Derby, St. Mary's Gate	29	5	9
Fleckney	0	7	7
Ilkeston and Newthorpe	15	14	1
Lincoln	2	10	9
Marlborough	0	2	6
Morcott and Barrowden	0	16	6
Nazebottom	9	0	5
Nuneaton	0	2	0
Papplewick, J. Nall, Esq.	5	0	0
Smarden	0	12	0
St. Albans	2	0	0
Whitwick	6	14	6

	£	s.	d.
Lenton	1	0	0
London, New Church Street	4	1	0
" Praed Street	5	0	0
Long Sutton	1	8	0
Macclesfield	0	12	6
Morcott and Barrowden	0	15	0
Nazebottom	1	0	0
Netherton	0	10	9
Nottingham, Stoney Street	2	0	0
Nuneaton	0	12	0
Old Basford	1	11	8
Peterborough	2	10	0
Ramsgate	0	2	0
Sheffield	8	2	6
Stalybridge	0	16	0
Swadlincote	0	18	6
Wendover	1	0	0
Wirksworth	0	12	6
Wisbech	2	10	0

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Allerton	0	12	0
Birchcliffe	1	2	0
Birmingham, Lombard Street	1	7	2
Boston	1	0	9
Burley, Ebenezer Chapel	1	0	0
" Enon Chapel	1	1	0
Coningsby	0	14	2
Denholme	0	5	0
Derby, Osmaston Road	3	5	2
Dewsbury	1	8	0
Duffield	0	5	0
Heptonstall Slack	1	1	0
Hinckley	0	11	0
Hitchin	1	1	0
Leicester, Dover Street	2	0	0

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MISSION TO ROME.

Bradford—Miss Susan Jarvis	0	15	0
Derby—Mrs. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Fleckney—Mr. G. Colman	0	1	6
Gloucester—Mr. J. F. Wilkins	0	5	0
Leicester—Mr. T. Cook and friends, second quarterly instalment	2	10	0
Leicester, Archdeacon Lane	5	5	5
London—R. Johnson, Esq.	5	0	0
Old Basford	1	0	0
Ripley—Mr. W. B. Bembridge	10	0	0
Smarden—Mr. T. Rofe, Jun.	0	10	0
Spalding	1	5	0

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1874.

THE SCRIPTURAL IDEA OF THE GIFT OF THE HOLY
SPIRIT, VIEWED SPECIALLY IN ITS RELATION TO
PRAYER FOR HIS OUTPOURING.*

BY REV. HARRIS CRASSWELLER, B.A.

THERE are two reasons why I must ask you to hear me with some patience and candour. One is that the truths I have to speak of are very simple and elementary; the other, that in the interpretation I put upon the language in which these truths are commonly expressed, it may seem to you that I am in error, or possibly that at the best I am but splitting words. In relation to both I can only say now, that I will not trespass longer than I can help on your attention; and that the views I am about to put before you have not been lightly formed, nor appear, to my own mind, to be of small importance.

Up to a certain high point upon this subject I take it all Christians are agreed. Two facts are so firmly established as to be incontestable. We all believe, and believe too with the force of profound conviction, both in our utter dependence on the Spirit of God as the necessary consequence of His supreme dignity; and, as well, that there exists an imperious need that the whole church of Christ should come into fresh and closer contact with Him. So much may be taken for granted. To doubt that the redemptive work of Christ derives its efficiency from the Spirit, and that the church exists only by His operation and indwelling; or, that whatever is weak and wanting in the church is to be traced to the slenderness of its union with Him, would argue an incapacity to touch at all upon this topic.

I have nothing, therefore, to offer upon the doctrine of the Spirit as it is commonly received amongst us. Nor have I as to the fact that He is the sole spring of true prayer in the human heart; and that, by natural reflex action, whilst He is the inspirer of prayer, prayer deepens, and extends, our communion with Him. Here again all are at one. The

* A paper read before the ministers of the London Baptist Association at their annual morning meeting, January 15, 1874.

point at which I break off, or seem to myself to break off, from many of my brethren is this: I have so strong a conviction that the Spirit has been given once for all in the very sense in which the atoning sacrifice of our Lord has been offered once for all—that is, that He has not merely come, but has come wholly, and is, therefore, already here in the exhaustive fullness of His personal energy and presence—that I can but regard all prayer for His outpouring, or for a new baptism of Him, to be mistaken, as I also believe it to be fraught with grave and very mischievous results. If I thought that these expressions were figuratively used, and that the metaphor did but thinly veil a clear understanding of what has been revealed, I should, of course, have nothing whatever to say. I might possibly lament the heedlessness which employed them, but that would be all. But I do not think so. The petitions which are continually heard in our assemblies, and the terms, in which invitations to united prayer for an increase of spiritual life, are usually couched; these, together with certain other facts on which I need not now enlarge, constrain me to an opposite opinion. They force home the conclusion, that there is a widely spread belief that something is yet wanting to complete the promise of God, and that the church must wait for this something to be granted before she can discharge her mission to the world. And it is to this I demur.

It is at least remarkable, that the phraseology commonly used in prayer when the Spirit is referred to, is taken from the Old Testament instead of from the New. God is entreated “to give” Him, “to send Him down,” “to pour Him out from on high,” and to stir up His people “to wait” for Him as did the disciples after the departure of Christ. He is importuned to baptize us *with* the Spirit—as though in His sanctifying might He had yet to be brought near to us; instead of to baptize us *in* Him—because He is known to be with us, and we, every one of us, are living in that fiery and all-embracing element which is Him. In our hymns, again, we invoke the Spirit “to come,” “to come down,” to “descend on us from heaven,” and to “shed on us His influence from above,” whilst we supplicate the Father to “glorify His Son” by “sending His promise down.” It would be easy to multiply such quotations, but these are enough to illustrate what I mean. They furnish good ground for the statement, that the substance, if not the very thought of most of our prayers for the Spirit, is borrowed from the prophets rather than from the Saviour and His apostles; and that the attitude of the suppliant is much oftener one of expectancy than it is of praise for possession. It is very difficult, no doubt, to construe the feelings of others with entire accuracy; but, as far as I can judge, the copious and persistent use of these phrases, does point to a very prevalent belief, that God has yet to add to the measure of His gift; and that, until He is pleased to do so, it is hopeless to look for any large extension of His kingdom amongst men. In place of realizing that it is ours, we sigh for the great life-giving power to appear and visit us. We look in a vague, indefinite way, for the very blessing to fall which is already our own; and we beseech that that may be, which is declared to have come; which since it is infinite can never be more than it is, and has only to be taken with open, yearning, hearts to work out in us all its sweet and gracious will.

The language of the Bible upon this point prior to the ascension of Christ is that of expectation. Its language since His ascension is that of accomplished fact. If in the latter there are a few expressions which at first seem to look the other way, it will be found on examining them that they do so only in appearance; and that, in reality, they are quite compatible with the undoubted tenor of the whole. It might be too much to say that the prophets knew nothing of the existence of the Spirit, but it is certain they knew so little of Him as He has been made known to us, that John cannot be charged with exaggeration for saying that, when Christ was here, "the Spirit was not yet." They heard words syllabled by no human lips. They felt a divine Spirit moving theirs, filling them with inspiration, constraining them to go forth with messages of mercy and warning; and they all looked on to some undated moment, when God would lay bare His arm, and universally diffuse His grace. It was cloud-land then. It was the time of hope; and hope gazed wistfully afar, and wondered at the glorious mystery for which it longed. The first who plainly expounded its object was Christ, and His exposition grew in clearness and volume as His life was drawing to an end. He rendered expectation, at once, more intelligent and more intense; with a master hand unfolding the contents of prophecies He Himself was to fulfil. There was no confusion in His mind. Apparently there was no development in His perception of the truth. From the time of His baptism, when the heavens were opened, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him; on to the hour when He said, "and, behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you," He spoke with luminousness and authority, as one to whom there was nothing secret in the revelation so dimly comprehended by Psalmist and by Seer, and as invariably conscious that the Father had given the Spirit without measure to Him. During the last few hours of His life we find Him turning the thoughts of His disciples almost exclusively in one direction. Then He declared to them the near coming of the Spirit, and the nature of His work; not only His own relation to the Father, but more especially the relation in which the Spirit stood to Him. There is a marvellous ring in His latest utterances, a manifest increase, if not in their earnestness yet at least in their impressiveness, as they have been preserved by the Apostle John. We still turn to the final chapters of his Gospel as the very repertory of spiritual teaching—teaching which for magnificence of sweep, for sublimity, and practical worth, has no parallel in the literature of the world. Then it was that, dashed only for a brief while by the dark scenes of Gethsemane and the cross, expectation rose; it became breathless and a tip toe. The consummation of prophecy was at hand. Yet a little, a very little, and the long tarrying promise would be fulfilled. The day was dawning, the world's grey fathers saw from far, and seeing were made glad. Christ the man was to disappear, that Christ the Saviour-God, might be revealed. Pentecost was to follow on Ascension. The mystic saying of the Lord was to be pondered in the grateful realm of experience—it is expedient "for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come, but if I go away I will send Him to you."

The great event thus foretold by Christ had no sooner happened than the ground of faith was shifted. It stood no longer on promise, but on

fact. Prophecy passed into performance, and hope into fruition. The word of the Lord ceased, as heretofore, to quicken expectation; it bade men arise, take, and live. "This," cried the apostle Peter, "is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in these last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." The tense of Scripture was altered from the future to the perfect, and instead of the command, "depart not from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which ye have heard from me," there came the summons, "be ye filled with the Spirit;" whilst of many the record is, "and they were filled with the Holy Ghost." The numerous allusions which are made to Him in the epistles imply, and that, too, as far as I know, without one exception, the consummateness of the bestowment. We are told that we are "sealed by Him;" that by Him we "have access to the Father;" that He is "in us the earnest of the promised inheritance;" and we are enjoined to be watchful lest we should "resist," or "grieve," or "quench" Him. With the closing of the book of the Acts, there ceases to be any standing ground for the idea that the gift is incomplete; a shred of sanction for prayer that it may be perfected and increased. The thing spoken of is done. Why clasp hands, in the hope that this supreme boon of heaven may be vouchsafed, when its full grant is a summons to open them and take it? How can that be more than it is, which is innocent of quantity because it is infinite? We may properly crave to possess a greater measure of it, but surely not that the measure of it may be greater, for it is as illimitable as God. In itself His gift is as faultlessly perfect as is the sacrifice of Christ; and it would not be a greater anachronism to beseech Him that the Saviour who has lived, and died, and risen again, may come, than it is to implore Him that the descended Spirit may be poured out from on high. Calvary, or the reconciliation by Christ of the world to Himself, is not more certainly a fact, than it is, that at Pentecost, God did redeem His ancient pledge. Henceforth, "behold the Lamb who taketh away sin" has for its counterpart this—"receive ye the Spirit."

It would take me too far afield to sketch even the doctrine of the Spirit, especially as it is laid down by our Lord. The only remark I make is the well-worn one, that He virtually asserted His own mission here would be null and void except as it was supplemented by the mission of the Comforter. He it was who should bring to the apostles, as to all others, energy and light. They were to turn to Him for the illumination of their minds, and for the scattering of all darkness from their way. They were to dwell with Him as the one source of real power—power which should bend them into consecrated oneness with the Father's will and fit them for their ministerial work;—and they were, moreover, to remember that no heart should ever be melted into contrition, or renewed in peace and holy aspiration, but it was done primarily by Him and only instrumentally by them. And He, too, is the supply of all *our* want. We have but one baptism, as we have but one Lord. The power of the church is, if she only knew it, equal to the performance of her allotted task. She needs no more. It does not matter what new forms unbelief and infidelity may take, in what fresh fortresses of towering height and massy strength the human heart and mind may lie entrenched; within the church's reach are the equivalents, and more than the equivalents of all, for the measure of her resources is the measure of her God's.

All things are ours. Being strengthened with might by His Spirit, the plaint of weakness dies upon our lips and yields to the exulting shout of confidence and praise; we become more than conquerors through Him who loved us.

With a view to the fuller elucidation of these truths let me now mention three particulars, in which their steady, and unhesitating acceptance, would prove to be a great gain.

I. If we realized them, if indeed we knew the very gift of God, then there would not be less prayer but more. Yes! more; for prayer would grow in importunity so soon as it ran in a wholly right channel. Its discouragements would be fewer, and its grasp on the promises stronger. At times we speak almost passionately to God, as if somehow He were at fault; as if we fancied, that the reason why His work does not advance as we wish it to, were that He is reluctant to dispense the Spirit, without whom we are weak as spilt water is; and as if, therefore, He must be prayed out of niggardliness into readiness to bless. In our hearts, however, we know it is not thus. We are not straitened in Him, we are straitened in ourselves. We must wrestle; but oh! it is not to overcome His hardness—it is for the bursting of our bonds, for the expansion of our narrowness, for the bringing of our emptiness into contact with His fullness. It is for the effectual crushing down of the barriers of indolence and evil, that there may be a free course for those fructifying waters of His grace which are ever beating and striving to flow in. The shame, if shame there be, is wholly ours. His gifts are without repentance. He invites all who are athirst to come and buy, without money and without price; and what then should be the burden of our prayer but this—that he would cause us to feel our want, and lead us in the sore agony of a living need to the exhaustless streams He has prepared? It is when we know how full and free His bounty is, that the cry so often heard, "Give Thou," simply means, "Forgive my long and criminal neglect; make me as willing to receive as Thou art to bestow?" Desire is always satisfied when it waits upon eternal love.

But more. The Saviour has intimated, that if we do indeed dwell with the Spirit, there will be given a marked enlargement and persistency to prayer. When His day should have arrived He bade His disciples ask and receive that their joy might be full, "For," said He, "whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name He shall give it you." His meaning should be clear. The name of Christ is the same with His nature, and if that be revealed to us, if the Spirit teach us how large and constant is His mind, and win us into sympathy with His deathless yearning for the redemption of our race, then we shall not be content to ask for little things. Hope will grow into the proportions of the Cross, and prayer, which is the voice of hope, will be intent on nothing less than the accomplishment of its full significance, and crave that, being lifted up, He may "draw all men unto Him." Yes! all. Why should our petitions be poor and mean? Why should their range be narrower than that of the Father's love, the Saviour's will? Their desires prescribe the only limits proper to our own; and if He, who in prayer is the helper of our infirmities, not only unfold to us their pur-

poses but make these ours: if, in a word, He manifest to us the name of our dear Lord, our prayers will reflect the boundlessness of the Eternal heart, and with new meaning we shall cry, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

II. To believe, that God has throughly fulfilled His promise touching the Spirit, would make us more solicitous for the perfecting of His work in us. I hardly dare to speak of this. Perhaps it is an impertinence for me even to refer to it. And I could not do it were it not that in what I say I chiefly address myself. It does seem to me, however, that the very majesty of the Being who is on our side, and the perfection of the instrument He has given us to wield, may, unless unceasingly we watch and pray, make us careless about ourselves. It is possible that just because it *is* the gospel we have to preach, and because we know it owes all its triumphs to its coming in the demonstration of the Spirit, we may be satisfied with intellectual preparation, and be indifferent to our own spiritual state. Be this as it may, it will not be doubted that, under God, and making allowance for the diversity of gifts, it is character which determines the degree of ministerial success. If any need the Spirit we do. If any utterly depend on Him we must. If there are to whom His power to vitalize and sanctify, to cleanse them into purity and fire them with zeal, be essential, then how much more is He indispensable to us? In the main we only give as we receive. We can but influence others as we are influenced by Him. He must quicken us if through us dry bones shall live. He alone can keep us from having words of life upon our lip and dark death within our heart; from the unutterable horror of knowing that there is an awful, guilty, distance between us and the heights to which we bid our fellowmen aspire; from preaching to others and being cast away ourselves. It was not their supernatural endowments which made the ministry of the apostles so effective. They were new men, as well as men miraculously furnished, when Pentecost had come. It is plain to see that the personal was more than the official gift; and that the revolution which took place in them, was vastly more remarkable, than was the conferring on them of singular, but temporary, powers. There lies our lesson. It is not because God is slow to give His Spirit that our work halts. He has been given. Our cardinal want is more of Him:—it is the glad surrender to Him of all we are, to the intent that He may make us wholly His, aye, from end to end of all our being, and in our inmost heart. May our yielding keep pace with His striving! May He make us clean every whit, for we bear the vessels of the Lord! May we more and more commune with Him, that He may thaw our icy coldness, purge us from evil, separate us from the world, and imbue us with the ardours of the Saviour's love; for then we shall be truly helpers of one another's faith, and He will give us power over souls, and make us wise to win them unto God.

"O! Thou that camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of *my* heart."

Lastly. A vivid realization of the completeness of the Divine gift would render Christian effort more intense. No doubt the amount of it in any case depends on zeal; but zeal, to be fervid and sustained, must

feed upon the promise of success. It is one thing to labour hoping for a blessing, and another to labour knowing that the hope is sure, and the blessing as certain as is the harvest for which winter's work is done. Then longing mounts into expectation, and toil is tireless and cheerful, since it is assured of a reward. A modern writer has directed attention to the different light there is in the human eye when it looks that it may see, and looks because it does see; and a similar difference is perceptible in Christian service when, instead of thinking it possibly may be, it is rendered in undoubting confidence that it will be blessed. Such assurance is the precursor of the gift we seek, and it will be ours if we "believe in God the Holy Ghost." It is His work engages us, and if we, who are His instruments in its performance, suffer Him to use and fashion us as He will, it must advance. Labour in the Lord is not in vain. If faith support itself upon the word, we shall not fail to be steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in His work, for we shall know that a Paul never yet planted, or an Apollos watered, but God did give the increase. Our hands are often slack and nerveless, whilst we tarry for the enlargement of the promise, but they would continually thrill with energy, if we saw how near them is the lever which is to lift the world. We make fast the mill wheel as we pray for rain, and wait for the waters to rise, when we should ungear the machinery and set it in motion because they have risen, and are always at the flood; and the sounds, which at times break in upon our drowsy sense, are those of their lament and pain as, wasted and unused, they rush down the weir. The enterprise is God's. He guarantees success. Let us believe Him and be strong.

There is, we know, a wonderful hush of expectation just now in the church of Christ. Surely it is as the breath of the morning when it whispers of the coming dawn. It cannot be for nought that so many minds have been directed to these truths, and that so many, without abating one jot of their activities, are praying, and as they pray believe in their hearts that they do receive. We are told that in the Arctic regions are trees which, through subtle sympathy with approaching spring, put forth green leaves though the snow is thick upon the ground and their roots lie within the ice band which ribs the earth with iron. God tell it to us for an omen, brethren! It is sadly true that all about is the drear wintriness of sin. Countless hearts are verdureless and frozen through unbelief, but—blessed be His name—in almost every fellowship of saints are some who show that from afar they feel the reviving breath of Him who bloweth where He listeth; and if we are of good courage, and rest in, and wait patiently for Him, these will prove to be the harbingers of the spiritual efflorescence of the earth: in due time the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, it shall blossom abundantly; they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God. And may He grant it for His name's sake. Amen.

"The only perfect men in this world are the Doctors of Divinity who teach systematic theology. They know everything; all of it, and I envy them."

H. W. Beecher.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. II.—*Orphans and Foundlings.*

IF no more could be shown than that three hundred thousand persons are intelligently interested as workers, or subscribers, or thinkers in the efforts made to reclaim, regenerate, and gladden the swarthy children of the "gutters" of this vast metropolis, we should have fully justified the title of these papers, and conclusively proved that London has, notwithstanding its abounding wickedness, a very bright side. But this work amongst the denizens of the "gutters" is only one solitary patch of the "silver lining" in the dark clouds that hang over us,—merely one fragrant and beautiful flower growing in the midst of these sinful wastes. The "Street Arab," strange, savage, and wild, often hardy and full of venture, ignorant of comfort, and trained to endurance, does not call forth a tithe of the sympathy, generous effort, and Godlike pity that are evoked by the sad and mournful lot of the "orphan and the foundling."

An orphan *anywhere* is an object of compassion, a sight for sympathetic tears, and wise and loving toil; but an orphan in the dreary solitudes of this city, facing the swelling tides of metropolitan vice and temptation, without the breakwater of a good home, the shield of a father's strong arm, and the inspiration of a mother's love, is one of the painfulest pictures mortal eyes can rest on. It is said that the only time the late Duke of Wellington, the far-famed Iron Duke, was known to shed tears was on beholding the inmates of an orphan school. And it was when Benjamin Franklin, that paragon of prudence and caution, was listening to the eloquent appeals of George Whitfield on behalf of the orphan, that he, after having decided that he would give nothing, first thought he would part with his coppers, and then next, that he would give up his silver, and finally ended, under the double spell of the orator's genius and the natural urgency of the cause he pleaded, by emptying his pockets of all he possessed. Indeed there is no case so rich in mute eloquence, so armed with resistless logic, as that of the "fatherless." Hence, huge is the host of those who, having learnt that "pure and undefiled religion is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world," are eager to toil and pray and give to supply what they can of guidance and comfort and religious training to the myriad children whose first greeting is from the lips of a stranger; who have had to bear one of the heaviest sorrows of life, while as yet faith and hope and strength are hardly born.

We have been perfectly astonished at the number and vastness of the institutions that care for these classes located in and around London. Hidden away in quiet streets, within a short distance of where we have dwelt for years, are organizations of which we knew little or nothing, in two or three cases not even the name, until we set out to look for them. Ardently, without even a shadow of obtrusiveness, actually not letting the left hand know what the right hand is doing, here one Christian woman cares for, clothes, feeds, educates a hundred orphan girls; and there another, who never tells the world of her work, is "mother" to a family of over sixty. Yesterday we went down a street in another

direction, and, though we had often passed the door before, knew not till we *searched out* that it was the residence of an Institution for "Deserted Mothers and their Infants," showing an expenditure for last year only of about £1500. So that the work of this city for its orphan children is by no means to be gauged by those edifices which arrest the public attention, such as the "Foundling," in Russell Square, the "Orphan Working School," Haverstock Hill, the "Orphanage" at Stockwell, and other similar buildings. In a few days we have come upon more than fifty different Institutions, containing over eight thousand children; and we doubt not there are others of which we know little or nothing at present, and that the earnest and generous sympathy of Christian and believing hearts is intently engaged on the origination of more to overtake the large areas of need still unoccupied. May the glorious progeny of Christian love increase and abound yet more and more!

The history of Orphanages is not of very remote date. The oldest in London is the Clergy Orphan, which took its rise in the year 1749; and next to it comes the Orphan Working School, which goes back to the year 1758, and is the oldest of those which are not restricted to any class or creed, but opens its doors free to all. Not that efforts to meet the necessities of such children were not commenced earlier than that. In 1702 the Royal St. Ann's Asylum began as a school for clothing and educating twelve boys, the offspring of parents in reduced circumstances; but now it has some 388 recipients of its aid, many of whom are the orphan children of parents who have been unsuccessful in life. And now and again at longer intervals during the last century fresh organizations have been formed; but the most remarkable expansions have occurred within the last twenty years; for out of a list of fifty not fewer than twenty-nine have sprung into existence since the year 1853.

The manner in which they grow is seen by a glance at the history of the Orphan Working School. Founded over a hundred years ago, with forty boys, it branched off in the same year the "Female Orphan Home," now at Beddington. Then came the London Orphan Home, that now attracts the traveller's attention on the London and North Western Railway at Watford, and contains 476 boys and girls. Following this came the British Orphan Asylum, with its branch at Slough; and in 1867 the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants was commenced by Miss Soul, and her respected father is still acting as secretary to it and the parent Institution. Nor is their work completed. The little orphans are, for the most part, the delicate children of delicate parents; and with a view to increase their chances in the battle of life, a strenuous endeavour is now being made to erect a Convalescent Home for them at Margate, so that they may have the bracing and strengthening advantages of a temporary residence at the sea side.

Of necessity a strong family likeness obtains throughout all these Institutions. Their object is one and the same; and there is not a wide diversity in the methods adopted to secure their end. The younger societies, as we see in some signal instances, aim at conferring the largest and highest and most enduring benefit possible. For example, most of the older Institutions set themselves free from all responsibility with regard to their guests when they arrive at fifteen or sixteen: but Mrs.

Tait, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and founder of the St. Peter's Orphanage, has introduced the useful and novel scheme of "Children's Associates," by which ladies, married or single, undertake to give or collect £15 annually for the support of one child; such child to be her ward. An acquaintance, free, familiar, and tender, between the guardian and the ward is sedulously cultivated whilst the child is in the "Home;" and after the child leaves, the "Associate" undertakes to look after her welfare, and to be a true friend and ready adviser to the inexperienced and feeble stranger. This is an inestimable blessing to those, and there are many such, who have lost both parents, and have no relative able or willing to become guide, counsellor, and friend in their early conflict with the ways and woes of the world.

Another instance of departure from the methods of the older organizations is seen in the spirit of exclusive but prayerful trust in the living, orphan-loving God, and the ignoring of the ordinary modes of appeal and advertisement in which such Homes as the Mount Hermon of Miss Cole, and the Kindergarten of Miss Mittendorf, at Kilburn, and Dr. Laseron's Orphan Home at Tottenham are conducted; and conducted with a thoroughness and efficiency and a degree of success that may well astonish the doubting, and fill the believing with a fuller faith.

But of these we will speak anon: now let us visit one of the older Institutions, and inspect the machinery it adopts for the accomplishment of its beneficent purpose. Beautiful and salubrious for situation is the Orphan Working School on Haverstock Hill; and healthy and glad and progressive are its 375 inmates. The home department, under the management of an efficient house-keeper, meets every requirement for comfort and health; and the schools for the 248 boys and 127 girls are a model of scholastic discipline, skilful training, and mental and moral success. The girls department is managed by three mistresses and a pupil teacher, and is worked in three divisions—an upper, middle, and lower,—each in a commodious and, with the exception of that occupied by the junior division, excellently lighted room. These rooms are amply furnished with all necessary educational appliances, and the walls are covered with useful ornamental charts and drawings, illustrating the mechanical powers, animal and vegetable physiology, edible and poisonous fungi, physical geography, and scripture history. A portrait of the Princess of Wales, one of the patronesses of the Institution; a large drawing, "Spanish Peasants going to Market," presented by C. Tyler, Esq.; and a third, representing "The Girl of the Period," a neatly dressed girl mending stockings, adorn the walls. To make the rooms pleasant and cheerful, the windows are abundantly supplied with plants, especially in summer: and even in the depths of winter the rooms are much enlivened by the warbling of canaries and other songsters. The birds are attended to by the girls, and the mistress reports that she has never found them neglected or forgotten. The scholars have a large playground for recreation, and indoors they are liberally supplied with interesting magazines, as well as with all kinds of toys, chess, loto, etc.; whilst a huge Noah's ark gives constant delight to the little ones. In the playground are small garden plots, for which the committee provide seeds, plants, and garden tools.

The instruction comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, scripture

history, grammar, geography, and needlework; and the progress throughout is such as might be expected from the ability of the head mistress and the energy with which she and her subordinates execute their duties. The children are being carefully educated, as well as diligently instructed. The reading, both individual and simultaneous, is fluent and expressive, and in the first class the girls read effectively a newspaper article, or any piece that is quite new to them. The writing is regular and neat, and the arithmetic, though not of course advanced, is well understood and correctly done. In the other subjects the scholars make good progress, particularly when we consider that many of them enter the Institution at nine or ten years of age, with very little previous training. That the sewing of the elder girls is singularly beautiful observation shows, and independent evidence is furnished by the prizes that have been won by some of the girls on several occasions. Sewing machines are provided; but we are glad to say that no girl is taught to use them till she has shewn herself an efficient needlewoman. The work done last year was the making of nearly 3,000 garments, the repairing of more than 12,000, and the mending of about 16,000 pairs of stockings.

For training in household duties all the children over twelve are drafted in turn into the house for the practice of house and laundry work, under the superintendence of an excellent matron. And at the close of their school life, the pupils go out as teachers, nursery governesses, companions, house and parlour maids, but never as general servants.

In the boys' department there are five masters, and two pupil teachers. The curriculum of study embraces reading, writing, arithmetic, scripture, grammar, geography, and history. Last year there were special classes in inorganic chemistry, physical geography, elementary mathematics, and drawing, in connection with the Science and Art Department. The results of examination in these special subjects were highly creditable both to masters and pupils. In inorganic chemistry—a somewhat difficult subject for boys—sixty-five were presented for examination, of whom four passed in the first class, and twenty-four in the second. In physical geography sixty-nine were presented, of whom two passed in the first class, and fifty-five in the second. In elementary mathematics, stage one, forty-six were presented, of whom twenty-two passed in the first class, and nineteen in the second. In drawing one hundred and sixty-six were presented, of whom sixty-seven were marked excellent and obtained prizes, sixty-three were marked proficient and obtained certificates, and thirty-one were marked as satisfactorily taught. These facts speak for themselves.

Although these special branches were taken, the regular subjects received a full share of attention, and the results proved that the instruction had been thorough and efficient. The lads in the higher class read well separately and simultaneously, they write a good business hand, and are thoroughly expert in arithmetic, working all ordinary sums with great facility, and giving evidence of the excellency of the teaching by grappling boldly with arithmetical problems. They understand the ordinary principles of grammar and analysis, and can express their thoughts in simple and accurate English. They have studied carefully one of the periods of our national history, and are very well acquainted

with general geography. The course of instruction throughout the school is well graduated, and consequently the lower classes are relatively as proficient as the first. In fact, wherever a school of this, or indeed of any kind, possesses, during a series of years, a well taught and intelligent first class, it may be safely asserted that great pains are taken with the junior pupils.

The boys are not taught any handicraft, but they clean their own boots, make their own beds, clean the knives and forks, keep their school rooms and the play room in order, assist the gardener, engineer, and carpenter, and make themselves generally useful about the house.

It is a rule of the school that each boy, on leaving the Institution, be presented with a Bible by the house committee, and at the same time receive the sum of £2, and at the end of twelve months a further sum of £3 upon the production of a good conduct certificate from his employer.

The cost of each orphan is £22 9s. 0d. This is an economical figure. Five Orphanages, accommodating 1764 children, return an expenditure of £57,609, or an average of £32 13s. 0d. per head. These are the British, the Clergy Orphan, the Infant, the Orphan Working School, and the Royal St. Ann's. Mrs. Tait's orphans average £17; and the superioress of St. Vincent de Paul says she would be glad to obtain £10 for each orphan per annum.

In our next paper we purpose giving an account of our visit to Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage at Stockwell.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

THE LORD MY PORTION.

Translated from No. 152 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

THE Lord is my portion, He only, my all;
 In His love has my heart made her choice;
 And fed in His pasture I follow His call,
 For my Shepherd is good, and familiar His voice:
 Yon stream I shall reach by an easy descent;
 He will lead who has destiny made;
 While safe in His arms I go quiet, content
 Through the vale that has death for its shade.

My soul is she anxious, perturbed, or distressed?
 To my Saviour at once I've recourse;
 And under His staff well protected and blessed
 I have never lacked succour or force.
 My enemies come they with threats to my face?
 I repose on the arm of His power;
 Abundance of all I possess through His grace,
 I'm enriched with gifts new every hour.

O Lord let Thine infinite mercies descend,
 For I know their sweet value in part;
 And till the short course of life's journey shall end,
 Let them come in their wealth on my heart:
 Thy hand at the close of my lowly career
 Shall transport me to home in the sky,
 I quitting Thy service and altar down here
 To adore Thee in temples on high.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. III.—*Quiet Harbour.*

WHERE now, from Tweed to Humber mouth, the busy hives of industry lie under their canopy of smoke, then, there was solitude. Now, the glare of furnace, and ring of hammer, and roar of machinery, give employment to the swarming populations of the north. Then, the swineherd drove his bristly charge through the deep glades of the forest. The wolf prowled through the brake; the bear and the buffalo, the elk and the deer, roamed through wood and plain. Now, the rivers, churned by wheel and screw, are turbid with the refuse of manufacture, while their bosom heaves with the thronging activities of commerce. Then, their crystal tide rolled untainted to the sea. The salmon leaped in their shallows, and the seal sported in their estuaries. Now, secure in their freedom, the inhabitants of the land dwell in prosperity and comfort. Then, king and thane lived in drunken plenty, amidst discomfort from which the house of the labourer is now free. Then, the slave cowered before his master; and both alike, trembled at the rough war-song of the terrible Norseman, coming in his long snake-like ships, to plunder and destroy. There was war and unrest. Literature languished, and the arts were neglected. Amidst bloodshed and insecurity, men had much ado to hold their own. And so the studious and the timid sought refuge from the storm in the quiet harbour of the monasteries; founded to gratify the pride, or calm the conscience, of some ambitious king or powerful thane.

Occasionally, however, a real and fervent piety prompted the gifts to the religious houses. This, it should seem, was the case with the founders of the twin monasteries of Saint Peter and Paul at Wearmouth and Jarrow. A grant of the lands near the coast, between the Wear and the Tyne, was made by Egfrid, king of Northumbria, to Benedict Biscop. Benedict was once a wealthy noble, but had assumed the cowl, and devoted his wealth to the cause of God and humanity. He was a man of great taste and learning, an accomplished musician, and a liberal patron of the arts. Under his care the monastery at Wearmouth was built, and subsequently the smaller foundation at Jarrow. For the erection of these churches, with their conventual buildings, he brought from the continent skilful masons and workers in wood, while artizans were imported to fill the windows with the unspeakable luxury of glass. For the churches, costly relics and works of art were procured. For their libraries, books were eagerly purchased. From every journey to Rome the Abbot Benedict returned laden with treasures. And the collection thus laboriously gathered, long remained a monument to his zeal and munificence.

But the worthy abbot had long since passed away. He slept soundly in his coffin of stone in the quire of his favourite church, and others ruled the family in his stead.

In the cloisters of the monastery at Jarrow, Tatwin the prior took the air, leaning on the shoulder of Wulf the deacon. Without, there was war and rumours of war; but within, all was calm and unruffled as a lake at eventide. The sun shone in tranquil splendour upon the scene. The air was still, and the very leaves, always instinct with life, seemed as though sleeping in the heat of the day. The drone of the

chant fell soothingly on the ear, and, as though to mock the Gregorian music of the church, a blackbird, flitting through the quadrangle of the cloisters, perched on the sun dial in the centre, and poured out from his blithe heart a flood of nature's melody. The aged prior halted in his walk and listened to the bird, and then to the music that rose and fell in solemn waves of unison from the choir within. His cowl was thrown back on his shoulders, and a few snow white locks surrounded his shaven crown. He listened, and his eyes filled with tears. In a voice broken with emotion, the old man exclaimed, "Alas! Wulf, my son, how the years roll by. It seems but yesterday since I, strong as thou art, attended my master Beda, the venerable and sainted, as he walked in this very cloister. Then, as now, a song bird perched on the dial; then, as now, the chant rose on the air. And Beda spoke of the praise offered to our good Lord by the little songster. He compared it with the music resulting from art and man's device, which he had learned in his youth from John, the arch-chanter of St. Peter's, whom abbot Benedict of blessed memory, brought from Rome. And he spake of the music of the better world, the song of the redeemed, and the harpers harping with their harps. And as he spake his face glowed. He thought of the golden city, the house of many mansions, where all is rest and peace, and joy and song. Methinks I see him now!" And the old man hid his face in his robe, and wept aloud.

"My father," said the deacon, "thou hast often promised to recount the manner of his death; and since he is thus, by God's providence in this little bird, brought vividly to thy memory, grant me now the favour." And he led the aged prior to the seat that ran round the cloister wall.

"He who lies buried in yonder porch," began Tatwin, "was given as a child to the service of God. At seven years of age he was placed under the care of our good father and founder, Benedict, at Wearmouth. When this house was built, he came hither with the brethren, under the rule of the abbot Ceolfred. For nearly fifty years, in quietness and peace, he served God and man in this place. The manuscripts in the library witness to his learning and his industry. The veneration in which he is held, both at home and abroad, bears witness to his piety and self-denial. And his oratory is still fragrant with the memory of his abounding labours, and of his most happy and glorious death.

"Yet, my son, the duties falling to him were never sacrificed to the mere love of reading. None more regular in the services of the church. The poor knew him well, and none were more tender and kind in relieving their necessities. He delighted to exercise himself in the garden, or in the granary, thrashing and winnowing the corn. And beside myself, he taught many others to write and read, and instructed us in all things pertaining to our holy calling. Humble and patient, he was loved and honoured by all. Yet when they would fain have raised him to the abbacy, he refused, fearing lest the cares of such a station, should allow him less time for his favourite studies.

"Nevertheless, he grudged no time for good doing. Though he was not, like the brethren at Lindisfarne, privileged to carry the gospel to the heathen, yet he was careful in instructing all who came in his way. Sigtryg the monk, who lies at rest in our burial ground, was once Sigtryg the Norse Viking, dark and heathen. Often have I, meditating

among the graves of the brethren, thought of his story. How he set forth with his companions for the lands of the Roman magicians. How, as they rowed out of harbour, they sang of the untold treasures that awaited them. Jewels wrought by the cunning hands of the dwarfs; magic armour which no weapon could pierce, and swords whose keen edge no helmet could turn aside—forged by wondrous power of deep enchantment. And as they laboured at the oar-bench, they sang of the goodly south land, where the sun and the sea meet, where golden fruits hang from the trees, and where are rivers of delight and gardens of pleasure. How, nevertheless, all their voyage was unlucky. How they saw neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, by day or night. How sea and sky seemed mingled in one grey haze; and how in the gloom they were followed by a shoal of witch-whales rolling and spouting—until struck by a horrible tempest, their ship, with sail rent and timbers split, was driven ashore at Tyne mouth, and every soul save Sigtryg perished. He was saved from slaughter as he crawled to land, by one of our people, and brought hither. Beda took the desolate stranger, and soothed him and taught him, telling him of the armour and weapons of proof given to the soldiers of Christ, and the riches vouchsafed to God's men. And he told him of the glorious land glowing in the eternal sun, with the fruits or the tree of life, and the river of life, and the endless joys. And so Sigtryg the Berserker became Sigtryg the monk, and, converted by the zeal of Beda, now lies peacefully waiting the resurrection.

“So in like way was Beda patient with the unworthy brother Ingwald, whose grave lies apart by the north corner. Thou knowest, Wulf, my son, that the holy house of Peter and Paul has been kept from the defilements which have swept like a flood over the other monasteries of Northumbria. From the lusts of the flesh, and the temptations of the devil, good Lord, deliver us!” And the old man muttered a prayer. “Well, Ingwald, who was no mean worker in wood, was given to abiding by the ale pot. Holy scripture saith, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Nevertheless, Ingwald would neglect the services of the church, whether late or early, and would stay in his work-room, carving quaint devices, or labouring on furniture for the use of the monastery. Oftentimes he hath been found lying, drunken upon the chips and shavings by his bench, thereby causing scandal and grief to the brethren. They would fain have punished him, though he was so good a worker. But Beda interceded for him, warning and entreating him to forsake his evil ways. He, however, hastened his end by his excesses, and died without hope or comfort, wherefore is he buried alone, and his grave, overgrown with weeds, is to this day regarded as accursed.

“Thus, then, our father watched for souls as one that must give account. Working earnestly and well, he filled the measure of a useful life. Theology, history, grammar, arithmetic, music, and poetry, engaged his attention. He wrote in our English tongue much for the good of the people, and with great labour he translated the gospel of John, so that they might be instructed.

“Full of years and honour he came to his end. Cuthbert the reader, and others of the brethren were with him. I was writing the gospel as he dictated the translation. He had for some time suffered from shortness of breath, yet without pain. As to his soul, he was cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to God night and day with uplifted hands. He

admonished us to think on our last hour, and to shake off all sleep from our souls. 'For,' said he,

'For so necessary a journey
No man can be
Too careful and prudent;
None can reflect too much
On the goodly works
Or evil he has done;
None can be too thoughtful
About the judgment,
Which after his death
His spirit must receive.'

And as he warned, we wept, and then rejoiced with him as he repeated the comforting words, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chastens, and scourgeth the son whom He receiveth.' On the Tuesday before Ascension day he began to suffer much in his breath, and his feet began to swell; but all the day he wrought cheerfully, saying, 'Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall yet live, or whether my Maker will not speedily take me away.' And so he worked in his cell, exulting in God his Saviour.

"On the Wednesday, in the morning, I said to him, Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting, do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions? He answered, 'It is no trouble, take your pen, make ready, and write fast.'

"About the ninth hour, he said to Cuthbert the reader, 'Run quickly and bring the brethren to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed upon me.' When they came, he spoke to every one of them, earnestly admonishing and entreating them. They all mourned and wept when he said that they should see his face no more; but they rejoiced when he said, 'The time of my dissolution draweth nigh, for I desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

"Thus he passed the day joyfully until the evening, when, seeing him sink into a doze, I said, Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.

"He answered, 'Write quickly.'

"I wrote, and then said, It is finished; the sentence is written.

"He replied, 'You have said the truth, my son. It is ended. Let me lean my head on your arm, for it is a joy to me to sit facing the place where I am wont to pray. Let me, sitting, call upon my Father.'

"And so, singing, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' with the last words his spirit ascended to the realms of the blessed on the evening of Ascension day. Amidst the shadows we reverently praised God for his happy and joyful departure; and it seemed as though his spirit was joining in our song! Come, Wulf, my son, let us look upon his grave."

And as they walked slowly through the cloisters toward the south porch of the church, the blackbird again flitted by, and alighted on the sun dial. Once more, the warbling of the bird and the music of the church were mingled. And the cloisters slept in the calm steady glow of the sunlight.

The world outside swept on, in the storm of war and the tempest of political commotion. But Tatwin the prior, and Wulf the deacon, stood, calm and untroubled, by the peaceful resting place in Quiet Harbour.

W. H. ALLEN.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

FOR THE YOUNG.

IN reading the words of Jesus, you sometimes find very interesting parables. Some of these parables are peculiarly instructive, besides being pretty as narratives. You will remember doubtless how Jesus once illustrated the question, "*Who is my neighbour?*" The record is found in Luke x. 30. There you learn that a man, in going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, who treated him very cruelly, for they stripped him of his raiment, wounded him, and left him half dead on the roadway. Unmerciful creatures are thieves; we are reading about their cruel acts nearly every day. There are thieves well-nigh everywhere. I was once travelling in the train when a policeman, walking up and down the station where we had stopped, said, "Take care of your pockets, gentlemen." Some years ago, when in London, I was worshipping in the Tabernacle, and Mr. Spurgeon said, before dismissing the great congregation, "I am sorry to say there are some thieves present, for a lady has lost her purse since coming here: I would have you beware!" In fact there are thieves where we least expect them, so that it is necessary for us to beware. I knew a boy who robbed his employer of twenty minutes, but who thought nothing of his wicked act. I heard of a little girl who stole a penny from her mother, and then told a story about it afterward, which made her sin worse: in fact you generally find a thief to be a liar also. Some people rob God, but about such I will not now write. We are surrounded by thieves, the world is full of them, and we are fallen among them! There are thieves in our town, in our homes, in our schools, yea, and in our hearts. Let us, then, beware of them.

Of course, Satan and sin are the great master thieves, but they teach and encourage others. I have heard of a wicked man, living in London, who used to train little children for this sad work! He used to stand in the centre of a room with something in his pocket and make the little ones endeavour to pick it out without his feeling it or knowing anything about it: if he did feel their movements he would give them a sound thrashing, and then they would have to try again until they succeeded to his satisfaction; they were then sent forth to do their clever but wicked deeds. There are detectives always looking out to catch the thieves, and they often succeed. Let us try to detect some thieves who try to rob us.

Thoughtlessness is a thief. I hope you do not harbour such in your heart; and yet it is almost too much to expect, for he is such a persevering and impudent thief that if you put him out to-day he is almost sure to find his way in again to-morrow. Try and put Mr. Thoughtful to watch the door, and he will keep out the thief if anyone can.

Highmindedness, or pride, is another thief. Do you know anything about this one? I have seen him act very cruelly towards both young and old; I have seen him make them fall down when they have thought themselves very dignified, when they have been carrying a very high head instead of looking well to their footsteps. Put Mr. Humility to guard the door, and so keep out that blackleg Highmindedness.

Intoxication is another thief. He has many ways of effecting his purpose. First, he uses certain drinks to steal away the senses; but, as

most of you, I hope, belong to the "Band of Hope," I need not say more here than, "Stand fast to your principles." Besides drink, he uses the pleasures of this life to deprive us of true Christian joy. So, too, he employs the habit of novel reading to unfit us for the stern duties of life. We may get intoxicated by these things, and so be robbed of valued treasures. Put Mr. Total Abstinence to guard the door, and keep out this foe.

Envy is another thief. How much peace and pleasure this enemy robs us of. Some little girls are always envious of their school-fellows or their sisters when they have anything new. Some little boys are afflicted in the same way: they little think that it is brought about by the mischievous tricks of this great thief in the heart. Set Miss Charity to watch the heart, and give strict instruction to turn out and keep out this miserable sin.

Faithlessness, or unbelief, is another thief. Perhaps this is the worst of all. If we do not believe in and love Jesus we shall never overcome sin here, and never go to heaven! It is this thief that robs us of God's favour; for it shuts the door of the heart against the Lord Jesus! Set Faithful at the gate!

These are some of the thieves, there are others, but think of these—

*Thoughtlessness,
Highmindedness,
Intoxication,
Envy,
Faithlessness.*

Now consider for a moment what treasures these thieves select. They generally look out for the best things: they rob us of our most valuable treasures, our best blessings. We should, therefore, be on our guard; they try to rob us of our

Honour. Every child should endeavour to earn the rank of honesty, truthfulness, industry. I have met with some noble children who, though they did not wear golden medals on their breasts, had indications of nobility about them which were as visible as a golden medal would have been. I have known children say to this thief and that thief, "Get thee behind me:" and some I have known trample them down under their feet. Boys, girls, guard your honour against every foe.

Health. We are soon robbed of this precious jewel! The body, the mind, the soul soon become sickly and weak, and this is the object of the thief. All secretly the work is done; we must, therefore, watch very narrowly against the foe.

Happiness. How much of this we may enjoy, even in a world where so much sin abounds. From obedience to Christ, as well as to those who would train us aright; from affection manifested to us, if we are affectionately disposed; from forgiveness when we have done wrong. But if we allow the thief to come, he will soon rob us of our happiness.

Heaven. "There is a better world," where Jesus and the good dwell; "palms" are in their hands; they wear "white robes," and have "harps of gold" to accompany their songs of praise. Let no thief rob you of heaven: ask Jesus to help you to overcome all.

Search and examine: if you find any one thief in your heart, turn him out. Keep the heart barred against his incoming. Go to Jesus in prayer, and ask for deliverance.

JOSEPH WILSHIRE.

THE FUTURE NONCONFORMIST POLICY.

MR. DISRAELI is right. England is not "governed by logic;" or assuredly he would not now hold his present position. The nation, like an individual, has moods; joyous and sanguine; melancholy and bilious; and just now it is passing through a severe bilious attack, brought on by prolonged application to work, and is not a little ill-tempered, fretful, and prejudiced; fitted, indeed, for anything rather than a cool reasoning process. Conservatism, which is only possible in the nation's worst moods, is, therefore, in the ascendant, and Disraeli holds the reins of empire.

We are beaten, thoroughly beaten. But it is of no use to cry over spilt milk. A true man soon finds his feet again, examines his ground, discovers why and where he tripped, and prepares to walk with a surer and steadier foot than he ever did before. Moreover, a fall is not necessarily a loss. When William the First came over from Normandy, and fell at Pevensey Bay, he accepted the fall as a good omen that he was doing homage to the land he was about to rule. The fall of the great Liberal party is already a gain. In the broad deserts of rejection we shall find one another, and though it may be with less money in the purse, we shall acquire cohesion, solidity, concentration, and all the elements that constitute strength for future advance.

But even now the "profit" of our "chastisement" appears. The grounds of the Educational contest have assumed greater sharpness of definition. Disraeli boldly hoists aloft the twenty-fifth clause, and is prepared to nail the unjust class flag of denominational education to the mainmast of the Tory ship. W. H. Gladstone as distinctly declares that he will vote for its repeal. We have lost the promised relief of the Income Tax burden: but we have kept our principles. We have changed sides in the House: but some of us have been true to our convictions, and that is always real victory in the sum of things.

Nor is it altogether an evil thing to see that the natural allies of a State-supported Church are State-protected Beer-houses. The publican and the parson are by this election made "one flesh;" and as one of the former said at Burslem, so they will "stick to the taunt of Beer and the Bible, and stand by a national church and a national beverage." The party of progress, which is always the really powerful party, cannot have its strongholds in the beer barrel. It is worth something to have the temperance people throughout the country taught in such plain figures that their natural foes are the Tories; and we sincerely hope we shall profit by the lesson.

An old and true friend of Liberalism, dwelling in a radical town which has made its radical sympathies conspicuous by their absence from the House of Commons, points a moral we ought all to learn. He says, we must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE. This is our work. Muddle-headed people monopolize an enormous percentage of the British population. Ability to read and write, and even to make money, is not necessarily ability "to think and form opinions." Children often leave our schools, pleased with tales, but without any definite ideas and real information; and, therefore, says our Nestor, addressing ministers, "Be the head teacher in your Sunday school, and give great labour to be well qualified for this post. The coming battles will be fought in the school ground."

Certainly. Everyone who is wise and has understanding of the times will see that is one of the things we ought to do.

But, whilst doing this, another thing we must not leave undone. Spiritual powers, and spiritual ideas, and spiritual natures are not obviously but essentially supreme even in the state: and the questions that will require attention as soon as the Liberal party comes again to power (and that date is not very far distant, for biliousness is a temporary visitation in a healthy subject) will engross spiritual facts and ideas more than any this land of ours has ever had to settle. The separation of Church from State will take place in one of the most intensely spiritual moments of the British people's experience. Let us, therefore, devote ourselves with unremitting assiduity to secure spiritual conquests, so that when the King Himself shall bid us strike the blow that will set free His long-imprisoned bride, we may not be found wanting.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

A GATHERED ROSE AND A GARNERED SHOCK OF RIPENED CORN.*

SEVERAL circumstances have led to the plan here adopted of grouping together in one representation the moral outlines, spiritual experiences, and dying testimonies of two devoted Christian friends. The more weighty are these, their natural relationship, their union and interest in the same Christian church, and the proximity, as to time, of their departure from the earthly fellowship for the heavenly communion.

Mrs. Newman, formerly Sarah Kiddall, the daughter of the Rev. James Kiddall, was born at Louth, Feb. 15th, 1820. While she was yet a child both of her parents devoted themselves to the Lord, and became members of the Northgate Baptist church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. F. Cameron. Being of somewhat delicate constitution as a child, Sarah, their only daughter, was the object of much solicitude, tender watchfulness, and careful Christian nurture. No particular statement is available as to the early beginnings of her spiritual life, nor of the means of her full decision for Christ. But when about eighteen years of age she became a member of the Northgate church. She was baptized on the 28th of October, 1838, and was received into the church at the Lord's table on the Sunday following. In communion with the church she soon became diligent and useful in promoting the interests of the Christian cause, and by her cheerful and cordial activity won the esteem of many friends.

In 1844 she was married to Mr. William Newman, who was also a member of the church. From the first she and her beloved husband were fellow-helpers for both worlds. All who have known these friends cannot but have observed how eminently they were fitted for each other's companionship, and how their mutual devotedness to each other, and their cordial union in promoting the good of others also, shed a radiance upon the sphere in which they moved together down to the time of their painful separation.

Mrs. Newman remained a member of the Northgate church till the formation of the Baptist interest in Walkergate, under the ministry of her revered father. Feeling it to be their duty to give their support to the new interest, she and her husband applied for dismissal from Northgate, and their request was complied with. In this new field of labour, with the consciousness of increased responsibility, and with an earnest desire to do good, Mrs. Newman gave herself to Christian work. In tract distribution, in sick visiting, in acts of kindness to the infirm and poor, in endeavours to induce the negligent to attend God's house, as well as in Sabbath school teaching, she was earnest and very persevering. Her punctuality at the house of God, her regularity when not prevented by illness, her interest in her fellow-worshippers, her kindly recognition of strangers

* A memorial notice of the lamented Mrs. Newman, late of Legbourne, Louth, and of her venerated mother, the widow of the Rev. James Kiddall, of Louth.

in the congregation, and her heartiness in the worship itself, made her invaluable as a co-worker in the advancement of the Redeemer's cause. Not only was she a diligent labourer, worthy of imitation in *personal* devotedness, but also a *deviser of liberal things*, both for the church and congregation with which she was connected and the institutions of the General Baptist denomination at large.

She possessed a good measure of public spirit. On the failure of the gentleman who was expected to lay the corner-stone of the new chapel in Eastgate, she undertook the task, crowning her masonic duties with a liberal donation. At our Annual Associations she was for years a constant and an enthusiastic attendant. The cordiality of her friendship, and the warmth of her Christian greetings, led many friends to feel that when she was present there was social sunshine to cheer and brighten the meeting of friends.

In 1866, on account of the development of a bronchial affection and a constitutional tendency to asthma, it was deemed advisable for her to remove out of Louth into the country. A suitable residence was obtained at Legbourne. She was much pleased with her new home, and was benefited by the change. But most unexpectedly the house and grounds were required by the proprietor for his own family, and Mr. and Mrs. Newman had reluctantly to leave. During their short residence at Legbourne Mrs. Newman did not fail to find her way to the homes and hearts of the villagers there. Evidence is given in a letter from the Rev. J. H. Overton, vicar of Legbourne, to her sorrowing husband, on the occasion of her death. "Many," he says, "besides myself, will sympathize deeply with you at Legbourne. It was only the day before poor Mrs. Newman's death that her humble old friend, Mrs. Dalton, was talking to me about her, and anticipating the pleasure of seeing her at Legbourne this very week, but God ordered it otherwise."

On leaving Legbourne Mr. and Mrs. Newman decided for a time to break up their home. Having a desire to visit a number of their friends, and to see various places of interest in different parts of the country, both in the south and in the north, they entered upon a new mode of life, and for a time became *tourists*. In April, 1872, they left Louth for London to attend the annual meetings of the religious and benevolent institutions. After staying about a month they left for Dovercourt, where they remained till near the time of our Association, when they went to Nottingham.

Mrs. Newman having undertaken, in conjunction with other friends, to superintend the Lincolnshire stall at the centenary bazaar was early on the scene of operation ready for her work. On the Monday of the Association week she met her Louth friends at the railway station, giving them a cordial reception, and then began to look after the articles which they had brought for the bazaar. She took her post at the stall, and in her characteristic manner stuck well at her work till the close. Here many of her friends saw her for the last time. During the following week, in company with her husband, she left Nottingham for Scotland. Her letters to Louth, from various places visited, gave evidence that she greatly admired Scottish scenery, and was much gratified with her visit. Towards the close of the month she wrote to her mother saying she should have much to tell her and shew her on her return; the month was nearly spent; she hoped soon to be with her Louth friends again; they were not to expect any further letters from her, as she should be moving about. She meant to be at home for the communion service at Eastgate on the following Sunday fortnight. These were her cherished anticipations, but they were never fulfilled. On the 20th of July she reached Callander, and found good accommodation at M'Gregor's hotel. She had suffered some inconvenience in travelling during the latter part of her journey by which she had taken cold; this was somewhat increased during a walk she took on her first day at Callander. The next day, however, she was very cheerful, and went out twice to public worship. One feature in her character is worthy of special regard, viz., the deep interest she had in the spiritual welfare of her servants, whether attending upon her regularly or but occasionally. If any left who had been with her some time, it was her custom to write to some Christian friend soliciting a little kindly attention to her old servant. This feature was developed during that Sunday which she spent at Callander. This circumstance is referred to in a letter which was sent by one of the servants at the hotel to Mr. Newman after her death. The

writer observes, "I shall try and remember what dear Mrs. Newman said to me the first Sunday she came. I was in her bed room, and she came in with her Bible in her hand and spoke so kind to me. She asked me how often I got to church; and told me never to forget my Bible nor to pray, though our work was ever so hard. We should always find time for prayer, for the soul required food as well as the body. I cannot say it the same as she spoke to me, but her good kind advice I shall never forget, and with the help of God I will try and prepare for another world, for she has been the means of making me feel as I never felt before." During the night of this Sabbath at Callander Mrs. Newman became ill; but when the medical man called the next day he thought she would be better and able to resume her journey in a few days. On the Wednesday her bronchial affection became very threatening. Other symptoms were subdued, but no impression could be made upon this. On the gravity of her position becoming manifest, she said to her husband, "If it were the Lord's will I should like to return home and die amongst my own people, but I am safe in the Lord's hands, and I can rejoice in Him." At another time she observed, "I have been a great sinner; I have been very proud and self-willed, and liked to have my own way; but the Lord is my righteousness, and I can trust in Him. I am not afraid to die." There was no "self-will" now. She was able fully to submit herself to the will of her Lord. Through her affliction she was not only patient but *cheerful*. Her bright happy face scarcely changed at all till about two hours before her death. From that time the bloom gradually faded from her cheek. The blooming rose was being gathered by the Divine hand, to display its beauty and diffuse its fragrance in a higher sphere. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. Kiddall, who had been telegraphed for, arrived during the day on which she died. This she had anxiously desired, and it was a great comfort to her. But the great crisis was at hand. No kindly attentions could save her life. In the evening of Saturday, the 27th of July, without a struggle or a gasp, her spirit peacefully passed away.

Her remains were conveyed to Louth, where much sympathy was felt with her bereaved and lonely husband, and on the Thursday following were laid in the quiet churchyard at Willoughby—the burial place of the Newman family—where she had desired to be buried.

A neat marble slab covers her grave, on which the following words are inscribed,—“Sacred to the beloved and cherished memory of Sarah, the wife of William Newman, who died at Callander, N.B., the 27th of July, 1872, aged fifty-two years. ‘So He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

The rose had been gathered, and the shock of corn was ripe. The tidings of Mrs. Newman's death made a deep impression upon the minds of her friends at Louth, and, as she herself anticipated, upon the mind of *her aged mother*. After the first shock caused by the painful intelligence was over, Mrs. Kiddall appeared to bear up under the event with considerable magnanimity; but it was not for long. Her strength soon gave way, and in a few weeks the reaper had laid her low.

NANCY GRAVES afterwards KIDDALL, was the daughter of Captain Graves, master of the ship *Fly*, of Boston. She was born in the year 1793. Of her early life little is known, except that when approaching womanhood she was a person of good moral character, self-reliant, and industrious. She was married to Mr. Kiddall in 1819. In company with her husband she attended the faithful ministry of the Rev. F. Cameron, and was soon led to give herself fully to the Lord, and to seek fellowship with His people. She and her husband were baptized together, and they united with the Northgate church. Mrs. Kiddall, from the commencement of her Christian profession, manifested marked decision of character. Her resolve was, first, not to allow trivial matters, such as the visits of friends, unfavourable weather, etc., to keep her from the house of God; and second, not to go to other places of worship when there was service at her own place. These rules she kept in a most exemplary manner. She was a person of vigorous mind, active and energetic. Her influence was felt not only in her own family but by a large circle of friends. When her husband became a minister of the gospel, in addition to the pursuit of his secular calling, she sustained him in his work, both when he was pastor at Maltby and Alford, and afterwards at Walkergate, Louth. On his taking the latter charge she was dismissed from

Northgate that she might give him more effective help; and she frequently aided him in his pastoral work. While kind and sympathetic she was very pointed and faithful in reminding the people what was their duty. In the latter part of her life this was specially seen and felt. The church lay very near her heart. Any hindrance to its prosperity, which came under her notice, filled her with deep sorrow, and prompted her to an increase, if possible, of self-denying effort for the welfare of the cause which she so much loved. In her the aged and the poor had a true friend and helper, and she was long spared to do them good, and even left them a small token of her kindly remembrance at the time of her death.

In the frugal management of the affairs of her household she was a virtuous pattern, reminding one of the picture drawn by the mother of Lemuel,—“Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.”—Prov. xxxi.

In the midst of her relationships, cares, and responsibilities her spirit was chastened and cultured for a purer realm. The loss of a boy of unusual promise, and subsequently the death of her beloved husband, raised her thoughts and affections towards a better world. She was left a widow in 1862, and was now becoming advanced in years. Her surviving children took a special interest in promoting her comfort. Fond of reading and meditation, she loved a measure of solitude and quiet. In this respect she was favoured in the latter part of her life; and under those circumstances her spirit seemed to become morally and spiritually richer than before. The corn which had long been growing now took on its harvest tinge. It “shook like Lebanon,” and was fast maturing for the garner above. During the last year of her life, being not much short of eighty, she felt it her duty to watch and wait, expecting *soon* to be called to her rest. The week before the death of Mrs. Newman she had an attack of illness, but appeared to be rallying again when the mournful tidings came that her much-loved daughter was no more. At first she bore up remarkably well, and employed part of the day in reading; but the next day she was worse, and her strength began gradually to fail. She survived for nearly a month. During that time she remained calm in spirit, sustained by a sweet consciousness of her interest in Christ. In the course of conversation with her minister, during one of his visits, she said, “The Lord has been better to me than all my fears. *I have not a doubt—not a fear.*” To another friend, on another occasion, she remarked, “Perhaps some morning they will come and tell you Mrs. Kiddall’s gone; don’t be alarmed, all will be right.” Thus was she “coming to her grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.” On the 23rd of August, 1872, the invisible reaper put forth his hand, and she was removed in her ripeness to the garner above.

On the following Monday a short funeral service was held in the Eastgate chapel, when many friends were present. She was buried in the Louth cemetery, near to her revered husband. “The memory of the just is blessed.”

May the surviving friends of the departed imbibe their spirit, and emulate their worth.

JOHN LAWTON.

My acquaintance with the two most excellent persons here described began on the same day, now very long ago: and my intercourse with them, notwithstanding our remote residence, was frequently renewed until near the end of their useful lives. Impressed as I was with their superior worth, and quickened as I have often been in my own religious life by their “holy conversation and godliness,” I have desired to see a fuller record of them than could be given in the obituaries which the Magazine usually furnishes. My esteemed brother, who became their pastor only just in time to be made sensible of his great loss by their translation to heaven, kindly consented to compose these memoirs, and has forwarded them to me. I have read his manuscript with a pensive satisfaction. Happy is the mother who possesses so amiable a daughter as the roseate-hued Mrs. Newman. Happy is the daughter who possesses so wise a mother as the well-ripened Mrs. Kiddall. And happy were the estimable men who sustained the tenderest relations to both which human society permits, and which divine influences hallow and perfect!

W. UNDERWOOD.

Castle Donington.

J. S. MILL AS A WITNESS AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

No. III.—*Mill Out of Court.*

THE first and most obvious disqualification of Mill as a witness against Christianity is in the unique circumstance that he seems never to have given the facts and documents of the Christian religion any serious and grave study. From childhood to manhood, and into old age, he regarded the contents of the Scriptures as "something which in no way concerned him;"* and, therefore, persistently abstained from that keen, independent, and thoroughgoing analysis of Christianity for which most men judged him so eminently fitted. His attitude, from the moment he loyally submitted to his father's tyrannical drill to the close of his life, unless his posthumous works, not yet published, show the contrary, presented a mixture of deep-seated indifference and well-disguised but supercilious contempt. James Mill said Christianity was false and wicked, "an enemy to morality."† The son accepted the statement with unquestioning faith; and forthwith took and kept his place amongst the disbelievers. The palace of Christian truth was near to hand for half a century; thousands entered and were made free and glad: John Stuart Mill did not so much as condescend to knock at the door, but turned his heel upon it with a haughty sneer.

Judging Mill's position, with regard to religion, by the second chapter of his masterly and beautiful treatise on "Liberty," and one or two allusions in his "Representative Government,"‡ we had (notwithstanding his equivocal silence where he might have spoken out on religious questions, and his still more equivocal criticisms, where he did speak of New Testament morality) always fondly cherished the hope that this man, whom we were willing to believe the greatest thinker of the age, had some real sympathy with the New Testament, some appreciation of Hebrew literature, and some reverence for the Founder of the Christian religion: but reading these passages again by the light of his autobiography we are compelled to substitute for the long prized wish, the painful and sad conviction that Mill never once set himself in downright earnest to the task of forming a manly judgment of Christianity, and positively knew nothing whatever about it at first hand. The falsehood of all existing religions was to him a foregone conclusion.§ Christianity was as obsolete as witchcraft, as purely a matter of unconcern as the star-gazing of the Chaldean astrologers.

Now let us look this fact fairly in the face. What is it this able philosopher treats with such absolute and unhesitating disregard? What is this "*something which in no way concerns him*?" Is it a defunct superstition, scarcely able to keep itself above ground, entirely out of joint with the movement of the age, wholly unrelated to present and urgent thought and feeling, and devoid of any influence on the actual and secular welfare of mankind? By no means. Thousands still take living interest in it, think the thought it gives them, cherish the feeling it inspires, and regulate their conduct by what they judge it teaches. To many it is "great gain," visible, increasing, and secular: to others it is great contentment and joy. But, perhaps, it is narrow and bigoted, touching man only at few points of his nature, and, though a solace and a hope to the ignorant masses, has nothing to say on "the great subjects of thought;" and, therefore, can hardly claim the regard of a large-brained thinker, eager to do his fellows abiding good? Nor is that the case either; for Christianity is still operative over vast breadths of human activity, penetrates the home and the senate, the market and the street, and proclaims a message on the "great subjects of thought" that has gladdened some of the noblest minds that ever reasoned about God, the soul, and the future. What, then, is it in Christianity that it should be ignored? Does it inculcate falsehood? Does it engender immorality? Is it mystical and unreal? If history says anything distinctly, it is that Christianity has been the full and ever-flowing fount of purity and truth, the stern foe of hypocrisy and deceit, the best defence and help in the wear and tear of life, and has effected a "renovation in the basis of human belief,"|| the equal of which was not seen before and has not been seen since. If there is one fact on this earth now, and in the history of the modern world, that claims every thinker's gravest thought with more resistless authority than another, without doubt that fact is the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

That *any* man should meet with cold indifference such considerations as those that centre in and spring from Christianity is a marvel of no ordinary degree;

* Autobiography, p. 43.

† pp. 40, 41.

‡ Representative Government, pp. 6, 18.

§ Autobiography, p. 166.

|| p. 239.

that one who proffers the most fragile pretensions to scientific methods of thought and philosophic breadth of judgment should so stultify himself is an impenetrable mystery; but that Mill, the prince of logicians, the expositor of the laws of reasoning,—Mill, bold as a lion, swooping on a fallacy like an eagle on his prey,—Mill, the apostle of utilitarianism,—that he should never give it an unprejudiced examination could only be believed upon his own ungarbled testimony. He was anxious to get at “reasoned truth.” Why did he not try his strength here? His plan was to sift all things to their foundation. Why make an exception of the Christian religion? “The greatest orator, save one,” he himself says, “of antiquity has left it on record that he always studied his adversary’s case with as great if not still greater intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic success requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at truth.”* The greatest thinker, save one, of modern times has left it on record, that he regarded Christianity—the Christianity he criticised and opposed—as something which in no way concerned him. Again, says Mill, “He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that. . . . The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that he is either led by authority or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. *Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied with what they offer as refutations.* That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind.”† Yet this same man took his ideas of religion and of Christianity from the misrepresentations of his father: and whilst holding that analysis is the test of truth, and ratiocination the guide of life, steadily forbore to submit to this test the most urgently important facts life presents.

Strauss did not adopt that course. He set himself to criticise Christ, to account for the wondrous influence He exerted, and to explain the construction of the story of His life. Rénan takes up the work of Strauss, and holds aloft his conception of the man “in his habit as he lived,” even whilst he labours to invalidate the very sources from whence he derives his ideal. Colenso finds some solid rock amid what is to him the shifting sand of revelation. Matthew Arnold strikes with the fierce, Philistine energy of a destroyer, but is obliged to bring us back to the “sweet reasonableness” of Christ. W. E. Greg finds help, sympathy, and comfort in a personal God, and honestly seeks to lead us nearer to the heart and core of the teaching of Christ. Even the flippant Duke of Somerset takes the trouble to unsheath his sword and show fight: but this most distinguished “ornament amongst those who are complete sceptics in religion” adopts the easy method of indifference, and abets the cowardly policy of mental abstention. Mill’s scepticism is indeed the result of early and prolonged prejudice, and not of patient enquiry; the consequence of the *antipathy* infused by his father (that antipathy which Bentham had warned him was one of the most serious obstacles to truth‡), and not of candid, sober, and manly investigation.

A distinguished student of the animal kingdom, who has devoted years to the examination of oysters, is familiar with all their habits and uses, understands their anatomy and physiology, propounds an exhaustive theory of animal life, based exclusively on observation of the oyster. That is the type which in his judgment includes all. All life, he says, is molluscous, shelled; divisible into two periods, one of freedom and one of attachment. Every existing theory based on the facts of vertebrate existence he ignores; and boasts that he is not one of those who have cast off backbone theories of life, for he never had any: and this he declares in spite of the fact that he himself has a backbone, and that his wife has one. His father told him in his youth the backbone theory was false, and ever since vertebrate life is something which in no way concerns him.

Is this the method of science? Does real philosophy ignore facts? Is this the way Huxley and Tyndall work? Would their witness be accepted for a moment if they did act after this fashion? Could any man’s testimony on anything in which men are interested be credited who persistently ignored the very thing on which he was cited to give evidence?

If there were nothing more than this against Mill, he would be fatally disqualified as a witness against Christianity. But this is not all, as we purpose showing next month.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Liberty, People’s edition, p. 21.

† Ibid.

‡ *Traite de Legislation*, c. lii.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE MISSION WEEK IN LONDON.—One lesson, amongst many others, is urged home upon us by the efforts of the Ritualists during this mission week, viz., that of obtaining pastors and evangelists from other churches to devote a whole week to preaching the gospel in other chapels, and to holding of services for enquirers. This is the most commendable feature of this week's gospel preaching, and one we ought not to be slow to adopt. It has been urged before in this Magazine, and we are more than ever convinced of the manifold advantages that would result from this plan. Let us adopt it forthwith.

II. THE CHANGE OF PASTORATES AMONGST BAPTISTS.—One of our lady correspondents wishes to know whether it is not possible for Baptists to effect a more equal distribution of preaching talent amongst our churches than we are now doing. The wealthier churches monopolize the gifted men. Ought they to do it? Is that the best way of showing how the "strong may bear the infirmities of the weak." Some men run "dry" in three years' time; why should they remain in the pulpit where they neither give "milk" nor "meat?" "Is it not possible," she asks, "for the churches to be independent and self-supporting, and at the same time the minister's stipend be derived from a trustee fund." Perhaps this would lessen the evil; but it seems that it is not practicable. One thing we have done; we have instituted a confidential BOARD OF ADVICE* for the easy and safe transit of pastors, and it has done good service, and might do more. As mitigating the calamity of being compelled to listen to a man who has ceased to have anything to say, it is suggested that more reading of the Scriptures should be introduced, and the sermon shortened.

III. ECHO IN CHAPELS.—We are asked to prescribe a cure for chapel echo. One of the best is a gallery at the end full of people; and an echo should be regarded as a summons to fill the vacant space as speedily as possible. For cases where that is not practicable I append the opinion of an experienced architect, Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, kindly forwarded to me. "Echoes may be partial (or local) or general: they may result from ill-judged proportions in length, breadth, and height; from square return angles of flat walls; from large flat walls themselves, or from an injudicious ceiling. In a new building they may be very much—if not

entirely—avoided by consideration of these points, and by the judicious use of materials. There can be no doubt that galleries are a great acoustical advantage, because they *decidedly* break up the wall surfaces, thus interfering with (when they, the galleries, are of the usual height) the creeping of the sound along the side walls, and, by their projection, breaking the force of the sound wave against the end wall. When thick curtains are used (felt is an ornamental and very suitable material) it should cover a considerable portion of the wall; in fact, so large a portion that I am doubtful altogether about their use in chapels and large rooms. If I did anything of this sort, I should feel inclined to try a light wooden frame, covered with canvass and flock paper, which may be obtained in self-colours of suitable geometrical designs. Some experiments are recorded in the *Builder* where wires were used. The position of the wires would depend upon the position of the surface giving the echo; but they would form a kind of screen, horizontal for a ceiling echo, and vertical for one from the wall. A slight alteration of the position of the speaker, relatively to the walls, is often effectual. Or the formation of an end porch of wood, so long as it is not flat, may frequently be of use. But I do not think that any fixed rules can be given. It is necessary to consider the *causes* of the echo in each case."

IV. CONCERNING OBITUARIES.—The winter months yield a large quantity of memorial notices of departed friends and fellow-workers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. We have more now than would fill half our forty pages. Delay is, therefore, inevitable. Friends will be patient with us; and will generously think that the Editor is really doing his best for *all* the readers of the Magazine.

V. HOME MISSION WORK ONCE MORE.—We have had no responses to the gallant challenge for Longton, mentioned in our last number. Will not our readers come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Let the following communication, setting forth some results of our labours, stimulate the generosity of our friends. Mr. W. Bailey says, "As a missionary deputation I can speak good of Home Mission work. Sheffield has this year raised £70, and Swadlincote £25, for our Foreign Mission. I have just returned from Swadlincote. The labours of the pastor are appreciated. Several have been baptized. The school is under effi-

cient management, is increasing, and contains a large proportion of young men. Prayer meetings, Bible and other classes are vigorously kept up; and the chapel is full at every service. There must be expansion somewhere, either by enlargement or erection. Within a radius of two miles there is a population of more than twelve thousand. A more hopeful field it would be difficult to find. At present the church receives £40 annually from the Home Mission; but their contributions this year to our institutions amount to more than three-fourths of this sum. Should this paragraph meet the eye of anyone with surplus wealth for Christian work, they will know where to find 'safe investment' and 'quick

returns.' Swadlincote must have a chapel that will seat *five hundred.*"

VI. THE GRASSI PORTRAIT.—Copies of the February magazine, containing the admirable and universally admired portrait of Paul Grassi, may still be had of any bookseller. This number is also enriched with a portrait of Mrs. Lacey, one of the oldest workers in our Mission field. With these two engravings—one carrying us back to the days of early toil in Orissa, and the other placing us in the midst of the present struggle in Rome—our friends throughout the denomination will surely make another push to secure additional subscribers to Our Magazine.

Reviews.

THE DIVINE GLORY OF CHRIST. By C. J. Brown, D.D. *Religious Tract Society.*

DOCTRINAL exposition and practical appeal are combined in this volume with the skill that must ensure success. Lines of argument for the divinity of Christ, not often pursued because not on the surface of Revelation, but contained in incidental references, or in what may be called the structure of Scripture expression, are traced in the Saviour's utterances concerning His authority, the gracious invitations to rest and joy in Him, the words of self-eulogy He so often repeated. These are certainly forcible witnesses to the exalted rank and nature of the person of our Lord that seem to us not only beyond all impeachment, but also calculated to inspire all believers with a more unwavering confidence in His love, and to constrain us to heartier service in His kingdom.

THE INTRODUCTORY CLASS BOOK; a Course of Study for intending Sunday School Teachers. By P. B. Pask. *Sunday School Union.*

THIS book meets a real want in our Sunday school arrangements. The drill of the teacher is an indispensable, and is rapidly becoming a recognized qualification for the training of the young. Goodness of heart and earnestness of purpose, though necessary in the highest degree, do not form the only panoply of the effective worker amongst the young. We need trained power. The gymnastic teacher must himself be a practised gymnast.

The teacher must be taught. He has many mistakes to correct, faults to avoid, and much drill to go through before he is thoroughly furnished for his good work. A book more adapted to aid young and earnest Sunday school teachers in obtaining this drill we have not seen. It discusses the aims of the teacher, and carefully separates the false from the true. It expounds and illustrates the nature of the powers the teacher employs, and gives a series of admirable rules and directions for their culture and development. Methods of teaching are amply and variously treated; and the whole forms an introductory class book of great disciplinary value. We warmly commend it to teachers of the young, and to any who are engaged in the higher work of training the teachers.

BOWING TO UNIFORM, AND ITS RESULTS, By Thomas Cheshire, *Stock,*

Is a strong and caustic appeal for reality in all departments of life, rich in illustrative anecdote, bold and fearless in criticism, full of strong and suggestive thinking, expressed in a vivacious style. It forms a protest against "glorying in appearances," worshipping clothes; and follows in its teaching and tone the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle. The book is a real vindication of reality in all things, and rebukes with scathing energy evils in churches and amusements, in business and pleasure, which result from that glaring vice of our age, the worship of appearances.

LET US RISE UP AND BUILD. A Sermon, by Dr. Burns. *Curtice & Co.*

DR. BURNS' thirty-fourth annual temperance sermon sets out the good old temperance truths with all the fluency, earnestness, and decisiveness of this well-known advocate of temperance principles and practice. It is a capital pennyworth.

STEPS TO THE THRONE OF GRACE, for little Children: STEPS TO THE THRONE

OF GRACE, for the Young, by Mrs. B. Cooke; *Religious Tract Society*: are two books containing prayers and hymns, and most appropriate addresses for children and young persons. The addresses are on prayer, the Bible, etc.; and the prayers will help children in expressing the thoughts and desires of their hearts, and in cultivating a devout spirit. Mothers will find these books valuable aids in the work of training the young.

Church Register.

The next WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held in Lombard Street Chapel, Birmingham, on Tuesday, March 24th. In the morning a paper will be read by the Rev. J. P. Barnett. To commence at halfpast ten. H. CROSS, Sec.

CHURCHES.

BIRCHCLIFFE—*Presentation*.—On Jan. 29, 1874, a few of the leading friends waited on Mrs. Gray at her own residence, and made her a present of a very handsome gold watch and chain, with locket attached, bearing the following inscription, "Presented to Mrs. Gray, as a token of esteem, by the friends worshipping at Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge, January 29th, 1874."

BOSTON.—*Erratum*.—Feb. Mag., p. 74, alter 1,500 to 15,000.

CASTLE DONINGTON—*Renovation of the Chapel*.—The church in this place having resolved to make extensive alterations in its sanctuary, now a hundred years old, a Service of Song to inaugurate the efforts was conducted on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Tea was provided at halfpast four o'clock, and at halfpast six the chapel was completely filled. Mr. L. Stevenson presided at the harmonium, and the choir, composed chiefly of Sunday scholars, sang the service called "The Prodigal Son." Dr. Underwood read the intervening portions of Scripture, and near the close of the service described the nature of the changes which it is proposed to make, and showed the need of them. The chapel was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mr. Thomas Tomkinson, whose skill was much applauded; and the whole proceedings afforded the highest gratification to the crowded assembly. The meeting was so successful, and was so thoroughly enjoyed, that it has been resolved to hold a similar service, for the same object, on Good Friday.

COALVILLE.—On Jan. 5, about one hundred and forty sat down to tea at the annual meeting. The financial accounts showed an income for the past year of £340, leaving a balance with the treasurer of £10, which was unanimously voted to the pastor as a new year's gift, with an addition of £20 per annum to his salary. The pastor's report showed fifty-one baptized, and a total of sixty received into church fellowship. One hundred and ten have joined the church during the present pastor's ministry of a year and seven months. A handsome Bible was presented to the senior deacon, C. Starkey, and a teapot to his wife.

LEICESTER, *Friar Lane*.—A week of special services has been held, commencing Jan. 25, and concluding Feb. 1. Rev. J. C. Pike presided, and delivered an address on the 26th on the revivals now taking place in Scotland and elsewhere. The other meetings were addressed by various ministers of the town, one kindly attending each week-night. The attendance was good, and sometimes large. A spirit of prayer prevailed, and it was felt that good must result from them.

LEICESTER, *Friar Lane Chapel and School Rooms*.—At the annual Members Tea Meeting held on Shrove Tuesday, the following interesting report of the work of the past year was presented. First, the chapel had been completely renovated at a cost of £160, for the whole of which sum they were indebted to the liberality of one of their worthy deacons, Mr. George Stafford. The beauty and elegance of the chapel had afforded a theme for all the speakers at the opening services. Universal admiration was expressed, and gratifying testimony was borne to the decorative skill and taste of Mr. E. Masters, a son-in-law of Mr. Stafford, by whom the whole work had been designed and carried out. Next, their new and commodious School-rooms had been built fronting

Friar Lane, and giving quite an imposing appearance to the chapel property. The street also has been widened along the whole range of their buildings, affording great convenience both to the town and to their own friends. The blessing of God had richly rested on all their efforts in connection with the new school-rooms. After long faith and patience, most unexpectedly and providentially, the property on the west side of the chapel was offered for sale during the summer of 1872. Arrangements were made for the purchase, and, to the joy of all the friends, the property was secured for the Friar Lane church and school. Hesitation was felt by many friends what to do with it when obtained. All agreed that to pull down the old house, or mansion as it would have been considered at one time, and to build substantial and spacious rooms toward the street would be the best course, but were they able to accomplish it? The voices of those who said, "We are able," had prevailed, and it was resolved to undertake the work in that form. The contract had been given to their friend, Mr. J. R. Ratcliffe, who had been both architect and builder. In both capacities he had acted *con amore* rather than for profit, and had given the greatest satisfaction. Their aim had been to pay for the building last year. They had done that and more. The site had cost £821 4s. 11d. The contract for the building was £855. Other expenses for furnishing heating apparatus, and alterations in the chapel, had raised the total outlay to £1990. Toward this, including £200 from the Bazaar, and £132 for sale of land to the corporation, they had raised the noble sum of £1150. They had borrowed £600 on mortgage, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and the balance was left as a sort of floating debt, met temporarily by advances on notes of hand, and which it was hoped would soon be floated away altogether. Although their minds had been somewhat distracted by anxieties about bricks and mortar and the raising of money to pay for them, it was a matter for devout thankfulness to God that the spiritual work of the church had not been altogether neglected. Thirty friends had been added by baptism during the year, several of whom were young people who had been trained in the Sunday school. An organ chamber having been provided, it was felt that to complete their work, an organ was desirable. This also would be forthcoming as soon as the builder could accomplish his task. The cost would be £300, toward which another of their deacons, Mr. Jarrom, had generously contributed £100, and although he had not

actually promised quite so much, it was believed that another friend, Mr. J. Stirk, would also contribute £100, leaving only £100 to be met by other donations. The reports from the Sunday School, the Benevolent and Tract Societies, were received with much interest, telling, as they did, of much earnest work for the Master, and a spirit of hearty co-operation in the workers. The Friar Lane Church have also a band of eight devoted and acceptable local preachers, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed for their self-denying labours in the villages around Leicester during the past year. The meeting was, altogether a most harmonious and profitable one.

NETHERTON.—The ninth anniversary of the opening of the chapel was held, Feb. 15, 1874, and two sermons were preached by R. B. Clare. Collections, £6 4s.

OLD BASFORD.—Our annual meeting was held, Jan. 12. The reports of the various agencies of the church were of a pleasing character. Fourteen had been baptized. The attachment between pastor and people had evidently increased. The finances of the church had increased. Fifty pounds had been realized for Foreign Mission purposes; the Home Mission and College had not been forgotten. The Benevolent Society had been doing a good work, and the debt on the chapel had been reduced. Resolutions of gratitude to God for His continued mercies were adopted, to our beloved pastor and his wife for the manner in which they had laboured in conjunction with the officers, the agencies, and the friends of the church generally, supplemented by an addition of twenty pounds per annum to his salary, making an addition of forty pounds per annum during the last two years.

QUEENSBURY — *Chapel Reopening.*—This chapel was closed in the early part of Sept., and was re-opened Jan. 25. In the morning, after a prayer meeting, the Rev. I. Preston, of Halifax, administered the Lord's supper, and in the afternoon and evening he preached to large and attentive congregations. Collections, £84. We have taken down the chapel ceiling and put up a new one, and braced and strengthened the roof, repewed the bottom of the chapel, turned the singing pew into a communion pew, and put down a new baptistery in it. Taken down the back of the chapel between the galleries, and built a gallery for the singers and an organ, with a vestry underneath, and we have repainted the whole of the chapel. The cost, including the organ, is expected to be £800, and we

have paid, or promised, nearly £500. It is expected that the organ, which is being built, will be opened in May. We have not appealed to any of our sister churches, but we beg to say that the subscriptions will be kept open till May, and should anyone reading this notice be disposed to give us a donation, it may be sent, by post office order or otherwise, to our pastor, the Rev. R. Hardy, Queensbury, by whom it will be gratefully acknowledged.

SAWLEY.—On Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 17, the annual tea meeting was held, and after tea our minister, the Rev. Dr. Underwood, delivered an excellent and timely address on "The importance of Character," adapted principally to the young. Sound and guiding principles in the formation of true character were clearly and well defined, and the fact was made patent that help must be derived from God if we would conquer every evil way. The neighbouring churches would do well to avail themselves of the lecture.

VALE, near Todmorden.—A tea and public meeting was held at Vale on Shrove Tuesday. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Uttley, S. Sutcliffe, and Rev. W. Sharman. A financial report was read by W. Chapman, from which it appeared that the entire alterations would cost £1,643; and that toward this was raised, during the year, £664. The outlay is large, but, *mirabile dictu*, everybody approves of it. Since the opening services we have had more than fifty additions to the school, and twenty-five to the church. We are hopeful that it is still "better on before."

SCHOOLS.

NEW LENTON.—A double presentation was made, Jan. 25, in the Baptist chapel, to Mrs. J. Fletcher, our late pastor's wife. The first was by Mrs. F.'s class, and consisted of a beautifully mounted coloured photograph of herself and scholars, numbering upwards of thirty, and many of whom had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth by her instrumentality. The second, an admirable ladies companion, or magic work-box, was from the teachers. Mr. J. Saxby, superintendent, made the presentations, and the proceedings were of the most impressive and interesting character, and showed the very high esteem in which Mrs. Fletcher is held.

LONDON, Praed Street.—Feb. 2, a silver-plated tea and coffee service, china and ormolu card tray, and photographic album, with portraits of the teachers, were presented to Mr. W. H. Clarke upon

his retirement, after fifteen years of service as teacher, secretary, and superintendent. The Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., presided, and in making the presentation referred to the intimate friendship existing between Mr. Clarke and himself during the fifteen years of his pastorate, and also to the earnest and thoroughly efficient performance of his duties in the school. Mr. Clarke having replied to the address of the chairman, other addresses from the officers of the church and teachers of the school were given.

NETHERTON.—Rev. R. B. Clare preached a special sermon to children, Jan. 18, and the children sung a series of hymns and delivered a number of recitations. £8 were collected on behalf of the proposed New Schools. A bazaar is to be held in Easter week for the same object, and donations of any kind for this most necessary purpose will be gratefully received by the pastor.

MINISTERIAL.

REV. J. BATEY has resigned the pastorate of the church at Upper Norwood. His address is, 3, Essex Terrace, Upper Norwood, S.E. Mr. B. is open to supply any of our vacant churches.

CROSS, REV. H.—We greatly regret to learn that our brother, after eleven years of successful service at Coventry in the ministry of Jesus Christ, is about to leave for the United States. Our heartiest sympathies are with him, and with the church he leaves; and our prayers for his prosperity and increasing usefulness will follow him to his new home and new work.

FLETCHER, REV. J.—On Sunday evening, Jan. 25, the Rev. J. Fletcher preached his farewell sermon to a crowded congregation from Acts xxi. 14. The reason assigned by Mr. F. for having accepted the invitation from Commercial Road, London, was perfectly satisfactory. On Wednesday evening, a large number of friends partook of tea, after which the meeting was presided over by Mr. J. Saxby, one of the deacons. Mr. T. Slater, treasurer, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented Mr. F. with a beautiful writing table, also an address handsomely framed. Congratulatory speeches were made by the Revs. J. Stevenson, M.A., T. Goadby, B.A., and J. Felstead, to which the Rev. J. Fletcher suitably responded.

JARROD, REV. W.—The Rev. W. Jarrod, now of Barton, having received a very hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the new and rising church in the new and rising town of West Vale, near Halifax, expects to commence his ministry there on March 15th.

BAPTISMS.

BEESTON.—Feb. 1, three, by J. S. Lacey.
 BURNLEY, *Enon*.—Jan. 28, five, by W. H. Allen.
 CHATTERIS.—Dec. 21, six, by H. B. Robinson.
 COALVILLE.—Dec. 7, four; Dec. 28, one; Jan. 4, seven; by C. T. Johnson.
 HALIFAX.—Dec. 28, seven, by I. Preston.
 HUCKNALL.—Feb. 11, nine, by J. T. Almy.
 ILKESTON.—Feb. 8, six.
 LINCOLN.—Jan. 4, three; Feb. 1, two, by E. Compton.
 LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Jan. 28, seven.
 LONGTON.—Feb. 11, five, by C. Springthorpe.
 NETHERTON.—Jan. 11, four, by R. B. Clare.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Jan. 25, five, by T. BARRAS.
 SHEEPSHED.—Jan. 25, three, by W. BOWN.
 STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Dec. 17, one; Feb. 11, two, by Rev. W. March.
 VALE.—Feb. 8, sixteen (fifteen from senior classes), by W. Chapman.
 WILLINGTON, *a branch of St. Mary's Gate, Derby*.—Feb. 17, two young men, by our pastor, J. Wilshire.

Total reported in first quarter, 1873 255
 " " " 1874 233

MR. J. BAUM PIKE, son of the Rev. J. C. Pike, Leicester, having passed the requisite examinations, has been admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

MR. JOSEPH WILSON, son of our brother Daniel Wilson, of Halifax, has just past the Matriculation Examination of the University of London.

Marriages.

DEWSBURY—HIND.—Jan. 29, at the Baptist Chapel, Crowle, Lincolnshire, by the Rev. J. Stutterd, assisted by the Rev. W. M. Anderson, of Epworth, Mr. Edward Dewsbury, of Heywood, near Manchester, to Ann, youngest daughter of Anderson Hind, senior deacon of the church in that town.

HUMPHREY—FRETtingham.—Jan. 20, at the Baptist Chapel Beeston, by Dr. Underwood, of Castle Donington, Mr. Joseph Humphrey, of Manchester, to Hannah, second daughter of Mr. Henry Frettingham, of the Beeston Nurseries.

MARSHALL—SUTCLIFFE.—Feb. 17, at Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden. Mr. John Marshall, of Buckley Barn, Bluepitts, to Mrs. Mary Sutcliffe, of Walsden.

PICKLES—CLEGG.—Jan. 27, at Birchcliffe Chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Thos. Henry Pickles, Banks, Wadsworth, to Miss Susy Clegg, Bridge-gate, Hebden Bridge.

SUTCLIFFE—CLEGG.—Jan. 27, at Birchcliffe Chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Thos. Sutcliffe, Bridge-lanes, to Miss Sarah Clegg, of Bridge-gate, Hebden Bridge.

WOOLHOUSE—CROSS.—Jan. 22, at the Baptist Chapel, Beeston, by Dr. Underwood, Mr. Woolhouse, of Nottingham, to Milicent Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Cross, of Beeston.

Obituaries.

PEARCE.—On Tuesday, May 20th, 1873, died Mrs. Mary Pearce, of Louth, in her ninety-fourth year. In very early life she began to "know the Lord." She remembered sitting, as a child, on the knee of Mr. Clark, an aged minister at Burgh, and listening to the things he told her of the Saviour, until the love of Christ glowed in her little heart. After removing to Louth she attended the services of the Wesleyans, and would probably have become a member of their society, only that she saw it to be the will of her Lord that His disciples should be "buried with Him in baptism." A few others were like-minded with herself, and these often conversed together on the subject to which their attention had been awakened, and prayed that they might have the opportunity of confessing Christ in the way He Himself had appointed. At this very time the attention of the Association was directed to Louth, and Rev. Dan Taylor

was deputed to visit the place, to converse with friends holding views in accordance with the General Baptists, and to purchase a chapel which was then on sale. The little company of disciples could now say with joy, "Verily he hath heard our prayer;" and Sept. 12th, 1802, Mary Pearce with fifteen others were baptized by the Rev. William Taylor, and were afterwards formed into a church at Louth. Her union with the church she ever regarded as the happiest event of her whole life. She venerated Dan Taylor, who gave her the right hand of fellowship, and by whose visits her faith was greatly strengthened, as if he had been the chiefest among the apostles. The Christians represented by the name of General Baptists she regarded as the most perfect communion on earth, so that she was never ashamed of her "profession." During more than three score years and ten she was a member of the

General Baptist church at Louth, and "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." She was a great reader of the scriptures. She had strong faith in the efficacy of prayer. "The communion of saints" was very precious to her, and it was her delight to converse with her fellow-Christians about the Saviour, and about His ministers, and about the large numbers of her friends who had been called before her to the heavenly home. She set a high value on the public means of grace, and many a time did she insist on being conveyed thither when her friends would have thought it more prudent she should be in the retirement of her own chamber. Most truly did the words of the hymn describe her experience,

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Few persons ever anticipated death with more pleasure. To her there was no sting. According to the promise of Christ, "she did not see death." No bride ever looked forward to her marriage day with greater delight than did Mrs. Pearce to the day when she should go to her heavenly home, and be for ever with her Lord. For many years the language of the apostle described her experience, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Towards the close of her long life the increasing feebleness of her body caused weakness of mind; and her memory became so impaired that at times she did not recognise her own daughter, who for years had been unwearied in her kind attentions, but the name of Jesus acted upon her like a charm wakening up her consciousness, recalling her from her mental wanderings, and inspiring her with "perfect peace." During several days before her departure she lay as if asleep, but as the closing scene drew near she rallied, and during some of her last moments her soul seemed lighted up with unearthly rapture. So passed away this "old disciple," and she "being dead yet speaketh."

STANGER.—Miss Anne Stanger was called to pass from time to eternity, August 19th, 1873, aged fifty-eight. Our departed friend was blest with pious parents, and from her childhood attended the General Baptist Chapel, Fleet. Thus, through pious training at home and the faithful ministry of the late Rev. T. Rodgers, she was led early to give her heart to the Saviour, and to join the General Baptist Church at Fleet, of which church she continued a member until her death, a period of more than forty-one years. As soon as our friend had given her heart

to Jesus she sought to be useful in His cause by visiting the poor and afflicted, and in the Sabbath School, in which work she continued more than thirty years. Shortly after she commenced her labours in the school she made a request to have committed to her care the Bible class of boys, at that time needing a teacher. Our friend laboured and prayed most earnestly. She had the joy of witnessing several of the class give their hearts to Jesus, and seek a home amongst His people, some of whom have long since joined the church above. Three are now, and have been for a long time, engaged in making known the gospel to their fellow men who were once scholars in her class. Our friend was called to pass through many changing and trying scenes, which led her to long, it might be almost too much at times, for the rest of heaven. She was often the subject of much weakness. Her last affliction was protracted, during which her mind was at times beclouded; but as the end drew near all doubts were removed, and she, resting alone on Christ, peacefully passed away to join the ranks of the redeemed in heaven, to dwell with her Saviour, whom having not seen on earth she loved. There are several traits of character we would name as exalting the grace of God in her. She was a lover of God's word, had her memory well stored with its sacred contents, which was to her a great source of comfort in her loneliness and affliction. Her attachment to the house of the Lord was manifested by being present whenever the doors were opened, not only on the Sabbath, but week-evenings' also. She would sometimes take a public part in the prayer meeting, much to the profit of her Christian friends. She was deeply anxious for the spread of the gospel and salvation of precious souls. Her joy was great when additions were made to the church of which she was so long a member. Our Mission cause was dear to her. She was for a long time a collector and contributor. She also remembered both the Home and Foreign by leaving a small legacy to each. That our departed friend had her imperfections it is not needful for us to acknowledge. She was a fallen creature, had imperfections known to those around, others known only to herself and God, over which she often mourned; but having sought and found the mercy of God through Christ Jesus, clothed in His righteousness she is now, we doubt not, enjoying the happiness of heaven with the multitude that no man can number. May we at last join this throng. Amen.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MARCH, 1874.



MRS. LACEY.

THE Engraving above of Mrs. C. Lacey has been taken from a recent photograph by an eminent artist. She has just completed her fiftieth year in India, having arrived at Cuttack on the 19th of December, 1823. We should doubt if there be another missionary in India who has remained so long in the field. We mentioned last month that at the late Mission Conference in Orissa, under the presidency of Dr. Buckley, a resolution was passed congratulating Mrs. Lacey on the completion of her fiftieth year; and this was signed by all the missionaries and native ministers. Mrs. Lacey was present at the baptism of the first Oriya convert, saw the foundation laid of the first chapel, schools, and college; the first sheet from the Mission press which has since sent forth so many thousands of religious and secular books. She saw the first ray of light amid the darkness, the first stone taken out of the temple of heathendom, and "the first rose blossom in the desert."

When she arrived, the fires of the Sutte were not put out and our government was receiving a considerable revenue from a tax on the pilgrims to Juggernath. She is a living history of so many important events connected with the province, that European travellers have often drawn upon her large stores of

information. Her influence over the native converts has been very marked, and the christian women have often received wise counsel from her lips. Her memory will be long venerated, by both christian and heathen, for her kindness in times of affliction. She has been to England twice; but she has determined to end her days in the land where her husband, and several of her children, have found a sepulchre.

The name of Charles Lacey (her husband) must ever have a prominent place in the history of the Orissa Mission. He was a man of commanding appearance, and had a powerful voice. He obtained a complete mastery over the language, so much so that the natives always listened to him with astonishment. Those who heard him could never forget him. He was so genial and kind, that he would at all times and seasons adapt himself to the habits and customs of the people. Wherever he went the children of the streets would venerate him, and feel it an honour to walk by his side; and much precious seed did he sow in their young hearts. He was not only the pastor of the native flock at Cuttack, but the father and counsellor too. So generous was his nature, that he was always ready to help. He would listen to the most simple stories, and enter into the most trivial matters, if it were for the benefit of the people. For gentleness, kindness, and forbearance, amongst native converts, he was a pattern to all missionaries.

He finished his course after twenty-eight years of incessant labour, and has found a grave amongst the companions of his toil, and the converts he welcomed from heathenism. When she whose sketch we have given receives the summons of her Master, we trust it will be light at eventime, and her end peace.

W. BAILEY.

FAMINE PROSPECTS IN BENGAL, AND HOW ORISSA MAY BE AFFECTED.

Cuttack, Dec. 30th, 1873.

ALL our friends will know from the papers that the outlook in Bengal is extremely dark and gloomy, and many will be anxious to know what are our prospects in Orissa. I, therefore, write a few lines to give them such information as I am able.

Our principal harvest has just been gathered, and we have to be devoutly thankful that the dark cloud gathering over Bengal does not overshadow Orissa, or only very partially so. We had many fears in September and the early part of October that the harvest with us would be a very scanty one; but it pleased God on the 9th and 10th of the latter month to "send a plentiful rain." It was most opportune, and has saved Orissa from the deep distress that is befalling Bengal. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." But the harvest in Orissa is by no means a plentiful or even an average one. So far as I can ascertain, it is *about a fourth below the average*. While, however, we have no fear of famine or scarcity, we are sure to be considerably affected by the suffering in Bengal. Rice is being sent out of the province in large quantities, and is becoming very dear. A few weeks ago it was twenty-six and twenty-eight seers* to the rupee, now it is sixteen or eighteen, and is likely to be higher. *The brethren who have charge of orphanages are likely to find the expenses of the coming year unusually heavy*, and may need help from home which in ordinary circumstances would not be required. More assistance, too, will be necessary for our native christians.

I should add that the above account, though *generally* applicable, does not apply to the *whole* of Orissa. The scene is in some parts much darker than I have depicted. The harvest in the tributary states of Orissa is, I am told, much more scanty than in other parts, and these states contain a population of one million three hundred thousand souls. I have recently been on a missionary tour as far as Bhuddruck (sixty-three miles from Cuttack on the Calcutta road), and I am sorry to say that not many miles from this place is a pergunnah, containing thirty-seven thousand people, in which the yield of the harvest is not more than one-seventh or one-eighth of an ordinary crop. This is very sad, but it is satisfactory to state that plenty of work may be found twenty or thirty

* The seer varies in different places. Our Cuttack seer is about 2½lbs. The Calcutta seer not more than 2lbs. The average daily consumption of rice by an adult is about half a Cuttack seer.

miles distant for the able-bodied, and money relief will be given to those unable to work; so that it is hoped the calamity will be tided over without serious consequences.

You will see that the question of prohibiting the exportation of rice is anxiously discussed in the papers. It is understood that the Governor-General is at present adverse to any interference with private trade, but that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal entertains a different opinion. The *Times*, I see, is on the side of the latter; and though the opinion of a humble missionary may have little weight, I must say that I am decidedly of the same opinion. I fear the Governor-General is listening to unwise counsellors. The bitter experience of the Orissa famine imprinted in indelible characters on my mind one of its terrible lessons. The law of supply and demand entirely failed as the intensity of the crisis deepened, and if the government had not at last stepped in and sent rice to the localities where it was most needed, but where it would never have been conveyed by the ordinary channels of trade, the mortality would have been more than double what it unhappily was. Indeed, whole districts would have been swept away. The mistake *then* made was that the government did not interfere sooner. Such a mistake made *now* would be ten times more disastrous. May God give our rulers all the wisdom which the solemn crisis requires; and may they do the right thing at the right time and in the right way.

J. BUCKLEY.

OUR ROMAN EVANGELIST AT WORK.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—I have again the pleasure of forwarding to you, for insertion in the *Missionary Observer*, a report of work done by our brother GRASSI. The following was forwarded to me in the shape of an original letter, in the Italian language, addressed to Mr. Wall. It is a pleasant, though somewhat difficult, exercise for one of my household to translate such interesting communications, which cannot fail to gratify and encourage the friends of this Roman Mission. It is a fact worthy of special note that Grassi has commenced preaching in the immediate locality of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; and his cry is for room for anxious hearers.

I send this report in anticipation of my departure for the East, and as I return through Rome at the latter end of March, I hope to come back laden with additional facts to cheer the readers of the *Observer*.

THOMAS COOK.

TRANSLATION OF A REPORT OF LABOURS, ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JAS. WALL.

“Let us render glory to God, who having called me to participate in the joys of His redemption, and given me courage to abandon and to detest the idolatrous errors of the papacy, has permitted me to give other public testimony, that others may become partakers of that grace in which God has made me to rejoice. As soon as it pleased the Lord to liberate me from the illness with which He had seen fit to visit me, I opened, with your consent and assistance, a room for evangelical teaching in the Borgo St. Agata ai Monti, precisely in that part of Rome where I had for some time exercised the functions of parish priest. I ought, indeed, to be grateful to God for the way He has blessed my work here. The first meeting was held on Sunday, Jan. 11th. The numerous and distinguished audience not only listened with attention to the Word of God, but several times gave expression to their approval of the pure truth of the gospel. These people, to whom the Bible has been prohibited by the priests, now come to us for Bibles and Testaments to take to their homes, that they may read for themselves that which their Father and Brother Jesus Christ has written from the skies.

Not less gratifying was the result of our next meeting, held on Sunday, 18th; but it grieved me to know that many who desired to hear the Divine truth preached from my lips were unable to gain admission on account of the smallness of the room, for at the time appointed every place was occupied. I entreat christian brethren to try to provide us with a larger locale. This request, on behalf of the people of the district, I present first to you, dear brother, and may our Jesus teach you what to do to benefit these dear sons of Rome. The religious movement is great—may we help it! Amongst those present at my meeting I found several papist priests, and from what they expressed I have reason to hope that they are partakers of the grace of Christ: I will do all in my power to assist

them to understand and to detest their errors. I greatly rejoice in the way the Lord has blessed my labours amongst the families I have visited. I have had the pleasure of being asked by several admittance to the fold of Christ, and I believe them to be convinced of the truth, and converted to God. I have procured for distribution some Bibles, Testaments, and a number of tracts. If the Lord be pleased to allow me to continue, and to bless me in this holy work, I hope to have still more precious results with which to comfort you. May all the glory be to our Lord Jesus Christ, who alone has the power to work conversions; as to me, I am nothing, but if I recount to the glory of God that which He has been pleased to work by me it is not foolishness, for I speak the truth."

Mr. Cook forwards from Turin the following interesting item from the *Italian News* :—

THE WEDDING OF THE REV. CHEV. PAOLO GRASSI took place on Friday at the Capitol. The bride, a quiet looking widow of mature age, was led to the altar by Admiral Fishbourne. The bridegroom was accompanied by Revs. James Wall, Alessandro Gavazzi, and other friends. As this was the first marriage in Rome of an ex-Romish priest it attracted considerable interest, no less than seven ex-priests being present at the ceremony. We are informed that the bride has no fortune, but that she is an earnest Italian Protestant, who will doubtless make an excellent helpmeet to her husband in his missionary work in Rome. The religious ceremony was performed at the Rev. James Wall's.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY—AND THE FIRST COLD SEASON TOUR.

BY THE REV. J. H. SMITH.

Cuttack, November 17th, 1873.

FOR the first time we are privileged from distant Orissa to greet our dear christian friends. Here, and well, preserved from even the fear of peril, sustained by the prayers of friends at home, cheered by the kindness of our brethren here, encouraged by all we have hitherto seen of the result of christian effort in India, we would record, with thankful hearts, our gratitude to our Father God, whose constant care and unchanging love is the heritage of His children.

We set sail from Gravesend on the 11th September, about 3.30 p.m., and as the daylight faded we sighted the white cliffs at Margate, where our favourite walks had been last summer. Little dreamed we then that so soon some easterly bound vessel would be bearing us far from home. One may guess the course of a life in a story; but the riddle of a real life few can solve, only God knows the answer. Friday was a very pleasant day; we were really enjoying our sea life. Passed close by the Isle of Wight, and a little later the Portland rocks; these were the last we saw of Old England. The morrow found us pitching and tossing in the Bay of Biscay. "Sick amongst strangers," if not "far from home;" unable to eat, or to endure the sight of food. The stewardess was kind and attentive, and fortunately so, for we were unable to care for each other. Need we add that the study of Oriya, which we had commenced with Mr. T. Bailey, was indefinitely postponed.

Nothing of interest occurred during our voyage through the Mediterranean until we reached Malta on Saturday, Sep. 20th. We went on shore with several others of our passengers. The town had a pleasing appearance as we approached it; houses of white stone, and very clean. No sooner did we step on shore than guides offered themselves on every hand. Under the guidance of one of these pests of Malta we visited, first, the government house, quite a formidable looking building for so small an island. The only things which particularly attracted our attention were some well-executed tapestry, in very good condition, and the portraits and armour of several celebrated knights, among the rest the sword of the first grand master. We next visited the protestant church, quite an unpretentious building, and roughly furnished. Near it we had a good view of the island and its fortifications, together with its bay and shipping. The whole scene looked picturesque, but the country alone had a bare and brown appearance; very little vegetation, we imagine, in the best part of the season. The fortifications are very strong; and our guide informed us that they had stores of provision for ten years, in the event of siege. The gardens, which we visited next, quite disappointed our expectations, not a blade of grass, or a leaf of green. Not that there were not both trees and leaves, but these were all stone colour, and looked dry and dusty. From the gardens we went to the monastery of the Capuchin friars. A wretched looking old man, clad in some very coarse material fastened round

the waist with a girdle of rope, opened the door to us. In the chapel itself there was nothing remarkable, save a jolly fat friar, who conducted us to the cloisters; there we did not go far, or stay long; the odour was intensely disagreeable, and the corridors were adorned with the skeletons of defunct friars in stone-work frames. We were very pleased to get out into the sunshine and breathe a purer atmosphere. The words of our Saviour never came to us with greater force than then,—“Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.” We next visited St. John's cathedral. We were not struck with its external appearance, but when we reached the interior we were surprised with the richness and beauty of its carving, gilding, and marble decorations. The floor is of marble inlaid, and the roof is painted. Two of the chapels have pictures by Michael Angelo, and others fine marble statuary, all in excellent condition on account of the dryness of the atmosphere.

At Suez we went on shore, and found ourselves in a truly eastern city. The hotel is the principal feature of Suez. In our walk through the town the first thing which attracted our attention as being peculiarly eastern was an Arab watering the road with water which he carried on his back in a goat skin. A little further on we came upon a party of bright-eyed Arab donkey boys, who appeared very much concerned that the Engleese should ride, recommending their beasts to us by the familiar names of “Madame Rachel,” “Yankee Doodle,” and even “Roger Tichborne.” No sooner had we got clear of the donkey boys, than we came upon something very uneastern, viz., a railway station, from which trains run to Alexandria. Rather a quiet station; no busy porters and anxious passengers rushing about the platform, nor string of cabs outside. Indeed, cabs, and carts, too, are out of the question at Suez, they could not possibly get up and down the streets. The principal street, the English bazaar, is so narrow that the tumble-down houses seem almost to meet overhead, and shut out the burning rays of the sun, if they do not admit, of much ventilation. The houses generally are very poor, many falling to decay, and look as though they had been blown together by the wind of the desert, rather than built; the flat roofs, too, give them a very unfinished appearance. On the following day we went with one of our fellow-passengers to visit the “Bala Mousa” (wells of Moses). About six miles' sail over the Red Sea brought us to the landing place, a long stone pier. To our unsophisticated vision the wells appeared close to the sea, but after a mile's walk over the sand we found ourselves further from the wells than we thought we were when we started. It was not at all difficult for us to realize that we were really treading the desert which the Israelites trod, in full view of the range of hills of which Sinai forms a part, for time has worked few changes here. Another mile brought us to the door of one of the few Arab huts erected under the shelter of the palm trees which surround the wells. The wife, whose face we could not see, for it was veiled, greeted us with a respectful salaam, led us into the hut, offered us a seat, brought us water from the wells, and dates from the palm trees, and made us coffee, which was served in cups somewhat larger than a lady's thimble. While we were enjoying the Arab's hospitality, the daughters of our hostess came in, two pretty little girls; we gave the dark-eyed beauties a few annas, for which they gracefully kissed our hand. Two of the wells contain good water, the rest are rather brackish. Having seen all we could, and plucked a few dates, two camels conveyed us back to our boats. We were very much interested with this picture of Oriental life in its simplicity.

On Friday morning, October 24th, we reached the mouth of the Hoogley. A low fringe of palm trees on either hand was the first indication of land being near. Gradually the shore approached on either side, until we could see the beautiful jungle. Then we glided on past rice fields covered with tropical trees, and studded with clusters of native huts; and past open grassy plains, covered with vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, until, about three o'clock, we came in sight of the city of palaces. A forest of shipping in the foreground, and beyond, domes, minarets, spires, and palaces, for such many of the houses of the citizens, from their size and appearance, deserve to be called. About four o'clock we land, under the care of Mr. Sykes, and are conducted to the resting place which he had provided for us. On Sunday morning we attended Lal bazaar chapel, and were privileged to witness the baptism of two East Indians. In the evening we visited Circular Road chapel. The first temples we saw in India were protestant churches and chapels, and the first Sabbath we spent on its shores we saw a baptism. These things were cheering. India must yet be given to Christ. For He shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

We left Calcutta for Chandbally, by the *Madras*, on the 5th of November. At Chandbally Mr. and Mrs. Millor, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond met us with a small river steamer, by which we reached Cuttack on Friday the 7th. Found all the Mission

family well. Altogether we have been much pleased with what we have seen of India thus far. We were indeed rejoiced to hear upon our arrival that the esteemed pastor of Commercial Road, and his beloved wife, were on their way to join us.

Cuttack, Jan. 5th. We are beginning now to feel somewhat at home; the people, the language, and the country, are becoming familiar. Have just made a first acquaintance with cold season work in a three weeks' tour with Mr. Miller in the Khoordah district; with all that I have seen I have been pleased and agreeably surprisid; certainly the roughest part of the work has been done by the pioneers of the Mission. Now there are good roads, bungalows at easy stages, and a welcome reception and ready hearing in every village; indeed, Mr. Miller said he had never known the people to listen with more evident interest, and the questions which they put frequently indicated a desire to learn, rather than a disposition to dispute. Of course I did not do much speaking; though it was almost too bad to let Mr. Miller do all the work. I really could not help him. I can assure you it is no small trial to stand in a market with so glad a message as the story of God's unspeakable gift, and surrounded by scores of people waiting and eager to hear it, and yet to feel unable to speak it. I hope I shall not have to endure this long.

On Saturday, Dec. 27, we had the extreme pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Pike and the children to Cuttack: they were well, and we think looking much better than when we said good-bye at London. We little thought then of meeting again so soon.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY MRS. T. BAILEY.

CUTTACK AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WE have arrived safely at our journey's end, and I must now try to give you some idea of Cuttack and neighbourhood. The first thing that strikes you is the fine river, the bed of which is very broad, and when filled with water must be a splendid sight; at this time of the year the stream is very narrow and little but sand is visible, nevertheless it is very pleasant to walk on the banks in the early morning or evening, to see the blue hills in the distance, and nearer the beautiful trees of this country, with now and then a drove of cattle or sheep, the latter following their guide. There are many temples, of various sizes, reminding one how many thousands of our fellow creatures are still in heathen darkness. There is also a Roman Catholic and a ritualistic place of worship. The bazaars show that there is no lack of business; it is very amusing to go through them and see the natives at their various occupations. The shops are simply square rooms built of mud, but very clean and substantial. The shopman sits in the middle of his wares, and at sleeping time pulls a cloth over him and enjoys his rest without the trouble of going away for it. They are very dexterous good workmen, and can copy almost anything if they have the materials for it. My husband has taken me through the various christian villages; I enjoyed it exceedingly, and was much interested with the delight the people showed in seeing us, their dark faces shining with pleasure and intelligence. The houses of the poor are mud huts, thatched, with two rooms in them; when they increase in wealth, they begin to build with brick, on a spare piece of land by the old house; they are sometimes many years in getting one built, as they can only afford to do a little at a time. The baboos, or native gentlemen, have very nice houses. Some members of our Christian community are very well off. I was pleased to see, in one of the villages, a small chapel, and to find that it is supplied by native preachers. The wife of one of the baboos very much interested me; she is very nice looking, but has an air of sadness about her, which was explained when my husband told me that a few months ago she lost a fine child of about ten years of age; he went out to bathe, and has never been heard of since; he may have been seized by an alligator, or drowned in some way, or possibly stolen by some one; but it was a comfort to know that she was a christian and understood the meaning of the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." These visits to the christian villages have been a pleasant surprise, as I had no idea that there was such a large native christian community, nor that they were so intelligent as I found them. Last evening, after visiting some of the houses, we went to see a native officer in the Sepoy regiment, he is a christian, and a pastor. He is a fine looking man, rather above middle size, and appears to be about fifty. We had a very interesting conversation with him; he speaks English fluently and is very intelligent. His quiet earnestness, and modesty without affectation, were very delightful to see; it is impossible to speak to him without feeling that he is a brother in the Lord. He received his first Bible from one of our missionaries; and is, in his turn, earnest in winning souls for Christ. He has more than fifty members in the church, and always

has some inquirers; but finds, like the missionaries, that caste is a great obstacle. After the Lord's Supper he has a love-feast for the members, as also after every baptism. At the prayer meetings the women pray as well as the men; even children of nine years of age pray aloud very sweetly. He has no services at Christmas, but a watch-night on the last day of the year, when they remain in prayer till the morning. He spoke so quietly and unaffectedly that we came away feeling that he had received the kingdom as a little child; would that there were many more such, for there is a large population all round. The heathen men have a peculiar way of shaving off half their hair, sometimes they leave only a tuft behind; they have also caste marks on their forehead; this adds no more to their beauty, according to our ideas, than do the nose jewels of the women, which are often very large, add to theirs. As it is the cold season, all the missionaries, with the exception of Mr. Brooks, are out itinerating; in the meantime the responsibilities of Mr. Buckley's establishment have devolved upon us. There are more than 300 girls in the school, of all ages from a few months old; some of them speak English nicely, and the greater part of them seem very intelligent. It is a pretty sight to see them and the girls from Mr. Brooks' orphanage going to the Sunday services. The first Sunday I was very much struck, when passing them on the road; they were wending their way across a common, so their picturesque dress showed well; it is a long white cloth bordered with red, which they twist round their bodies and over their heads, throwing one end over the shoulder and leaving the feet bare. We hope, early in the year, to have the new chapel opened; it is a very pretty building, and stands full in view of the road; the bell looks and sounds well from a small turret in front. May many resort thither to hear the gospel preached. Do not think that whilst writing this I have been free from interruptions; this morning I was continually running about, and this afternoon I am sitting in the verandah with some girls teaching them the lace work, so that at every few words one or another wants looking at. We can scarcely imagine it is cold with you, here it is quite hot, excepting early in the morning. Dr. and Mrs. Buckley are to be back on Christmas morning. Mr. Pike and family are coming here, and a gentleman friend, to spend Christmas, so that we shall be pretty full of company; but we shall get off to Piplee as soon as possible, and expect to spend new year's day there.

LANDED AT CUTTACK.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

Cuttack, Dec. 29th, 1873.

WE arrived safely at Cuttack about three o'clock last Saturday afternoon. We got to Calcutta about the same time the previous Saturday. Very soon after we anchored Mr. Sykes came on board and took us to a very comfortable boarding house. A steamer, the "Assyria," was leaving for False Point on Tuesday, and if we did not catch that we should be obliged to wait a fortnight. We determined to try. Through the kind offices of Mr. Sykes, who spent the greater part of two days looking after our luggage and attending us to the bazaars, we were successful. But though we went on board on Tuesday afternoon we did not start till Wednesday; and not being able to get out of the river on Wednesday we were obliged to anchor and wait for daylight. On Thursday, Christmas-day, we crossed, for the second time, the Bay of Bengal, sighting False Point Light about midnight. At day break on Friday we found the "Pioneer," the Cuttack Steamer, alongside the "Assyria." As soon as we had attended to our luggage and taken breakfast we started. We reached Marshagai about six o'clock. As we neared the first lock of the canal I saw Mr. Brooks on the bank. In a few minutes we were up to him, and found he had a large barge to take us up to Cuttack. "The barge," as it is called, is twice as large as the steamer, and contains two very large rooms as cabins. We were drawn along by coolies all night, and so got on to Cuttack early on Saturday.

The Captain of the "Assyria" was a very gentlemanly man. He tried to make us very comfortable—of course we had Christmas fare, the orthodox beef and plum pudding, and in addition duck and green peas! In my last letter I reported our voyage as far as Colombo, which we reached on the 10th, inst. We got to Madras on the 13th, Saturday, and did not leave till Tuesday at midday. We took in a large quantity of rice for Calcutta. The Sunday was a very miserable day. Two steam cranes were at work unloading 500 tons of cargo; and a number of fellows came on deck with articles to sell; and, I am sorry to say, many of the passengers did not scruple to buy. Altogether it was not anything like Sunday.

My first impressions, taken chiefly from Madras and Colombo, have been consider-

ably modified by what I have seen at Calcutta and Cuttack. If I had written at Madras, I should have described the natives as but little better than barbarians; but then not going on shore (for the surf was very rough) I saw only the water men, I suppose about the lowest class even in more civilized countries. Many of them were called christians—they were Roman Catholics, and wore their strings of beads—but I saw no superiority over their pagan neighbours. At Calcutta and here I have seen other classes very far superior to the boatmen. Yesterday I went to chapel in the morning. I heard, but of course did not understand, a native brother, Ghanushyam. His text was, "The fashion of this world passeth away"—and I am told it was a capital sermon. I should have judged so from the attention of the congregation. Dr. Buckley preached in English at night, and I am to preach next Sunday.

Whatever friends at home may be disposed to think about the success or nonsuccess of missions, I have seen *enough fruit* to pay many many times over for all the seed sown and all the toil endured and the money expended in Orissa. This is leaving out of the account altogether the future world, and the great considerations which ought chiefly to move us. The *present temporal* salvation, and the *secondary* results of christian efforts, appear to me so wonderfully great.

ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN NORTHERN ORISSA.

It will gratify all our readers to know that the missionaries sent from the Freewill Baptist Board to Northern Orissa, safely reached Calcutta on Nov. 16th. The party consisted of six persons. Dr. and Mrs. Batcheler, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Batcheler, and Miss Cilley. Dr. and Mrs. Batcheler have had long experience of the work, and are deservedly held in high estimation for their diligence and

fideliy. Mrs. Marshall is a daughter of the venerable Dr. Phillips, of Santipore; and it was a touching scene when, after nine years absence, her parents welcomed her to the shores of India, not only as a beloved daughter, but as a fellow-worker in the kingdom of Christ. All our friends will heartily rejoice that brighter scenes have dawned on the Mission of our American brethren as well as on our own.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Dec. 30.
" J. G. Pike, Dec. 23, Jan. 6, 13.

CUTTACK—J. H. Smith, Jan. 5.
RUSSELL CONDAH—W. Hill, Dec. 27.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from January 18th to February 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Legacy of the late Miss Dyball, Moulton, Lincolnshire	19	19	0
Thankoffering—for Circulation of the Scriptures in Orissa	10	0	0
Bacup	1	0	0
Berkhampstead	4	6	2
Burton-on-Trent	48	11	0
Crich	4	18	3
Hinckley	6	13	7
Hitchin—for Rome	1	15	0
Hugglescote	23	18	3
Killingholme	1	1	0
Kirkby-in-Ashfield	21	11	2
Kirtou-Lindsey	4	10	0
Leicester, Friar Lane—for orphan	2	10	0
London—E. Johnson, Esq.	10	0	0
" Miss E. M. Johnson's box	0	10	6
	10	10	6
Long Whatton and Belton	5	19	7
Quainton, near Aylesbury	1	9	0
Swadlincote	24	11	9
Thurlaston	6	14	4
Walsall	41	9	6
Wheelock Heath	19	3	3

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.		£	s.	d.
Belper		0	7	0
Bradford, Infirmary Street		0	17	6
" Tetley Street		0	12	0
Broughton		0	6	6
Burton-on-Trent		2	0	0
Chellaston		0	6	6
Clayton		0	5	6
Coalville		1	8	0
Earl Shilton		0	10	0
Hose		0	6	0
Kirkby-in-Ashfield		0	5	0
Loughborough, Woodgate		2	0	0
Louth, Northgate		1	5	0
Macclesfield		0	12	6
Nottingham, Broad Street		2	5	0
" Prospect Place		0	9	6
Pinchbeck		0	4	6
Polesworth		0	10	0
Quorndon		0	8	0
Smalley		0	7	0
Smarden		0	11	0
Thurlaston		0	5	0
Todmorden		1	0	0
Vale and Hurstwood		0	17	0
Wheelock Heath		1	8	4

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1874.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN ; ONCE MORE.

BY REV. E. W. CANTRELL.

THE progress of the church depends very largely upon the training which children receive. Those who are brought into the church in middle and advanced life can have only a comparatively short connexion with it, and can do but little, either by Christian influence or by labour, to further its objects. And that very few do come into the church, except in early life, is a fact sadly too well known. It is clear, therefore, that if the church is to accomplish her great mission—bringing the world to God—it must be done chiefly by taking hold of the young. This is generally admitted ; hence the establishment of Sunday Schools in connection with all our churches, and the great energy that is thrown into them ; and hence, also, the large amount of writing and talking which have been devoted, especially during the last few years, to the subject of the relation of children to the church, and other kindred topics. And yet, notwithstanding the labour which has been spent in this work, and the time which has been devoted at conferences and annual meetings to the discussion of improved methods, it is a painful fact that many of the children under our care are slipping away from us and wandering into the world, some of them, so far as we can tell, never to return. How it is that, after all our efforts, such a result follows, is a problem which at present is only partially solved, if it is solved at all.

Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Our experience, however, seems to contradict the words of the wise man, or at least to prove that they are not true as a general proposition. Many of those whom we train, and train, as we think, in the way they should go, do afterwards depart from it, and such cases are far too numerous to be the exceptions which prove the rule. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion, either that those words of Solomon are not true as a general proposition, or that there is still something wrong in our methods of training the young. The latter alternative is the one which most will prefer to accept, and the one which undoubtedly is true. Notwithstanding all that has been written and spoken on this subject, there is evidently something wrong in the training given to children, and in many instances, perhaps, the error is a radical one.

Are the views which are generally taken of the moral condition of children and their relation to God correct ones ? That they inherit the moral deterioration which has resulted from the introduction of sin into

the world, perhaps few will question; but may not the holy, purifying influences of God's Spirit be given to them also, and that in very early life? With their birth they become possessors of the desires and inclinations of the flesh, and why should they not have those Divine influences communicated to them which, under suitable training, will lead them to conquer the desires and inclinations of the flesh, and grow into a Christian childhood?

And what is the relation of children to God? Are they "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world?" or are they "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God?" The latter view accords with the teaching of God's word, and that view only harmonizes with some of the doctrines we hold and proclaim. For instances, the apostle Paul said, "Therefore, as by one offence, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so, by one righteousness, the free gift came upon *all men* unto justification of life." The blessed results of the one righteousness are co-extensive with the disastrous consequences of the one offence. Children share the evils of the one offence, and so they partake of the blessings of the one righteousness, until, by voluntarily departing from the Lord, they forfeit them. And when the disciples rebuked the mothers who brought their children to receive the blessing of Jesus, our Lord Himself said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." When Christ spoke those words, He did not mean merely that grown people must become childlike, in order that they might be admitted to the kingdom of heaven; He meant that children were admitted to it, and for that reason He took them up in His arms and blessed them. And this view harmonizes with what we hold and teach respecting those children who are taken away from us by death. We believe that when children die, they are at once admitted to the presence of the God who gave them. The thought that they were shut out from God's presence would appear monstrous to us. But who are admitted to the presence of God? Only His own children; only those who are made partakers of the blessings of His grace and the influences of His Spirit. Denying then, as we believe we are right in denying, that there is a place beyond the grave where the dead are prepared for the immediate presence of God, if we hold that deceased children enjoy that bliss, we must conclude, either that they do not partake in their infancy of the results of the fall, or that in their infancy God's holy influences are given to them, that they are children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. If the little ones who are severed from us by death find their way to the home of God, they must be His children, and partakers of His grace.

And how does our manner of training children accord with this? In many instances, in most instances, perhaps, very imperfectly. The training children receive, as a rule, is based on the assumption that they have yet to become what possibly they are already. We do not recognize the fact that they receive the blessings of the covenant of grace in their infancy, but treat them as though they had to be sought and found later on in life. It was customary amongst us, only a little while ago, to doubt and even deny the piety of young people, and to resist the admittance of any to the church until they had nearly reached manhood and womanhood.

Happily that has ceased ; but even now youthful piety is often regarded with suspicion, and many will not acknowledge young people as the followers of Christ until they get at least into their "teens." The fact that they *are* the Lord's, and may grow up into a life of trust, love, obedience, and service, is not recognized ; and what is the result ? We adapt our conversation with children, and our conversation about them, our instruction and our discipline, to a state of things different from that which exists ; we communicate erroneous impressions to them, and frustrate, in many of them, the very purpose we have in view. Instead of teaching them that they are the Lord's, bought by His love, and encouraging them to continue His, growing up under His loving smile, and looking to Him as their Heavenly Father, we give them the impression that they are great sinners, and that the Lord is angry with them.

Thus from the training they receive, children get a wrong impression respecting both the Lord and themselves. They think of the Lord as One who wants a great deal of pleasing before He blesses, and of themselves as those who are estranged from Him ; they suppose that they must undergo a process of change before the Lord will own them and love them ; they shrink from the process, and have little desire to come to such a Being as they imagine the Lord to be ; and they wander into the world to which they have been taught to believe that they belong. Our error lies in allowing them, and even encouraging them, to slide into the world, and then trying to reclaim them from the world, when our aim should be to keep them out of the world altogether. Instead of seeking to persuade them to give their hearts to the Lord when they "come to years of knowledge and maturity," we should recognize the fact that they are the Lord's already, and *as such* we should train them from their infancy in a life of holy trust and love. Such a training would be better adapted to the real condition of children, and would do much to prevent the evil we deplore.

And there is another question which needs to be seriously pondered. How many children are lost to Christ and the church through *parental neglect* ? There can be no doubt that parents have, or may have, more influence than any one else over their children. But is not the religious training of children sadly and sinfully neglected by many parents, and by many parents who profess to be Christians ? The Sunday School is a noble institution. It has done a glorious work in the past, and it is doing a still more glorious work now. But any blessing may be abused. What should be a source of good may become a source of evil ; and this, perhaps, is the case, to some extent, with the Sunday School. Many Christian parents delegate to Sunday School teachers the work which primarily belongs to themselves. They leave the religious training of their children chiefly, if not entirely, to the Sunday School. The principal work of the Sunday School should be gathering together and training those children who are not blessed with pious parents. The attendance of the children of Christians may be desirable, both for their own good, and especially as an example to the others ; but they ought not to be in need of a Sunday School training. To train them is the imperative duty of their parents, a duty which no true parents, who at the same time are genuine Christians, will allow themselves to neglect. At our Sunday School gatherings, when parents and teachers and scholars meet together, teachers are often heard appealing to parents to help them,

to become co-workers with them. No doubt the appeal is often needed, but, so far as Christian families are concerned, the order ought to be reversed, and teachers be co-workers with parents, instead of parents being co-workers with teachers. The work belongs first to parents. They have more influence over the lives of their children, and better opportunities for training them, than the most diligent and devoted Sunday School teacher can have ; and until they feel that the responsibility rests on their own shoulders, and undertake the work faithfully, many of their children will wander from the path in which they wish them to tread.

When should parents train their children ? The work should be a constant one. One of the most fatal tendencies is to confine religious life and religious service to special occasions. It would be an immense blessing, both to themselves and to the world, if Christians generally made their religious service a service of the life, and not the service of mere fractions of the life. And the religious training of children should be the work of every day and every hour. Not that parents ought to be constantly giving their children religious lectures. That which finds its way into the heart and life unconsciously is the most effectual and the most durable. Knowledge which is received without any conscious effort, as a rule, is the most firmly fixed in the mind. That religious influence which is communicated unconsciously to the recipient takes the firmest hold upon him. And so the religious education which children receive without knowing that their parents are making any effort to train them will do most to mould their character and life. The whole round of domestic discipline, every word, every look, and every action of parents will have an influence over their children, and if controlled by Christian principle and a loving desire for the spiritual welfare of their children, will help to train them up in the way they should go. The religious training which parents give to children should be and, if it is to be effectual, must be constant. Every word and every action must help directly or indirectly.

But special arrangements for this work may be desirable. Much good might be done by *religious services in the family*. Services in the home were very common in the earliest age of the church, and were frequent only a short time ago. Lately they have got sadly into disuse. The press of business during the six days of the week, and the numerous public services on the Lord's-day, have almost entirely pushed them aside. And yet, perhaps, no services would be more fruitful of good than these quiet family services. If, as families, we were to gather round our own hearths, singing hymns in which children could unite, offering simple prayers which children could understand, reading some of the many portions of the Bible which always have a charm for children, and conversing about them, the head of the family taking the lead, but encouraging all to join in the different exercises, the hearts of children would be won, and they would conceive a love for the Saviour and an interest in religion which would never be erased. But the great difficulty is to find a time for such services, when all the members of the family can meet together. It would be no bad thing, perhaps, if a custom which did prevail in some districts only a short time ago could be revived and adopted generally, that is, having public worship in the morning and afternoon of the Lord's-day, leaving the evening clear for these domestic services. The change would be hailed by many ministers, although the

afternoon, as a rule, is a good time neither to preach nor to hear. But what was lost in that respect would be much more than gained by the domestic services in the evening. And even if it were found impossible or inconvenient to have a public service in the afternoon, the church would not lose, but rather gain, by having a public service in the morning only, and these domestic services in the evening. Such an arrangement, as well as supplying an opportunity for home exercises, would give relief to ministers, who, as a rule, find sufficient work for fourteen days in every seven; and what was sacrificed in the quantity of instruction received from them would be made up in quality. Or, perhaps, an opportunity might be found for these exercises sometime between the two public services. But supposing no time can be found for them on the Lord's-day, still domestic services need not be omitted. Surely an hour can be found sometime during the six days of the week to be spent in this holy, quiet way. The Saturday half-holiday is very general now, and both employers and employed are at liberty in the afternoon of that day. Why not spend a part of that time in these exercises? They would prove a good preparation for the following day's services and work. And they would not interfere with necessary recreation; they would leave abundance of time for that, and being a change for both body and mind would be a recreation themselves. There are few, besides shop-keepers, who could not spend a part of Saturday afternoon in this way; and if the practice were adopted it would do much to relieve shop-keepers at that time, and so help to bring about another much-needed reform. If the will to do this work exist, a time will be found; and the doing of the work is demanded from us by faithfulness to those whose interests should be nearest to our hearts, and faithfulness to God, who has committed them to our keeping.

If we are to retain our hold upon young people, we must adapt the training we give them to the circumstances which exist. We must train them from their infancy as the children of God, instead of allowing them to get into the world and then trying to reclaim them. And the training of our children must not be left solely to Sunday School teachers, valuable as their services are; it must be undertaken by parents, who, from their constant intercourse with their children, are, or ought to be, able to do the work much more effectually. Until such a course be adopted, the church will have to mourn over the loss of her young people, and the hearts of parents will be rent by seeing their children wandering from God, and mingling in the society and sins of the world.

THY WONDERFUL LOVE.

Composed for "The Beautiful Polar Star," 146 in Philip Phillips' "American Sacred Songster."

JESUS, hear us while we raise
Hearts and voices to Thy praise;
While assembled in this place,
O help us by Thy grace:
Through the changes of the year
Thou hast safely brought us here;
Gladly we would Thy love record—
Thy wonderful love, O Lord.

Each returning Sabbath-day
We have met to read and pray;
Loving teachers here have tried
Our youthful feet to guide.

For our spirits Thou hast cared,
And our lives in mercy spared;
Gladly we would Thy love record—
Thy wonderful love, O Lord.

Wash us in Thy precious blood;
Make us holy, wise, and good;
Fit us for Thy home on high—
Thy mansion in the sky:
There, with all the ransomed throng,
We will join the blissful song;
Ever we will Thy love record—
Thy wonderful love, O Lord.

T. BARRASS.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. III.—*Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage.*

A FRIEND of ours holds the opinion that no Christian church is thoroughly complete without an orphanage, or some adequate agency for supplying the various necessities of the fatherless children within the scope of its influence. Just as Sunday Schools, Dorcas and Sick Visiting Societies, Societies to Minister to the Poor, Missionary Auxiliaries, and the like have entered into and become part of the apparatus of every healthy and progressive church, so he maintains, and with much show of reason, too, it should be with orphanages. Charity is a large and indispensable section of true religion. Love is the fulfilling of the gospel as well as the law. The church that has most of the spirit of Christ is sure to have much tender consideration and provident activity for the orphan; for "pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is to visit the fatherless . . . in their affliction."

The Metropolitan Tabernacle is a complete church. It has its College, with an extensive staff of professors for training preachers of the word; its Missionaries among the heathen; its colporteurs in the villages of England; its Book Store; its Magazine, etc., etc.: and it crowns all with its admirable and well-conducted orphanage for fatherless boys in the Clapham Road. The Stockwell Orphanage is essentially a part of the Tabernacle work. Mr. Spurgeon is its author and president; his brother is the vice-president; men who have purchased to themselves a good degree and great boldness in every good work are enrolled on its list of trustees; and the people who listen to Mr. Spurgeon take a deep and growing interest in the prosperity of this institution, known to be so dear to their pastor's heart.

But though it is the cherished offspring of the Tabernacle, it is far from being merely a Baptist or even a South London institution. Its range is exceeding broad. There is nothing narrow in its methods, contracted in its operations, or restricted in its spirit. Necessity is the first, the strongest, and the all-prevalent claim. Creed has no place in the conditions of admission. From a list, kindly supplied by the Master on the occasion of our recent visit, we see that no less than sixty-nine of the boys are the children of Church of England parents, twenty-six of Independent, nineteen of Wesleyan, four of Presbyterian, one of Catholic, thirty-five belong to that wide class, the indefinable, except as "Nothingarians," and only fifty-one are Baptist. No witness could be stronger to the genuine and general catholicity of the place.

This useful institution had its origin in the fertile brain of the Tabernacle pastor in this way. "You, many of you," said Mr. Spurgeon, "helped me to build the Tabernacle, and I pray you, if you have derived benefit from hearing my sermons since then, to give another proof of your affection, and help the poor fatherless children whom I love for Jesus' sake. The sum of £600 will build a house; smaller sums will help to pay for the land—help to support the children, or to increase the

endowment fund. There is need for all that can be given. I ask nothing for myself, but much for my Lord. Shall I ask in vain?"

He did not. He never does. Money flowed in in copious streams; and on the 9th of September, 1867, the foundation stone of the orphanage was laid with much joy, and in abounding prayer and hopefulness. On that occasion Mr. Spurgeon said, "I think it was in the month of August, last year, I wrote an article in the *Sword and Trowel*, suggesting many modes of usefulness which might be adopted by the Christian public. That article was read by a sister in Christ, who had for some years determined to devote her substance to the work of maintaining poor fatherless children. She thought she had found out the proper individual to whom to entrust her money, and I received a note from her, which, when I read and read again, greatly startled me. The note said:—'I am determined to devote £20,000 to the work of maintaining orphans; would you be good enough to come and see me about it?' Now, I thought at first that perhaps the lady had put a 'nought' or two too many, and again, that it was just possible some one desired to play me a trick. However, I found it to be my duty to see about it, and I went to this good sister, and found her to be a really practical and earnest woman, desirous of having her money expended upon fatherless children, with a special view to their souls being cared for, and to their being trained in the fear of God and the doctrines of truth. I objected, however, for some time to undertake the work, having too much to do already. However, our good sister said I had many friends who would help me. We talked the matter over together, and my dear friends the deacons agreed to become trustees with me, and assist me with their usual vigour. Hence it is that we are here to-day, upon a piece of ground which has been purchased for the erection of houses for taking care of fatherless boys. The first three stones of these houses will be laid this afternoon. The first stone should be laid by our sister, Mrs. Hillyard, who has given the £20,000; but unfortunately the workpeople have laid the tackle to the wrong house, and I am obliged to begin. The next is the house of which she is to lay the foundation stone. The money for that house is given by a merchant of the city of London, a gentleman well known to many, but not to be mentioned now or at any other time. He gives it unto God, and does not desire to have his name mentioned. That house is to be called the 'Merchant's House.' The house of which I shall lay the first stone is to be called the 'Silver Wedding House,' and is given by a sister who has lived happily with her beloved husband for twenty-five years. About a month before the wedding day came round, her husband said to her, 'My dear, I mean to make you a present on your wedding day of £500.' 'Well,' said she, 'I have often wished for as large a sum as that to give to Mr. Spurgeon for some of his good works.' So away she came with her £500, and I now have to lay the foundation stone for her. Then the next house, the stone of which will be laid by Mr. Higgs, is to be called the 'Workman's House.' The workmen in connection with our esteemed brother, Mr. Higgs, of the Crown Works, agreed, at a little meeting we held there, to build the house, Mr. Higgs agreeing to give the materials. But Mr. Higgs, thinking it would be a long time before they worked their money out, has at once given the whole of it in the shape of that great shed yonder, which will be a splendid permanent building for the children to play in,

and a place to hold such gatherings as that we shall hold to-night, when we require to have them. Our working friends who are present should be reminded of a very solemn fact. A promise was made at our meeting at Mr. Higgs's that we would endeavour, whenever there were any vacancies in the house, to take in their orphans, if unfortunately any of them should be taken away, and the men who had contributed should have the first place for their children. Now, mark this. Last Wednesday there worked at yonder counter one of Mr. Higgs's workmen, who has now gone to another world, leaving two boys behind him. He was one of those who had contributed to this house, and I have no doubt that his little ones will share in the benefits of this institution as soon as it is possible for them to do so. Let me say, that though only these three houses are to be begun to-day, yet we have money in hand for more. I only hope you will bring in money enough to-day to pay for the land, which has cost £3000, and then we can go on. There is one family connected with this church whose memory is very dear to us—I mean the Olney family. They have this afternoon given me a cheque for £500 for building a house in memory of their sainted mother. The house will be called 'Unity House' in memory of her."

So the good work started. Within two years' time the land, costing £3000, was paid for, and the whole of the houses built, without touching the £20,000 given by Mrs. Hillyard, and which is now destined to remain as a permanent endowment. 'And in addition to the "Silver Wedding House," the "Merchant's House," the "Workman's House," and "Unity House," £1400 were raised by the Baptist churches as a testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon, and two more houses were erected. The students erected a seventh, and the Sunday schools of the country the eighth. There is also a large infirmary, with admirable arrangements for the separate treatment of special cases of sickness; and only recently the accommodation, both for school and home purposes, has been considerably increased.

All this machinery is under the most thoroughgoing, economical, and sensible management. The practical good sense of the president pervades all the arrangements. No applicant is put to the useless expense, and the wasteful labour, the wearying anxieties and frequent disappointments of a canvass. Electioneering tactics are not necessary for success. Justice sits by the side of Charity; and the most necessitous case is the one chosen by the trustees, irrespective of creed and locality, to enjoy the benefits of the home. Dr. Reed, one of the most philanthropic spirits of this century, used to say of the London Orphan Asylum, "We exist for the worst." Alas! it is not true of the London Orphan Asylum now. The doors open to abounding money and troops of friends, but close on the penniless and the destitute. Mr. Spurgeon's policy aims at the avoidance of the evils of the canvassing and charity stock-broking system, and the admission of the most needy and deserving. Whoever knows anything of the expense, exertion, harassment, wear and tear of mind and body, consequent upon a prolonged series of contested elections, will not fail to appreciate this feature of the Stockwell Orphanage.

How superior any real approach to the family ideal is to the "barrack" system was apparent to us on a mere glance at these fatherless lads.

The families are large, but they are under the care of affectionate and diligent matrons, and everything is done to compensate for the loss of parental rule and training. There is more of the "home" than of the "institution" in the atmosphere. No regimental uniform is suffered to cast a gloomy monotony over the youthful mind. They differ in the clothes they wear, in the "cut" of the hair, and show all the variety of a large family, and none of the hard and dreary sameness of a convict establishment. The boys do not look like loosely connected members of a huge and miscellaneous crowd, but sons and brothers of a family. No traces of ill-disguised dissatisfaction, as though in perpetual restraint—always under orders, were apparent; but a free, healthy, and vigorous homeliness, as if under the genial and robuster influences of love, made itself everywhere manifest. The family spirit reigns throughout the Home; endeavours to provide for them when they leave the Home; and hovers over them in their start in life, to guide and bless. With all the care of a Christian father, situations are chosen for the lads, where "their spiritual interests will not be in danger;" and when they have passed into them the master corresponds with them, and gives them counsel and assistance as they need. Like a true home, its benediction follows every inmate throughout his life.

The economy with which this Orphanage is managed ought to stimulate its supporters to enlarged generosity. We were positively astonished at some of the statements of the Head Master. Think of keeping a lively boy trouser-proof for a whole twelve-month on two pairs! Imagine the skill and contrivance necessary to maintain good soles and sides to a solitary pair of boots all the year round, aided more or less by "repairs!" Yet this is done with enviable success. Not a boy "is short of a button;" but we imagine it possible that the tailoress may occasionally sigh for the approach of midsummer, when the boys leap exultingly into new suits of clothes.

As a further economical arrangement, and to form habits of industry, the boys, in turn, assist their matrons in domestic work during the morning of the day; each boy's period of service in the house being restricted to one week in five. The work of the kitchen is conducted by a head cook, who is allowed an assistant and two of the *working boys* of the various houses in turn. By this arrangement domestic servants are dispensed with, the boys are trained in habits of work, and money is saved.

The last report says, "During the past year the average cost per boy for maintenance, clothing, education, etc., was £20 9s. 9½d., to which must be added about £3 per head for necessary repairs and alterations, fire insurance, and poor and general rates, and office expenses which amounted to £179 3s. 10d., or about one-third per cent. The gross expenditure was £5395 3s. 1d.; average per boy £23 9s. 1½d. The subscribers, we think, will agree with us that the expenditure errs neither on the side of parsimony nor extravagance. As the Lord's stewards, we seek to maintain the work by the strictest economy consistent with efficiency."

We were specially pleased with our visit to the school. It is divided into three departments—the upper, the lower, and the infant—under three efficient teachers, assisted by the elder boys who have been set

apart as monitors. The subjects taught are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, vocal music, Latin, shorthand, general science, and scripture. There are also of voluntary teachers: four for French, two for shorthand, and one for instruction on the harmonium. The singing class did very great credit to its instructor, singing at sight with great accuracy and sweetness music, of some difficulty. One hundred boys have taken music certificates under the Tonic Sol-fa system, and assisted in the Juvenile Choral Festival at the Crystal Palace. Ninety-four boys were presented for the drawing examination in connection with the Science and Art Department, who passed as follows:—satisfactory, fifteen; excellent, twenty-two; proficient, fifty-seven. In addition to prizes and certificates awarded to the boys, the grant in money, to be applied to the purposes of teaching drawing, amounted to £10 15s.

Manifold are the ways in which our friends may help this valuable Home for fatherless boys. Gifts in money and in “kind” are needed to sustain such a cluster of large families. Dorcas Societies that are not overdone with work, and ladies’ schools, where there is any leisure, may usefully occupy their time in making shirts for these lads. Surely, amongst Baptists there should be no hesitation to support, in the most munificent way, a work so good in itself, so well and so economically managed, and identified with the labours of one dear so to us all.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

SPURGEON ON THE PSALMS.

IN the “Recollections of my Life and Times, an Autobiography by the Rev. James Morgan, D.D., late minister of Fisherwick Place Church, Belfast,” the following highly appreciative and just estimate of the valuable Commentary on the Psalms—*The Treasury of David*—by our honoured friend and brother, C. H. Spurgeon, occurs:—

“I have spent my evenings this week in reading Mr. Spurgeon’s book on the first twenty-six Psalms—a large volume, consisting of his exposition of each of the psalms, with quotations from other writers much more lengthened than his own comments. His exposition is truly good, sound, able, elegant, new, and altogether admirable. There are many passages of the finest English composition, pure Saxon, simple, refined, and clear as crystal. They are more correct than his sermons, as might be expected, being carefully written by himself; and yet they are no less spiritual and practical and popular. I trust they may lead to a more careful perusal and study of this portion of the Divine Word. The accompanying notes, bulking very large in the volume, are most varied and instructive and interesting. This is the man who was accounted a few years ago unlearned, and not sufficiently educated for the Christian ministry. I never regarded such opinions of him otherwise than as the delusions of spiritual ignorance. I believe him to be the greatest power of any man of the present age.”

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. I.—*From Sheffield to Geneva.*

IN the first place, by way of introduction, I may be allowed to say a few words on the circumstances which led me to pay a visit to the continent of Europe. During the earlier part of 1873, at times, I felt very unwell. The weather was for a considerable season continually damp and cold, and as a consequence I became low in physical vigour, and depressed in spirits. I felt unfit for my work. My people often noticed my poor state of health. They kindly suggested that I should have a change. At Easter I completed the eighth year of my pastorate in the church at Cemetery Road. On Easter Monday we had a friendly, harmonious, and happy tea meeting. Several of the ministers of the town favoured us with their presence and help. A strong and useful purse, containing £26, was presented to me, with the view of enabling me to leave home for a time, and have the benefit of a change. I ought to say that the sum presented to me by the church was largely augmented by the kindness of friends not in any way connected with Cemetery Road chapel.

The next question to be taken into consideration was this: Where shall I go? I longed for a warmer and more genial atmosphere. I was told that Southport was a salubrious place, especially in the spring of the year. At first I had thoughts of going thither, and spending a month at a Hydropathic Institution there. Afterwards Jersey came up, and my thoughts ran in that direction. Yes, I thought Jersey must be the place. When there I shall be able to go across the water and see Normandy, and perhaps get a peep at Paris. By way of preparation, I read through the first volume of Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of England and Normandy." This is a very fascinating and delightful book. Before I had made arrangements for my journey, a friend well known to many of the readers of this Magazine, who had on two occasions spent some weeks on the continent, strongly advised me to go to Switzerland. He especially mentioned Vevey as being a delightful place to stay at. "When there," he said, "you can have what climate you please. You can make hay in the hot summer sun at the foot of the mountain, find a vernal breeze higher up, with the bracing cold and wintry snow at the top. This description sounded well in my ears, and it found a response in my heart. After a little reflection I determined to go to Switzerland. At the latter end of April I began to make arrangements to carry out my decision. Some considerable difficulties, however, stood in the way of forming definite plans for the whole journey, owing to the early season of the year. The first number of Mr. Cook's Excursionist was out, but when we sent for tickets for No. 10 of his Swiss Tours, we found that they were not to be had. I should say that it came to my knowledge that three other friends were thinking of going to Switzerland, and we made up one party. We proposed to start on the 1st of May, but we found out to our dismay that the tickets would not be issued till the 15th. This discovery perplexed us much in completing our arrangements. To bring matters to a final issue, we determined to take tickets to Geneva, and leave the remainder of the journey to future considerations.

We met together in London, on Wednesday, the last day of April, at Williamson's family hotel, in Bow Lane, leading out of Cheapside. Here we passed the night, and on the following morning, May 1st, at ten o'clock, we left London for Paris. Our route was by way of Folkestone.

The weather was beautifully fine, and we had a delightful ride through the southern counties. We passed Chislehurst, made recently famous by the death of the Emperor Napoleon. We arrived at Folkestone about mid-day. The steam-boat was waiting for us, and we were soon on board. The sea was comparatively quiet, and we had a very pleasant and agreeable passage across the English Channel. It is quite true that some of the lady passengers became paler in countenance than usual, and were more tractable than is their wont; but on the whole they endured the gentle tossings of the smiling and friendly sea with a brave and dignified composure of manner.

We arrived at Boulogne about four o'clock in the afternoon, and here we had our first view of French society. I cannot say that my first impressions were at all of a favourable kind. They used me, as I thought, rather roughly and rudely at the custom house. Having got free from official suspicion and inspection, we drove off to the railway station, got dinner at the Buffet, or refreshment room, and after waiting about half an hour we were moving on from Boulogne to Paris. The ride, on the whole, appeared to me dreary and uninteresting. We stayed a few minutes at Amiens, where I was charged half a franc for an orange. We arrived in Paris about ten o'clock at night. We had fallen in with an intelligent French traveller on the way, who showed us considerable kindness. When we reached the French capital he gave useful instructions about luggage, provided us a cab, and put himself to considerable trouble to make our path plain. After two of our party had sent a telegram to England to assure their friends of their safe arrival, we drove off to our hotel. One of the party had a card of introduction, but as no previous communication had been made we had some difficulty in obtaining admittance. The hotel was kept by a widow lady, who could speak English with considerable fluency, and whose late husband was an Englishman. After considerable discussion, in which the *femme de chambre*, with folded arms, ventured to take part, the final word was given, and we alighted from our seats, and soon found ourselves housed for the night. The houses in Paris, and especially the hotels, are of immense height, and two of our rooms were situated in the top story but one. I did not take to my room at all kindly at first. There was a peculiarly strong smell, which on entrance was exceedingly disagreeable. The impression it made on my mind was that some one had lately died in the room of an infectious disease. Probably it rose from the close state of the room, for after the windows had been opened for a time it in a great degree passed away.

We spent three whole days in Paris. The weather was splendidly fine, and the air deliciously balmy. We saw most of the great sights of the brilliant city. The trees lining the streets were bursting into full and rich foliage. In beauty and external grandeur Paris certainly surpassed my expectations. We saw some of the sad results of the late war, and also many scenes of desolation, which, for some time to come, will remain memorials of the fierce struggles of the commune.

On Sunday morning, after searching in vain for Pressensé's chapel, we went to the church of the Madeline, where we remained only a short time. We saw popery there in all its priestly ostentation and gorgeous glitter. Growing weary of the service, we left the congregation, and I turned into the small Independent chapel only a few steps off. The room,

in which an English service is held, is not large, and was comfortably filled. Here I met with several friends whom I knew. The service was simple, devotional, and refreshing; and after it was over the Lord's supper was commemorated. The minister invited me to take a part in this service. A new member was received from Mr. Spurgeon's church in London. In the afternoon of the same day, I went to hear a celebrated French preacher, named Bersier. The service began at four o'clock, and long before the time the place was crowded. There was an absence of all that is distinctively clerical in the preacher's dress. His build and countenance reminded me of Mr. Chown, of Bradford. The audience hung with rapt attention on the preacher's lips. In the course of his sermon he alluded to the death of Dr. Guthrie, and to the touching sympathy manifested by the Queen of England. This pious and devoted man seems, under God, I think, destined to do much spiritual good in the gay and splendid city. I was told that his friends were engaged in building for him a large place of worship. May his life long be spared to preach in the same solemn and earnest manner as when I had the privilege of hearing him. On the whole, my Sabbath in Paris was a pleasant and profitable one.

On Monday morning, the 5th day of May, we left Paris for Geneva. We broke the journey at Maçon. This is a fine old French town, situated on the river Saone. We stayed at the *Hotel de Europe*, which we found very comfortable. The lady of the house, and her two good-looking daughters, met us at the door, gave us a graceful and hearty welcome, and appeared to do all they could to make our stay pleasant. One of the daughters had been educated in England, and had a fair knowledge of the English language. On the morning of the following day we visited the churches, saw some fine paintings, and discovered the house where Lamartine, the French author, was born.

We left Maçon about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning; arrived at Dijon in the afternoon, where we had dinner at the station, served up with marvellous rapidity, and with very great ability. The signs of Swiss scenery now began to appear. Our road passed through mountainous parts, ran for a time along the side of the river Rhone, when we had glimpses of magnificent scenery. After travelling for a long time very slowly, we arrived at Geneva about nine o'clock in the evening. As the rain was now coming down with great copiousness and swiftness we were not able to see much of the city that evening.

Peculiar feelings took hold of my mind as I went to rest for the first time in this far-famed historic city. We had our quarters at the *Hotel Metropole*, which is one of the largest and best conducted hotels in Geneva. I felt too much interested in the place, and my mind was too full of pleasurable excitement, to get much rest that night. As soon as the day dawned I got out of bed, drew up my window-blind, and had my first view of the city and outlying country. A range of mountains stretched across the horizon, and snow appeared in scattered patches lying on the mountain slopes. This was the first time I had seen snow on mountains in the summer.

I arose at an early hour in the morning, and went out before breakfast to see the city. As soon as I got out I was pleasantly impressed with the light, pellucid, and balmy atmosphere. Breathing now was a most pleasant exercise.

GILES HESTER.

LETTERS TO A CHURCH MEMBER.

No. I.—*Troubled Waters.*

MY DEAR M——,—And so “the beginning of strife” has again proved “as when one letteth out water;” and the little uneasiness which had arisen before I left home has so grown that it threatens seriously to disturb, for a time, the peace of the church. I am very sorry. These petty discontents and jealousies, these murmurings and disputings are so unworthy of men and women bearing the name of Christ, are so destructive to the well being of a church, and present it in so unlovely and undignified an aspect to those who are without.

Has it never struck you, in noticing misunderstandings among Christian people arising out of personal offences, as being a most strange thing that so very seldom is the smallest regard paid to our Saviour’s injunctions on this very matter. Very few specific directions are contained in the New Testament as to the detail of our conduct within the church or in ordinary life; but our Lord, as if feeling that in this sense also offences must come, and anxious that through all brotherly love might continue, here lays down not a general principle, but a definite rule—“Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican”—Matt. xviii. 15—17. How many life-long estrangements between friends, how many disturbances in communities would be prevented, if we deemed these directions worthy of attention. We call Jesus Master and Lord, but in this matter, at least, we just take our own way. “Ye are my friends, if ye do *whatsoever* I command you.”

In this present affair in our church I doubt whether Mrs. W., when she felt herself aggrieved by Mrs. H., ever so much as thought of going to Mrs. H. herself, and seeking an explanation. At all events she acted on no such plan; but instead told her grievance to one, and another, and another in the congregation, at each repetition gaining, almost of necessity, increased vexation and sense of injury, telling the incidents probably with little unconscious additions, or at least putting a darker construction upon them. Then again Mrs. H., when she became aware of these accusations, did not go to Mrs. W., but set off at once to Mr. J., and not simply as to a personal friend for advice, but to lay the matter before him in his capacity of deacon. One might have hoped that an office-bearer in the church would certainly have been acquainted with, and would have upheld this authoritative rule laid down for the guidance of its members. But no, Mr. J. hurries himself to Mrs. W. to inquire, advise, expostulate; no doubt with sincere desire to act the good part of peacemaker; and then——. Well, I can understand quite sufficiently how such an attempt at peacemaking resulted but in wider peace-breaking. How Mrs. W. resented the interference, and Mr. W. resented it still more; how Mr. W.’s friends remembered their dis-

appointment of three years ago, and remarked that *they* had always doubted whether Mr. J. was exactly the best man for the office he filled—how Mr. J.'s friends replied, and so on, &c., &c.

But what spirit of evil could have possessed Miss A. that she could put her long standing in the church to no better purpose than to rake up that old forgotten story against Mr. J., of which not one fifth of the present church, not our minister even, had ever heard a word. Do I remember anything about it? Only too well; and all the whisperings, wonderments, evil surmisings, assertions, denials. It was nearly my first experience on joining the church, and rudely dispelled some young dreams of lofty fellowship, fullest peace and love, to be enjoyed in such communion. Twenty-eight years further experience of my own failings, and of the failings of others, has taught me other expectations, and that the charity which is not easily provoked, bears all things, suffers long, thinks no evil, will find room for constant exercise until we reach the assembly of just men made perfect. No, my dear, you need never hope to hear the rights of the story from me. In such matters assuredly "let the dead past bury its dead;" and woe to that community which contains within it such resurrectionists as poor Miss A.

It is scarcely possible to avoid some satisfaction that by no will of my own, duty having called elsewhere, I have as yet escaped all this, especially that most uncomfortable church meeting: but assuredly, dear M., I cannot advise you voluntarily to forsake your post. The tie connecting us with a particular church is not one, I think, to be lightly broken; and it certainly is not magnanimous to desert in an hour of trouble and difficulty. Nay, remain; and seek, as much as in you lies, to obtain the blessedness pronounced on the peacemaker. Of course I do not mean that there should necessarily be any active interference or endeavour to settle the points in dispute: it would, indeed, be confusion worse confounded if every member were to attempt that. There are quiet ways of seeking peace within the reach of each and of all. As the first requirement towards peace-working endeavour to possess your own soul in quietness, free from irritation and uncharitableness. (By the by, are you aware, I was not until quite lately, that "Blessed are the peacemakers" is the closer translation, one which certainly gives a wider scope to the beatitude). Guard against any spirit of partizanship, any disposition to see all the excuses on one side, and all the aggravations on the other: as far as you judge at all, try to exercise impartiality and candour. Do not, however, make a desire to be in a position for judging fairly an excuse for ceaseless investigation, listening, inquiry. Such investigation will do more harm to yourself and others than any conclusions you may reach will do good. You will not learn the exact truth, most likely, seek how you will—and what need? Who made you or me a judge in this matter? The disposition to be evermore passing judgment on every matter and every person, though it may have some show of wisdom and love of justice, is not a disposition to be cultivated; it is, indeed, in direct opposition to the spirit enjoined in several New Testament precepts. We believe Mrs. W. and Mrs. H. both to be Christians—as such we are bound to love them; they have both proved themselves to be imperfect Christians. Let us consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. But to strike the exact

balance between the respective faults or merits of Mrs. W. and Mrs. H., or of Mr. W. and Mr. J., cannot surely be a duty. Depend upon it the less you speak of the affair at all the better. It is the talk, talk, talk, that all the world over so excites, continues, and extends irritation. Do not introduce it as a subject of discourse; if introduced by others, endeavour to turn the conversation into another channel. Of course such matters occurring within a church should never be spoken of outside, the business of church meetings being held private and confidential. You do not need this warning I am well assured, but you might give a hint where it may be needed. I am afraid all church members do not make such reticence a point of honour. And surely the temptation to such discourse should be small indeed: we ought to be altogether too troubled and ashamed by the littleness and wrongness of these contentions to find any pleasure in dwelling upon them. For is it not strange and grievous that Christian men and women, professing to have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, forgiven the ten thousand talents, cannot forgive each other an injurious word, a slight, a small unkindness, the paltry hundred pence: that in such a world as this, living this one life, so awful in its opportunities and its issues, so much work to be done and so little time in which to do it, we can waste energy, thought, feeling, on such trivialities as these; and that, despite all our Lord can say respecting greatness in His kingdom, despite the grand future set before us—glory, honour, immortality—we will covet earnestly every little priority and distinction, and grudge if a brother be raised a few inches higher than ourselves.

These things ought not to be; and they would not if our minds were more occupied by the great verities of our religion and less by its externals and circumstantials; or rather if the externals and circumstantials in which our existence and activities as a community must find embodiment were ever animated and ennobled by a living principle of faith and love, all our works being begun, continued, and ended in God: if we, in fuller measure, to use apostolic phrase, lived and walked *in the Spirit*.

The recommendation to be "slow to speak" is, as a general rule, assuredly good; but there *may* arise opportunities for more active offices of peacemaking such as ought not to be refused. Here, however, it is exceedingly difficult to give any advice; so much depends on the circumstances of the case, the person addressed, the place, the time. There is one direction available for all occasions of perplexity to which I would refer you, should a task so delicate and difficult fall to your lot. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Let us not forget to pray, as well as to endeavour, that fullest goodwill and harmony may soon be restored; so that we, as a church, fulfilling the condition, "Be of one mind, live in peace," may rejoice in the assurance, "and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Ever yours,

E. KATE GELLET.

TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE CHAPEL-KEEPER.

WILL my little friends get their Bibles, and read the first ten verses of the third chapter of the first book of Samuel, before we begin our talk?

There, now; I shall suppose that you have done as I have asked you, and that you are quite ready for what I have to say.

How would you like to sleep in a chapel or church in a bed by yourself, and with no one in the place with you, except an old man who was nearly blind? "Whoever did?" I think I hear you say. Why the little boy of whom you have been reading. The place was not, of course, like the chapel you go to on a Sunday; but it was the place where the people went to worship God, to sing and pray, and hear His word. I fancy you would feel afraid to sleep all night in a chapel, though there would be nothing to fear. Our Father in heaven can take care of you just as well in one place as in another; and certainly you would not be in any greater danger while sleeping in a chapel or a church than you would be if you were at home in your own little cot.

Well, this boy slept in the place where the people worshipped God; and one night, soon after he had gone to bed, he heard some one call, "Samuel! Samuel!" He thought it was the old man, whose name, you know, was Eli; so he called out, "Here am I," and at the same time got up as quickly as he could and ran to the old man's bedside and said, "Did you want me, if you please?" He did not use just these words you know, but I am sure he would speak very nicely, as I hope all my little readers do when they are spoken to. But the old man said, "I did not call you, my boy; go to bed again." Almost as soon as he had got into bed again and pulled the clothes round him he heard the voice again, calling, "Samuel!" And again the little fellow sprang up and ran to Eli and said, "Here I am, for you did call me." "I did not call you," said Eli; "go to bed again, my child."

As the old man turned over on his couch, after having been disturbed twice, perhaps he thought to himself, "Why that boy must have been dreaming." Before, however, he had time to compose himself to sleep, Samuel was at his side again, having heard the same voice for the third time. "I have come again, for I feel quite sure you called me," said he. Then the old man began to think that it must have been the Lord who had called; and so he told the boy to go and lie down again, and if he heard the voice to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." I once knew a little boy who would have been strongly tempted to be angry if he had been called out of his bed at night three times, and had been told each time that he was not wanted for anything. I think I have known one who would have grumbled the first time, and would have been a long while getting up the second time, and perhaps would have covered his head with the clothes and pretended he did not hear the third time. Does my little reader know any little boy or girl who might have done so? But how much better it was for Samuel willingly and cheerfully to answer the call each time. If he had been rude and saucy to the old man, or angry and sullen with him, I feel sure he would not have been called the fourth time. In obedience to Eli's command, he went to lie

down again; and when, for the fourth time, he heard the voice calling, "Samuel," he said, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth." You know who it was that called, don't you? It was the Lord. Was it not wonderful that the great God should speak to one so young? Think of it. God, who made the sky, and the sun, and the stars, and the earth, with everything that grows upon it, and the sea, and all the creatures that live in it, spoke to a boy not older than you perhaps.

And He speaks to children now. He speaks to *you*. Do you ask how? I will tell you.

If some one in America, or India, or Australia, whom you had never seen, were to send you a present on your birthday every year, you would know that they thought about you and cared for you. If a present were to come every month, you would feel quite sure that they thought about you very often, and loved you very much.

Does not God speak to you in this way? He sends you something not every year, or every month only, but every day and every moment. Your life, and home, and friends, and food, and clothing are all His gifts. He makes the sun to shine, and the rain to descend, and the flowers and corn to grow, and the birds to sing; and by all these things He says, "I think of you every moment, and I love you very much."

But this is not the only way in which He speaks. Are you ever naughty? Have you ever been idle at your lessons or work, disobedient to your parents or teachers, or unkind to your brothers and playmates? If you have, don't you remember how unhappy you were? Was not God speaking to you then, and saying that He was grieved with you? You remember, too, when, after asking Jesus to help, you have done your very best at work or school, and obeyed cheerfully and at once father's and mother's commands, and tried to be kind and good-natured to your companions, you remember, I say, how happy you have been. Well, God put that happy feeling there; and that was just the same as saying, "Well done, my child; that is the way I want you to act; I am delighted with you to-day, try again to-morrow." Be sure that you give heed when He speaks in this way.

But there is yet another way in which He speaks. You are all fond of receiving letters from friends whom you love. Some of you have one or more put away in the box where you keep your treasures, and every now and then you take them out and read them over and over again. You tell your little friends about them, and you would not on any account lose them. But none of your earthly friends have ever sent you such a long or such a loving letter as God our Father has sent. You know what I mean, do you not?

Of course the letter is meant for old people as well as children; but some of you could in a moment find out some parts of it which were meant for you. You know where it says, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Most of you have, I hope, committed to memory the words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." But perhaps you know better still the words of the tender Shepherd, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Do you listen attentively to all your Father has to say? Do you love the letter He has sent? I hope you do.

But think again. God not only spoke to this little child, but He let him engage in His service. I think I hear you say, "Whatever did He do?" Why he was like a little chapel-keeper. He would keep the lamps trimmed so that they might give a bright light. Then the ashes had to be taken from the altar on which some of the people's sacrifices were burned; and the place would, of course, have to be swept and kept clean. Samuel could not do all the work himself, but he would certainly have to help. Do you say, "We cannot all be chapel-keepers?" Of course you cannot; but there are very many ways in which even you may serve God as acceptably as Samuel did. I am afraid that you sometimes think you cannot serve God unless you can preach, or teach, or give tracts away, or pray, or read your Bibles, or go to chapel, or talk about religion. If you think so you make a great mistake. God may be served in all these ways, but He wants you to serve Him in *everything* you do or say or think. He wants you to be obedient to father and mother, industrious at school or work, and kind and gentle and loving to your brothers, sisters, and playmates; and if in these things you try to do as He wishes you, that will be serving Him. Even in your *play*, if you play fairly, and try to be patient and generous and kind, if you give way in order to make others happy, and all because our Father and the tender Shepherd want you so to act, that will be serving God quite as acceptably as if you were preaching or praying all the time. Will my little friends think of these things? Try and make *all your life* one continued service to God.

But I fancy I hear some who read this say, "Ah! it would be easy enough for Samuel to be a good boy, always living where he did: he never had hard lessons to learn. There were no ill-natured and wicked boys to tease him and tempt him to do wrong." If these are your thoughts, you are very much mistaken. He certainly had lessons, and most likely some of them would be as hard to him as yours are to you. It is certain, too, that he had temptation. He had a heart as prone to sin as yours; and there were some very wicked youths who went to the place where Samuel lived who would be almost certain to tempt him to do wrong, or laugh at him for not being as wicked as they were.

Be sure of this, that wherever you live, or whatever may be your work, you will meet with temptation of some kind; and the surest way to secure yourselves against falling into it is to begin serving God, as Samuel did, in your earliest days. Give your heart to Jesus at once, and He will keep you. You cannot possibly do this too soon. A young prince, who began in very early life to love and fear God, asked his tutor to give him some religious instruction. The teacher replied, "Time enough for that when you are older." "No," said the prince; "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves, and there are many *shorter* than I am." Have you never seen graves shorter than you are? Have you not seen those who were less and younger than you are carried to the grave?

You certainly cannot give your heart to Jesus *too soon*, but you may put it off till it is *too late*. Will not my little friends do it *at once*? While I write these words I breathe a prayer that they may.

Leicester.

W. EVANS.

“THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN.”

Painted by E. Goodwyn Lewis.

THE want of a really good picture, at once an artistic work and a true rendering of this great historical fact, has long been felt by Baptists; who, however they may have appreciated their artistic qualities, have not been able to believe in those numerous paintings which represent the Forerunner pouring a few drops of water from a cockle shell upon the head of our blessed Lord. Happily we have lately had the pleasure of seeing an almost completed picture of this subject, which will merit, we think, not only the serious attention of the denomination, but of the public at large.

The idea of this work was first suggested to the artist by the controversy which took place, now many years since, between the Rev. Dr. Halley and the Rev. Charles Stovel, in which Mr. Lewis took so keen an interest that he then resolved to paint a picture, at some future time, that should be, what he conceived, a literal representation of the inspired account of the Baptism of Christ. But it was not until about two years ago that the long cherished design was attempted, and many and great have been the technical difficulties which have had to be overcome before the present satisfactory result could be attained.

Facing the picture, the spectator sees the Jordan full in front of him. Receding with the distance it winds along the base of the barren and precipitous mountains in the background, whose soft purple tones throw into harmonious relief the richer colouring of the picturesquely wooded banks of the foreground, alive with a many-tinted and motley crowd of “dwellers in all the regions round about,” as well as phylactered Scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem, and foreign legionaries from Rome.

In the centre of the picture, and nearly in the middle of the fordable stream, are the two all-important figures. The Baptizer is in the act of raising from the water the Saviour, whom he has just immersed, and the deep reverence of his whole attitude expresses, “I have need to be baptized of Thee.” The face of Christ, fair and gentle, but full of intellect and devotion, is upturned naturally and without any so-called religious effect, and a beam of white light descends upon Him from heaven.

It is impossible to look at this picture without feeling that it must very much resemble the scene the evangelist records. The details are full of interest, and amply repay a careful study, while the whole is pervaded by an intense yet simple Christianity.

EASTER HYMN.

Translated from No. 68 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

JESUS CHRIST has left the dead—
Alleluia! hell succumbs;
While with splendours on His head
Victor from the tomb He comes.
Death, where is thy dreadful sting?
Where thy victory, O grave?
Time's swift whirlpools can but bring
Me to shores His glories lave.
Death is vanquished once for all;
Jesus gives His church release,
Saves her from her ancient thrall
By His blood, and seals her peace.

Ripley.

Christ has won the heavenly land;
Given us to the love of God;
I through Him immortal stand!
Flesh return then to the sod,
Sown there, by dishonour claimed,
Yet in glory to be raised!
O! my heart, with love inflamed,
Sing the Victor Jesus' praise.
To Thy name all glories come;
Every knee to Thee bow down;
Heaven and earth unite in one,
Saviour, sounding Thy renown.

J. S. MILL AS A WITNESS AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

No. IV.—*Biased to the Last.*

No thoughtful man amongst us, whatever his position and training, is likely to travel far in life without coming face to face with numberless facts demonstrating the solid worth and immense serviceableness of Christianity. Society is full of Christian Theism, and men cannot live without breathing an atmosphere fragrant with faith and love for a personal and loving Father, and joyful hope in the destiny of the race of men He has created. Christianity, as the French say, "is in the air." It is the basis of some of the most just and beneficent laws under which we live, and the inspiration of those who toil and struggle for a yet more just and equal legislation. It saturates much of our literature with its saving salt. Its handbook is in every home; and its annals are woven into the texture of the long story of our complex human life. In every village and town its voice is heard, stimulating to goodness, warning of evil, comforting in sorrow, and cheering with hope; and its living evidences, whilst never far to seek for those who wish to find, occasionally obtrude themselves on the reluctant attention of its determined opponents. It is easier to live without air, than to dwell in Britain without encountering the gospel of the grace of God.

Therefore, although a youth has been persistently trained to reject Christianity, yet the unfolding of life will afford many occasions for correcting the defects of early education: and the facts and principles that were ignored, glossed over or misrepresented to his unsuspecting childhood, will appear in their real character to the stronger intelligence and wider experience of the man. A child may be trained in the way he should *not* go; and when he is old depart from it, and find a better. Josiah was the good son of a bad father. Augustine wandered through all the mazes and labyrinths of the sensualism and scepticism of his time; but he entered at last, by the guidance of a little child, into the school of Christ. Carl Ritter was never taught religion, was sent to a school that acknowledged Rousseau; but though the teacher ignored formal religion, his character was so just and upright and benevolent that it was a fine preparation for Ritter's entrance into the kingdom of heaven. A. B. started life as a sceptic, avowed, pledged, and determined; but he could not hold out against the convincing facts and self-revealing experiences of life.

Mr. Mill's relations to Christianity, then, cannot be wholly explained by the circumstance that he received his early training at the hands of a hard, dogmatic, and exasperated atheist. Of course that had its weight. Home education is one of the most abiding of the influences that shape our life. It is the first force that reaches us; it goes direct to the heart; it is free from opposition; it attends us to the grave. But it is not final; and the difficulties it may create are not insuperable. While there's life and thought and candour truth may triumph.

There is no doubt that in the *first* stage of Mill's career his mind was completely swayed in its judgments by loyal deference to his father's scepticism. But what followed? His mental and moral history exhibits *four* other stages. Was he, during his experience of any one of them, in a *right mood of mind*, i.e., right according to the teaching of philosophers, free from bias, the discolouring haze of feeling, the warping and wrenching influence of antipathy, so that he might be fairly expected to form a just estimate of those facts and teachings of Christianity which the long course of his life might urge upon his attention? Are there any traces that at any period, from childhood to death, the state of his feeling with regard to Christian Theism was such that he was likely to reach an unbiassed conclusion as to its merits as a system of thought, an exposition of life, and an agency for effecting moral results?

Unhesitatingly, though not without surprise and pain that it should be so, we say there are not the faintest indications of any such condition, in the *second* part of his mental and moral experience; during which he was absorbed in intellectual activity, was little more than a faithful transcript of his cold, analytical, industrious, hard-headed, self-reliant, and self-asserting father; and was so saturated with scorn for the professors of Christianity, and antipathy to its teachings, that according to all known laws of mind he could not possibly, with such feelings towards any subject, see a single aspect of it in its true perspective, and as it really was. Measure the calm but intense disgust breathed in these words: "I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men I read of in Herodotus should have done so. History had made the variety of opinions among mankind a fact

familiar to me, and this was but a prolongation of that fact.* Vast as the interval between heathen rites and Christianity, is the distance between the English Christian and young Mill: and as haughty Britons are said to treat with ineffable contempt the debasing worship of the Hindoos, so this "reasoning machine" gazes with ostentatious self-sufficiency on the Christian beliefs of his countrymen. Mark, moreover, the philosophical serenity of the atmosphere in which he dwells who can deliberately write down all the professors of Christianity as marked by "the same slovenliness of thought and subjection of the reason to fears, wishes, and affections which enable them to accept theories involving a contradiction in terms, prevents them from perceiving the logical consequences of the theory."† Is that justly entitled to be regarded as the mental mood of one who accepts nothing but "reasoned truth," which swallows without a quiver of hesitation the gigantic conclusion, that all religions are "demoralizing influences," and that Christianity is the worst of all; and, moreover, that "in it is found the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human mind can devise, which is called God, and before which we prostrate ourselves"?‡ Expect fairness and justice to Christianity from a man with the fixed hate, deep-seated bias, and warped feelings upon it these quotations disclose! It were easier to get blood from a stone.

But there comes "a crisis in his mental history," and he advances "one stage (a *third*) onward." And it is a real advance nearer to the kingdom of heaven. It is the moment of the birth of his imagination, the rousing of the dormant and drugged faculties that aspire and idealize. Up to 1826 Mill had only exercised himself to strengthen and sharpen his discerning intellect, and during the whole of that time his mind had been closed against the entrance of Christian light. But now his soul was touched to fine issues, the world of imaginative sentiment was opened to him by the study of Marmontel's *Memoirs*, and he is "moved to tears" as he vividly realizes the scene in which the brave youth essays to carry all the family sorrows and misfortunes after his father's death.§ This took him out of himself, led him to put himself to the discipline of self-effacement, and "the cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points of his ethical and philosophical creed." This took him further afield, and he made the acquaintance of Frederick D. Maurice and John Sterling, and read the works of Coleridge, Goethe, and Carlyle; and came along those lines in close contact with Christian teaching and Christian men. This was a golden opportunity. But alas! the old bitterness re-appears; the ineradicable bias breaks out; and because Maurice has devoted his life to Christianity, he speaks of his great "intellectual power as wasted," and talks of Christian teaching as "a worthless heap of received opinions on the great subjects of thought."||

In his twenty-fifth year, Mill entered upon a *fourth* and different experience. The first and second stages disciplined his powers of analysis; the third evoked his imaginative sentiment; this gave wings to his affections, fixed his whole heart on a person, and formed the chief joy of his life. Intellect, imagination, and affection are now at work, and the heart is controlled by love for a person. In themselves these are all favourable conditions, and often carry men near the gates of the temple of religion, and within sound of the welcome voices worshipping within. But Mill's love was given to another man's wife; and, to say the least of it, that was hardly such a circumstance as would be likely to set him free from the narrow and sectarian prejudices he cherished against a religion which is somewhat stringent on the relations of husband and wife and third parties. Therefore, though Mill, under these triple influences, was induced to part with some of his former bitterness, yet his bias was not washed out of him; and when, after seven years and a half of married life with Mrs. Taylor, he had to mourn her removal by death, his only consolation in his great sorrow was to "try to feel her near him," to make "her memory a religion," and to go within a few paces of the superstition which led the distinguished Positivist, Auguste Comte, to erect an altar and offer worship to his dead Clotilde.

And yet, forsooth, this man's position with regard to Christianity has been a stumbling-stone to young men, an ægis to unbelievers, a stone to fling at the blind devotees of Christianity! A moment's counsel, taken with reason, will show that the last name in the world that should be quoted as an authority against the reception of Christianity is that of John Stuart Mill. For he not only perseveringly ignored it, but wore the bands of prejudice with which his father swathed him to the very last.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Autobiography, p. 48.

† *Ibid.*, p. 41.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 141.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 168.

OLD CLOSEM: OR, SAFE INVESTMENTS.

BY REV. DR. TODD.

A VERY peculiar man was old Closem. All of his life he had been to the house of God on the Sabbath. Very few men ever got so much preaching for so little money. He had been a home man, always at work, always saving, laying up money. He had a sort of intuitive knowledge that the man whom he saw in the pulpit with his minister on Sabbath morning must be after money for some good object, and so he buttoned up his coat at once, and no eloquence could unbutton it. Some neighbour reported that he was once known to give a quarter, but that was so long ago, and so lacking in the confirmation, that nobody believed it.

Just as the old year was going out and the new one coming in, I met Mr. Closem in the road, looking over the wall at a fine-looking field of wheat belonging to himself. There was a glow on his face which seemed to say, "Ah, sir, that crop will bring me many dollars next year!"

"Well, Mr. Closem, you have got a fine field of wheat, to be sure!"

"Yes, sir; and its not the first I have raised, I assure you. My land gives me grand crops of wheat. My barns are more than full of the crops of last summer."

"What are you going to do with it all?"

"Do? Why, sell it, to be sure."

"And what will you do with the money?"

"Why, there's a new trouble. It is difficult to know how to invest it so as to have it safe, and yet yield a good dividend. I must have both."

"I can tell you, sir, where you can do it."

"I doubt it; but let us hear. Will the money be safe?"

"Perfectly so."

"And the interest good and sure?"

"Yes, without fail."

"Well, tell us at once all about it."

"I advise you to invest a part in China."

"In China!"

"Yes. We are having the whole of that Empire opening its gates to receive our religion, our civilization, and our institutions. The Board of Missions are about to send out a score of young, self-denying preachers of the gospel, and we want the means. Here you can invest, and the principal will be safe, and the income large."

"Do you suppose I am simple enough to believe that money given away is ever to return, or to pay a dividend? Sir, I am not quite a fool."

"I hope you can say that a thousand years hence. But may I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly, if it be a true one. None of your made-up stories for me. Every word shall be true."

"Well, sir, a few days since I met a gentleman, the owner of large paper-mills. He took me through the mills, and showed the great vats of pulp and the great piles of paper ready for the market, and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing the praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks—fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every time he went to the city, I said, 'Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success?—for you tell me you began life with nothing.'

'I don't know as there is any secret about it. When sixteen years old I went to S—— to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food—no more, no less. My clothing and all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord that I would give him one-tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for future capital. This resolution I carried out, and, after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had at the end of the year much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord, whether He gave me more or less, I would never give less than one-tenth to

Him. To this vow I have conscientiously adhered from that day to this; and if there is any secret to my success, I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths, though I hope I don't now limit my charities to that, than if I had kept the whole.'

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways: first, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and secondly, I have so learned to be careful and economical that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so.'

"Now, Mr. Closem, you have heard my story?"

"Yes; but what have you told it for?"

"Don't you see? To take away the last excuse that you can make for not setting apart some share of your income, and giving it to the Lord for the benefit of your fellow-men, for whom Christ died. Give, give, my dear sir. God is able to make it up in giving you more wheat, more stock, less sickness in your family, more years to your life, more respect of your fellow-men, more peace of conscience, and a higher hope of heaven."

Mr. Closem said not a word. He turned and left me, looking sober and thoughtful. Were he a young man, I should have great hopes that he would see that this is a sure way of using the means to be rich. Will young men note this, and act upon the hint growing out of my story?

INCIDENTS AND FEATURES OF THE PRESENT REVIVAL.

Most of our readers will be familiar with the circumstances attending the remarkable reviving of religious earnestness and devotion in the North of England, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee. It is the theme of general conversation, and engrosses attention to an unprecedented degree. Politics, business, and pleasure, have been made to occupy a subordinate place; and the things which make for the everlasting peace of men have risen into the ascendant. Large sections of the community have been stirred to leave their avocations, their comfort and ease, and hear the truth of Christ preached with singular directness, intense reality, and hearty affection. Young men have gathered in crowds to listen to the simple declaration of the God of love. Learned divines, ministers of long experience, have given time and labour to evangelistic services on a scale much larger than that occupied for many years. Churches have been quickened into fuller life, and many souls have been added to the Lord.

This is, really, only as it should be. The marvel is that it should be marvellous. The astonishing interest of the message of God's stupendous and unspeakable gift, and all that it brings with it, in fact and in promise, ought to kindle enthusiasm. And that which might strike us with wonder is that men show such apathy to these truths, and so few rejoice in the promises of His infinite love and grace.

We purpose to chronicle a few of the incidents and describe some of the features of this revival, in the hope that the fire may spread amongst our churches, and the work of the Lord more abundantly prosper in our hands. These illustrations will themselves suggest the way we should take.

A young man belonging to the upper class was not ashamed to appear among the anxious. He had enjoyed a liberal education, had been brought up amidst Christian influences, and was the son of many prayers, but up till this time had lived only for the present world. When the substitution of Christ, in the room of sinners, was set before him by the gentleman who conversed with him, he said, "I never saw it in that light before; I will trust Him." He went away home, to all appearance a new man, a new creature in Christ Jesus. I have since learned from his parents that he daily grows stronger in his faith in the Son of God. "We cannot doubt," said his mother, "that the momentous question is at length settled. Our prayers are answered, and blessed be God for it." Here

the agencies employed by God were at least three—the prayers of the parents, the direct conversation of a Christian evangelist, and the prevalent and penetrating enthusiasm for salvation kindled by the visit of these zealous, practical, and placid workers from America.

See how true, when thy father and mother forsake thee the Lord will take thee up. A poor orphan lad, who has neither home nor friend, sees a crowd at a church door. He asks what it means. Some one tells him it is a meeting for all who are anxiously seeking salvation. "Oh, I should like to go in," said the lad; "I wish to be saved: will you let me in?" He was admitted. There he sat, with his hands clasped and the tears running down his cheeks. At first he could not, he dared not, believe that Jesus would receive *him*. But when he was shown from the word of God that the Saviour would receive him if only he came to Him, he said, "What! will He take me?" There and then the matter was settled between the Lord of glory and the orphan boy. He wept for joy. He went away, and spent his last fourpence in purchasing a small copy of the New Testament; and when he returned next night, it seemed as if he had learned in a single day more than many others do in a year. Perhaps the childlike simplicity and lowliness of the disciple may account for his rapid progress. On going home to his lodgings on the second night, he began to tell what Jesus had done for his soul; but the people of the house could not bear his loving testimony to the Son of God, and they turned him out at the latest hour of night. But the poor orphan lad has found new friends, and he says, "He believes the Lord will tak' guid care o' him."

At Dundee, the kind persistence and prayer of a girl in a house of business found a speedy and blessed reward. A Christian young woman sent in a request for prayer on behalf of her shop-companions, several of whom were then engaged to attend a ball. Three of them were induced to attend the meetings, although they said, "We don't intend to give up the ball on account of anything Moody or Sankey may say." They were awakened; they sought the Lord; they have found Him, as they hope. They have now joyfully abandoned the ball-room and all the gaieties of the world, and entered into the fellowship of God's children. Is not this full of encouragement to fidelity to Christ, to prayerfulness, and devotion to the salvation of souls? Houses of business offer some of the best pulpits.

The blessing is sure to penetrate the homes of the people. On one occasion two middle-aged persons, husband and wife, took their places amongst the inquirers. They had attended the house of God for many years; they were members of the church; their reputation was good, and they firmly believed they were as likely to be saved as any other persons in the world. Now, however, the scales were falling from their eyes. For the first time they saw that they were utterly lost, and their Christian profession they felt was only a lie. The spectacle of their distress was affecting; they were in an agony. But light from the cross fell upon them. They met the Lord at His trusting-place with sinners—at Calvary. The husband writes, "Dear Sir,—with a heart overflowing with the love of God, I now write you. Glory to His name, I can now say, 'Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe.' I have been singing in the midst of tears many times since Sabbath night. John iii., 16, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That word is for me, and I take it as mine. O God, strengthen my faith to keep fast hold of that sweet promise. I am happy to say that the light is beginning to dawn on my wife's soul, and I have reason to believe that my two daughters are resting on Jesus. But our son, who is absent from Dundee at present, and not converted, I earnestly desire that he may be remembered in prayer, and may God grant the blessing. We return thanks to God for the blessings already bestowed on us as a family, and may the seed sown in our hearts, and in the hearts of very many in Dundee, spring up and increase daily until the harvest. I am sorry that my duties prevented me from hearing Messrs. Moody and Sankey again. I wish them God speed."

The truth that more than any other is honoured of the Spirit and made effectual to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin is that of the ardent, personal, and universal love of God in Christ.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE LATE REV. J. MADEN, OF GAMBLESIDE.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born at New-Laith, near Gambleside, on the 21st of September, 1804. His mother was a devoted Christian, and a member of the Baptist church at Goodshaw; and his father a regular attendant at the chapel there. In very early life he had strong religious impressions, but those impressions were stifled, and he grew up into a careless and worldly young man. He heard much preaching on the subject of election, by the late Rev. John Pilling, of Goodshaw, and frequently had anxious thoughts whether he was called to be a chosen vessel, or a reprobate production to be fitted for destruction. He was much distressed when thinking on this question for a considerable time. He selected as his life-partner a young woman of good reputation, who was one of the sweetest singers in the notable group then occupying the singers's pew in the old chapel at Goodshaw. Resolutions made in youth, that when settled in life he would devote himself to the service of God, were now systematically broken; but he soon found that the way of transgressors is hard! Trials and difficulties beset him; a long severe sickness brought him very near to the grave. This sharp discipline produced some change in his method of living. He began to attend the Wesleyan chapel in Crawshawbooth, and for a short time joined one of their class meetings. Removing from the village of Goodshaw, he settled for a time at Gale, near Littleborough; and there, while neglecting the means of grace, he soon met with sceptical company, and became exceedingly wretched in mind. After a time he left Gale, and settled at Harwood-Lee, near Bolton, and there sunk deeper in misery. He neglected God's house, and being away from the friends of his youth, he became a companion of drunkards and godless men. But in God's good providence the time of reformation was drawing near.

The Primitive Methodists were anxious to have a mission station in Harwood-Lee. Our departed friend opened his house for them, and in a short time he was truly converted, and at once he began to labour for the conversion of others: and with such marked success that when he removed back into Rossendale he left in Harwood a flourishing society of Primitive Methodists, which is prosperous and useful to this day. While residing at Water, near Newchurch, he was associated with the Wesleyans meeting in a preaching room at Forest Holme, and often engaged in preaching among them; but his soul began most ardently to desire the salvation of his youthful companions in the neighbourhood of Gambleside. The people there were in gross darkness, and were under the shadow of death. In the summer of 1839 he began preaching there in various houses where the people were willing to receive his visits. A few friends soon united with him in holy labours, and an old house was taken, and set in order as a room for preaching. In a short time the house became too small, and another house, used for the purpose of brewing, was rented, and converted into a small chapel. A rising gallery was erected, and a pulpit fixed, and a tolerable congregation was soon collected.

The pastor now began to feel that though he had no sympathy with the high Calvinism so common among Particular Baptists, he was thoroughly with them in his views on baptism. He was therefore baptized, with three other brethren, in September, 1844. He afterwards learned, with very great pleasure, that a large body of Baptists existed who held precisely the doctrinal views which he had been led to adopt; and hence the church became connected with the denomination of General Baptists. The church steadily grew, and the chapel was soon enlarged to more than double its original dimensions. An organ was erected, and side galleries were put in the chapel. The spiritual operations of the church were carried on with considerable vigour. A preaching room was opened at Waterfoot, and was supplied for some time by the pastor and two of his sons, who had begun preaching, and Mr. Jacob White, a deacon of the Gambleside church. The leading family in the new place removed to Bacup, and began the General Baptist church which is still flourishing there. The other friends connected with the room at Waterfoot migrated to Edgeside, and began the interest which has culminated in the erection of a good chapel and a prosperous church. Since then a new school room and a good house have been built at Clow Bridge, at a cost of about £800; and the pastor lived to see the debt entirely removed.

His end was eminently peaceful and tranquil, and formed a glorious completion of his Christian life. He has left the richest heritage a parent can bequeath to his family and surviving friends, viz., a good testimony to the gospel, a bright

example of the Christian life, and a hope radiant with immortality. He retained his consciousness to the last moment, and then, with a good hope, quietly fell asleep in Jesus, on Saturday evening, February 21st, 1874. He needs no tablet to enshrine his virtues, or to set forth his abundant labours: his imperishable memorial is already erected, and may be seen in the churches which he has been instrumental in forming, and in the chapels and schools which he has been the means of building. His memory is very fragrant in the hearts of hundreds of Christian people, who hope and desire to meet him again in the world to come.

JAMES MADEN.

Shore.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OUR NEXT ASSOCIATION.—Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you allow me to intimate to the friends throughout the Connexion that we are already awake to the responsibilities which our Annual Religious Festival will entail upon us at Loughborough. A joint committee of the two churches here has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements for giving a hearty welcome to our friends. Detailed announcements will be made in the May number of the Magazine; but in the meantime we shall be glad to receive any suggestions or communications.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

Loughborough.

B. BALDWIN.

II. THE CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.—INDUCTIVE THEOLOGY.—We are very glad that Mr. Cox's address at the Burnley Association is at length printed in a form for general circulation amongst our churches, and rejoice to learn that already there is promise of a sale which, considering the remoteness of the occasion of its delivery, (how rapidly we live now!) is very good. The friends who heard portions of it will lose no time in reading the whole; and those who did not get to Burnley will find abounding instruction in this extremely able treatment of one of the most grave and important subjects of the day. All the thoughtful men in our churches, young and middle-aged and old, should peruse this pamphlet. Our publishers have printed it on toned paper and in good style.

III. THE BIOGRAPHY OF REV. T. W. MATTHEWS is now in course of preparation, and it is hoped will be ready for the press at no very distant date. Will friends who have letters, etc., from him, kindly loan them to the compilers, forwarding them *at once* to the Rev. J. Jolly, Boston.

IV. A GREAT OPPORTUNITY. A NEW CHAPEL, SEATING 800 PERSONS, at NORWICH, FOR £1200.—Ought we not to have it at once? Whoever knows Priory Yard, and is able to contrast it with St. Clement's chapel, now offered us, will instantly and earnestly say, "Yes." A new chapel is

being built for the congregation of the Rev. T. Wheeler, and hence it comes to pass that close to our present premises this admirable building is offered us. The old chapel is ill-placed. This is in a main thoroughfare. The old chapel is small, and ill-adapted to the purposes of a Christian church. This is just what we want. In the old chapel strength and means are wasted; in this we should be able to utilize our power to the utmost. We must have it. The Rev. G. Gould warmly commends our purchase of the building. Our friend, Rev. G. Taylor, resident in Norwich, urges it as a necessary and wise and useful policy. £500 of the money could be obtained in and about Norwich. Might not our Eastern Lincolnshire Conference give its share of the Centenary Fund to it forthwith,—say £250: and then in the denomination we can readily raise the rest. Help for Norwich, then, and help forthwith. Mr. Colman, M.P., heads the subscription list with £100. Contributions may be sent to Rev. G. Taylor, Holly Cottage, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich; or to the Editor of our Magazine. Friends, aid, and aid *at once!*

V. THE CHURCH AS IT IS.—A Church in which the scum chiefly rises to the surface, whose bishops are appointed for political reasons, and whose clergy in general are promoted chiefly because they are safe and colourless theologians—where neither length of service, nor merit, nor learning, nor success in their work, can entitle them to remove to a post where the carking cares of poverty and want of means may weigh them less heavily in the decline of life—must present attractions only to men of so rare an indifference to the means of living that we can rarely hope to meet with them. That we have still such among us, in spite of ridicule and Episcopal wet blankets, is matter of thankfulness, but we cannot expect them to be common and every-day examples. And it is therefore we cry out loudly, "Reform, or there will be disestablishment."—*Church Review*, Sept. 27, 1873.

Reviews.

ETERNAL LIFE, IN PROSPECT AND POSSESSION. By John Graham. *J. F. Shaw & Co.*

ALL the subjects connected with this comprehensive and deeply interesting theme receive at the hands of Mr. Graham a reverent, devout, and able treatment. The arguments for man's immortality are forcibly stated and skilfully marshalled. Scripture passages bearing on the condition of disembodied spirits are carefully expounded; and a strong case is made out for the soul's continued and intensified consciousness after death, and for the felicity of the righteous in the disembodied state. The bereaved—and "Who has not lost a Friend?" will assuage their griefs and increase their joys as they read the admirable chapters devoted to the defence of reunion and recognition in heaven. Indeed the whole book ought to be exceedingly welcome and extensively read, for it combines the excellencies of scripturalness, thoroughness, practicalness, and devoteness, and will effectually minister to faith and hope, without feeding a crude and irreverent curiosity.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL. *J. F. Shaw & Co.*

THE difficulty of selecting five hundred of the best hymns, and no more, from the vast and increasing stores of English Hymnody will be appreciated by every one conversant with the extensive range of "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" now at our disposal. That difficulty has been conquered in this collection; and a hymn book is offered for church and home use containing most of those dear to Christian hearts, and calculated to stimulate and purify devout feeling in worship. It is a "general" hymn book, truly catholic, even to the extent of supplying hymns on baptism, suitable "for either observance of this Christian ordinance." The type is clear; and the book is portable and cheap, good editions being published at one shilling, sixpence, and a penny.

GLENALLADALE HALL; a Tale of Culloden. *Stock.*

THOUGH not displaying much artistic sketching, either in the setting or description of the facts, yet thrilling passages of English and Scotch history, centring in exciting love incidents, not without surprises, make it an interesting historical story.

WANDERINGS WITH THE MUSE. By J. B. Cooke. *Leicester: Hassell.*

BEAUTIFUL figures, expressed in chaste language, and healthy inspiring sentiment, conveyed in pleasant lines, are the principle merits of these compositions. The air of Leicestershire invests most of them with a local attraction; but the "Welcome to Spring," "Sunrise," and "The Agod Christian," may be read with profit by all.

FAITH'S MIRACLES: or, The Power of Prayer. A Sketch of Beaté Paulus. By Mary Weitbrecht. *J. F. Shaw & Co.*

SIMPLICITY, sweetness, and power combine to make this a most fascinating, instructive, comforting, and convincing story. Our readers will find themselves abundantly strengthened by its perusal.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Sunday School Union.

(1.) REVIEW EXERCISES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. By H. C. Trumbull. The Americans have many things to teach us as to the efficient working of Sunday schools; and no work could they urge of greater importance than that of careful, thorough, and repeated review; and it would be difficult to treat this subject with more point, pungency, and power than it receives in this treatise. Let every Sunday school teacher get this work, and his teaching will assuredly be more efficient and his work more fruitful.

(2.) THE ART OF TEACHING IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL, by J. G. Fitch, M.A., is most deservedly in its seventh edition; for it is the production of one of the most skilled teachers we have, and is full of instruction of the utmost value on those arts of which every teacher should be master, viz., questioning, obtaining attention, and storing the memory.

(3.) HELPFUL HINTS FOR THE YOUNG TEACHER. By J. H. Vincent, D.D. One of the best books for young beginners in Sunday school work we have seen. It is concise, compact, portable, comprehensive, wise and always to the point.

(4.) THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER is a well-known and well-edited friend in the Sunday school, and an invaluable auxiliary in the education of the young.

Church Register.

OUR AMERICAN BRETHERN.

DEAR SIR,—A reply to our Fraternal communication addressed to the General Association of G. B. churches in the United States has just been received, to be presented to the next Association at Loughborough. Last autumn I sent the Secretary of the American G. B. Association a copy of "Adam Taylor's History;" and I find that a very earnest desire exists to have it reprinted in the States, if that should be practicable. My object in writing now is, to obtain, if possible, another copy of "Adam Taylor" for the new Secretary, and two or three copies of "Wood's History," and the late Dr. Ingham's works on "Baptism," for transmission to our brethren on the other side of the water.

If any G. B. friend has a copy of either or all the above works to spare, I will most gladly receive them, and undertake to despatch them to America. The progress our brethren are making is encouraging, and they desire and deserve our cordial sympathy and prayer.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

S. S. ALLSOP.

CONFERENCES.

The next half-yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Congleton, on Tuesday, April 7th. Preacher, Rev. R. F. Griffiths, of Tarporley: in case of failure, Rev. J. Walker, of Congleton. Divine service in morning at 11.0; Home Mission Committee will meet at 1.30; Conference business at 2.30. Rev. J. Walker will read a paper on "The best means of conducting Home Mission work in this district."

WILLIAM MARCH, Sec.

The next meeting of the LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at *Bourne*, on Wednesday, April 22nd.

W. ORTON, Sec.

The MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Barrow-on-Soar, Feb. 24. Mr. Thomas Thirlby, of Normanton, president for the year, in the chair. The Rev. James Greenwood preached in the morning—subject, "The prayer and faith of the Syro-Phœnician woman." Reports were presented from the churches in the afternoon. Since the Association in June last 421 had been

baptized, 141 were candidates, and 18 had been restored.

I. The Rev. J. Fletcher, who was appointed Secretary at the last Conference, tendered his resignation in consequence of his removal to London. The Conference expressed its conviction that Mr. Fletcher's services would have been valuable to Conference had he remained in the district, and accepted his resignation with best wishes for his prosperity in his new and important sphere of labour. The Rev. Watson Dyson, of Old Basford, was unanimously appointed Conference Secretary for the next three years.

II. As it is not convenient to the Coalville friends to entertain the Conference at Midsummer, resolved, "That the Summer Conference be held at Castle Donington on Whit-Wednesday, May 27. The Rev. J. Wyld, of Ilkeston, to preach in the morning.

III. Mr. T. W. Marshall, Treasurer of the College, gave notice that he should move a resolution at the next Conference to the following effect:—"The management of the College business has hitherto been conducted by a committee of laymen appointed at the Association, assisted by the ministers of the subscribing churches. In the Trust Deed, it is found, that there is an omission made of 'the ministers of subscribing churches;' this Conference recommends the Association to make application to the Charity Commissioners for the insertion of said clause in the Trust Deed."

IV. The friends at Barrow intend to build a new chapel; and after a statement, by the Rev. W. J. Staynes, of what the church was itself prepared to do, the Conference did not hesitate, at the request of the friends, to recommend their application for assistance to the kind consideration of the Union Building Fund.

V. Dr. Underwood and Mr. Lawrence Stevenson were appointed on the business committee for the next Conference.

VI. Mr. J. S. Lacey gave notice that at the next Conference he would move "That the reports of numbers baptized, &c., should include all from one Spring Conference to another, and not from the Association to the following Spring Conference.

VII. The thanks of the Conference were presented to the Rev. J. Greenwood for his interesting and excellent sermon. The special thanks of the Conference

were presented to the Barrow friends for the excellent manner in which they had entertained the Conference that day.

The reports were very interesting. They indicated not only a large amount of spiritual blessing in many churches, but told of a wondrous activity in other matters, inasmuch as the church that was not preparing to hold a bazaar was quite an exception to the rule.

C. CLARKE, *Sec. pro. tem.*

CHURCHES.

ALLERTON.—A bazaar was opened in the new Baptist school-room on Shrove Tuesday, by the Rev. J. P. Chown and A. Priestley, Esq., Bradford, and was brought to a close on Saturday, Feb. 28. The proceeds have been most satisfactory; including £20 given by the gentlemen who opened the bazaar, about £300 have been realized, the bulk of which sum has been applied to the reduction of the debt, and with the remainder it is intended to complete the exterior of the chapel by enclosing and palisading the yard, &c. There still remains a debt of £600 upon the building; but the friends feel that they have good reason to be encouraged, and are desirous of thanking most heartily all who have so generously helped to bring about this result.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—A new communion service has been presented to the church by Miss Martin, a lady resident near Reading, whose family were formerly connected with the church. A new service was rendered necessary in consequence of additional communicants. A new organ was recently opened in the chapel, the cost being upwards of £98, which, since the beginning of the year, has been raised, and almost the whole of it by attendants at the chapel.

DERBY, Watson Street.—Feb. 23, a tea meeting was held, after which a handsome Bible was presented to Mr. William Millington, formerly Secretary to the church, as a token of esteem and respect on his going to Chilwell College.

KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—Our new chapel at the Folly, which cost £555, had remaining, besides a mortgage of £300, £55, which was obliged to be paid off. Mr. Morley, M.P., generously offered to give £20 if we could raise £35 by mid-summer. Mr. J. S. Lacey preached two sermons March 15, and on the 16th a tea meeting was held. Collections, etc., £20.

STALYBRIDGE.—Our anniversary services were preached by our minister, the Rev. E. K. Everett, on Sunday, March 8, to large congregations. On the Wednesday evening following the concluding

sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. J. Bray, of Manchester.

SCHOOLS.

DERBY, Junction Street.—Anniversary services were held, March 8. Mr. Ellis, the superintendent, and Mr. Marshall, of Loughborough, were the preachers. The congregations were unusually large, many being unable to gain admittance in the afternoon and evening. A tea and public meeting was held next day. Mr. G. Doan presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Wilshire, and Messrs. J. Walklate, W. McIntyre, D. Renwick, F. Thompson, R. Hilliard, and H. Bromage. The Secretary, Mr. W. Featherstone, said that there were 430 children on the books, ninety of whom were members of the church; that the attendance was excellent, and that the teachers and scholars heartily co-operated each with the other, and that God was greatly blessing their labours. Collections, nearly £24.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—Under the management of the Berkhamstead Nonconformist Association an infant day school (undenominational) has been opened in the Baptist school-room, and upwards of fifty children attend. This school was opened in consequence of the Rector having been allowed by the Education Department to provide the necessary accommodation instead of the School Board.

URTON-ON-SEVERN.—*Band of Hope.*—On Feb. 24, an entertainment, consisting of recitations, melodies, etc., was given in the school-room. Miss Drinkwater, Mr. Woodward, Mrs. Hudson, Miss Merryday, Mr. S. Drinkwater, and others, took part. Mr. John Whatton, the President, took the chair.

MINISTERIAL.

GREEN, Rev. W., late of Coseley, was recognized as pastor of the church at Melbourne, March 2nd. In the afternoon, after the introductory service, conducted by the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. J. Brown. After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. H. W. Earp. The Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall, offered the recognition prayer, and Revs. Dr. Underwood, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., B. C. Young, J. Wilshire, J. J. Brown, and others gave addresses.

JARROM, Rev. W., late of Barton Fabis, was recognized as pastor of West Vale, Halifax, March 14th. Mr. J. Lister presided, and addresses were given by Revs. I. Preston, E. W. Cantrell, W. Chapman, and Dr. Stock, Mr. Jarrom commencing his ministry on Sunday, March 15th.

BAPTISMS.

BOSTON.—Feb. 22, five, by J. Jolly.
 BRADFORD, *Infirmary Street*.—Feb. 22, seven, by J. Dalton.
 CLAYTON.—March 15, ten, by J. A. Andrews.
 COALVILLE.—Feb. 22, five, by C. T. Johnson.
 HUCKNALL TORKARD.—March 4, six, by J. T. Almy.
 KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—Feb. 22, ten.
 LONGFORD.—July 23, three; Oct. 29, four; Dec. 1, ten; Jan. 28, six; March 1, nine, by J. P. Barnett.

MANSFIELD.—March 4, eight, by Mr. J. Parks, for the pastor, H. Marsden.
 NEWTHORPE, *Derbyshire*.—March 15, eleven, by W. Smith, of Chilwell College.
 NOTTINGHAM, *Prospect Place*.—Jan. 18, two; March 8, one, by A. Brittain.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Feb. 22, three, by T. Barrass.

MARRIAGE.

GREENWOOD—FEBER.—March 19, at Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden, Mr. James Greenwood, of Todmorden, to Miss Betty Feber, of Lineholme.

Obituaries.

DAWSON.—Frances Dawson, the subject of this memoir, was born at Macclesfield, April 19th, 1786, and was for fifty years a consistent and devoted member of the General Baptist Church there. In early life she attended the services of the Established Church; and although she could not remember the time of her conversion, she ever retained a vivid recollection of the deep impression made upon her mind and heart whilst listening to a sermon preached by the Rev. D. Simpson, the author of the "Plea for Religion," from the text, "Seen of angels." Subsequently she attended the preaching of the Methodists. But when the late Rev. W. Marshall commenced his ministerial labours at Bethel Chapel, she, with her husband, attended his ministry, and joined the church formed under his pastoral care; and when Mr. Marshall left Macclesfield in 1822, and disposed of the chapel (which was his private property) to the committee of the General Baptist Home Missionary Society, she attended the services commenced by them. She was at once led to examine the scripture teaching of the subject of believers' baptism, was convinced of its truthfulness, and in 1823 put on Christ by baptism, being baptized by the Rev. Thos. Hoe, of Hose, who was then supplying the pulpit of the infant cause. She was at the same time received into the fellowship of the church; and from that time to her decease maintained the union with earnest Christian consistency. For the last few years her strength had been gradually declining, and for the last twelve months she was

confined to her room. Though laid aside from her accustomed activity she was always resigned, cheerful, and happy in drawing from the store-house of a well-filled mind the facts and truths of the Gospel, and the soul inspiring sentiments of sacred song. At length it became evident that she could not continue long; and on Monday, the 3rd of November, 1873, in her 87th year, she fell asleep in Jesus. The Thursday following her remains were interred at the cemetery in the presence of her surviving family, representatives of the church, and friends. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. Isaac Watts, her pastor, and the Rev. R. Kenney, her early pastor and sincere friend. On Sunday evening, November 23rd, Mr. Watts improved the occasion by preaching an impressive discourse from Heb. xi, 13, to a good congregation. Thus has passed away from earth to Heaven an aged disciple of the Master, and the last link of the chain has been broken that united the present with the first formed church here. The deceased was ever distinguished by her regular attendance at the various services of both on the Sunday and on the week evenings, and also for her means as one of the best supporters of the cause. She was ever faithfully attached to her pastor, and her home always afforded Christian hospitality to Christ's ministers. Her memory will ever be held in loving remembrance by her surviving family, church members, and friends. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from

henceforth, yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

HARCOURT, MRS., the wife of the Rev. J. Harcourt, suddenly departed this life at Berkhamstead, March 20, 1874.

MARRIOTT.—Thomas Marriott died at Spring Close, Old Lenton, Oct. 28, 1873, aged sixty-one years. He was born at Cransley Mill, near Kettering. When but a child he lost his father, and his mother's second marriage did not increase the happiness of the household. Intemperance, the vice which ruins so many homes, breaks so many hearts, and destroys so many souls, cast its blight upon the home of our friend's childhood, and made it one of which in after years the "sunny memories" were few. At the age of eleven years he went to Leicester, and there learned the trade of lace-making. When about twenty-one years of age he removed to Nottingham, and some years afterwards he settled at Lenton. Not having pious parents, he had no early religious training, and it was not until July 7, 1861, when life with him had long passed its meridian, that he was baptized at Lenton. With the exception of a brief interval, during which he joined a neighbouring community, he remained a member of the church at Lenton till his death. The evidences of his piety are to be found in his home life. He was no Sunday school teacher, nor did he ever hold office in the church; but if "they also serve who only stand and wait," his work for God was that of a "good and faithful servant." Out of his thirteen children, two are at present members of the church, and some have joined the church above. He was a man who dearly loved his family, and when Mrs. Marriott died, in 1865, it was a blow which, while he bore it meekly, felt heavy to the last. Some five years ago he left his employment, and gave up all hope of returning to it, and for the last three years of his life he was a confirmed invalid, suffering from internal "tumours and bronchitis." Frequently, for days and nights together, his sufferings were so severe as to make one understand how Job's friends "sat down with him upon the ground, . . . and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great." Yet his whole bearing during his illness was a comment on the words, "In everything give thanks." He was always thankful, always hopeful, always glad to speak of Jesus. At times his children gave him up, feeling that his end was close at hand. More than once his friends said good-bye, thinking it a last

farewell; but even in "the valley of the shadow of death" he feared no evil, and when at length the summons came, when he felt and said, "this is my last day," he greeted the messonger with a smile, and said, "I'm going home." In that spirit of joyful trust and blissful hope he lived while consciousness remained, and a few hours afterwards he died.

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

Nottingham.

J. F.

SEXTON, REV. W., pastor for many years of the church at Tring, died Feb. 24, 1874.

STAPLETON, REV. JOHN, pastor of the church at Edgeside, Lancashire, departed this life, March 9th, 1874.

THIRLBY.—Mrs. R. Thirlby died at Castle Donington, Nov. 25, 1873, aged 67. She was born at Widmerpool, Notts., and was a daughter of Mr. Samuel Wells, who was a member of the ancient church at Broughton. Ann Wells left the home of her parents when fourteen years of age to reside in Leicester, and for three years she attended the ministry of the Rev. John Deacon in Friar Lane. In 1824 she removed to Nottingham, and attended Broad Street Chapel. Under the preaching of the Rev. Robert Smith she was awakened to a sense of her spiritual danger, and found comfort while pondering the pertinent question, "Did Jesus die, but not for me?" In the summer of 1829 she was baptized, and united with the church in Broad Street. For ten years she devoted herself to the service of Christ in Sunday School teaching, and the visitation of the sick, and in various other ways. Leaving Nottingham in 1839 she passed through different changes and trials until the year 1846, when she removed to Castle Donington. In 1850 she became the wife of Mr. Richard Thirlby, with whom she enjoyed a large share of domestic happiness. In the spring of 1873 her health became impaired, and her spirits were much depressed. Medical attention and change of air failed to produce any permanently good effects. In the beginning of November last she was unable to leave her bed, and before the end of that month she breathed her last. Her state of mind was greatly affected by her disordered nervous system; but after days of darkness, and nights of fear, she recovered her spiritual peace; and before her departure she was heard to say, "I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song: He also is become my salvation."

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

APRIL, 1874.

VISIT TO THE KHOND COUNTRY.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

Tent, Goomsoor, Gangam, India, Jan. 18th, 1874.

I AM now from home on a missionary tour, with my dear wife and little boy, and have just returned to my tent for the night, after preaching the gospel to crowds of idolators in the town—Koolada—near to which we are encamped. We have been from home a month, and hope to remain out two or three weeks longer. This district was under native rule until a few years ago, when, in consequence of mis-rule, it was brought under the control of the British. The native king was a mere tool in the hands of designing brahmins—brahmins who used him to promote their own interests by inducing him to erect temples and make extensive grants of land. This morning we went to preach at a “*sarson*,” or brahmin’s village, attached to which there were five hundred acres of enam, or gift-land. This evening we preached against a temple which was said to have been built by the rajah at a cost of three lacs of rupees, or some thirty thousand pounds sterling. And throughout the district there are numbers of “*sarsons*” and temples, which were given or erected by the rajah. Thus, to support these human leeches, whose incessant cry was *give, give*, he adopted the most unjust and oppressive measures in squeezing money out of his less honoured subjects. Any show of wealth was a signal for plunder, and where any treasures were supposed to exist thither the rajah’s soldiers were sent to plunder instead of protect. What little the people had could only be kept by concealment, and by putting on the appearance of poverty. Among the people there is still a stanza descriptive of former days. Now, its recital excites laughter; but then, it had a terrible meaning. It is to the following effect:

“Your food must always be taken at dawn,
Your garments must ever be dirty and torn;
With your houses in ruins, seem wretched and poor,
And then you may live in the state of Goomsoor.”

Under British rule this state of things is, of course, altogether altered, and what the people have, they can enjoy without being robbed by those whose duty it is to protect.

Last week we went a trip for six days into the Khond country, and among a people who, until a few years ago, were accustomed to offer human, or meriah sacrifices. This country is separated from the plains by ranges of mountains—mountains which, until recently, were almost impassable, and which concealed from the civilized world those dark deeds of blood which were perpetrated by their wild tribes in the name of religion. In the time of the Goomsoor war these barbarous rites were first brought to the notice of the authorities, and the Honourable East India Company at once established an agency for their suppression. The first agent was Lieut. Macpherson. I am thankful to say that there is every reason to believe that these barbarous ceremonies are entirely suppressed, and have been for some years. When in the country last week two or three old men—men who had not only witnessed human sacrifices, but had taken part in offering them—described the ceremony to us. The *victims*, they said, were always *purchased*, sometimes from people who had stolen them from the low country, and sometimes from the poor people of the hills. The *price* varied from ten to two hundred rupees, and was paid for in cash, in cattle, or in ornaments. As the victim was purchased, the people had the idea that there was no blame attached to them for offering it. If young, the boy or girl was

allowed to run at large, and, being a meriah, was petted and well fed. If an adult, he was chained by the feet and arms, just sufficient liberty being given to allow him to reach his food to his mouth. "One day," said my informant, "a meriah escaped from that village"—pointing to it—"and as he passed our village his chains were heard to rattle. The cry was at once raised that a meriah had escaped. He made his way to that mountain, but was captured, brought back, and offered in sacrifice." The method of offering the sacrifice differed in different districts. The time appointed was about the middle of November, and for several days beforehand the victim was taken and exhibited in the surrounding villages. Intoxicating drink in these murders, as in nearly every murder and crime in civilized countries, was consumed by the people, and under its exciting and maddening influence they proceeded to commit their bloody deeds. The victim was sometimes rendered insensible from a blow on the head by an axe. At others, he was first struck on the back—a blow which was a signal for all the people to rush upon the miserable creature with their axes, to cut pieces of living flesh from his body, which flesh, while yet quivering with life, they hastened to bury in their fields. "In all these villages," said the men, "sacrifices have been offered, and in all these fields flesh has been buried." In answer to my question, why it was done? I simply received the reply, that "the goddess cried out for blood." How did you know she cried for blood, I said? "By the drought, the disease, and death which the goddess caused," was the reply. As regards the *origin* of these bloody sacrifices, there are various traditions among the people. One story is as follows: As the earth goddess was on one occasion preparing vegetable curry she accidentally cut her fingers, and on the blood from the wound trickling on the barren soil it was immediately made fruitful. On this she summoned her followers, pointed out the beneficial change, and desired that she should be cut up to complete the transformation which a few drops of her blood had effected. Her followers, who idolized her, refused to comply with her wishes; and to satisfy her in a measure they determined to purchase a victim for the purpose; and this, it is believed, originated the meriah or human sacrifice. It seems to me, however, that beyond and behind this story there is another idea which these sacrifices express, viz.: that Scripture truth, which seems written in the very nature of man, no matter wherever found, or in what condition, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission."

The people admitted that now they knew it was wrong to offer human sacrifices—said that they did it in ignorance—and that the government had done a merciful act in their suppression. Would that they had missionaries to point them to that sacrifice which was once offered to take away sin, and which need not, like their sacrifices, be offered year by year. But alas! in a country extending over hundreds if not thousands of square miles there is *not a single missionary*. Indeed, not half a dozen missionaries have ever entered the country; and Mrs. Hill is the first missionary's wife who has ever ascended the ghauts, or been among the people. Three or four European ladies, the wives of officials, have been in the country; but the only lady who has ever resided there for months together is from the north of Scotland, and she is residing there now.

As regards their prospect of conversion to christianity, the Khonds, in many respects, are more hopeful than the Hindoos. They are free from the prejudices of caste, are more open and simple-minded. Their principal vice is drunkenness; though that, they told me, had decreased since government had suppressed all private distillation of spirits, and imposed a duty on all imported liquor. "Before then," said a man, "twenty of us could get drunk for a rupee, but now a rupee's worth of rum is only sufficient to make four drunk."

The women are excessively fond of ornaments, and seem to put on as many as they are able to procure. Nothing seems to come amiss, whether made of glass or brass, of silver or gold. Tattooing is also commonly practised, until their faces are quite disfigured. As regards *dress*, the only fault to be found is, not with the quantity, but with the paucity. The only covering they wear consists of a piece of coarse cloth, about one cubit wide and three or four cubits long, and which goes once round their body. Below the knees and above the waist they wear nothing, save ornaments; and yet neither old women nor young women, women with children or without, have any sense of shame. In this state they go about the public roads, stood in the village street looking at us, or

came to the bungalow to see us. As a native preacher said, "they have no moral or divine law, and so they feel no shame." Like the men, they are not destitute of ability. What they require are the refining, elevating, and saving influences of christianity.

THE FAMINE.—PROSPECTS IN ORISSA.

IN Bengal the darkness thickens, and the condition of suffering millions may well awaken the gravest anxiety and alarm; but the Lord reigneth. Our prospects in Orissa are much as when I wrote before, except that we have had, by the goodness of God, a plentiful rain. I have never before known so much rain to fall at this season of the year; and in many ways it will do good. All our friends, however, will understand that it will be a year of anxiety and suffering to many in Orissa. The grain market at Cuttack has not materially altered the last few weeks, but the testing time will be two or three months hence. At the time of the Orissa famine, eight years ago, there was much distress in February, but not to be compared with the severity of suffering at the end of March; and its intensity was frightfully increased day by day in April and May—indeed, till the government imported rice. Let us hope that the deplorable mistakes made in Orissa will not be repeated in Bengal, and that the precious lives of Her Majesty's subjects will not be sacrificed to abstract principles of political economy. The non-prohibition of the export of grain appears to me a great mistake—the minute of the Viceroy, and the approval of the Secretary of State notwithstanding. Above all, let us feel that it is a time to trust in God and wait patiently on Him. Terrible famines, as well as "stormy winds, fulfil His word."

J. BUCKLEY.

MY FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

Cuttack, Feb. 10th, 1874.

On the 16th of January I started with Mr. Brooks on my first missionary journey. Of course I could do nothing in the way of teaching, but there was much to be done in the way of learning.

We started very early in the morning—the bearers sleeping in the verandah in order to be ready for the start at daybreak. We travelled by tonjon—the difference between this and a palky is but slight, the palky being best adapted for lying down, and consequently for night journeys, whilst the tonjon is like a chair with a covering to keep off the sun. We require six bearers—two at each end, and two to "relieve guard." I must say I am somewhat prejudiced against this mode of travelling. I cannot like the system which reduces men to such a servile position; still I think the bearers themselves do not look at it in this light, and they are by no means the lowest caste. The work, too, to those used to it, is not hard, for they seldom travel for more than three hours out of the twenty-four, and then in the morning or evening when it is cool. Until the country is opened out more we shall be shut up to this mode.

We went through rivers, in which we might easily have had a ducking, but the men are wonderfully surefooted, and one of them goes a little first to sound with a bamboo. The water was frequently up to the loins. Sometimes the men are obliged to put the palky on their heads. By the way, the natives are peculiarly strong about the head. An English navy, the blow of whose fist would knock down a Hindoo with the utmost ease, would be astonished to see the enormous weight which the Hindoo could carry on his head. I had a large and very heavy case of books—it took four men to lift it on to the van in England—it took about a dozen natives to lift it, but two walked away with it on their heads quite easily when once they had got it there.

To return to my journey. We halted about nine o'clock to have breakfast, which we were quite prepared for. We found a capital breakfast-room amidst several clumps of bamboos, for we were sheltered from the heat, and screened from the inquisitive eyes of the villagers. After breakfast we started for a market in the neighbourhood, whilst our bearers rested, and on our return went on to

the bungalow which marked our first day's stage. Besides Mr. Brooks and self our party consisted of two native brethren, Ghanushyam and Danudar, a student, Benjamin, and a candidate for the college. We were thus able to make two parties at the bazaars, and to conduct two services at the same time. The people, for the most part, were very eager to hear. There is not the slightest difficulty about getting a congregation. The usual plan, as you are aware, is to begin by singing; but in many cases we had a congregation before we had time to open our mouths or sound a note. In the evenings we frequently had visitors, who came either for books or for religious conversation. At one place the Sub-inspector of police came two or three times to see us.

I find that my preconceived notions of bazaars were altogether wrong. I had imagined they were held in the streets or squares of towns and villages. But so far as the country districts are concerned this is not so. One bazaar has to do service for many villages and hamlets, and it is held under the shade of a number of trees. The goods for sale are deposited on the ground, and they are of the most miscellaneous description. I was surprised to see so much of the product of the Lancashire looms. I fear the competition is getting quite too strong for the native weavers.

As I could do nothing in the way of speaking, it fell to my lot to distribute the tracts, and I can assure you that office is no sinecure. We are almost torn to pieces (*i.e.*, our clothes are) in the scramble to get a tract. One needs a little muscular christianity on such occasions.

The tent life, for the most part, was very delightful, notwithstanding the nightly concert of jackals. One night three very big monkeys got into a tree close to the native brethren's tent and would not be dislodged for a couple of hours, keeping up all the time an incessant barking. Whilst we were away we had several very heavy storms. Unfortunately we were surprised all unprepared one night, for the storm came so suddenly we had no time to dig a trench round the tent, and consequently the water came in very much; and when we had managed to get a trench a second and more violent storm speedily filled it, and then flooded us, so that our beds and chairs were like little islands in the midst of a miniature sea. The lightning was very vivid and constant, and every flash showed us a sheet of water all round the tent. The tents themselves proved waterproof; but the pegs of the preachers' tent were drawn through the softening of the soil, and it was blown partially over. The three occupants at the time had to hold fast by the poles to prevent it being blown over altogether. The native brethren came into our tent, but they got little sleep, for they could scarcely get a dry place to put their mats upon hours after the storm had subsided. The bearers made off for the village. The next time we took good care to have our trench dug in time.

We noticed only two temples that had been built at all recently, and these were quite small and insignificant compared with the old temples, which are rapidly going to ruin. Still superstition dies hard; but when we consider the multitudes of brahmins and gooroos, who of course are interested in upholding Hindooism, we may well wonder at what has been accomplished. As an illustration of one way in which the brahmins are interested parties I give the following:—One afternoon we were startled by a great noise, and I think our bearers thought there was a mad jackal, or something of the kind, but it turned out to be a company of some 300 brahmins and sons of brahmins who were returning from what, being interpreted, is a "brahmin feeding." When a Hindoo dies the brahmins gather from far and near to feast at the expense of the surviving relative of the deceased. They feast on parched rice, treacle, curds and coconuts, and each took home one poise besides. The brahmin boys looked as if they had had plenty, but they complained that the treacle ran short. Ghanushyam told them they were a flock of vultures. Considering the circumstances of the feast the simile was a happy one. A little while ago the wife of a wealthy native died. The brahmins assembled to the feast, and they remarked, "The old woman is gone, let us hope the old man will soon go too, and then *we will eat* again."

The only drawback to my enjoyment of the tour was my inability to speak the language; another cold season, with God's blessing, I trust this difficulty will be removed.

THE BRAHMO'S SOLILOQUY.

By the late REV. R. GREAVES, Church Missionary.

I AM a man of Hindoo race,
Of purest Brahmin breed ;
But Brahminism I have changed
For a much simpler creed.
Brahmin and Brahm seem alike
To inexperienced vision ;
And, to tell true, there's no great fuss
In making the transition.
Yet contrast great there is I ween,
The one's a superstition,
The other's quite a different thing—
They call it *intuition*.
You ask me what my shaster is ;
The answer's quickly known,
My only shaster is *myself*—
No other rule I own.
Whate'er I think, that I believe ;
Fancy and faith are one ;
No revelation I receive
To build my hopes upon.
Myself my revelation am—
How could I have a better ?
My intuitions surer are
Than gospel, law, or letter.
Tell me no tales of holy men
Who, while this earth has trod,
Held converse with the King of heaven,
And heard the voice of God.
The god I worship has no voice
Except the voice of nature ;
And if he speaks at all, he speaks
Alike to every creature.
Moses and David and St. Paul
Were worthy men, 'tis true ;
But they must not pretend to teach
A qualified Baboo.
For what though their prophetic gaze
Reached distant generations ?
They ne'er, like me, attained degrees
Through stiff examinations.
And then, you know, they must have been
Most weak and credulous
To fancy God could really speak,
And tell His will to us.
But such a God, who curses sin,
And threatens with perdition,
Would never suit the lofty wits
Who follow intuition.
The Christian's God reveals Himself,
And Christians so must take Him ;
The Brahm's god is anything
That Brahm's like to make him.
Brahmism, therefore, is the thing
For my free generous nature,
Which scorns to be by rules of faith
Contracted or confined.

And as for what the Gospel says
Of Christ's redeeming favour,
I scorn it all, and shall myself
To save myself endeavour.
O ! tell me not of Adam's fall,
Or man's deformity ;
Man's great and noble after all—
Who dare the fact deny ?
The Bible calls our nature base,
Corrupted and depraved ;
And says if man to heaven will go,
He must by Christ be saved.
But I by innate wisdom taught
Quite otherwise opine ;
And all such doctrines, therefore, I
Respectfully decline.
If nature be so bad (I speak
Truth with humility),
How comes it that she can produce
Such virtuous men as I ?
'Tis true that millions go astray
In sin and superstition ;
But that's because they don't, like me,
Follow their intuition.
Or if their intuition's bad,
That is their own look out ;
Mine, at the least, is clear and good,
There's not the slightest doubt.
Don't taunt me with the fact that I
Once worshipped wood and stone ;
Or say that but for christian light
I ne'er had better known.
Such arguments *ad hominem*
Are not at all polite ;
Pray keep to general questions, sir,
And then you'll argue right.
Remind me not of fathers sunk
In sottish ignorance ;
Nor ask me, with sarcastic eye,
"Where was their innate sense ?"
The memory of my ancestors
Should with respect be treated ;
Enough for me that I was born
A Baboo educated.
At least if so I was not born,
Yet was I born to be so ;
What could it be but innate worth
That elevated me so ?
You ask me what I make of facts,
Great facts of history ?
Dear sir, I never vex myself
About such things, not I !
To smaller minds I willingly
Leave such considerations ;
A cultivated intellect
Seeks higher speculations.

Questions of facts and evidence,
Of falsehood and of truth,
May missionaries suit, but not
The flower of Indian youth.

What boots it me to hear or know
What God hath done of old?
Or whom He sent, or what He said,
Or what He hath foretold?

My noble soul soars far beyond
All such historic fable;
The social questions of the day
Are far more profitable.

Yet history I don't despise
So long as it's profane;
I'll hear of Alexander Great,
And eke of Charlemagne;

Of Cæsar or of Hannibal,
Of Solon or of Croesus;
But never mention in my ear
The history of Jesus.

That hated name it kindles fear,
And damns my fond ambition;
It tells me I must hark to God,
And not to intuition.

It tells me I'm a silly fool,
All ignorant and blind;
And that without the Word of God
True wisdom none can find.

It tells me I am full of sin;
Both head and heart defiled;
And that, unless Christ wash me clean,
I am the devil's child.

'Tis not to be supposed that I,
A college-bred Baboo,
Should brook such insults, or consent
To think such doctrine true.

Therefore that name I will not hear,
Let facts be what they may,
For a free baboo I'll remain
Unto my dying day.

My dying day! death brings, they say,
Of sin the bitter fruits;—
Enough, enough!—Here, Gopal, bring
My brandy and cheroots.

THE BRAHMO REPENTANT.

A SEQUEL.

O how shall I record the grace
That pity took on me,
And called me from my wanderings,
God's own true way to see?

Of Hindoo nation I was born,
My caste was reckoned high;
Be that as it may, in better things
Full low enough was I.

My parents loved me, but, alas!
Dark was the path they trod;
They taught my infant head to bow
To each grim idol god.

Sometimes 'twas Kali, black and fierce;
Then milder Saraswati;
Or Krishnu lewd, or Shiva foul,
Bull mounted with Parbati.

Paternal wealth fell not to me,
Therefore, that I might earn
My livelihood, 'twas needful I
Should useful knowledge learn.

So straight to Baboo's school I hied
(He called it intuition),
And drank of the Pierian spring,
I warrant, to profusion.

For I could prove the earth was round,
Yet not a circle true;
And many another wondrous thing
My fathers never knew.

Fine English manners, too, I learned,
And tried to be polite;
At evening said, "Good morning, sir,"
At morn I said, "Good night."

As thus I daily wiser grew,
At least, in my own judgment,
What marvel if my Hindoo faith
Suffered a great abridgment.

No more I bowed to Kali fierce,
Nor milder Saraswati,
Nor Krishnu lewd, nor Shiva foul,
Bull riding with Parbati.

Oh, happy were it had I learned
My Saviour then to know!
Jesus, the way, the truth, the life,
God manifest below.

But froward man from one false way
Doth to another rush,
Like sheep that wander here and there,
O'er brake and bank and bush.

The name of Jesus I had heard,
And how, from times of old,
God's prophets had His wondrous birth
In language clear foretold.

Something I knew about His works
Of heavenly power and love;
And how He died and lives again,
And how He reigns above.

But ah! I felt not my disease,
Nor sin's malignity,
And so the words of grace and life
Fell powerless on me.

I scorned the Holy One of God,
And His redeeming favour,
And, in my folly, said I would
To save myself endeavour.

So to the Brahmos I repaired,
Their tenets well did fit
Proud hearts like mine, that could not yet
To God's own truth submit.

In solemn meeting oft I sat
 With many a Brahmin stout;
 I shut my eyes, and awayed my head,
 And thought myself devout.

I heard, and heard, *ad nauseam*,
 The oft-repeated lesson,
 How noodless any word of God,
 How lucid human reason.

And yet my conscience had no rest,
 Doubt after doubt arose;
 In vain I begged my Brahmo guides
 Those matters to dispose.

Great facts of history they ignored,
 As though such ne'er had been;
 Assumptions vast they made, of which
 No proof was ever seen.

Some of the Bible's sacred truths
 And holy revelations
 They stole, and swore they found them out
 By their own lucubrations;

While all that really was their own
 Was but unmeaning pother,
 As rainless wind doth raise a dust
 Poor travellers to smother.

Full many a question did I ask,
 Of God, of man's creation,
 Of life, of death, of future state,
 Of sin, and of salvation.

On each a dozen Brahmins raised
 A dozen suppositions,
 And each declared he'd prove his point
 By his own intuitions.

And grieved I was to see how they
 This medley seemed to love;
 He who could most confusion make,
 The rest did most approve.

With aching heart, I turned away
 From this unholy strife,
 To seek in God's revealed word,
 The way of truth and life.

Now list to me, ye Brahmos all,
 Now list to me intent,
 'Tis manifest ye gropers are
 In dark bewilderment.

NEW CHAPEL AT CUTTACK.

THE Missionaries feel it necessary to inform their friends in England of their present circumstances in relation to the new chapel. It is nearly completed, and is expected to be opened early in April for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel. The sum collected up to date is 10,841 rupees (£1084 2s.) This amount has been already expended, and an additional sum of 1200 rupees (£120), is required to complete the building and supply requisite furniture, including harmonium, pankahs, &c., &c. As this is sure to be a trying year with us on account of the famine in Bengal, any help that the Lord may incline our friends to give will be most welcome.

Unless (as maybe ye will say,
 It rather may be reasoned)
 Your intuitions are so bright,
 Ye are by them bedizened.

In either case ye nothing know
 Of God or human nature,
 Nor can ye clear a single point
 Of present, past, or future.

Thank heaven there is a better guide
 Than Tagore, Roy, or Sen,
 Or fifty thousand other such
 Poor self-deluded men.

A light there is, which straight bath come
 From God's own throne in heaven;
 A gift there is to ruined men,
 By love eternal given;

A pearl there is, more costly far
 Than all the wealth of Cæsus;
 A name there is, to God most dear,
 It is the name of *Jesus*.

That name I love; it whispers peace,
 And calms my inward strife;
 It tells of pardon, boundless grace,
 And everlasting life.

'Tis wisdom for my foolishness,
 'Tis healing for my sore,
 'Tis righteousness for all my sin;
 Ah! who could wish for more?

Since *Jesu's* spotless sacrifice
 Did for my guilt atone,
 The holy God Himself vouchsafes
 To take me for His own.

How great a mercy 'tis that I,
 Once a poor, lost Hindoo,
 Should have such promises, and know
 Such glorious doctrines true.

Therefore that name I love to hear,
 And may it ever stay
 Imprinted deeply on my heart,
 E'en till my dying day.

My dying day!—yes; then I'll say,
 To *Jesus* glory be,
 Who takes the sting of death away,
 And gives me victory.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

BIRMINGHAM, *Lombard Street and Longmore Street*.—Deputation, W. Bailey. The services were well attended, and a good feeling excited. A correspondent referring to the Missionary Meeting at Lombard Street writes—"The meeting last evening was a good one. The speakers were the Revs. G. Jarman, W. Bailey, and R. W. Dale, M.A., and they spoke in that order. The meeting was not over till half-past nine; the interest, however, was maintained. Mr. Bailey's speech told well; and Mr. Dale, who evidently has a good knowledge of our work, spoke with his usual point and force. Having been to Rome, the latter gave us a word for that part of our work as well as for Orissa."

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—On Lord's-day, Jan. 25, two sermons were preached here by Rev. W. Bailey, and two at Overseal by Rev. H. Wilkinson, to good congregations. At Burton, in the afternoon, a very interesting Juvenile Service was also conducted by Mr. Bailey, and the following evening both missionaries attended the Annual Meeting and gave very gratifying information respecting our Mission. The Revs. J. Greenwood, of Swadlincote, and T. Pearson, of Burton, also addressed the meeting. Collections, subscriptions, etc., for the year amount to £71 16s. 9½d., more than £45 being from the Sunday school.

CRICH.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. Mr. E. Johnson, jun., of Derby, presided, and gave an interesting address.

LEICESTER.—Deputation, Revs. Thos. Goadby, B.A., of Chilwell, and Ll. H. Parsons, of Birmingham. The sermons at the several chapels on the morning and evening of Sunday, and the juvenile services in the afternoon, were much appreciated. The missionary breakfast was held at the Friar Lane school room, and the united missionary meeting at Dover Street chapel. The total proceeds were in excess of last year. It is hoped that with increased attention to organization in the churches, a still larger amount will be realized during the current year. As a proof of the interest excited, it may be mentioned that at the United Missionary

prayer meeting, the following Monday, the Dover Street school room was crowded, and a most hallowed feeling prevailed.

LONG WHATTON AND BELTON.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. At the former place Mr. J. S. Lacey presided, and at the latter Mr. Burton, of Whitwick. The attendance was very good, and considerable interest awakened.

LOUTH.—Deputation, Revs. W. Bailey and E. C. Pike, B.A., of Birmingham. A friend reports, "The services have been very interesting; but on account of the stormy weather, those on the week evening not so well attended as they ought to have been."

SWADLINCOTE.—Deputation, Rev. W. Bailey. The young people, and, indeed, the older ones too, have done nobly. Last year the amount contributed was between £12 and £13; this year it is over £25. May the young pastor and his flock go on as they have begun, and abound yet more and more.

Other services have been held, of which no detailed reports have reached the Editor, by the Rev. H. Wilkinson, at Burnley, Derby (Osmaston Road), Hinckley, Nottingham and neighbourhood, and Walsall. Also, by the Rev. W. Bailey, at Castle Donington and Sawley, Hugglescote and Ibstock, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Leake, Wymeswold and Wysall.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, Jan. 31, Feb. 7.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Feb. 17.

CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, Feb. 10.
" J. H. Smith, Feb. 3.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from February 18th to March 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Asterby and Donington	4	0	10
Barton	0	5	6
Bath	2	0	0
Castle Donington	10	0	0
Hunstanton	6	0	0
Leicester, Friar Lane	51	0	3
Archdeacon Lane	74	17	10
Dover Street	51	15	10
Louth, Northgate	30	0	8
Rothley	6	0	0
Ruddington	4	5	6
Sutton St. James	0	10	0
Ticknall	2	0	0
Wymeswold and Wysall	11	9	0

	£	s.	d.
Derby, Watson Street	0	6	0
Lineholme	0	10	6
London, Commercial Road	1	6	3
Mansfield	0	15	0
Shore	1	10	0
Stoke-on-Trent	1	0	0
Tarporley	0	17	4
Tydd St. Giles	0	5	0
Walsall	1	1	0
Wymeswold	0	10	0

FOR PIPLEE CHAPEL.

Mr. J. G. Winks	0	10	0
Miss Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mrs. Underwood	1	0	0
Mr. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Shakspear, Netherseal	0	5	0

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.			
Barton	2	10	0
Derby, St. Mary's Gate	2	5	0

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1874.

HOW TO PROMOTE A GENUINE REVIVAL OF RELIGION
IN OUR CHURCHES.*

BY REV. J. P. BARNETT, OF LONGFORD.

EVERY genuine revival of religion must originate with God. If the work be human, without being first Divine, it will partake of all human infirmities, and will end in failure if not in evil. It is only as God's Spirit moves upon the chaos, that the chaos merges into order, fruitfulness, and beauty. But we are not to use this truth as though we had to wait, in a do-nothing mood, for some arbitrary interposition on the part of the supreme Life-Giver. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" If Christians remain in an unhealthy state, it is not because God withholds the remedy, but because they themselves neglect to apply it.

When God is dealing with mankind in the way of His redeeming love, He usually works upon the mass through the medium of the individual. Accordingly, a religious revival may be expected to begin with a few Christian people—one here, another there, and another elsewhere—apart from any family, or social, or church connections which may exist between them. These are generally the best men or women in the religious community in the midst of which they live. As such, they are most susceptible to the reviving influence, and most ready to receive it. If the general spiritual depression can be seen and deplored by anybody, it will be first seen and deplored by *them*. The prevailing apathy will not be soonest detected by those who have sunk into the deepest slumber, but by those who are more awake than the rest. The general tendency to worldliness will not excite the keenest apprehension in the minds of those who are most completely under its spell, but by those who are endeavouring to resist it. They have, perhaps, been working for God for a long time, but apparently to no purpose. Their husbandry has yielded no fruit. They look around on their fellow-Christians only to see many of them sinking in an atrophy of the soul, and they wonder what can be done to restore the wasting strength. They look abroad more widely still, and, beholding the transgressors, they are grieved. The lamentable spectacle of a heedless world and a slumbering church sets them upon great, deep, anxious searchings of their own hearts, from which they obtain revelations of hidden infirmity and sin which startle

* A Paper read at the Warwickshire Conference of General Baptist churches, held at Lombard Street chapel, Birmingham, March 24th, 1874.

them into remorse, melt them into penitence, and place them afresh at the feet of the Redeemer, that they may be comforted by His forgiving love, and reanimated by His grace. Waiting upon the Lord, their strength is renewed; and the first occupation to which their renewed strength betakes itself is that of a passionate solicitude for the decaying piety around them, and for the ungodly multitudes who are perishing. Then they know what Jeremiah felt when he cried, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people;" and what Paul felt when "his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." With a heart thus burdened, what can they do but pray? They moan out their holy distress at the feet of the Eternal. The strain of a tremendous yearning is in their hearts. They have conceived the nature, the stupendousness, and the grandeur of the blessing which alone will satisfy them; and they feel that that blessing *must* be had. As yet they are alone, apart, each one by himself. There, in that loneliness—the scene of a great struggle, which is the expression of the new life which has come into their souls—God is with them, one with them, working with them, working through them; and by their own tears, and agonies, and passionate cries for the liberation of the spirit of life and love, they can now begin to interpret the infinite heart of God which has thus drawn them to itself. One here, another there, another elsewhere, each apart from the others, brooded over, vitalized, and wrought up to an unwonted sense of dependence on God, of nearness to God, of sympathy with God, of God's own yearning pity for the weak and the lost; at first they know nothing of each other in relation to these upheavings of the soul within. But the holy affinity begins to work; they gravitate towards each other; they soon come to a mutual understanding; their sympathies, solicitudes, and prayers blend together. There are certain great matters touching the kingdom of God concerning which they feel that they can agree. United prayer augments, deepens, intensifies, and purifies the inner life of each. They go forth clothed with new power. They have an unction from the Holy One. An influence for good emanates from the words they speak, from the tones of their voice, from the light which shines in their faces, from their increased earnestness and hopefulness at the prayer meeting, and from the more elevated temper in which they go through the ordinary duties of life. To that higher influence other souls soon respond; for the blessing of God is conspicuously with them. The blessed contagion spreads. Prayer meetings are no longer thinly attended; no longer monotonous, humdrum, chilled and damped and frozen by decorous conventionalities, but warmed up into life by the presence of the Spirit of God, and fraught with reanimating power to souls at ease in Zion. The voice from the pulpit becomes more direct—at once sterner and yet more gentle, more faithful and yet more tender, more intolerant of sin and yet more compassionate towards the sinner, more searching and yet more attractive. The young begin to discover a reality and a charm in religion new to their eyes, and resistless to their hearts. The Sunday school echoes with child-praises which revel in an unrestrained freshness of life. Straying lambs are brought back to the fold. Apostates return to their first love. The sleep of indifference yields to the wakefulness of concern. Profane ones who came to mock return to pray. The ale-

house is forsaken for the house of prayer. There is a great shaking in the valley of dry bones; and the bones re-unite, bone to his bone; the flesh comes upon them; the breath comes from the four winds and breathes upon these slain; and they live, they rise, they stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army, ready to do glorious battle for the Lord of hosts.

This is a crude sketch of a genuine revival of religion. It begins with solitary souls, here and there, bemoaning themselves apart; agonizing to become the recipients and the channels of a new life; finding each other out, not by formal search so much as by the law of spiritual affinity; and together becoming the centre of a hallowing influence which, under God, makes for itself wider and wider circles, to enclose for Christ, for holiness, and for heaven, many a soul steeped in spiritual apathy, and many another soul dead in trespasses and sins.

The teaching which this representation supplies in relation to the subject before us is this, that it is better not to expect that the reviving influence will descend simultaneously and in overwhelming force upon large masses of people without preparations and premonitions, but that, in the first instance, it will touch the hearts of a few individual Christians here and there who may be in the best state of susceptibility for receiving it. *They* will generally be the first in a religious community to feel the stirrings of the new and better life. And it is of unspeakable importance for such to accept the Divine visitation—to yield straightway to the touch of the heavenly power—to offer no resistance to the fresh impulses which arise within them towards renewed penitence, humility, faith, love, prayerfulness, and holy zeal. Let the germination go on. Let not the new life be crushed in the bud, but let it be nourished by fellowship with the Saviour. And at the very moment when fellowship with other souls in the same penitence, humility, faith, love, prayerfulness, and holy zeal, becomes possible, let the uniting sympathy go forth without any of the restraints of bashfulness or of distrust. Then the revival will have begun, and God will bless it, and will make it a blessing.

But I must try to deal with the question before us a little more definitely. It is clear that all who desire a revival should individually cultivate a more high-toned and energetic piety for themselves. Growing saints are not only safer and happier, they are also more direct and open channels of heavenly influence to others, than those who live remote from the cross, whose spiritual pulse beats slowly, and whose outward life but too sadly tells the tale of weakness within. Every Christian is called to be a power for good in the world; but the measure of healthy influence which he will exert is as dependent on the measure of his own spiritual life as the power of salt to season is dependent on the measure of its saltiness. Why could not the disciples cast out the evil spirit from the lunatic child? It was because of their unbelief, said the Saviour. If they had possessed that living faith which would have made them the fit organs of His power, the task of casting out the evil spirit would have been easy enough. "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." In all direct effort for the spread of religion, the main qualification consists in superior piety; but our influence upon others is indirect and unconscious as well as direct and intentional. This indirect and unconscious influence is perpetually at work, and always

acts most powerfully for good or for evil upon those who are most with us. How important that the fountain from which it flows be pure, and fraught with life-giving and life-sustaining properties! If, for instance, all Christian parents were religiously what they ought to be, then (to use Dr. Bushnell's phrase) "the out-populating power of the Christian stock" would develop and tell in such a vast and rapid ratio that the entire human race would soon be brought to the feet of the Saviour. Such considerations show that those who desire the revival of religion around them should promptly avail themselves of all means of promoting religion in their own hearts.

It is important, too, for Christians generally to cherish a deeper and more active sense of the presence of the Spirit of Christ in His church. Christ departed bodily from His people in order that, spiritually, He might be more intimately and potentially with them. He was to come again in the person of the Comforter, and was then to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. I do not know that when we pray, "Come, Holy Spirit, come," we mean that the Spirit should come as a *Presence*; we rather mean that He should come as a *Power*. As a *Presence*, He need not be asked to come, for He is with us already. Do not let us think of the Spirit of Christ as being, like His body, away in the heavens, and thus required to take a long journey whenever some great religious work on the earth requires His special aid. It is eighteen hundred years and more since our Lord went away, saying to His disciples, "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." But we, living all these years later on in the advance of the ages—we, living in this throbbing, strangely confused, struggling nineteenth century—we, living in this marvellous England, where sense and thought and passion and speculation are so appallingly rife—we, in all the varieties of our lot, and in all the vicissitudes of our experience—we, assembled thus quietly for conference on matters pertaining to the kingdom of God in this room to-day—we have calmly and implicitly to believe that the Lord Jesus is, by His Spirit, present in His church; *present in us*; His presence a reality to our spiritual consciousness in proportion to the vitality of our faith. We cannot see His form; we cannot hear His voice; we cannot take Him by the hand; we cannot touch the hem of His garment; we cannot wash His feet and anoint His head; we cannot greet Him with the holy kiss of love: but our spirits may be in closest contact and sweetest fellowship with His Spirit; and we may feel, not as a rare but as a common experience, the thrill of life, full of blessedness and full of blessing, which such contact and fellowship will diffuse through all the ramifications of our being. Let those of God's people who are panting for a revival get this glorious truth engrained into their faith. Let them believe it with the same simplicity and vividness of realization as that with which they believe that Christ died for their sins, and it will lift them into light and life, into purity and power. They are the truest revivalists who most reverentially and trustfully honour the Spirit of Christ as the supreme Agent by whom the world is to be quickened into the life, the freedom, and the joy of the gospel.

On these more elevated views of the presence of the Spirit of Christ in His church, there will follow a more energetic and trustful use of the power of prayer. A revival is out of the question, if we are to be diverted from our high purpose by the rationalism of the age in relation

to this matter. If we begin to wonder whether after all prayer has power with God, and from wondering go on to speculating, and from speculating get drawn on to doubting, and from doubting settle down at last into disbelieving, we shall sink into the helplessness of spiritual paralysis, and the world will go to the devil for anything that *we* shall be able to do to save it! If our anti-prayer philosophers were less coldly and exclusively intellectual—if they knew the agony of spiritual hunger, as thousands of others know it—if they felt that it is death to be without God in the world—if they had ever experienced the terrors of a guilty conscience, and the yearnings of the soul to be divinely forgiven and created anew in righteousness and true holiness, they would reason differently on this subject. If they find no space for prayer themselves, they might leave *us* unmolested when we are lifting our cry to God out of the depths of a great need which only God can supply. Let us not heed their vain jangling. We want a blessing for ourselves, for our children, for our friends, for the churches to which we belong, for the various ministries of the word of life, for the hosts of the ungodly and the perishing around us; let us betake ourselves to God, and tell out to Him the mighty want which troubles us. He will not frown upon our appeal. The first throbs of the revived life of godliness in the soul reveal themselves in prayer. The richest outpourings of the Divine goodness upon a church, or a congregation, or a Sunday school, or a town, or a district, or a nation, have always been preceded by the intercession of the Spirit in the hearts of a few praying Christians, who often could only pray with groanings which could not be uttered. At such times the spirit of prayer has radiated from the centre to the circumference, from the one to the few, and from the few to the many. *Then* has come on the august spectacle of “many met together praying,” and “showers of blessing” have fallen indeed!

(Concluded in our next issue.)

THE TRUMPET CALL.*

Translated from No. 195 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

SOLDIERS of Christ, to the war! to the war!
 The Father should reign where the foe is in
 power;
 Let us not seek on the earth at this hour
 The leisures which Sabbaths eternal restore.
 Down to this day the great empire of sin
 Has suffered but little; so seldom we fight,
 Men have declared that our lamps have no
 light,
 That westward our sun to its setting goes dim.
 Shall it be true? No! for Jesus is Lord,
 Creating the ages to hold His renown;

Victors we must be, for His is the crown,
 And we have been armed with the conqueror's
 sword.

Live we with faith, hope, and love then always,
 And round us we all shall see victory grow;
 Christians, already is o'er us the glow,
 The dawn of immortal and glorious day.

Lord of our hearts, the loved King we would see,
 Who gave Thy pure blood and sweet life us
 to gain,

Lead Thou our steps; O illumine, sustain
 Thy ransomed adorers who battle for Thee.

* The title, which in this instance is supplied, is generally taken from the index of subjects, but the metres of these translations and the disposition of the rhymes are the same as in the originals.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE
CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. IV.—*Mount Hermon, Kilburn.*

“AND how many children have you in these three houses, Miss Cole?”

“Over one hundred.”

“More than a hundred! and you say you have no committee, no organization, no machinery at all.”

“Not any.”

“Do you, then, take the whole and sole responsibility of clothing, feeding, and instructing all these girls yourself; paying the rents and taxes of the houses, meeting all the food bills, clothing bills, and everything else connected with the superintendence of an institution like this?”

“Well, no! I cannot say that. I merely try to do my heavenly Father’s will, and trust Him who is their Father to care for and feed them, and to supply all their wants according to His gracious promise, remembering that it is not His will that *one* of these little ones should perish.”

“But don’t you advertise in the papers? Don’t you ask for money or gifts? Have you no collector?”

“Nothing whatever is spent in advertising. Nobody is ever asked to give. No collector is employed. I look to God. In my distress I cry to Him, and He always helps me.”

Who is the brave woman that voluntarily and cheerfully assumes the motherhood of so large a family as this? Surely, I imagine some one saying, a born ruler, one largely dowered with the gifts of government, and specially qualified to administer large affairs! Or experience has supplied the place of genius, and practical good sense has formed the hand to grasp and hold so important a sceptre.

Nay! She is one of the meekest, most modest, shrinking, sensitive women it has been our lot to converse with; and impresses you only with the thought of her profoundly calm trustfulness in her Father, and loving devotion to her work. She is herself an orphan, and was some years ago one of many young women employed in the widely-known West End drapery establishment of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove. While there the Lord God of Lydia and Dorcas opened her heart to receive the word of life. The entrance of His word gave light, and the light discovered paths of duty and service before unseen, and of consecration to the welfare of the needy and destitute before undreamt of. To her vision the light fell and focussed itself on the words of the Saviour to Peter, who had just declared his ardent love for his Master, “Feed My lambs.” Evermore she saw them, and could not rest till in some tentative ways she had set herself to the task of obeying her Lord. But how? Where was she to begin? The very hugeness of the need was itself a perplexity. Still, faith and love are swift in invention, and soon, aided by her employers, she had opened a small *day school* for very poor children; and for three years, with much patience and hope and prayer, she devoted herself to this task.

But her success was far below her hopes. The idle and evil habits contracted at home could not be easily cured, even by the most loving

and sedulous treatment in the school. Those children required a Christian *home* more than they did a *school*; and God was opening the way in which such a home should be reared for them. One girl lost both her parents, and was seemingly cast on the charity of this orphan woman, and forthwith she had to merge the lesser duties of teacher in the graver and gladder ones of mother. From 1861 to 1864 the day school was maintained, and—

“There were little ones glancing about on her path,
In need of a friend and guide:
There were dim little eyes looking up into hers
Whose tears could be easily dried.”

In 1864 the Orphan Home was commenced in that spirit of exclusive dependence upon the orphan's God by which it is maintained in thorough efficiency to this day.

Three houses have been taken in Kilburn, 55, 49, and 47, Cambridge Road, and re-named No. 1, 2, and 3, Mount Hermon. Miss Cole's own account so thoroughly shows the spirit in which the work is conducted that we subjoin it.

“In September, 1867, after much prayer and waiting upon the Lord for His guidance, we were led to take No. 1 at a rent of £80 yearly with the taxes, which bring it to nearly £100. It will accommodate fifty children (averaging from eight to fourteen years of age), and their three teachers, viz., a matron, governess, and needlewoman. The second house was taken in March, 1870. Having proved the faithfulness of the Lord hitherto, we could rely upon Him and His promises, which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. He granted our request for His holy name's sake, and we have since been enabled to purchase the house.

For nearly twelve months my fellow labourers and myself besought the Lord that He would grant us a third house which was standing empty next door, but I had no faith to take it until November, when the words, ‘Go in and possess the land,’ came with power to my soul. While I was asking the Lord what He would have me do, the agent called on me and made an offer of the house at £55 per annum (it had recently been put into good repair). I believe it was ordered of the Lord that he should come at that time, and I accepted the offer, (the rent commenced from Christmas, 1871,) looking to our Heavenly Father to provide all the means, for when I took the house I had not received any help from Christian friends towards it. ‘He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work.’ When the ark of the covenant of the Lord passed over Jordan, the waters were not divided until the soles of the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the Lord rested in the waters. We were helped as soon as the house was taken. A sister in Christ, who had been the first donor to each of the other houses, was led to give 5s., which defrayed the first expense; a fellow-labourer next gave 10s., which was the exact amount of the second expense; the third encouragement came from the Lord's Table, at Kilburn Hall, £4; another kind friend gave, January 2nd, 1872, £10 for fifteen iron bedsteads; January 17th, I received £50 from J. R., Esq., for furniture; January 25th, from S. M., Esq., £50, which was partly used for general expenses.’ But this work is not without its trials. Faith is sometimes put to the strain. After taking this new house, Miss Cole

says :—“ Three of the labourers declared their intention of leaving the work, and it was four months before I could meet with suitable persons to undertake their situations. However, in answer to prayer the Lord helped me, and granted strength, fulfilling His promise, ‘As thy days, so shall thy strength be.’ He has since given me two devoted Christians who act as matrons. Also a dear sister in the Lord (who joined me last April) has undertaken the instruction of the girls in No. 55, without receiving any salary for her services. ‘We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.’

It is my earnest desire *never* to incur debt. Until last year I succeeded in obeying the command, ‘Owe no man any thing;’ but then, to my sorrow, I found the expenses were more than I could meet. In my distress I cried to the Lord, and He heard and delivered me out of my trouble. I commenced the year 1872 with the sum of £1 4s. 8½d. in hand. More than 100 children have been supported, and the whole expense met, after the trial of faith. I concluded the year with £2 9s. 1d. in hand, which proved the same One who fed the multitude with the five barley loaves and two small fishes hath multiplied our store. During the twelve months £1539 has been received and expended for the work in my hands.”

The orphanage is exclusively for girls, and has provision for 120 children from three to fifteen years of age, and Miss Cole’s aim is, first, to bring these orphan children to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to train them up in the way that they should go, in obedience to His word; secondly, to provide for them a happy English Mother’s Home, where they will feel that they are loved and cared for; thirdly, to instruct them in reading, writing, arithmetic, plain needle-work; and, lastly, in all kinds of house work. The girls leave the Home at fifteen years of age for such situations as they are most capable of filling, according to their physical and mental powers. There is no difficulty in obtaining places for them. The demand is greater than the supply. The Home is unsectarian, and Christian friends from various denominations give addresses to the children once a month.

Is not this work a witness at once to the power of faith and of prayer, and a confirmation of the bright revelation of the Fatherly character of our God? Here human machinery is at a minimum, and God’s care for these little ones is never found to fail. There is no waste of His gifts in special appeals to Christian generosity, in the employment of agents, in forcing the work on the attention of the public. All that is done in the way of *influencing* the funds is to send *reports to those who have already given*, where their addresses are known (which in many instances is not the case), and to whom therefore, as a matter of fairness, they are due, not less to show the use made of their gifts than to sustain an interest in the Institution already proved to exist. Help is wanted, and God is appealed to, and at any time, and for every need, the help is given. Reverently we say it, the demands of Tyndal’s “prayer-gauge” have been fulfilled in the most complete and thorough going manner. Faith and prayer have been vindicated: and the spirit of the Christian Religion honoured in the work done by this Orphan Home at Mount Hermon.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

LETTERS TO A CHURCH MEMBER.

No. II.—*Choosing a Church.*

MY DEAR M——,—Your last letter was read with much interest. I have waited for a long quiet evening that it may be answered somewhat fully.

Though your place has been so long vacant, we have by no means ceased to miss you from amongst us: many thoughts, some prayers, I hope, have followed you to your new home, and among our good wishes not the least constant has been, that you might, without very long delay, find in some church in C—— a settled home, in which you may in good degree enjoy the advantages and fulfil the duties of Christian communion.

Having heard, through Mrs. M., that you had at last taken sittings in one of the city chapels, we hoped this wish was near its accomplishment, and have anticipated on successive church meetings, the half-painful, half-pleasing duty of lovingly commending you to the fellowship of a sister church. So it was rather a disappointment to find from your letter of last week that you still remain in uncertainty and hesitation: for though certainly it is better to wait than by over haste to make a wrong choice, yet in such season of unsettlement there can scarcely fail to be a waste of power and opportunity, a want of direction and concentration of Christian energy and sympathy, a danger, perhaps, of contracting habits both of isolation and dissipation, unfavourable to future usefulness.

The frankness of your own letter, dear friend, seems to permit and invite a similar frankness on my part; and I am going to use considerable freedom in giving my own thoughts and advice, trusting much in your kindness and candour.

Not being at all acquainted with C——, I have felt a little confused by your reference to so many different chapels; but the supposition is right, is it not, that North Street chapel, in which you have engaged sittings, is situated in a not very fashionable suburb, bordering closely on a business part of the city, whilst the other chapels to which you feel attracted stand in more fashionable neighbourhoods, and that the respective congregations correspond to a considerable degree, in point of wealth, position, etc., to the localities in which the chapels are found? Westgrove, which seems to be the chief rival to North Street in your mind, stands first and foremost, I imagine, among these wealthy communities.

You say that in several chapels you have been satisfied with the preaching; that at Westgrove and North Street especially you have found pleasure and profit: on the whole you think you prefer the minister of North Street. But with this appreciation of the ministry, and also the convenience of somewhat greater nearness to your home, your preference for North Street ends. As soon as you enter Westgrove, you say, a repose of spirit steals upon you, and continues throughout the service. The goodly edifice and goodly company, the hushed stillness, the beauty of the singing, the tones of the fine organ, are all in restful harmony; and with nothing jarring upon the senses to cause

distraction, the service is better attended to, more enjoyed, and you return with a sense of refreshment and elevation. Just the same influence you find at the week-night services occasionally attended.

But at North Street it is different. There is not very much that is attractive to the eye, absolute stillness never seems attained, the singing, though hearty and congregational, is by no means artistic, the organ not a first-class instrument; various little matters, scarcely definable, vex your sensibilities, and interfere more, you admit, than they ought with your profit and enjoyment. You visited the Sunday school, and were not altogether satisfied. There was much sign of earnestness and interest, but the room was uncomfortably hot, crowded, and rather noisy. You observed that a large proportion of the teachers were very young, and the superintendent did not strike you as being the very ideal of a superintendent, which we pride ourselves on possessing in Mr. S. To be sure his task was more difficult, and heat and noise were easily accounted for, as he told you that the number of children was in excess of both accommodation and teachers,—class rooms, large vestry, minister's vestry, part of the chapel, all in use,—yet leaving the school-room over-crowded, while nearly all the classes were too full, and two or three at present without teachers.

You attended a tea meeting, and certainly figures showed the church to be neither inactive or illiberal; but you were almost oppressed by what you heard of the large number of members requiring sympathy and help, and of work needing to be done, yet unable to be fully carried out, or to be attempted at all, for want of more workers and more funds.

You often attend the prayer meetings, and there ———. Pray excuse this unfinished sentence: turning another leaf warns me to what an unreasonable length this letter will grow, if each matter be separately reviewed.

But now, has it not struck you during your wanderings in C——, as an evil and a source of weakness, that there should exist to so large an extent such wide inequality in our churches:—that in one church should be accumulated wealth, influence, leisure, intellectual culture, and little work going on; in another be found no end of work to be done, opportunities innumerable, claims pressing and imperative, yet all efforts hindered, circumscribed, many useful plans hopelessly relinquished for want of the very resources which elsewhere stand all the day idle. No doubt all this is to some extent unavoidable; yet do you not think if there were a higher tone of piety among us, if we set a less disproportionate value upon such things as social position, fashion, display, the elegances and refinements of life, if Paul's despondent exclamation were not true still—"All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's," do you not think a greater number of Christians would be found willing, in choosing their place of residence, and also their church associations, to consider where best they might serve the cause of Christ, and take their place with most advantage in the great fight with sin, ignorance, want, and sorrow? And as even with much greater conscientiousness shown in this matter, there would still be inequalities, does it not also seem to you that if we were all animated by a wider, more elevated, nobler spirit, if the cause of Christ, the good of men,

ever took precedence of all selfish interests, all petty pride, either of superiority or of independence, there surely would be, in larger measure, co-operation and sympathy between the stronger and the weaker churches?

But I am wandering now into a large and difficult question; one upon which any thoughts of yours or mine will be of small avail, so we will come back from the general to the particular. You will have guessed by this time to which side my advice is likely to lean. Am I wrong in thinking some remarks of yours—for instance, that you know church membership is not intended for our own benefit exclusively—indicate that such advice will not altogether fail of a response in your own mind? Our own benefit exclusively! Verily no. Strange were it, indeed, if in their church relationships, of all others, Christians were relieved from the obligation to follow Him who “pleased not Himself,” and might forget how He said—or read reversed—“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Now, looking at the question in this light, in which church do you think you could be most useful, in which would your pound, whether of gift, influence, activity, be most likely to gain ten pounds? The Sunday school, with its vacant classes, needs you; and if a large proportion of the teachers are young, of so much the more value will be your maturer age and experience; the tract distributing or district visiting, affording such numberless openings for various good works; evening schools, perhaps, clothing societies, and whatever other efforts strive to meet to some extent the wants, physical, mental, spiritual, of the neighbourhood, all need whatever help you could lend. Then within the church—those many members requiring aid and sympathy—aged persons, lonely and poor, widows, confirmed invalids, the weak and troubled in mind—among these you would soon find some few to whom your visits and kindly attentions would bring relief and solace.

Of course I am well aware that in *any* communion “a fellowship with hearts” may be cultivated, opportunity be found for lovingkindness towards sick, sorrowful, and lonely ones, discoverable among rich as well as poor; and that altogether apart from organized, associated efforts, charity may be shown, spiritual help given. Indeed, such works of benevolence, private, unobserved, where secondary motives have less play, and the sense of individual responsibility is stronger, should ever have a place in our activities, and seem indispensable to an entireness of Christian well-doing. These things should we do, yet not leave the other undone. And, looking at facts, does not experience testify that but for the stimulus and direction given by associated enterprise, our lives would have been even less fruitful in good works:—to come back to the very point in hand, do you not fully believe that, if united with such a church as that at North Street, you would be impelled to more abundant Christian activities than if unassociated with any church, or united to one where the need for work was less apparent and pressing. If so; am I not right in saying that *there* would be best attained one object of church fellowship—usefulness to others?

Are you quite sure that your *own profit* also might not thus be best promoted? “He that watereth shall be watered also himself.” “The more our whole nature is employed in doing good the more it is blessed.”

Christian service is surely an important means of Christian advancement; charity—self-denying, practical—a chief thing than mere devotional calm.

And as to those disturbing influences of which you complain: do we not now a days attach strange importance to very trivial matters, and start back from very small grievances? The fathers of our faith could worship in the catacombs, in dens and caves of the earth; nothing can serve us but elegant buildings, cushioned seats, luxurious as divans, softly tempered light and shade: they heard undaunted the yell of persecutors, the roar of hungry lions; a false note in music, a word mispronounced, is too much for our sensibilities: the Lord of glory died between two thieves, Paul and others likeminded endured the society of the common prison; we shrink from close connection with our brothers and sisters in Christ, if so be they are poor in this world, wanting in culture, external grace, and refinement.

If such feelings are not to be conquered, it certainly were better to avoid occasion of their excitement. Instances I have known of persons uniting themselves with a church to which they thought themselves superior, standing aloof in stately isolation, or still worse, entering just so far into its society and activities as to weaken the hands of workers, and create discomforts and mutual dissatisfactions by incessant fault-finding and disparaging comparisons.

Pray pardon me, dear friend; I am persuaded altogether better things of you. I believe you do know how to love Christians *as* Christians, to do Christ's work for *Christ's sake*; and that if you should unite yourself with the church meeting in North Street, you would do so heartily, with fullest goodwill, and ere long be too earnestly at work, with your mind too intent upon the higher relationships and deeper realities of things, to have much leisure or inclination for hindering scrupulosities and self-vexing fastidiousness.

Merry voices outside tell me that my long quiet evening is at an end, and I close hastily. Forgive me, if in any way I have spoken too strongly, or given advice in too positive or authoritative a tone.

That you pray earnestly respecting this important matter, it were wrong to doubt. May He who is perfectly acquainted with all our needs and with all our capabilities direct your decision aright.

Your loving Friend,

* * * * *

THE TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE OF THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.—In accordance with its constitution, the Liberation Society will, on the 5th and 6th of May, hold its Triennial Conference in the metropolis, and as, in consequence of the result of the general election, the Society is about to engage in a new and more vigorous movement in pursuit of its object, an unusually large gathering is expected. It is an important feature of these triennial assemblies that it is not necessary that either the delegates to the Conference, or the parties appointing them, shall have been previously connected with the society; the only qualification required being an implied concurrence in the society's objects, and in the propriety of organized efforts to obtain for them legislative sanction. In virtue of this provision, those who approve of the Society's objects and general modes of operation, but who may not have hitherto connected themselves with it, may feel themselves at full liberty to enter its ranks for future work. In connection with the Conference, a great public meeting is to be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. II.—*Geneva and Vevey.*

GENEVA is situated at the lower end of the large and beautiful lake, sometimes called the lake of Geneva, and sometimes lake Lemán. The flowing waters of the lake are supplied by the river Rhone, which has its origin in Alpine regions. It is about fifty miles long, and in some parts ten or twelve miles broad. It is the largest lake in Europe. The waters, which are of a bright blue colour, rush out from the bed of the lake with marvellous rapidity. At the end, where the lake narrows itself into the form of a river, there are large public washing sheds built in the waters, and many hardy looking women with brawny arms are seen, soap in hand, busily engaged in the important work of washing. The city contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, and some of the streets are adorned with beautiful shops. Watches and jewellery form the principal trade of the place. The most conspicuous object in the city is the quaint old cathedral, which is built on high ground, and stands up above all the other buildings. The chief historic interest in Geneva centres in its cathedral.

It was in this building that John Calvin was wont to preach. His ministry in Geneva extended over twenty-three years. He died here in 1564, at the age of fifty-five years, and is interred in the public cemetery. A dark stone, with the letters J. C. upon it, is supposed to mark the spot where the reformer lies. Calvin was a great man. His life in Geneva was marked by intense thought and unwearied activity. Most of his works were written in this place; and here he poured forth his whole strength, labouring with the most self-sacrificing ardour, both in preaching the word and doing the work of a pastor. Apart from his writings, which form a library in themselves, several interesting memorials of Calvin's days still exist in Geneva. His chair is shown in the cathedral, and visitors are privileged to sit in it. The pulpit is not the same as that in which the reformer preached. It stands, however, on the same spot, and the sounding board over it is the same one as hung over Calvin's head more than three hundred years ago. The street where he lived is still pointed out, and the house in which he dwelt is now occupied by nuns, called Sisters of Charity. As I stood looking at the building, and taking down in my note book some inscriptions on the doors, two of these sisters, dressed in their peculiar church dress, walked up and entered the house once occupied by the great theologian, and unflinching antagonist of Rome. Such a sight was significant of the great changes and revolutions of thought which take place in this world.

The surroundings of Geneva are very delightful. In the background, at a considerable distance from the city, are ranges of lofty mountains. On the left is the Jura range, covered with snow. On the right rise the Salève mountains, and at the back of them, in the distant horizon, is to be seen the chain of Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc is generally covered with clouds, and is not to be seen from Geneva more than sixty days in the year. We were favoured with one day of extraordinary clearness and splendour. The second Sunday in May was in every respect a most brilliant and delightful day. The over-arching sky was quite free from clouds, and of a deep blue colour. At mid-day the monarch of the mountains stood forth with wonderful distinctness, and

presented such a picture of beauty and majesty as I never witnessed before, and perhaps may never behold again.

But the scenery lying immediately about the lake in this part is distinguished not so much for its sublimity and grandeur as its quiet beauty. The mountains appear much nearer than they really are. In the immediate neighbourhood of Geneva much of the scenery, as I remarked to my companion at the time, reminded me of what was often seen in England—lovely gardens, charming villa residences, and orchards full of blossoms met our eye. At a village about two miles to the left of Geneva, Voltaire spent many years of his life. To the right is a beautiful suburb called *Eaux Vives*, where D'Aubigne, the celebrated author of the Reformation, had his residence. On the same side of the lake, a mile and a half further, lived Diodati, formerly Professor of Theology in Geneva, and translator of the Bible into the Italian language. The house in which he once dwelt is in a careful state of preservation. Milton the poet, as a young man, visited the theologian here.* In this same house, also, Lord Byron lived for some time, and wrote portions of *Childe Harold*, one of his best poems. On the opposite side

* MILTON IN GENEVA.—“As if delighting to have a breath of fresh Protestant theology, after so long a time in the Catholic atmosphere of Italy, Milton spent a week or two, if not more, in Geneva. The Swiss city still maintained its reputation as the great continental seat of Calvinistic Protestantism. Since Calvin and Farel, there had been a series of ministers in the churches of the city, and of professors in the University, keeping up the faith established at the Reformation. At the time of Milton's visit there were several such men, celebrated over the Calvinistic world beyond Geneva, and especially among the French Protestants and the Puritans of England. The eldest Turretin was dead (1631); but he had been succeeded in the chair of theology by the learned German Spanheim (1600—1649), who had studied in Geneva in his youth, and had held already, since 1627, the professorship of Philosophy. Another theology professor and city preacher was Theodore Trouchin (1582—1657), married to Beza's grand-daughter—previously professor of Hebrew, and one of the Geneva deputies to the Synod of Dort. A Scotchman, Alexander More, with whom Milton was long afterwards to come into unpleasant relations, had just been appointed professor of Greek (1639), and was qualifying himself for a pastoral charge, not without some suspicions among his colleagues that he was unsound in the main Calvinistic points. But the man in Geneva of greatest note, and most interesting to Milton, was Giovanni, or Dr. John Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles. Besides his celebrity as professor of theology, city preacher, and translator of the Bible into Italian, and author of several theological works, Diodati was celebrated as an instructor of young men of rank sent to board in his house. About the year 1639 there were many young foreigners of distinction pursuing their studies in Geneva, including Charles Gustavus, afterwards king of Sweden, and several princes of German Protestant houses; and some of these appear to have been Diodati's private pupils. At his house Milton either lodged or was a daily visitor. ‘At Geneva,’ he says, ‘I was daily in the society of John Diodati, the most learned professor of theology.’ It seems to me most likely that it was from him that Milton heard the first rumour of his nephew's death. Among Milton's introductions at Geneva, through Diodati or otherwise, was one to a Neapolitan nobleman, named Cardouin or Cerdogni, apparently a refugee on account of Protestant opinions, who had settled in Geneva since 1608 as a teacher of Italian. He, or the ladies of his family, kept an album, in which were collected autographs of visitors, and especially English visitors, to the city. Many Englishmen, predecessors of Milton in the continental tour, had written their signatures in it, and among them no less a man than Wentworth. Milton is asked for his, and writes characteristically as follows:—

‘If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoope to her.

‘Coelum, non animum, muto, dum trans mare curro.

‘Junii 10, 1639, JOANNES MILTONIUS, Anglus.’”

—*Masson's Life of Milton*, Vol. I., p. 777.

of the lake Sir Robert Peel and Baron Rothschild have conspicuous and beautiful residences.

One of the most beautiful and enjoyable walks in the whole neighbourhood leads you into a wood situated on an eminence. The best view of the city is to be obtained from this spot. Standing there you get a fine view of the junction of the Rhone and the Arve. Their waters are totally unlike in colour. The Rhone water is blue and clear; the Arve water is of a grey muddy colour. At first these waters mingle without mixing. They are seen for some distance flowing on in unloving and separate courses. It takes some time before the two waters actually become one stream. Nightingales appear to abound in the suburbs of Geneva. We heard them singing in several places. They seem to sing by day as well as in the night. Taking everything into consideration, Geneva must be on the whole rather an interesting and pleasant place to live in. When will there be a Baptist chapel there? Can Mr. Cook say?

On the second Monday in May the friends with whom I had travelled thus far were obliged to hasten on, and they left me at Geneva. After saying good-bye, I confess I felt for some time rather lonely. They went by train to Lausanne; I stayed a few hours longer at Geneva.

At two o'clock on the same day I took the steamboat and went up the lake, calling at the principal towns and villages on the way, to a beautiful and charming place called Vevey. On a bright sunny day this is a most enjoyable voyage. In addition to the sparkling clearness of the waters, you are surrounded all along with the most picturesque and enchanting scenery. The hotel at which I landed—*Grand Hotel de Vevey*—is situated about half a mile this side of the town. It is a spacious new building, surrounded with ample pleasure grounds and ornamental gardens. On the side of the lake on which the hotel is situated the mountains rise in a gradual, gentle slope, and for a great distance up are covered with the cultivated grape vine. The tender branches were just sending forth their opening leaves, and their growth seemed to be visible each succeeding day. The mountains on the opposite side are of a totally different character. They rise almost precipitously out of the waters to a great height, and their sides and heads are covered in the everlasting snows.

The town of Vevey is delightfully situated. It is completely protected from the east winds. It is noted for its public schools and *pensions* or boarding-houses.

The church of St. Martin stands back on high ground overlooking the town, and is surrounded with large fine trees. The date of its foundation, 1498, is shown from the tower.

It is associated with the troubled side of English history. Ludlow, the regicide, and Broughton, who read the sentence of death of Charles I., died in exile at Vevey, and are buried in this church. The site of the house where Ludlow lived is now occupied by the *Hotel du Lac*.

GILES HESTER.

Errata in first paper.—For Madeline, read Madeleine. For Maçon, read Mâcon. The position of Dijon is between Paris and Mâcon, and not between Mâcon and Geneva, as in the paper.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. IV.—*The Cross and the Crescent.*

“God wills it! God wills it!” The keen, frosty, air of November, rang with the shouts of a vast multitude. The throng which crowded the great square of Clermont, surged to and fro in uncontrolled excitement. The assembly had gathered round an open stage, upon which the pontiff was enthroned, surrounded by the princes of the church. Cardinals and archbishops, lordly prelates and mitred abbots, were assembled in council. Princes, barons, and knights innumerable, were gathered around them, while merchants, artisans, and retainers, had followed in their train. The ambassadors of the Grecian Emperor had urged the dangers of the East, and implored aid against the fierce Moslem hordes, which, like swarms of locusts, were devouring its fairest provinces.

And Urban, the pope, had harangued the multitude. In stately yet moving eloquence, he had portrayed the desolations of Jerusalem. “The Redeemer of the world,” said he, “had lived in that chosen land. Every spot had been hallowed by the words that He spoke. The very soil had been made sacred by the miracles that He wrought. There He had laid down His life for us; there He had robbed death of his power. Yet there, to-day, the infidel triumphed, there the doctrine of the devil was openly preached. The sepulchre of the Son of God was defiled. Beasts of burden stood in the holy places. The faithful were persecuted, the virgins were violated, the priests were slain. Woe unto us if we put not an end to such evil!” exclaimed he. “Let every one deny himself, and take upon him the cross of Christ! Let no one fear danger. The might of the Infidel would melt under the sword of those who fought for the Lord. Let no one fear want. The Lord of Hosts would provide for His warriors. And let none fear for those who were left behind. The grace of God would protect and provide for them also. In the name of God he besought them to deliver the Holy Land from the enemies of the cross.”

And a wave of wild enthusiasm passed over the great host. Polished churchman and valiant knight, courtly noble and vulgar plebeian, with one accord, joined in the frenzied cry, “God wills it! God wills it!” Like the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings, the shout re-echoed from the hills and rent the firmament.

“Yes!” cried the pontiff, “God indeed wills it! Let this be your battle cry. Let this animate the devotion and inspire the courage of the champions of Christ. Let the cross be your badge of war! ’Tis the symbol of your salvation. Wear it, then, upon your breast—as the red and bloody cross—as the pledge of your sacred and unalterable engagement!”

In the midst of the brilliant throng, there stood at the right hand of the pontiff, a figure clad in the sombre robes of a pilgrim. His coarse garments, his wallet, staff, and crucifix, assorted ill with the magnificent attire of prince and prelate. Yet the slight form of that humble palmer was the central figure of the wonderful drama. He whose sad coloured garments seemed like a blot of shadow amidst the

bright colours that surrounded him, was the observed of all observers. He it was, whose untiring zeal and burning enthusiasm had aroused all Christendom to a high resolve for the deliverance of the Holy Land. 'Twas Peter the Hermit.

Mean in appearance and small of stature, his countenance wrinkled and withered, he seemed most unlikely as the apostle of a great popular movement. But the eye that flamed beneath the overhanging brow, and the strange eloquence that flowed from his lips, ennobled the contemptible body. And when the power of speech failed to move, tears and sighs, sobs and ejaculations, witnessed the fervency of his zeal, and the sincerity of his motives.

Riding upon an ass, his pilgrim garb bound around him, his head and feet bare, he traversed Italy and France, distributing alms and preaching the Crusade. Bearing aloft his crucifix, he went from village to village, from city to city. The whole country was moved at his coming; castle and cottage alike received him with joy. The churches were thronged with excited hearers, the highways and hedges were crowded with eager mobs. He had himself made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. With his own eyes he had witnessed the oppressions of the enemy. The faithful were shamefully handled by the barbarian Turks, who had Jerusalem in possession. They were heavily taxed and brutally insulted. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been despoiled under Hakim the madman, was again subject to nameless indignity. The holy of holies, the cave of the rock, which had received the body of the Lord, and from which He had so gloriously risen, was treated with contumely. It had defied all Hakim's efforts for its destruction, but it was again defiled and profaned by the presence of heathen dogs. The solemnities of worship were rudely interrupted. The Turkish guards had leaped upon the altars, flung down the sacred vessels, and defaced the carved work and images. Nay, they had even interrupted the awful ceremonies of the sacred fire, and with blows and curses, had dragged the aged patriarch along the pavement by the hair of his head.

And the Hermit had shared in the sufferings of the faithful, and witnessed the indignities daily heaped upon them. Moodily thinking upon these things, he had begun to see visions and dream dreams. Praying in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the distempered imagination of the enthusiast had held intercourse with the Saviour himself. In the shadows of eventide, while the church was dimly lighted with the perfumed lamps that swung from the roof, he had poured out his soul in prayer. And as he prayed a deep slumber fell upon his eyelids. As he slept, the Lord Jesus appeared to him, and commanded him to undertake boldly the cleansing of the sanctuary. "Arise, Peter! Haste, and go forth in My name, for the time is come that My people should be holpen." Full of ecstatic joy, he announced his dream to the patriarch, and departed to fulfil his mission.

And in the excited temper of the times, the mission was wrought out with signs and wonders following. The stars fell from heaven, and comets flashed across the sky. A flaming sword was seen in the firmament, and strange and shadowy combats were witnessed in the air.

'Twas said that children were born endued with speech, and had prophesied that Charlemagne, the Great Emperor, would himself arise from the dead to lead forth the holy war. Princes and peasants, freemen and serfs, were moved by a profound impulse, and thus it was that the cry went up to heaven, "God wills it! God wills it!"

It was time that Christianity should be stirred by some great movement. The faith which in its sublime simplicity had conquered Rome, the conqueror of the world, had been shorn of its power by the hair-splitting disputes of theologians, and the inordinate assumptions of priestcraft. In the old time, men believed in it with all their souls. For its sake they had gone as gladly to martyrdom as to a wedding feast. They had never questioned its inspiration, they had never doubted its success. But Christianity had been enfeebled and emasculated. The questionings were endless and the doubtings eternal. And when, flushed with success, the Mussulman host appeared to give battle to the Imperial army, John of Damascus, officiating as prelate before the troops, prayed thus with himself, "Lord God, *if* Thy religion be true, and *if* Thy Son be divine, appear for our help!" What wonder then, if the simple enthusiastic belief of the followers of the false prophet, swept into helpless defeat this army of doubters.

"Allah Ackbar!" "God is victorious!" was the battle cry of the Moslem multitude as they rushed on to victory. "Paradise is before you! the devil and hell fire is in your rear!" was the exhortation of their leader. And the inflamed imagination of the Arab warriors saw the dark-eyed Houri, beckoning to them from the battlements of Paradise. If they conquered, the joys of earth awaited them; if they fell, the exquisite delights reserved for those who were slain in battle were theirs. Their spirits would dwell in the crops of green birds, who would taste the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise. Or they would pass at once to full enjoyment. Their wounds would be fragrant as musk, and radiant as vermilion. Slaves innumerable would wait upon them; their harem would be crowded with dazzling beauty. And so the cry, "There is one God and Mahomet is His prophet" had been the prelude to wide-spread conquest, and the green banner of the crescent had driven backwards the blood-red standard of the cross.

Nor was the condition of the Eastern Empire such as to offer effectual resistance to their march. Its ruler dwelt at Constantinople, more concerned with the hollow mockeries of the court, and with the enervating pleasures of the palace, than with the integrity of his dominions. All was in direct contrast with the strange simplicity of the Caliphs. While the Greek Emperor multiplied authorities and titles in delicate gradation, in order to magnify the importance and rank of those who were born in the purple, none presumed to dispute the will of the Commander of the Faithful. Even slaves, who distinguished themselves in battle, were raised at once to honour and preferment. The Emperor lived in luxurious splendour in the seclusion of his palace. Etiquette the most painful, and ceremonial the most gorgeous, accompanied his every act. The Caliph Omar, on the other hand, when summoned to receive the surrender of Jerusalem, went thither almost unattended. Riding on a camel, he carried his own baggage. His severe simplicity needed only a bag of dates and a skin of water, a little parched

corn and a praying carpet. The bystanders were invited without ceremony, to share at once his frugal meal and his fervent devotions. The earnestness of men who believed in something, and who had a purpose, had triumphed; and the dominions of the followers of Mahomet threatened to extend even more widely than those of ancient Rome.

But while the Eastern world trembled, earnestness was sought to be met with earnestness, purpose with purpose. It seemed as though Europe was hurling itself bodily upon Asia. The world trembled beneath the tread of gathering hosts. Hammers rang ceaselessly. Helm and hauberk, lance-head and sword-blade, were forged in the stithy, and it appeared as though the prophecy of peace had been reversed. The cities became one vast armoury. The deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre was upon every tongue; the blood-red cross gleamed upon myriad breasts. And so men went forth to the war—army upon army, host upon host—each under the standard of its leader, and all under the banner of the cross.

* * * * *

It boots not to tell of the mistakes and failures of the earlier expeditions. Of the debauchery that disgraced the camp, the crimes that alienated the Christian populations, and the cruelties that were wreaked upon the unhappy Jews. The plains of Hungary were whitened by the bones of thousands, who never saw the sepulchre they had vowed to rescue, or the foes they had sworn to defeat. The enthusiasm of the Hermit, and the skill of Walter the penniless, alike failed to utilize for the purposes of war the rabble they commanded. They were smitten with a great slaughter by the Sultan Suleyman. Peter the Hermit and the relics of his army were rescued at Nicomedia by the organized forces of the Christian princes. After repeated delays and failures the march to Palestine was resumed. Thousands of lives were flung away under the walls of Nicæa. The famous Alp Arslan harrassed their march with perpetual onslaughts, and hung upon their flanks with a force of a hundred and fifty thousand men, and though defeated at Dorylæum the Turks were not disheartened. The Christian host was distracted with private quarrels and public dissension. Parched with thirst and decimated by disease they arrived at Antioch, and laid siege to that far-famed city. They effected its capture only to find themselves besieged in their turn by the forces of the Sultan of Mosul. Reduced to the last extremity of famine, utter ruin seemed inevitable; until by the pretended discovery of the Holy Lance, the drooping spirit of the Crusaders was once more aroused. In a final and despairing sally, the chivalry of the west inflicted a tremendous defeat upon the forces of Kerboga, and opened the road to Jerusalem.

Less than forty thousand Christians remained of the vast hosts that had set forth from Europe. Of these not much more than one half were fit for service. But undismayed in soul they pressed on, until, from the summit of the last range of hills, they beheld the battlements and domes of the holy city glowing in the rays of the morning sun. A thousand memories filled them with joy; and falling upon their knees, they gave thanks to God and united in heartfelt psalms of praise.

Forty days the siege lasted; days of famine and thirst and misery. The soldiers dug holes in the ground in hope of finding water. The

night dews were caught in hides, and even the stones were eagerly licked for the sake of the moisture. The final attack was successful. Wooden towers were reared for the assault, on which Godfrey and his knights fought with desperate bravery, until, as the old chronicler has it, "on Friday, at three o'clock, the day and the hour when the Saviour gave up the ghost," a Flemish warrior named Letwold, leaped upon the ramparts. He was followed by "Guicher, who had conquered a lion." Godfrey and the other knights also sprang upon the walls, and after a terrible conflict, the city was won.

The triumph was disgraced, however, by a grim and bloody massacre. The whole of the defenders were put to the sword. Seventy thousand Saracens perished in the horrible carnage, and the wretched Jews were thrust back into the flames of their burning synagogue. It is said that the victors rode up to their saddle girths in blood. "The enemy sought only to escape," says the chronicler, "but to them flight was impossible. They rushed along in such crowds that they embarrassed one another." Such was the butchery in the mosque of Omar, that "the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dis-severed hands and arms floated in the current, that caused them to be united to bodies to which they had never belonged." For three days the massacre continued with all the refinements of cruelty, until the streets were choked with putrefying corpses. The air was tainted with the scent of slaughter, and to increase the horror, the pestilence stalked forth over the bloody shambles, and smote down friend and foe alike.

Surrounded with the ghastly tokens of their vengeance, their rich booty secured, and wearied with slaying, these "Christian" soldiers suddenly remembered that they were in the City of God, and that the sacred places demanded their zeal. As the historian finely describes it, "The holy sepulchre was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption."

On the Mount of Olives, Peter the Hermit delivered an impassioned oration to the assembled troops. The scene of the night-watches and agony of the Son of God was disturbed by the tramp of armed men. From its summit, the Prince of Peace had ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and bestowing life upon humanity. Its silence was now broken by the applauding shouts of mailed warriors, red-handed from a wholesale murder of their fellows.

So alien to the spirit of the Cross—the mild precepts of the Gospel—are human modes of deliverance. Truly "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." The kingdom of Jerusalem, set up under Godfrey of Bouillon, ran its troubled course amidst distress and bloodshed. Seven other crusades must be undertaken for its defence, and for two long centuries, there was mutual slaughter by the adherents of "the Cross and the Crescent."

W. H. ALLEN.

TRUE COURAGE.

FOR THE YOUNG.

"I WANT a boy in my shop," said a shop-keeper to a poor widow. "I have had a great deal of trouble with boys, and now I want your Seth, because I know he's honest."

The widow was glad, for it was time for Seth to be earning something, and she thought it would be quite a lift in the world to have him go to Mr. Train; and she knew that he would suit Mr. Train, for Seth did well everywhere.

When Seth came home from school, he was almost as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother was, but neither mother nor son knew anything about Mr. Train's store; it was in the lower part of the town, but his family lived near the widow's, in fine style. Seth was to go the next Monday morning, and on Monday morning he was punctually at his new post.

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mother used to ask how he liked it. At first he said, "Pretty well;" then, "Not very well," and Saturday he told his mother plumply that he did not like it at all, and could not stay.

"Why, Seth," exclaimed his mother, grieved and mortified at the change, "are you so difficult to suit as all this comes to? Do you know how important it is to stick to your business? What will Mr. Train say?"

"Mother," answered the boy, "the shop is a grog-shop, and I cannot stay there."

The mother's mouth was stopped; indeed, after that she had no wish to have him remain, though very sorry that the case was so.

When Mr. Train paid him on Saturday night, Seth told him he could not stay. The grog-keeper was surprised. "How's this?" said he; "haven't I done well by you this week?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I never expect to find a kinder master."

"Do you find fault with the pay?"

"No, sir," answered Seth, "it is good pay."

"Well, what's the difficulty then?"

The poor boy hesitated to give his reason. Perhaps the man guessed what it was, for he said, "Come, come, Seth, you won't leave me, I know; I'll raise your wages."

"O sir," answered the brave boy, respectfully, "you are very good to me,—very good, sir; but I can not be a dramseller. I am afraid of the wages, for I can not forget that the Bible say, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

Seth left his place. The man afterwards said it was the greatest sermon he ever had preached to him, and it set him to thinking about giving up the business; but he did not, and his own family bore awful witness to the Bible declaration. A few years afterward he died the miserable death of a drunkard, and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river and was drowned. Is it not dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on any terms?

A GEOLOGICAL GOSSIP ON SALT.

LAST autumn it was my privilege to go into the neighbourhood of the Cheshire salt mines. I was to preach on the week-day for our friends at Turporley, and being quite as anxious to learn as to teach, I sought the aid of the pastor, the Rev. R. Foulkes Griffiths, in obtaining as much information as I could, during a brief two days' visit, about the salt deposits and salt works of that interesting district. Most readily Mr. Griffiths granted my desire, and in company with several of his generous fellow-workers met me at the station, drove me to Northwich, and gained an introduction for me to the manager of one of the largest mines of the locality. Altogether the day was one of real pleasure and much profit, and, according to a promise then made to myself on behalf of my readers, and intended long since to have been performed, I proceed to put some of the "results" of that day's perigrinations into this geological gossip on salt.

I say "geological" gossip; for though the manufacturing, commercial, moral, and other aspects of the subject are extremely attractive, yet, as I must have a limit somewhere, I may as well, in this scientific age, fix it by that epithet as any other. Still, as it is a "gossip," I shall not feel severely condemned if for once I should not "stick to my text."

The evidence of underground movements, from which mining operations may be inferred, is afforded you as soon as you get on the spot. The houses of Northwich are, many of them, tied from back to front with bars of iron; and others are cracked from base to roof. Landslips are not at all rare. In 1838 a miniature earthquake took place at Witton-cum-Twambrooks, and formed a hole four hundred and fifty yards in circumference, gulping down the engine-house, rock-house, banksman's house, stable, wheelwright's shop, and twelve persons, of whom seven lost their lives: This was caused by the shaft of a mine falling in suddenly. But other landslips, happily of a much slighter nature, occur from the gradual solution of the rock-salt into brine, *i.e.*, from rain water penetrating through the surface soil and down to the salt strata, and gradually washing them away. There is one difference between the active operations of these landslips and the similar events that happen in coal-mining districts. In the latter they are mostly sudden and without any notice. Half your house goes down a few feet at night, perhaps, and you are consoled by a neighbour assuring you that the other half will follow to the same level next morning. The Cheshire landslips are much slower and less local. Some of them range over extensive areas, and form subsidences of the ground covering half a town, or even several miles, and make strata that were originally deposited in a straight line assume a bent and contorted form.

And is this salt that is being carried away in solution in the water all waste? By no means. We were shown the way in which the water is collected into huge pits, run off into vats, two feet deep, sixty feet long, and twenty-four feet wide. There heat is applied, and the water driven off as vapour, and the salt is deposited in large or small, regular or irregular, cubes, according to the degree of heat. Get the heat up to 226° F., which is the boiling point for brine, and you have beautiful, fine-grained salt formed in crystals which skim for a little on the surface, and then subside to the bottom. A heat of 160° F. is enough for common salt; and the coarse-grained fishing salt does not require more than about 100° F. From brine alone Cheshire produces about 1,400,000 tons a year. Add to this 110,000 tons, the annual yield of rock-salt, and you have, for this county alone, an annual aggregate of 1,500,000 tons of salt, worth not less than £700,000. But this is not to be compared with Austria, which gets one third of its income from salt manufacture.

But let us go down into the depths of the earth and inspect the rock-salt for ourselves. Here is the shaft, and that is a considerable bucket into which you must place your precious body, and suffer yourself to be whisked through the darkness into the lower regions. We reach the floor of the mine, but where we are one can hardly see. There are dim lights shining through the haze here and there, and you can hear voices not far away. The air is dry, and the sensation is on the whole pleasant, though a little confused and indistinct. Candles are placed all along the line of route, and having collected our senses, away we start on our tour of inspection.

The plan of the mine may be thus represented. Imagine an oval-shaped underground chamber of immense extent, six yards from floor to roof, six hundred and forty yards long by two hundred and eighty broad, and covering no less than thirty-six acres. You descend into it near to one end of the oval; and you march along the side of an apparent wall and come upon what seems to be the end of the chamber, but you walk on, and what seemed to be the end is only a pillar supporting the superincumbent earth. That pillar is about ten yards square, and twenty-five yards further on is another, and again another at a similar distance; indeed there are one hundred and thirty of these pillars, each one holding on his massive shoulders about one hundred and ten yards of strata from base to surface.

Stand a little way back, says our genial guide, and you shall see how we get the rock. A hole is made with a drill, about eight feet long, powder is put in, and fine rock-salt is wedged into the hole. Then a straw filled with fine powder is inserted as a charge, and after having been lighted with a piece of candle wick, an explosion follows, and the shattered masses of rock are immediately brought down. We pick up some portions, and find much more variety than we expected. On my table I have some pieces from the mine as transparent as Iceland spar, as colourless and as brilliant; others are grayish; another is rose red; its neighbour is amber coloured. Blue clay is mixed with one specimen, red marl with another, and a third betrays the presence of iron.

After traversing these interesting galleries we are reminded of the flight of time, and the necessity of gaining the light again, but are anxious to ascend the shaft with lighted taper, and to note if possible any indications there may be of the nature of the materials through which we pass. The light goes out, and we have to seek the information from other sources, and find that, starting from the soil, which is eighteen inches thick, we come to two or three yards of drift, composed of brown sand, mixed with clay and boulders. Then, after thirty-five yards of marl, with some thin beds and streaks of gypsum, we come to the first bed of rock-salt, twenty-eight yards in thickness. Ten yards of marl stone and marl separate the top and bottom salt beds. They are both of the same thickness; and the whole depth from the soil to the floor is three hundred and thirty feet, more than one hundred and seventy feet of which, in beds and lumps, consist of rock-salt.

Now where did all this salt come from? How did it originate? Think of the immense quantity now produced by one county alone in a single year! Remember that the brine springs of Cheshire, Lancashire, and Worcestershire are known to have flowed for more than one thousand years, and must have carried a prodigious amount into the Severn and Mersey, and thus into the sea. Add to that, the fact that the strata to which they belong, the new red sandstone, form no merely local deposit, but extend from the mouth of the Exe, through Devon and Somerset, and thence to the Severn; and bounding the ancient rocks of Wales, stretch to the mouth of the Dee; and going in an easterly direction, occupy the centre of England, covering Shropshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, and Nottinghamshire; then, girdling the Pennine range, go on one side up the vale of York, to the coasts of Durham and the mouth of the Tees, and on the west strike into Lancashire and up to the mouth of the Mersey. In the north of Ireland, not far from Belfast; in many parts of Europe, and also in America, we find deposits of the same age and character; so that if we had a full representation of the physical geography of the rock-salt era, *i.e.*, if we could get back in thought to the time and conditions when the Cheshire salt was being made, we should see a very extensive tract of country in exactly similar circumstances.

What were those circumstances? Thanks to what is actually taking place now, it is not difficult to answer. If an inhabitant of Jupiter, wholly strange to our planet, were suddenly dropped down in Cheapside, and taken from floor to attic of a succession of houses, he might be in a state of long wonderment as to the origin of Cheapside; but if he went on to Holborn Viaduct, and saw buildings in the actual course of erection, it is probable, if he had any reasoning power at all, his astonishment would pass away in the satisfaction of actual knowledge. So if we can find a spot where an actual Cheshire is being formed this very day our question is answered.

We have all heard of the Dead Sea, and the distance from the Dead Sea to Cheshire geologically is only one of time. The set of circumstances are the same. What have you in that sea? The saltiest lake in the world. There are many salt lakes in Asia; indeed, three thousand square miles of inland Asia have no lakes but salt ones. The region is comparatively rainless, and the lakes do not communicate with the sea. The same is true of the great Salt Lake of Utah, between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. It has no outlet; and the district is but rarely visited with rains. The Dead Sea has no known outlet, and yet it is ever receiving the waters of the Jordan and of the lake of Tiberias, and has been for ages untold. Now all water contains salt, even fresh water is not without some traces of it; and the water of the rivers is always salt to a degree which, if not perceptible to the taste, is certainly recognizable by analysis. And this will not surprise us if we remember that nearly all sedimentary rocks were formed in the salt water of the sea; and that even volcanoes, being near the sea and fed by it, send out great quantities—Hecla, on a late occasion, having yielded so much that it was taken away in cart loads. For vast cycles of time, then, the Dead Sea is receiving this water charged with salt. What becomes of it? The level of the sea does not rise, but actually lowers. Where, then, is the ever inflowing water? The heat of the sun causes the water to ascend as vapour, and the salt is left until now there is six times more salt in the Dead Sea than there is in the Mediterranean Sea, and twelve times more than in the Sea of Azof, and thirty-six times more than in the Caspian Sea. Moreover, in the summer time large cakes of salt are seen on the shores of the Dead Sea; and it is also said that crystals of salt have been brought up from its floor, so that it cannot be doubted that rock-salt is being deposited in that sea, as well as in the great Salt Lake of the United States, and the salt lakes of inland Asia.

From this, and from much more evidence which might be quoted—such, for example, (1.) as that the new red marls of England contain fossil *land* plants, such as ferns, horsetails, etc., and (2.) traces of land animals, such as lizards, crocodiles, etc., and (3.) have only a very poor and decrepid marine life—it is clear that Cheshire was in its salt days a large inland lake, like the Dead Sea, without any outlet; that the neighbouring land received very little rain; and that the waters contained large quantities of salt in solution; but that the waters, having no exit, were got rid of as vapour by the rays of the sun's heat, and at length the salt was deposited just where we find it to-day.

How long ago, did you say! Unfortunately I cannot answer. The little, rat-like mammals that ran about the forests, and the huge reptiles and lizards that dwelt on the shores of the lake either did not keep a diary, or, if they did, it has not been preserved; and, therefore, we must be content to fix the chronology of Cheshire salt between two dates: one a prodigiously long time after the coal forests grew near Macclesfield and Stockport on one side, and in Flintshire on the opposite; and the other a considerable period before that patch of Liassic strata was deposited between Whitchurch and Market Drayton in Shropshire.

Truly sings our Laureate—

“There rolls the deep, where grew the tree:
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars,
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows; and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.”

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE CHURCH AS IT WAS.—For a long time—more than a century—the Church of England lay in a most profound sleep, and during that time the prosperity of the country largely and enormously increased. The Church of England, resting too much on the pillar of its endowments and her national dignity, had not attempted to keep pace with the events that so rapidly sprang up around her. It would have been a great shame and disgrace to the Church of England, with her great power of endowment, if she had allowed others to do the missionary work of the country. It was only a generation ago that the Church of England seemed to awake to her great missionary duty.—*The Archbishop of York.*

THE EDUCATION BILL AT WORK.

To what a pitiable plight our Tory education minister, Mr. Forster, has brought us is seen in very brilliant colours in the recent inquisitorial proceedings at Sheffield, by which brother Hoster lost a portion of the goods that fall to him as a minister. This explanation, published by Mr. Hoster, speaks for itself. "The whole sum of the rate has been offered to the collector, excepting that portion devoted to denominational teaching. My goods, therefore, are sold to assist in furnishing funds for the support of schools in which the following doctrines are taught:—(1.) The Infallibility of the Pope, the absolute and universal authority of the church of Rome. (2.) The divine attributes and royal prerogatives

of the Virgin Mary. (3.) The necessity of Sacramental Confession, and the saving virtue of Priestly Absolution. (4.) Purgatory, and the efficacy of prayers for the souls of the dead. (5.) The unscriptural and, therefore, impious doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. To the whole of these doctrines I conscientiously object, as being totally opposed to the teaching of Christ, hostile to the establishment of His kingdom in the world, and, therefore, inimical to the best interests of my fellow-creatures." Ought we not to protest? Weigh these figures! Out of £9,854,996 granted by the State for Education in 1871, the Established Church took *only* £7,489,997. Poor church! Surely Baptist ministers should be robbed to support it!

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OUR COLLEGE.—*Five more subscribers wanted in each church, and wanted at once.*—And what is more they are in the churches, and only need to be asked. Try it, and see if you do not succeed, and so you will give the best answer to this letter of the Treasurer. "My dear Sir,—As our connexional year will soon terminate, permit me to call the attention of the friends of this institution to its financial position. The changes made at the last Association, with an additional number of students, have considerably increased the expenses; but I am sorry to say the income has not advanced in the same proportion. Will the supporters of the College, therefore, kindly make a liberal and prompt effort so as to prevent the balance appearing on the wrong side of the ledger. May I also beg of those friends who frequently pay me their subscriptions and collections at the Association to let me have them a week or two before our annual gathering, so that they may occupy their proper place in the balance sheet.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
T. W. MARSHALL.

*Bank House, Loughborough,
16th April, 1874."*

II. NORWICH.—The St. Clement's chapel is bought, and the cost is to be paid in six months. The arrangements for the transfer are satisfactorily progressing. With greater joy and thankfulness than words can express the

following gifts and promises are acknowledged:—

	£	s.	d.
J. J. Colman, Esq., M.P., Norwich ..	100	0	0
M. C.	30	0	0
Mrs. G. W. Pegg, Chesham	100	0	0
R. Johnson, Esq., London	50	0	0
C. Roberts, Esq., Peterborough ..	25	0	0
H. W. Earp, Esq., Melbourne	10	0	0
Mrs. M., Norwich	5	0	0
Mr. J. M. Stubbs, London	5	0	0
E. Moore, Esq., London	10	10	0
J. Fletcher, Esq., Norwich	10	0	0
Mr. E. Cayford, London	2	2	0
Mr. John Neal, London	1	1	0
Total ..	£348	13	0

Mr. Wheeler's Committee has deducted £100 from the cost, so that we obtain it for £1100; but it is with the understanding that Mr. Wheeler's church will not be asked for help. Contributions and promises to be sent to Rev. G. Taylor, Holly Cottage, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich, or to me, AT ONCE.

III. BARTON AND LONGTON: OLD AND NEW.—We beg to urge the appeal of these two churches on the attention of the denomination. Dear old "Barton-in-the-Beans," at once the nurse and the home of our "fathers," who will not be eager to spare something from the "Lord's purse" as an expression of regard for "auld lang syne," and a practical wish that she may be full of sap and flourishing, and still bring forth fruit in her old age? Let us read this and proceed to business at once.

"Dear Sir,—The bazaar for the improvement of our chapel will be held on Whit-Thursdays and Fridays, May 28 and 29.

Contributions in money or goods will be thankfully received by Mrs. Wood, secretary, and Mrs. T. Deacon, jun., treasurer. Postal address, Barton Fabis, Atherstone. Railway address, Shackerstone station, Ashby and Nuneaton Railway. Refreshments will be provided. A band of music is expected to be present; so that anyone who longs for a run into the country may find the above a good opportunity.

Yours faithfully,
H. WOOD."

And in every progressive body, and we are that, the new and the old are always blended together. It is the order of nature that the merry, prattling, exuberant children shall romp around the old homestead, and fill with juvenescence the spirit of age. Let, then, these earnest but needy children (children are always wanting something) have a welcome hearing and a yet more hearty support.

"Dear Sir,—By your favour, Longton again! The Lord's work is progressing. Preparations for our bazaar are advancing. My last appeal in your pages has borne fruit. Bradford, Halifax, Slack, and Todmorden Vale have kindly helped us. A tender and chastened expression of sympathy from the south has also reached us. A venerable brother writes, 'Dear Sir,—My dear wife, who has been a cripple and a sufferer for more than twenty years, solaces many a weary hour by Berlin wool work; she has been interested in the notice of your intended bazaar at Longton, and wishes to send you some of her work as a contribution to it. You have my best wishes for the success of your labours at Longton. May you, by God's blessing, be enabled to build up a large and devout and earnest church.' We are looking for a response from the Midland churches with confidence and hope; Nottingham lace, Leicester hosiery and boots, Derby silks, Birmingham hardware, Sheffield cutlery, Cheshire cheese, and the produce of the Eastern Counties would all have a ready sale in the Potteries. Men and women of Israel, help! Our bazaar will open on the 8th of July next. (See advt.)

Yours, very cordially,
C. SPRINGTHORPE.

*Meir Green, Longton,
April 9th, 1874."*

P.S.—Has the challenge of your friend, inserted in the Feb. Magazine, met with any response? For myself, I am ready to accept it, and do my utmost to make his proposal a success.
C. S.

IV. GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.
—We give publicity to the following letter, that no one who has it in his heart to give may fail of the opportunity:—

"April, 1874.

DEAR FRIEND,—The Rev. Dr. Underwood and the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., having resigned their positions as president and classical tutor of Chilwell Colloge, it is thought by a number of friends that we ought not to allow our brethren to retire from office, after having served us so long and so faithfully, without giving them some expression of our regard for their persons, and our appreciation of their services.

It has, therefore, been suggested that the ministers who have studied under their direction should be requested to give, and solicit from their friends who are favourable to the object, subscriptions, with a view to present our late president and classical tutor with testimonials such as shall be adequate to their merits and worthy of ourselves as students who have profited by their services.

It is proposed that the precise form of the testimonials shall be left to be decided upon at the next Association, when the amount subscribed will be known. All money to be sent direct to the Treasurer of the Colloge, T. W. Marshall, Esq., Bank House, Loughborough, *not later* than the first of June. Will you kindly take this matter in hand, and help to bring it to a successful issue?

We remain,

Yours very cordially,
J. CLIFFORD, }
W. EVANS, } Secs."
N. H. SHAW, }

V. THE EDITOR'S TEMERITY.—Really I am appalled at these May "scrap." How the financial does bulge forth to view! And yet, why should I not be bold? Giving is a grace: one of the noblest and most godlike we can cultivate, and nowhere is it more Divine than when exercised in aid of the Redeemer's kingdom. And am I not speaking to friends who always lend a willing ear, and are willing, for the love of God and souls, to look on every shilling as belonging to the Lord who bought them?

VI. THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.
—In our next issue we shall commence a series of articles forming the biography of our beloved friend.

Reviews.

CAUTIONS FOR DOUBTERS. By the Rev. J. H. Titcomb, M.A. *Religious Tract Society.*

DOUBTERS need to be cautioned with much caution, or more harm than good may follow. No state of mind requires in its treatment more sagacity, broader sympathies, more power of distinguishing between the essential principles and the incidental phases of truth. Mr. Titcomb has these qualities, and has, therefore, completely succeeded in attaining his object. His book is exactly what we need. Doubt is regarded as one of the pains of growth, a transitional and not a final state, expected, if wisely dealt with, to issue in a firmer and fuller faith. The work is abreast of the culture of the time, and discusses the latest moods of the sceptical mind, giving cautions for doubters of the existence of a personal Creator, of a supernatural revelation, and of the texts, doctrines, prophecies, and morals of the word of God. Young men may here meet with a faithful, sympathetic, able, and brotherly counsellor. We predict that it will be one of the most useful books issued by the Religious Tract Society.

A MEMORIAL OF THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

A MEMORIAL of the gifted and true-hearted Thomas Binney is sure to find a welcome from all that admire real worth, conscientious fidelity to principle, blended with broad and glowing sympathies, the harmonious action of great powers, governed by a spirit of entire consecration to Christ. The analysis of his character in this volume, by Dr. Allon, is rendered with exquisite beauty and philosophic clearness. The sermons are of a high order, and the biographical incidents, though sadly too few, yet bring before us the man in his habit as he lived. Intrinsicly excellent, the volume is sure of many readers, and the more because unfortunately it appears likely to be the only biography we shall have of this distinguished Nonconformist leader, noble man, and faithful servant of the Word.

HELPS FOR TEACHERS.

WE call the earnest attention of the many teachers in our Sunday schools to the following samples of the work done by the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION to aid them

in their endeavours to train the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As of old, we have *The Sunday School Teacher*, a magazine edited with unabated vigour; the *Notes*, published a month in advance, apt, forcible, and to the point; and the *Biblical Treasury*, sparkling with illustrative and critical material ready to the teacher's hand. Then there are the *International Scripture Illustrations*, large coloured pictures, setting before the eye the leading features of the lesson for the day; and also the *Pictorial Text Papers*, containing the golden text, a lesson verse, home readings, home questions, and a picture, all centring in and expository of the subject for the day. To these add the *Teachers' Cabinet*, the last two numbers of which give a brief but very patient and useful account of the structure and development of the Bible.

VIEWS OF LIFE. By W. Walters. *Stock.* This is a second edition of nine lectures on life, its dawn, prospects, realities, purpose, opportunities, discipline, and issues. They are very able productions, full of useful and usable thought, well-expressed; pervaded with a tender and sympathetic spirit, and suited to be put into the hands of the inexperienced who need counsel and assistance so that they may form "right views of life."

THE SUNDAY TEACHER'S TREASURY. *Stock.* This magazine of materials ready for the use of Sunday school teachers, tutors, governesses, parents, and managers of schools, is a complete repository of treasures for teachers. It has lessons for classes of all ages, and information suited to all conceivable demands made upon the instructor.

BAPTISM, by D. P. Hendry, *Stock*, is a rhymed argument for immersion. The reasoning is sound and good, the versification is generally pleasant, and will probably "catch him whom a sermon flies." In a second edition the false metres and false rhymes should be removed.

IS UNION STRENGTH: or Church and State? By Evelylin Austen. *Stock.* A useful, temperate, and timely exposition of the evils of union between Church and State. It is fitted for distribution amongst working men.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE, by the Rev. Jas. Walker; *Heywood, Manchester*; is a vivid exposure of the evils of intemperance, and an earnest appeal for help in their repression. Deserves to be widely read.

Church Register.

THE LOUGHBOROUGH ASSOCIATION, 1874.

1. The meetings of the Association will commence on Monday, June 22.

2. A local committee has been formed, and friends who will need beds must send their names, enclosing a stamp for reply, to Mr. Benjamin Baldwin, or Mr. George Adecock, Loughborough, not later than June 13. The committee urgently ask attention to these regulations.

3. In filling up the Schedules, which will be sent early in May, let it be remembered that all the Statistics are to be made up to the 31st of May. The returns for 1874 will therefore be from the 1st of June, 1873, to 31st of May, 1874.

4. Contributions towards the Association Fund will be due May 31st. Churches up to 50 members, 1s.; up to 100, 2s. 6d.; and from 100 to 200 and upwards, 5s. Those who forgot this last year will be respectfully reminded.

5. *Ministers' Reception Committee.*—All ministers not previously members of the General Baptist Association who, during the year, have taken charge of any of our churches, are requested to communicate with the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough, that their names may be inserted in the list of ministers.

CHARLES CLARKE, *Association Sec.*
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

CONFERENCES.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Birchcliffe on Wednesday, May 27. Service to commence at 11 a.m.

J. MADEN, *Secretary.*

The LONDON CONFERENCE will meet at Wendover, on Whit-Monday, May 25th. The Rev. J. Harcourt, of Berkhamstead, will preach in the morning; the Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Hitchin, will read a paper, after the business meeting in the afternoon, on, "Are conversions rare, and if so, why?" There will be a public meeting in the evening.

J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, *Sec.*

The next meeting of the MIDLAND CONFERENCE will be held at Sawley, on Whit-Wednesday, May 27. In the morning, at eleven o'clock, the Rev. J. Wild, of Ilkeston, will preach. In the afternoon, at two, the Conference will meet for business. WATSON DYSON, *Sec.*

The WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held in Lombard Street chapel, Birmingham, on Tuesday, March 24. The Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., presided.

The morning sitting was introduced by devotional exercises, after which the Rev. J. P. Barnett read a valuable paper on the subject chosen, viz., "How to promote a genuine revival of religion in our churches." The devout feeling, and hopeful earnestness, by which the ensuing conversation was marked, were pleasant evidences that the writer had, in a high sense, treated his subject successfully. A hearty vote of thanks was offered to Mr. Barnett.

In the afternoon the Conference met for business. The Rev. G. Cosens offered the opening prayer.

I. The Rev. H. Cross reported that, in accordance with the recommendation of the last Conference, special evangelistic services had been conducted by various brethren in some of the churches.

II. The returns made by the delegates gave as totals for the half year—baptized, 69; candidates, 30.

	Bap.	Can.
Returns, Oct., 1872, to April, 1873.	.85	.. 39
" Oct., 1873, to March, 1874.	.69	.. 80
Difference 16	9

III. The Rev. H. Cross announced that having resolved to leave England for permanent residence in the United States, he had already resigned the pastorate of the Coventry church, and would be compelled also to resign the Conference Secretaryship.

IV. After having been submitted by the Rev. W. Lees, and supported in emphatic and affectionate terms by the Revs. G. Cosens, J. P. Barnett, the Secretary, and Mr. Marshall, an address, expressing gratitude, esteem, and hearty hopefulness, was cordially adopted by the Conference, and presented by the Chairman in its name to Mr. Cross. The following is the text of the address:—

"Dear Brother in Christ,—We cannot permit this important event in your history to pass without expressing our most cordial thanks for the valuable services you have rendered to the churches of this Conference during a number of years.

"We record the fact that since you became our Secretary the churches have prospered, and interest in our Conference has deepened. For the spirit you have invariably manifested, and for the business-like manner in which you have dis-

charged your duties, we beg to assure you of our high appreciation and Christian love.

"We rejoice in your unblemished character, in your ability and reputation as a preacher, in your zeal both for the conversion of souls and for the building up in Christ of believers, and, with thankfulness, in the success it has pleased God to accord you during your pastorate of eleven years.

"While to us it is cause for sorrow that to you it has seemed duty to leave your present sphere of great usefulness, and to sever the numerous ties which bind you to our hearts, we trust that it is indeed the finger of Providence which points you to the path you have chosen.

"We hope and pray that God will guide and guard you to your destination, that He will open before you a door of extensive usefulness, and will place you where you will have full and untrammelled scope for the exercise of your manifold and growing talents.

"When you are far from us we shall often recall the Christian fellowship we have enjoyed together, and we part from you in the blessed hope of re-union in that world where there will be no sea to divide the Church of the Redeemer.

"We commend you to the care of an omnipresent and all-merciful God, and to Jesus the Head of the Church, who holds her ministers in His right hand.

"We shall continue to love you, and to pray that every needful blessing may rest on you and all that concerneth you.

"We assure you that the sentiments which we, as delegates, have expressed are shared by the churches whom we represent.

"We bid you an affectionate farewell.

"Signed on behalf of, and by the authority of the Conference,

"EDWARD CAREY PIKE, B.A.,
Chairman.

"*Lombard-street Chapel, Birmingham,
March 24th, 1874.*"

Mr. Cross made an appropriate reply.

V. The Rev. R. B. Clare, of Nether-ton, and the Rev. James Brown, of Nun-eaton, were cordially welcomed by the Conference.

VI. The following appointments were made—The Rev. Ll. H. Parsons, of Bir-mingham, to be Conference Secretary. The next Conference to be held at Nether-ton on the second or third week in Oct. Paper, subject, "Church membership; its qualifications and duties." Writer, the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A. Evening preacher, Rev. James Brown, of Nuneaton.

In the evening a public meeting was

held in the chapel. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. Cross on "The Christian in the house of God;" by the Rev. W. Lees, "The Christian and Church Fellowship;" by the Rev. W. F. Calla-way, "The Christian at Home." The addresses were most effective, and were so thoroughly appreciated, that instead of being hailed as a deliverance, the closing hymn seemed to all, to come too soon.

Ll. H. PARSONS, *Sec.*

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

TO THE EDITOR—

Dear Sir,—I hope I am not too late to give expression to the wish that we may have the company of as many of our New Connexion brethren as can come at our Assembly on Whit-Tuesday, and at the communion service the following evening.

Let me here mention that our Assem-bly last year passed the following resolu-tion:—"That the Assembly will be glad to receive into union any of the churches of the New Connexion of General Bap-tists which may be willing to unite with it on those broad and comprehensive principles on which this Assembly has long rested."

It was not, and is not, our desire to draw any churches away from your Asso-ciation or its constituent Conferences. Our invitation is that they should also unite with us. Such union would, I be-lieve, materially benefit us, not only by promoting a warmer piety, but by in-fluencing the course of religious thought and opinion among us.

JOSEPH CALROW MEANS.

P.S.—For the arrangements of the Assembly see advertisement.

CHAPELS.

BARROW-ON-SOAR.—On Easter Tues-day a public tea meeting was held, after which the Sunday scholars service of sacred song illustrative of Bunyan's Holy War was given by the scholars, assisted by the choir and other friends. Chair-man, Rev. W. J. Staynes. Reader, Mr. Baldwin. The musical part of the ser-vice was very efficiently conducted by Mr. J. Lovet. Mr. C. Goodacre ably pre-sided at the harmonium. Proceeds, £6 4s. for new chapel building fund.

DISEWORTH.—The Service of Song known as Bunyan's Holy War was con-ducted on Easter Tuesday, April 7. Mr. J. W. Read, presided at the harmonium,

and Mr. L. Stevenson being the reader. Rev. T. Yates presided. £8 were realized for the chapel fund.

EDGESIDE.—On Saturday, March 28, we had our chapel anniversary tea meeting, which, notwithstanding the drenching rain, was well attended. The public meeting in the evening was presided over by Joseph White, Esq., who gave an interesting speech, and added twelve sovereigns to the Sunday's collections. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. W. Sharman, Messrs. Hargreaves, R. Discon, New Church, who made a conditional promise of £5 to the chapel debt; G. Shepherd, of Bacup, who said that he had no speech to make, but should give £10 towards defraying the cost of the tea meeting held on that occasion. Special promises were also made by several members of the church, amounting to about sixty pounds, and a resolution was passed, or a pledge given on the part of the meeting, that £180 should, during the year, be raised towards liquidating the chapel debt. The services on the Sunday were well attended, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Sharman. Results of the services, £53 12s. 5d.

HEADCORN.—The first anniversary of the ordination of the present pastor, Rev. C. Hoddinott, was celebrated March 29, Rev. J. Marten preaching on Sunday, and the pastor on Monday; after which above sixty sat down to tea, followed by a public meeting. Upon each occasion the chapel was well filled. This church, which had got in an extremely low condition, has experienced a great revival under the present ministry, and the services are now very well attended. The season was marked also by the opening of a Sunday school, under very encouraging and hopeful circumstances.

KIRKBY FOLLY.—On Sunday, April 5, special sermons were preached by Messrs. W. Richardson and A. Brittain, and collections made on behalf of the chapel funds.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Anniversary tea meeting on April 6. Weekly offerings for fifty-two weeks, £259 13s. 1½d. Additions to the church, 52; of whom 26 are scholars; transferred to other churches, 11; clear increase, 41. Number of members now, 217; of whom 52 are scholars, and 27 teachers.

LONDON, Borough Road.—There has been formed in connection with the church here the Southwark Christian Mission, and a thousand families are now under its care, and there are already signs of a good work being done by it. The patron is Lord Shaftesbury, and the pastor, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, is the president.

SWADLINCOTE.—Our seventh anniversary was celebrated by a public tea in the market hall on Good Friday. 240 present. The pastor presided at the public meeting afterwards. Addresses were given by the Revs. W. J. Staynos, W. Woodburn, and Messrs. W. Smith and J. Watmough of Chilwell College, and Mr. Cooper our senior deacon. On the following Sunday two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Alcorn. The proceeds from the Friday's tea and Sunday services will go to form the nucleus for a new chapel, which is much needed.

WISBECH.—The first anniversary of the opening of the Ely Place Church was held March 19, when the Rev. J. P. Chown preached twice. On Sunday, 22nd, services were conducted by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Mr. Goadby preached also on Monday afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Bateman Brown, Esq., Mayor of Huntingdon. The speakers were Revs. T. Goadby, F. W. Goadby, M.A., W. Orton, J. Cockett, J. F. Tyars, and W. E. Winks. The services were greatly enjoyed, and the collections contributed £67 to the building fund. The church and congregation have already raised £3,900 toward the cost of the new premises; and, with the exception of a loan from the Union Baptist Building Fund, only £500 are now required to remove all debt. Efforts are being made to obtain this sum by Michaelmas next. A bazaar will then be held, which it is hoped will bring in a considerable portion of this amount. The committee will be thankful to receive contributions of any saleable goods from friends and well-wishers in other churches. W. E. W.

SCHOOLS.

RIPLEY.—On Sunday, March 29, the Sabbath school anniversary was held. The Revs. J. W. Staynos and W. Hayden were the preachers. Collections more than £40. There are upwards of 600 children on the books, and the school stands high in public estimation.

HALIFAX.—March 22, sermons by Rev. J. Wilshire. Collections, £52 2s.

MINISTERIAL.

ALMY, REV. J. T.—On Good Friday, April 3, Rev. J. T. Almy, of the "Pastor's College," was ordained to the pastorate of the church at Hucknall Torkard. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. Professor Rogers, and that to the church by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Congratulatory addresses were also delivered by Revs. J. Wild, H. Marsden, and Mr. Smith of

Ilkoston. On Sunday, April 5, two sermons were preached by Rev. Professor Rogers to crowded congregations. Collections at each of the above services realized £18. At the close of the Sabbath evening service twenty-one friends were admitted into church fellowship. The work of the Lord is prospering in our midst, for which we desire to record our sincere gratitude to Him.

BURNS, REV. DAWSON.—On Good Friday, April 3, Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., was recognized as co-pastor of the church at Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, London. After a tea meeting a public meeting was held, at which Dr. Burns took the chair, and gave a brief account of the origin and progress of the church, and his own pastorate of nearly thirty-nine years. He stated that when he came to Church Street in 1835 there were twenty-one members, a small chapel, and a large debt of £1,400. That £1,260 had since been expended in enlargements, &c., and that for several years they had been entirely out of debt. That he had baptized, during his pastorate, 1,036 persons, and had preached, up to the end of 1873, 5,099 sermons. He then stated that at his suggestion the officers had recommended the annual church meeting to invite his son to the co-pastorate, and that the entire church had unanimously adopted that resolution. Rev. D. Burns then stated the reasons that had induced him to accept the invitation, among which, chiefly, were these, that the invitation had originated with his father, and was unanimous both on the part of the deacons and members of the church. He referred to his connection with the place from a child, his being in the Sunday School, then a short-hand reporter of his father's sermons, then publicly baptized and admitted to membership, and his going from it to our College, and his return afterwards from Salford to take office in the United Kingdom Alliance in London, and his frequently helping and supplying the pulpit for many years past. Dr. Angus spoke on the various phases of ministerial duty, &c., and offered up prayer for the Divine blessing to rest on the co-pastorate then recognised. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Blake, E. Davies, M. Jones, T. H. Morgan (of the "American Bible Union"), and J. Morgan, of Islington. The Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Longford, offered prayer. No more effectual meeting was ever held in Church Street chapel—one feeling of hearty generous Christian love pervaded the entire service. One prayer seemed to be the offering of all, that the good God would continue to bless this Christian

church, and make the united pastorate more abundantly useful in the conversion of souls, and the building up of the congregation in saving knowledge and true holiness.

COLVILLE, Rev. J. S., of Market Harborough, has accepted an invitation to the church at Sudbury, Suffolk.

CROSS, REV. H.—Our brother preached his farewell sermon, on leaving Coventry for America, on Sunday evening, March 30, from Rom. i. 16. The chapel was crowded, and indeed many were unable to gain admission. Besides giving an exposition of the text, Mr. Cross reviewed his ministry from 1863, when it commenced, to its close, referring to the building of a new chapel in a vastly improved site, the sympathy he had received in the city, to the 222 received into the fellowship of the church during the time, and concluded by addressing affectionate exhortations to the church.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON.—April 12, four, by W. Taylor.

BOSTON.—April 5, one, by J. Jolly.

BURNLEY, Enon.—April 1, six.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—March 18, six;

April 1, eight, by J. T. Almy.

KIRKBY FOLLY.—April 5, nine, by A. Brittain.

LINEHOLM.—April 5, three, by W. Sharman.

LEE MOUNT, Halifaz.—March, six, by I. Preston.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—March 25, six; April 21, four, by W. Evans.

LEICESTER, Friar Lane.—Feb. 25, six, by J. C. Pike.

LONDON, Praed Street.—Good Friday, ten.

OLD BASFORD.—April 5, three, by W. Dyson.

QUEENSBURY.—March 22, seven, by R. Hardy.

QUORNDON.—April 5, ten, by W. J. Staynes.

RIPLEY.—March 18, three; April 5, three.

SHEEPSHED.—March 29, eight, by W. Bown.

WHITLESEA.—March 29, four, by T. Watkinson.

WISBECH.—March 31, twelve, by W. E. Winks.

MARRIAGE.

ADKIN—ADKIN.—March 17, in the Baptist chapel, Kegworth, by Rev. T. Yates, Mr. John Adkiv, to Miss Frances Adkin, both of Diseworth, now of Old Basford.

Obituaries.

ADKIN.—On Lord's-day night, Feb. 8, 1874. Mrs. Cathorine Adkin, of Diseworth, wife of Mr. Robert Adkin, farmer, who is deacon of the Baptist Society, Diseworth. She was a kind, hospitable woman; the mother of a large family; and was much respected by her neighbours and Christian friends. Her last affliction was only of a few days' duration; but, though she was scarcely able to speak at all, we have no doubt that she died "in the Lord." Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, who esteemed her highly, from Psalm cxvi. 15—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." May her aged partner, with his two daughters and seven sons, "be found of God in peace" when "the time of their departure" shall arrive! Meanwhile, may every one of them be usefully engaged in the Saviour's service, and "looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life!" T. Y.

ARUNDEL, Mrs., wife of Matthew Arundel, of Mildmay Park, and mother of Mrs. Allen, of Burnley, died of bronchitis, March 13th. Her end was perfect peace.

BROOKHOUSE, EMMA, departed this life, March 25, at the age of twenty-nine. She was born at Carrington. In 1860 a remarkable revival of religion took place in connection with our church, and our departed sister and several members of her family were brought to the Lord. She was baptized, with twenty others, in Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham, in June, 1862, and remained a devoted member of the Carrington church to the day of her death. She was a very useful Sunday school teacher; and as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, her character was most exemplary. The illness which terminated her life was short and painful; but that grace which had sustained her in health was sufficient for her in sickness, and enabled her to bear her affliction with patience. A few days before her death she said to her husband, "Oh, I have had such comfort from heaven to-day. After much earnest prayer that God would give me to feel my sins forgiven, he answered my prayer, and I have felt so happy ever since." Her end was peace. The esteem in which she was held was manifested by the great concourse of people who attended her funeral, and by the crowded chapel when the event

was improved by Mr. Joseph Burton, on Sunday evening, April 5th.

FAWKNER.—Amelia Fawkner was born in the year 1793, and in her 34th year was baptized by Mr. Binns, of Bournou; the occasion was one of note, the announcement of the same having brought together not only a very large concourse of people, but, amongst the rest, a member of Parliament and his lady. Our sister was one whose light did not only shine in the act of publicly professing the Saviour, but in the ordinary circumstances of her daily life, and uninterruptedly for the period of 46 years. She saw the cause with which she was allied in various states of health—when prosperous and rejoicing, when dejected and struggling for a bare existence—but under all circumstances her support was cordially given to the rising and falling interest. The gathering infirmities of age had latterly held her a prisoner at home; where she abode, however, in the full consciousness of the Divine love, made specially manifest in the gift and atonement of Jesus Christ. The prospect of dying seemed rather to soothe her than otherwise. When questioned concerning her hope in Jesus, she was always prompt in replying that it was growing bright. The words were constantly upon her lips, "As thy day, thy strength shall be," and she contentedly believed in their truths, and enjoyed that Divine strength as her need arose. She fell asleep in Jesus on Friday, October 17th, 1873, leaving behind her a witness for Christ extending over half a century. Whilst we regret the loss to us as a church, we unfeignedly rejoice in the gain to our sister—she being now with Him who has said to all weary and sad, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

PROUDMAN, Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas Proudman, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, died at Sheepshed, Feb. 10, 1874, in the eighty-third year of her age. She had been a member of the General Baptist connexion upwards of sixty years. A mother in Israel. Her end was calm and peaceful: when near the close of her journey, and apparently too feeble to speak, she repeated with peculiar emphasis several verses of our well-known hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul;" and then quietly passed away.

(Several long Obituaries are again postponed, but we hope soon to be able to find room for them.—Ed.)

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MAY, 1874.



GUNGA DHOR

GUNGA DHOR.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a likeness of Gunga Dhor, from a photograph by the Rev. W. Miller, of Cuttack. Gunga Dhor was the first Oriya convert, and there are so many interesting incidents connected with his conversion, work, and life, that his name can never be forgotten by the friends of the Orissa Mission. He was a Suringee Brahmin, and so prominent were the brahminical lines in his countenance, that no one could mistake his origin. There was so much dignity about his person, refinement and courtousness in his behaviour, that he always commanded respect, and even veneration; and this gave him, as a preacher, great power amongst his countrymen. His confidence in Hindooism was first shaken by a tract on the worship of Juggernath printed at Serampore. It was given, it is supposed, by a missionary, to an Oriya pilgrim at Gunga Saugor; where, at the annual festival, until the British Government suppressed the practice, mothers would fling their infant children into the river to propitiate the wrath of the goddess. The missionary who gave the tract, and the pilgrim who carried it, little thought what wondrous things it would accomplish. The tract was carefully read, and doubts of Juggernath's divinity soon arose in Gunga's mind. He went to Pooree, where he had often times been before, to see if his doubts could be removed. After attending to the usual ablutions and devotions, attired in his snow white garments, with the brahminical marks upon his forehead, and his person covered with sweet scented sandal powder, he enters the temple, and beseeches the god to give him that night a manifestation of his glory in a dream or vision? Night came, but no appearance of Juggernath disturbed his slumbers. He resolved to wake up the god if he had fallen asleep? to do this he procured an iron ramrod and had it well pointed by a blacksmith. With this weapon concealed under his cloth, he went to the temple, and when unobserved by priest or pilgrim, he pierced the idol with all his strength. He then again reverently presented his prayer as before. The next morning he left Pooree, and never after entered the shrine. Other tracts fell in his way; but it was Dr. Carey's translation of the Oriya New Testament that was the chief instrument in leading Gunga into truth. When his confidence in Hindooism was clean gone, he trembled to take the final step. "Could he run the risk of losing his wife and cut himself off from all his kindred? could he give up his claim upon the temple endowments and throw himself as an outcast on the world?" The sacrifice seemed too terrible to be borne. To lose caste in those days was tenfold worse than death. While in this anxious state of mind he went to Serampore, and his conversation with Prau Krushnoo, one of the native preachers there, much encouraged him. He had an interview with Dr. Carey, and this was of great service; the venerable missionary addressing him said, "Dear brother, take care of the jewel which you have found, and never let it go."

There was great joy at Serampore when Krushna Pal, the first Bengalee convert, was baptized in the Ganges; and there was not less joy on the 23rd of March, 1828, when Gunga Dhor was baptized in the Mahanuddy. Mr. Lacey wrote, "a highly important day has dawned upon us, a day for which we have long looked and prayed and laboured, a day on which the chain of caste in Orissa will be broken, to be mended

no more for ever." Gunga became very eminent as a preacher; but few men had such command of words, ready utterance, and powerful voice. In the festivals and bazaars he could bear down all opposition. He had such an acquaintance with Hindooism that few dared to enter into controversy with him.

Gunga was eminently "a son of thunder;" but, like Barnabas, he could be also a "son of consolation." "He could lift up his voice in the wilderness," but he could weep like a child. The most graphic description of the last scene on the cross we ever heard was by him. "His gift in prayer was very remarkable; and at the missionary prayer meeting none were more regular in their attendance, or offered supplication with more fervour and unction than he." Gunga laid firm hold of the foundation truths of christianity. He was sometimes the subject of fear, but *never of doubt*. When the hand of death was upon him the question was asked by the missionary, "Brother Gunga, are you trusting in Jesus?" He seemed hurt, and in his own very decided and emphatic manner replied, "Of course I am: who is there beside Christ to trust in?"

Gunga was richly endowed with natural powers, and these he consecrated to the service of Christ. For moving the masses he was a prince of preachers. Had his lot been cast in England instead of India his popularity would have been equal to the most distinguished of "born orators" in the present generation.

Gunga finished his course, Nov. 4, 1866, at the age of seventy-three. His last earthly resting place is with his fellow-labourers Lacey and Sutton on the banks of the Mahanuddy, where, thirty-eight years before, he had confessed Christ.*

W. BAILEY.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

UNDER the new regulations the whole committee, consisting of twenty members, retire ever year. Sixteen are chosen by ballot at the Annual Members' Meeting, and four by the committee.

Any subscriber, or subscribing church, may nominate any number of gentlemen to serve on the committee. It is, however, very important that no one should be nominated who is not *known* to be willing to serve if elected.

Lists for the ballot must be in the hands of the Secretary, the Rev. J. C. Pike, on or before the 13th day of June. No name can be received after that date.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MISSION—SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is particularly requested that all sums to be acknowledged in the next Report may be forwarded to the Treasurer or Secretary on or before the 30th of May, as the accounts for the year will be closed on that day.

* We have been indebted for some of the facts and quotations in this paper to a deeply interesting life of Gunga in the "Orissa Mission Herald," No. 19, written by the Rev. Dr. Buckley.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN WORK IN ROME.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—Once more, and for the last time before the Annual Association, which last year authorized the engagement of an Evangelist to work in concert with Mr. Wall, the Baptist missionary at Rome, I take up my pen to communicate a few of the most recent facts and incidents of this evangelistic work that have come under my observation.

On the eve of my departure for Egypt and Palestine, in February, I promised you to gather up such information as I might be able to collect on my passage through Rome in returning, and again to communicate with our friends through the *Missionary Observer*; and now, on the eve of another long journey of three months or more in the West, I try to redeem my promise.

I had thought, and almost arranged, when in Rome three weeks since, of providing a little pleasant surprise for the friends of the Mission on their assemblage at Loughborough, by the introduction of our Roman Evangelist in the company of Mr. Wall as his interpreter. But on a calm consideration of all the circumstances connected with Grassi, his position and his work, prudence interposed and told us it would be better to wait a little longer ere he and we have the mutual pleasure of a personal interview. I may, however, say that Grassi is anxious to see those kind friends who contribute to his support, and he wishes to learn our denominational characteristics and habits, and such information might be of essential service to him in the re-moulding of his own character and habits of labour and intercourse with christian society. But my very judicious friend, Mr. Wall, pleaded the importance of a steady perseverance in those quiet studies and exercises by which he is gradually divesting himself of the old enervating and corrupt associations of the Roman priesthood, and is bidding fair to place himself beyond the reach of the dirt which some of his old associates would delight to throw after him. Mr. Wall and all the best friends of Grassi are pleased with the progress he is making in the knowledge of simple gospel truth, and in the practice of christian virtues; but the transformation of a priest of Rome into the model of a humble christian is not the work of a day, but requires long patience and persevering self-denial. The long, close-buttoned cloak of the Romish priest conceals a multitude of sins and social deformities; and it is desirable that he who has cast off that cloak, and now stands before the world dressed in the garb of a citizen, should stand upright before the world as a true man, and be able to fulfil the duties and enjoy the comforts of a husband in the domestic circle.

Another consideration of his careful friends in Rome was, that he might not be exposed to the dangers of lionization, and be raised to a false position by thoughtless friends. He has already been subject to danger from this source, and it is well that he should be shielded in the future.

Whilst in Rome, especially on the Sabbath which I spent there, I had several pleasant opportunities of noting the respect paid to his words and character; and I was especially gratified to find that the little church which Mr. Wall and his associates have gathered are strict disciplinarians, and whilst they watch with jealousy the movements and conduct of the reformed priest, they manifested towards him the utmost christian confidence.

At a communion service he spoke with much christian affection; and the fifty communicants manifested a spirit of scriptural decorum equal to anything that may be seen in our best regulated churches.

I attended a meeting of church officers, and their management of business was as methodical, earnest, and decorous as that of any half-dozen deacons I ever saw in consultation on church affairs.

On the evening of the Sabbath I attended the service conducted by Grassi, and was greatly impressed with the manly earnestness of his sermon, which my interpreter assured me was a faithful scriptural discourse, in which the doctrine of Divine influence was distinctly recognized. Before and after the sermon a register was produced, containing the names of inquirers and catechumens; and the audience was mainly constituted of intelligent looking men, some of them evidently of a high order of intelligence and of good education. The room in which Grassi preaches is on the Esquiline hill, not far from the church where

he formerly officiated as priest. Amongst the very few women in the audience was the wife of the preacher, a woman who looked every way worthy of her position as a minister's wife. Altogether, with all that I heard and saw of our brother, I was satisfied that we had done the right thing in engaging him and sustaining him as our Evangelist. He is a valuable helper of Mr. Wall, and is likely to prove a power in Rome, when he is thoroughly free from the associations and consequences of his former priestly character. It is astonishing how many of the best and kindest of men are divested of all that is noble and manly by priestly influence and contagion. Mr. Wall, on behalf of the Baptist Mission, pays the rent of the room in which Grassi preaches, but that room is utterly inadequate to the requirements of the district and the energies of the preacher. The greatest difficulty yet experienced in Rome is that of procuring suitable accommodation for preaching and other religious meetings. I have no doubt that if a room could be obtained to hold five hundred instead of fifty attendants it would be filled to hear Grassi's discourses. All that has yet been done for Rome is trifling, compared with the requirements of the place. There are English, American, and Presbyterian churches, but they are for English and American residents and visitors, and there is but little accommodation yet offered for natives. Mr. Wall's chief preaching place is a tent in a court yard at the back of a house. In that tent he was to baptize eleven candidates in a few days after I left Rome. Efforts are making to provide for his preaching and mission operations suitable premises, and it is hoped that those efforts will be successful, as his tent is in danger of being destroyed at any time. Only a few evenings prior to my visit a portion of the tent was destroyed by a torch of the enemy. An iron house for preaching would be worth taking to Rome if ground could be obtained for it to stand upon.

In the person of his devoted wife, Mr. Wall has an excellent coadjutor. On the day I was there, this brave woman, accompanied by another English lady, distributed on the Pincian Hill—the Hyde Park or Champs Elysees of Rome—about fifteen hundred tracts, amongst all ranks of Roman citizens; and this is done every Lord's-day afternoon, at the time of the drive of the rich and fashionable, and the promenade of the common people. These tracts are courteously received by all classes of Roman citizens, and the only rebukes are from high church English people.

Other topics might be brought before the readers of the *Missionary Observer* with interest, but I am running on to too great a length, and as Mr. Wall will most likely send a report of Grassi's labours and progress for the Mission Committee, I will close these notes; and it is not improbable that my next communication to our denominational Magazine may be from America, if I find anything in my travels which I deem of sufficient interest to make known to our friends.

I hope the brethren assembled at Loughborough will determine to continue the support of this Rome Mission, and that Orissa and Rome may be permanently united in the prayers and contributions of the churches.

THOMAS COOK.

London, April 14th, 1874.

INDIAN NOTES.

I. A SPECIAL Conference was held at Cuttack on March 2nd. In accordance with the minute of the Home Committee, it was arranged for Mr. J. H. Smith to join Mr. Hill at Berhampore, and he was preparing for his departure thither. The brethren heartily wished him God speed. Mr. Smith's address by post is, Berhampore, Ganjam, India. As this was the first time that Mr. J. G. Pike, who arrived at Cuttack Dec. 27th, 1873, had met the brethren in conference, they warmly received him as a fellow labourer in the work of Christ. It was arranged, with the entire approval of the brethren, that Mr. Pike should be located at Cuttack for the present. Chokra Dhor, a member of the church at Cuttack, was received as a student in the college on the usual probation.

II. It will be remembered that a very cordial and unanimous invitation was given at the Annual Members' Meeting of the Society at Burnley to Mr. and Mrs. Buckley to visit this country on furlough. The health of our beloved

friends has so far improved that they have decided not to visit England this year. This will be a disappointment to many, although all will rejoice that the necessity for their return is not so urgent as it seemed to be a year ago, and will likewise admire the spirit of consecration to the service of Christ which will not allow them to leave their work even for a season, unless compelled to do so.

III. The passage to England of our esteemed sister, Miss Packer, had been taken in the *El Dorado*, which left Calcutta on the 7th of April, reached Colombo on the 17th, and is expected in London on or about the 22nd of May.

IV. The sympathy and prayers of our friends in England are urgently solicited in behalf of our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who are in great trouble on account of the serious illness of their only son. In the hope that a sea voyage might be useful, it was intended for him to come to England by the *El Dorado*, Mrs. Miller accompanying him as far as Colombo, or, if needful, throughout the voyage; but on reaching Calcutta, the physician whom they consulted strongly dissuaded them from the sea trip, and recommended a journey up the country to Kussovie, near Simla, where Mrs. Miller has a cousin, and they accordingly left Calcutta on the evening of March 26th. It will be very trying to be in a strange country under such circumstances. May the Lord sustain and cheer them, and prepare them for whatever may be the will of his wise and gracious Providence.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY MRS. THOMAS BAILEY.

SINCE writing to you last we have had a very pleasant and, we trust, useful fortnight in the country. Being my first experience of missionary itineracy it was all very novel and interesting. It is quite a piece of work starting off; there are no lodgings to be hired, no food to be bought, so tent, chairs, table, cots, all must go forward on the gharries, or primitive carts of the country. These are, at the best, but rough and awkward contrivances, drawn by bullocks, and it is not at all an unusual thing for them to be turned over; but the natives take even this very philosophically, and as they are quick at adapting themselves to circumstances, they soon get over their little troubles. We went in palkies—the only way of getting to any distance, excepting it be by ponies, and were carried across country, over fields, ploughed or otherwise, across rivers, down into hollows and up again, and so after a great deal of shaking arrived at our first halting place, a christian village, near to where a heathen festival was to be held. Here my dear husband and the native preachers with us were constant in their efforts to preach the gospel, and many listened gladly. On the Sabbath, services were held in the christian village, and after the one in the morning we went down to the river's side to witness five, who had given themselves to Christ, make a public profession by baptism. It was a new and very affecting sight to me, and took me back in thought to the early days of the church, when those professing Christ were baptized without delay in the nearest pond or stream. After leaving Bonamalipore we stopped at various places, where they preached as opportunity offered in the villages, at the markets or the festivals; and everywhere the preachers were listened to attentively, and tracts eagerly sought after. On one occasion an idol was being carried by in its chair with great pomp near to where a large crowd was listening to the preaching; the brahmins were angry that their god was allowed to go by comparatively unnoticed, and seizing a young man by the arm they tried to make him go with them, but he would not do so, and the poor idol had to pass on disregarded, for no one moved from his place to follow it. One evening we encamped by the side of a large tank, almost like a small lake; its surface was rippled by a gentle breeze; on its banks the graceful palm was waving in luxuriant abundance, and the pretty but songless birds were flitting gaily about from branch to branch of the various trees. I sat enjoying the peace and quiet; but my thoughts were disturbed now and then by the tinkling of a gong from a small mud temple close at hand, and then I felt thankful to know that my husband and the preachers were in the neighbouring village telling to these benighted people the news of a living Christ. We had no tent pitched here, as we had to leave very early the following morning. Our people slept under the trees. Mr.

Bailey also in the open-air, and I in my palky, to wake after a troubled night to find it swarming with large black ants; they had come after our breakfast, it having been put inside to save it from the depredations of dogs, cats, etc. We left that morning very early, after a hasty cup of café noir, and arrived at Kanarac at about eleven a.m., the farthest point in our journey, and which is very near the sea. Here, for two days, there was a festival held to the honour of the rising sun, and though the place is apparently an uninhabited waste of jungle and sand, it was attended by many thousands of people. The temple here is one of the principal in India, but is fast falling into ruins; indeed it was begun on such a large scale some hundreds of years ago that one portion of it fell while the other was building, and still lies a vast mass of ruins. Here, also, is the massive sculptured stone that government tried to remove, and unfortunately left the work as being too difficult. The people believe that it was the power of their gods that prevented its removal, and several times remarked on this to my husband when he spoke to them about worshipping gods of wood and stone. Though here, as elsewhere, the people for the most part listened and seemed interested, let us hope and pray that the seed sown by so many through this vast empire may soon spring up and bring forth much fruit.

We returned to Piplee on the 31st of January; and it may interest you to hear something of what has been done since. On the 8th of February five of our school children were baptized, three girls and two boys. On the 13th my dear husband married seventeen of our orphan school girls. The brides and bridegrooms, thirty-four in all, were seated in a large square, and looked very well in their wedding costumes; the girls had been busy at theirs for some days previously; they are very sisterly, and like to help each other on such occasions. After the marriage service, which was necessarily rather long, we had a short interval, and then met together again to present Miss Packer with a farewell address from the natives, which was done in a very good speech by one of the preachers. In the afternoon we gave a feast to the whole of the christian community. The invitation included the various christian villages of this district, so that with our orphan children they numbered more than five hundred. They all seemed very much to enjoy this social gathering; but it was ended in tears, as the newly-married ones had to say farewell to their companions, and leave for their new homes. Many prayers for their happiness followed them, and also that those who had already professed Christ might still be kept in the right path, and be bright and shining lights to those around them.

We are now busy with brick-making for the new chapel. Our kind friend, Mr. Bond, has spent a day with us to draw out the plans, etc., and we are very anxious to get it up as soon as possible, as there is urgent need for it; but we still have to raise one thousand rupees or more, and are doing our best towards it, as unless it is realized we must even now modify our plans, and have a cheaper building put up, which is in every way most undesirable.

A CONVERTED BRAHMIN IN A LONDON PULPIT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* lately paid a visit to the Kensington Presbyterian church (the Rev. A. Saphir's), and heard a sermon by the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, who was clad in his Oriental dress, and altogether presented a most picturesque appearance as he cast his light piercing eye over the vast congregation assembled to hear him. "Taking his text from Psalm lxxii. 15, 'He shall live,' the preacher detailed, in nervous and fluent English, our interest in the death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of Christ. One scarcely detected more of a foreign accent than in the words of the pastor of the church, who had conducted the devotions, and who himself, I believe, is a converted Jew. In special reference to the subject of the morning, he said there was a time when he who then spoke belonged to the class of Brahmins. He quoted a sentence in Sanscrit—to give an idea of the sound of the most polished language in the world.' The gist of this quotation was that the Brahmins had dethroned the Creator, and put themselves in His place. He himself had claimed and received Divine honours, and had seen believers greedily drink the water in which his feet had been washed. But he had been 'emptied of

Hindooism.' This creed dealt largely in the marvellous: for instance, it is said that one great saint drank up all the oceans in three sips, and was afterwards seated among the constellations on account of his feat. By this and similar strains on his credulity, 'a grand doubt was gradually insinuated in the preacher's mind.' But, he continued, there was a philosophic as well as popular form of Hindooism. These were atheistical and theistical forms, the latter having as many advocates in this country, in Germany, and in the United States, as it had in India. He dwelt at length on the pantheistic notion of Brahm, which ignores man's responsibility. Man's sins, in fact, became God's sins; and gradually the preacher had become convinced that this was blasphemy. He was referred to the christian Scriptures by Bishop Wilson; and by these, and Keith's book on prophecy, he was convinced that the Bible was no cunningly-devised fable, but God's book of truth. In a subsequent study of the Epistle to the Romans, he found all his doubts solved by faith in a crucified Saviour. Master minds in India, Greece, and Rome had blundered where these simple christian writers had found the truth. On September 13th, 1843, he embraced the christian faith. He had to give up father, mother, and three sisters. Such is the condition of Brahminical society that a man must quit all former society when converted. But he realized the promise of Christ—'He that forsaketh all for Christ should gain an hundredfold.' This was abundantly realized in his own experience; and he felt, on returning home to India, that he could carry with him a new and convincing kind of evidence. He had been labouring for the last ten years in a rural portion of the Deccan, and knowing the peculiarities of his people, he could speak more successfully to them than a foreigner. The network of railways and electric telegraphs in India were pressing on the good work of spreading the knowledge of the Lord. The preacher detailed seriatim his experience at different stations where the work, both religious and educational, had been successful. The books were provided by the Christian Vernacular Society, in fourteen or fifteen different languages, and his heart's desire was that the millions of India might be evangelised. This was, he said, the best way of making India loyal. India's only hope was in the direction of christianity. Sociologists were trying their methods, and he heartily wished them well, but he knew that they would not civilize his countrymen; nothing would do this but the gospel of Christ. He then briefly detailed a plan he had formed for making a model christian village in India. With an eloquent picture of its different features and denial of the assertion that missionary work in India was a failure, he concluded a most characteristic and practical sermon. Finally, removing his white turban, he offered up an equally impressive prayer on behalf of christian missions, and concluded with the Benediction, which he pronounced with uplifted hands."

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, March 21.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Feb. 17, March 2.
" W. Miller, March 3.

CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, Feb. 21, March 28.
PIPLEE—T. Bailey, Feb. 28.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
March 18th to April 18th, 1874.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Billesdon, W. & O.	0	18	0	Leicester, Archdeacon Lane	1	10	0
Burnley, Enon Chapel	7	7	0	" " " " For Rome	8	10	0
Chatteris	14	13	1	" " " " Victoria Road	8	8	0
Coningsby	4	10	7	Llangollen, Mrs. Prichard	1	0	0
Derby, Mary's Gate	19	4	4	London, R. Johnson, Esq.	10	0	0
" " Watson Street	2	10	0	Longford	88	8	2
Dewsbury	9	0	0	Louth, Eastgate	27	5	0
Gosborth	4	8	3	Maltby and Alford	9	5	5
Halifax	5	18	0	Newthorpe, W. & O.	1	5	0
" " Piplee Chapel	0	10	8	Nottingham, Prospect Place	6	12	0
Leake	12	4	0	Sheepshed	8	2	0
Leicester, Friar Lane	2	10	0	Spalding, Juvenile Society	22	10	5

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1874.

THE LOUGHBOROUGH ASSOCIATION, 1874.

LOUGHBOROUGH certainly needs no introduction to the majority of our readers. Its cordial welcome and generous hospitality to the gatherings of the associated churches of the denomination are not simply matters of history, but of common fame. Placed in the centre of the midland district, at the very heart of our Connexion, given up almost wholly, so far as its Free-church activity is concerned, to that phase of Nonconformist life with which we are more particularly identified, saturated with the hallowed traditions and illustrious memories of our body, no spot, "from Dan to Beersheba," is more like home, or more fitted for the mustering of the tribes of our Israel.

Far away back, even to the second year of our history, must the annalist travel in quest of the earliest assembling of the united churches at Loughborough. Since then, the church there has played no inferior or second part in the manifold activities of our connexional life. Eight several times it has fulfilled the office of denominational host. For fifteen years it was an affectionate and careful nurse of the "school of the prophets." More than once it has afforded new points of departure for our organic life; and right on from the beginning, men of commanding vigour, and enthusiastic loyalty to the Lord Jesus; to wit, ("sacrifice to living heroes being reserved till sunset") Grimley, Donisthorpe, Pollard, Stevenson, and Goadby; have served the churches with heroic zeal and eminent self-sacrifice, and then passed to their all compensating reward.

Of the last Association at Loughborough we have no recollection; for it was our hard fate to be in the Examination Hall whilst our brethren were enjoying the exhilarating festivities of the Association week. But we shall never forget its predecessor of 1857. It occurred in the middle of our College term. The year's work was done. Hope was high; the wings of faith and zeal were strong; but the heart was sad, for we had suffered the loss of that deeply and tenderly loved father-tutor, Joseph Wallis, whose name will ever stand with us as a synonyme of grace and power, sweetness and light. The mind was on the stretch. The excitement was intense; for we felt as if our future hung on the decision of the Association as to his successor, and we could not look into the distance without some anxiety. We remember everything. The masterly sermon, full of the spiritual power of which the preacher spake; the Chairman's Address; the Letter; but most vividly the clash of arms in eager and eloquent debate. Several Associations since have interested us profoundly, but not one more, if memory is a valid witness, than that which determined the course of the College for the next sixteen years.

How changed since then! The fathers! where are they? And the prophets; do they live for ever? Yea verily! but not with *us*. They go and leave us; but their work abides, and waits our intelligent judgment, hearty effort, and consecrated power. Can we do nothing—this is the question it behoves us to ask in prayerful earnest—Can we do nothing at this forthcoming general assembly that shall leave its mark on the town in which we assemble, on the piety and usefulness of our churches, and on the whole future of our connexional work? Are we not about to take some safe strides towards achieving the great end of our organized existence? By what means is a truly useful life still possible for us; a life such as beseems a host of believers in the infinite and all-girdling love of God, looking to the Cross of Christ as the symbol of an “atonement made for all the sins of all men?”

Assuredly we see what a serious matter our corporate life is; what high responsibilities it carries, and how worthless, insignificant, and pitifully wretched it were in us to trifle it away in mere death-snatches at the old creed-clothes of our fathers, all the while neglecting to perfect and extend their evangelizing work. Hence we are speaking with more force than ever in Orissa and Rome. Hence our deepened and deepening interest in the prosperity and efficiency of the College; and hence, too, the eager attention with which we listen as our Home Mission work cries aloud for the united, earnest, and whole-hearted service of every church, every pastor, every deacon, and every member in our ranks. This is our next most imperative duty. It lies close to us, and will not be put off. It is our next stroke of work, and must be done, and done soon, under penalties. This is the sum of the commandments to us. We talked three years ago. Two years since we got as far as a paper proposition; at Burnley* that was converted into a paper resolution; it remains now that at Loughborough we do the deed. The inexorable behest is, “*Fais ton fait*, do thy little stroke of work.” The Lord guide and help us!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHARD HARRIS, Esq., J.P., DIED MAY 3, 1874.

The Principal Founder and Senior Deacon of Victoria Road Church, Leicester.

ANOTHER warrior rests
In calm repose from life's great battle-field,
To God's all-wise behests
He in full hope of future joy doth yield.

A faithful servant gone:
True to the calling God to Him assigned,
He ever laboured on
With dauntless soul to benefit mankind.

His sage advice is mute
Where oft he met our local parliament,
Which held him in repute,
As his past life attests, so nobly spent.

A Christian brother gone
From out the church's ranks. His genial smile
With grace and virtue shone,
As oft he trod the consecrated aisle.
Leicester.

As husband, sire, and friend,
A bright example he to imitate;
In him did sweetly blend
Those traits which make the truly good and great.

But he has gone—has gone—
In heaven's bright palace doth his spirit rest,
Like the beloved John
He sleeps securely on his Saviour's breast.

To wish thee back 'twere vain,
Since thine is now a pure unsullied lot,
Beyond grief, care, and pain,
Where life's grand pulses throb, and sin is not.

We know thou art at rest
In the enjoyment of heaven's best reward,
Where nought shall thee molest,
For thou art ever present with thy Lord.

GEORGE BURDEN.

* Resolution passed at Burnley last year.—“That we are deeply impressed with the urgent necessity of UNITED ACTION in Home Mission work THROUGHOUT ALL THE CHURCHES AND CONFERENCES of the Association, so that the strength of the whole denomination may be concentrated upon establishing ONE CHURCH AT A TIME; and therefore we request the Committees of the various Home Mission districts so to arrange their work that they may be prepared to enter upon such a scheme in the course of the next two years.”

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.*

To my dear Christian friends, Henrietta Althea Mathews, Thomas Erskine, Eliz. von Lücken, Margaret Lee, Emily Cumming, J. Burns, John Stevenson, G. F. Bayley, Ely Stennett, and M. S. Ewen, I affectionately dedicate the following pages.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I venture to group you in my imagination into one company, and to communicate in the form of a familiar address, as though you were in my own sitting room, the following particulars of my religious life. I have chosen to do so in this form because in Germany, Scotland, and England, you have all known me for many years more or less intimately, and I feel a kind of liberty in speaking to you which I could hardly enjoy if I found myself addressing uninterested auditors. You have manifested a kindly interest in my past welfare. All of you have, indeed, promoted it by your example, your prayers, and encouragement; some of you by divine light communicated to me by your writing and conversation, and some of you by the faithful disinterestedness of brotherly rebukes which have both humbled and healed me. I trust you, and I thank God for you, and for so long preserving you to me. Of course, through you, I intend in the following narrative of my religious, inner life to address all others who may think proper to peruse it. To very many this may appear presumptuous and foolish.

What I have to say of myself may, to the great majority, appear very impertinent and uninteresting, but I feel an inward persuasion that there are not a few in the world whose religious condition may be so similar to what mine has been that as their experience has been helpful to me mine may, when described, prove of equal advantage to them, as truth is of no private interpretation, but is equally free for all. I am also arrived at a time of life when if ever it may be most proper for me to undertake this task. I am seventy years old; an age sufficiently mature to justify me in thinking that, although still able and willing to learn, nothing very material will be added to my religious history on earth. My opinions, I may say, have been all gained by hard fighting; my religious feelings and habits are most likely settled; my faith confirmed; and my happiness, I trust, founded on a rock immovable. On the other hand, if I may venture to form an estimate of my powers, they are as vigorous, both mentally and corporeally, as they have been for several years past; so that, while I seem to be as able to do justice to my subject as ever, and in some respects somewhat more so, I am conscious that I have no time to spare. I hear a voice which says, "What thou doest, do quickly." Now lest any of you should

* Two years before Mr. Mathews's death he commenced the writing of his Autobiography. The pressure of work connected with his church, and the many offices he held in the town, together with the frequent demands made for his services in other places, retarded the progress of the memoir. Very, very soon after ministerial assistance was obtained he was called to his reward, and thus the work was brought to a full stop. What is now presented to the reader is simply a *fragment* of the story of Mr. Mathew's life. Special thanks are due to Mr. M. G. B. Mathews for having transcribed from the shorthand notes as much as was written of the autobiography, together with the diary since the year 1829. J. JOLLY.

suppose that my speaking to you on such a theme is a sad evidence of vain self-satisfiedness, I must say that if it be so I am very willing to bear the censure so sad a fault deserves; but I do not at present perceive that such a fault has any allowed lodgement in me, much less that it has any dominion over me. I do not know that I ever spent a day as well as it might have been spent, nor discharged a single duty with anything like perfection; I am quite aware of grievous deficiencies in everything I do. I have no pleasure in thinking of myself. No; it is not in any desire to praise myself, or to obtain praise from others, that I give the following account, but to exhibit and exalt the truth of the gospel and its working on the conscience and heart of a human being earnestly seeking for light and enduring happiness. I leave my testimony to what I believe to be the character and will of God as influencing the character and the conduct of those who believe it. What I have learnt gives me perpetual happiness, immovable peace, and some measure of gratitude, love, and joyfulness. I know quite well that as I have chosen to think for myself, quite irrespective of my worldly interests and the opinions of many whom I admire and esteem, the number of those must be very small indeed who will not disagree with me, and some of the conclusions that I have reached. I would say, as Martin Luther said, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise; God help me." But it may be that some of my readers may be benefitted by one thing, some by another; and if so my purpose, and I trust, also, God's, will be answered. So be it; amen. Besides I am wishful that, after my departure, those who professed to be benefitted by my teaching may have something to remind them of the truths I have unfolded, and that even those who have been indifferent to the teachings while I was with them may be inclined to listen to the truth when uttered by one who though dead is still speaking to them. May these soul ennobling truths be echoed and re-echoed till the Lord shall come. One word more, dear friends, by way of introduction. I do not purpose to trouble you, or to try to amuse you with anything more of the circumstances and external events of my unobtrusive history than what may be necessary as the vehicles of the little story of my inner life. A few of them, however, may make the account more intelligible, and perhaps more interesting.

I was born at North Shields on the 18th of August, 1798. My parents having a numerous family, though living in comfortable circumstances, practised a wise economy, and this has been a great blessing to me, preparing me in some measure to live on the slender means which usually fall to the lot of an undistinguished dissenting minister. There was not at that time much religion in the Established Church. Our vicar was manifestly an irreligious man; at least, so my mother taught me to consider him, though he might not have been reckoned so among what is styled the religious world. In our family we were very far from being destitute of religion: there was family worship morning and evening, and we children were sent to church regularly every Sunday morning and afternoon, and we had our catechism and reading in the Bible every evening; we refrained from all Sunday visiting and other amusements in which the young people of our acquaintance were indulged. I believe these just observances of Sunday were the means of forming a habit unspeakably valuable to me. Though we constantly

witnessed card playing, even for money, though balls and routs and evening company were matters of course, and an occasional going to the theatre, still I have the greatest reason to honour and revere the name of my father and mother for many a lesson deeply impressed on my conscience of the Omnipresence of God, the certainty of the judgment day, and the necessity of never doing anything on which I could not ask the Divine blessing. I was made to say my prayers every morning and evening. To these impressions and habits I believe I owe, under God, the susceptibilities I afterwards exhibited for more spiritually religious impressions, and the adoption of a more thoroughly religious practice. I record, therefore, with filial and reverent gratitude, the instruction and example of my beloved parents. I had a sister, too, eleven years older than myself, who was a God-fearing person, and who produced a great impression on my conscience; her goodness both convicted me in my wrongness and charmed me in my sullenness. I was only ten years old when she died; but I remember that the very recollection of her, and a fancy that she might be looking down on me from heaven, had a restraining influence on my conduct.

I had several instances in my boyish experience of answered prayer; they were very selfish and impenitent prayers, but sincere and fervent. On one occasion, when I was quite a little child, I was, for some naughtiness, locked up by my mother, and I thought that she had entirely left me; seeing no means of escape, I betook myself to prayer to the Almighty God for deliverance, that He would turn her heart to let me out. God heard my prayer, and answered it very speedily. I believe my mother overheard me, and I was soon at liberty. I think I never forgot that lesson, but I did not repent of sin. I was often brought by my faults at school into danger of severe punishment. Then I cried to the Lord in my trouble, and He delivered me out of my adversities. Once I prayed to be saved from punishment for robbing an orchard, and I escaped punishment entirely. Another time, for breaking boundaries, when I prayed for a mitigation of the penalty, and it was so. At that school, though kept by a clergyman, there was very little religion. There were the dead forms of worship twice a day, and on Sunday four times, also some tasks of catechism; but it was never made a matter of conversion or invitation, and never practically exhibited in a holy, heavenly spirit. In six years and a half, three school-fellows spoke to me about God, each of them once; and twice, I think, the master reprov'd me making some allusion to my Maker. But my childish experiences above named left a practical impression on my mind, and have done me good all my life through down to the present day, as will be perceived by what follows.

After leaving school I was sent to learn business in a rope merchant's office in Hull. Alas! I was introduced into the society of very worldly, careless young men, some of them, indeed, were shamefully profligate; without any religious principle to restrain me I should have been infallibly ruined but for the kind intervention of Divine providence. My master, not knowing what he did, sent me to a branch of the business at Barton-on-Humber, thus separating me from my companions, and so I escaped from their contaminating example. In this place I was more favourably situated with respect to morals and religion. One

temptation twice led me into drinking company; but though intoxicating drinks were pleasant to me I only took a very moderate quantity. They tried to induce me to smoke, but I loathed it for its uncleanness, and despised it for its vulgarity. I did not repeat my visits to those drinking parties. I spent my evenings in reading books on science and French philosophical literature. The clergyman of the church was a good-natured man enough, and very civil to me; but I should think no one ever supposed him to be at all a seriously religious man. Connected with the extensive works there were some persons whose minds were filled with pious sentiments. One of them was a partner in the business. He spoke to me, and appeared to me conscientious, and I perceived I was not like him, and I felt compelled to confess that I was not what I believed him to be, and if I wished to be happy for ever I must become very different from what I was.

Though convinced, however, I was not converted. My boyish mischievousness brought me into fresh danger. I thought of God. I believed that He who had so conspicuously interfered for me on former occasions was able to do so now. I sought the retirement of a quiet field, betook myself to my former practice of selfishly praying for deliverance from trouble. I fervently prayed for deliverance first. I then began to be ashamed of the selfishness of such petitions. I confessed my sin to God, the sin not only of my commission, but of my very motives in prayer. I prayed that I might be enabled to pray indeed—resolved to live quite a different life, to keep if possible a good conscience and walk with God. I was converted so far as to turn decidedly from all that I knew to be wrong. I ceased to do evil, and that soon led me to try and learn to do well. I associated with God-fearing people. I attended religious assemblies in an Independent chapel, at that time destitute of a regular minister. It happened that one Thursday evening a very grave and thoughtful preacher, the Rev. Richard Cecil, then a student at Rotherham College, addressed a handful of people respecting “the race set before us, looking unto Jesus.” His representation of the truth affected me deeply. I hid myself in the bottom of the pew, and prayed for the first time, looking to Jesus Christ to save me and to strengthen me to run that race all the rest of my life, that I might at last receive the prize of eternal life. From that time I have never turned aside from following after God, but, though with grievous imperfections and frequent inconsistencies, I have endeavoured to follow on to know the Lord. I soon expressed to the young preacher above named the state of my mind, and a sincere friendship sprang up between us which, though in subsequent years we but seldom met, continued till he left this world, and which I doubt not will be continued for ever. Thus, partly owing to the pious people with whom I was placed, and partly to my being removed from the dissipations of a great town, I may say with Addison, respecting the unseen arm of God,

“Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
He gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.”

HOW TO PROMOTE A GENUINE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN OUR CHURCHES.*

CERTAINLY, if prayer for revival be real, work will go along with it. If we plead with God for men, we shall also plead with men for God. There will be no waiting for formal revivalistic organizations. Let the Divine life come mightily into a man's soul, and he will soon be impelled, by the very force of that life, to make for himself such channels as he can for spiritual influence amongst those around him. The spirit of love and prayer and self-sacrifice and zeal will swell his heart with emotions which must break forth into holy purposes and a grand devotion. Our gifts for teaching, for invitation, for warning, for exhortation, for reproof, may be very limited, even in the case of the best of us; but, such as they are, we must wish them to be put to a faithful use, remembering that not unfrequently does God take "the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." The pulpit, the Sunday school, the Bible class, the house-to-house mission—all will become the livelier and the more efficient, when thought and prayer and solicitude have brought into our hearts the Spirit of the Saviour, and we have warmed up to the magnitude and the splendour of the redeeming enterprise at the head of which He stands. -We shall want to know when to speak, and when to be silent; how to speak the right word, and to speak it at the right time. We shall be watching for the signs of awakening on every side. We shall try to keep the minds of the anxious fixed on Christ, His cross, His love, as the only source from which their peace is to be drawn. We shall feel that young converts are not to be lost sight of when they have found the liberty of the gospel, and have entered into the church, as though they needed no further fostering care, and might be safely left to walk alone. No work for Christ will be accounted drudgery, however outwardly insignificant or humble. The prevailing ambition of the soul will be to be *useful* in any and every way which may be open.

For the further development of the revival spirit, the members of the church would do well to place themselves in sympathy with the revival in its earlier stages. Let them not look upon it with an indifferent eye or a callous heart. It is full of promise for themselves, as well as for many others who are still outside their pale, and who are trying to feed on the husks which the swine do eat. Let them seek *in secret* a full preparedness for the new breath of life which is waiting to come upon them, and the overtures of which have already been made. Let them give congratulatory greetings to those amongst them who have already been made partakers of a special blessing. Let them cultivate a new interest in the services of God's house, and, more than all others, in those which are mainly devoted to prayer. If the hearts of the young in the congregation are being stirred by the Divine influence, let them not be hampered by the discouragement which comes from a lack of sympathy on the part of older ones who bear the Christian name. I have known instances in which young people have flocked in goodly numbers to the prayer meeting week after week, only to find themselves almost alone there; the minister, one or two of the deacons, and a dozen

or a score of the adult members present, and all the rest habitually away. What a damper to the new aspirations of these young souls! How much better would it be for the general body of believers, even at the sacrifice of some convenience, to fall in early and heartily with a movement which is bright with the beauty and eloquent with the promise of the blessed spring-time! The blessing which would flow from this spirit of sympathy with a new revival on the part of the church members would be a blessing for all. It would not be confined to the young, whose awakening life should call it forth, but would be diffused throughout the congregation, and none could tell where it would halt.

The cultivation of an intenser and tenderer brotherly love in the church would be an admirable auxiliary to the good work. Such love would be as a swift vehicle in which the reviving influence would pass from soul to soul. If God's people want a distinguished blessing, let them forget their selfish interests and their little differences. There is plenty for them to agree about, in faith, in hope, in prayer, in the warfare with evil, and in the joy and peace of believing. Let them strive individually to become great and beautiful in the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Let them be mutually courteous. Let them put wise and tough restraints upon all irritability of temper. Let them excel in the hallowed spirit of forbearance. Let no one brother or sister ever wantonly or thoughtlessly say disagreeable things of another; and if offence be unwittingly given, let it be promptly confessed and frankly pardoned. Bickerings amongst Christian people are fatal to the realization of any liberal measures of reviving grace. A single quarrel between two church members will set the whole church in a flutter of uncomfortable feeling, will start into motion all sorts of rival interests and party animosities which ought to sleep the sleep of death, and will stifle all the holier sympathies and impulses which a revival may have brought into play. A noisy church meeting, in which varieties of opinion are advocated with pertinacious and disproportionate zeal, in which sour words are spoken and sensitive feelings are wounded, will smash all susceptibility to the penetrative and diffusive but delicate influences of heaven. A single hour's forgetfulness of the claims of brotherly love may undo the best results of whole years of prayer and work. Woe be to any member of a church who, in a conceited sense of his own superiority, or in defence of some paraded right, or in gratification of some low personal feeling, is reckless enough to involve the good name of religion and the best interests of his fellow-men in so deplorable a catastrophe! If a revival is to begin, and to go on to some beneficent end, the members of the brotherhood must learn to "love each other with a pure heart fervently."

To promote a religious revival it will be necessary for Christian people to welcome the manifestations of the new life, even though the forms they sometimes take may be cruder than the more fastidious amongst us might desire. I do not wish to be understood as apologizing for revivals in which spurious ingredients are found. People whose zeal has been greatly in excess of their knowledge have talked about getting up a revival in the same easy-going way as they would talk about getting up a tea meeting or a bazaar,—as though they had nothing

to do but to work themselves up into a *furor*, preach alarming sermons, pray lustily and imperiously to God, parade the streets with a queer Hallelujah Band at their head, get together a gaping crowd, frighten scores of nervous folk into hysterics, and having soothed them into tranquility by soft and unctuous speeches, parade them to the world as so many glorious instances of brands plucked from the burning! This is Satan's burlesque of a sublime reality. The fire is false. The contagion is that of disease, not that of life. If we are to have a revival, may God preserve it from all wild and ruinous excesses. At the same time, Christianity must deal with men as it finds them. Its first effects upon the ignorant cannot altogether resemble its first effects upon the educated. Its developments amongst those whose temperament is fiery must be different from its developments amongst those whose temperament is phlegmatic. Give it time, and it will make both the ignorant and the educated, both the fiery and the phlegmatic, immeasurably better men and women than they were before its plastic influences reached them. Let not too much be demanded of new-born Christians in the way either of spiritual insight or of superiority to inward evil. They have to "grow," and, if wisely and lovingly cared for, they *will* "grow, in grace and in the knowledge of Christ."

Undoubtedly a revival is needed in our time. The churches of Christ have made great progress during recent years, but the progress has been external rather than spiritual. Organizations have developed with wonderful rapidity and comprehensiveness; yet, taking the professors of religion as a class, they have perhaps seldom been more worldly than now. A church may be as regular in its operations as clock-work, harmonious in its movements as a well-drilled army; but it will be a mere automaton, or something worse, unless the Spirit of Christ be in it. What is to be done? It may be very well to discuss questions of preaching, and the diaconate, and Bible classes, and experience meetings, and cottage meetings, modes of worship, psalmody, and the like; but to me all these questions appear painfully trivial in the presence of this other question: "Are we, as churches, with their pastors, deacons, committees, and what not, *in the enjoyment of the power of the Holy Ghost?*" Our churches are weak; many of our members are living at what is little better than a dying rate; our chapels are not full; sinners are converted in deplorably small numbers; saints complain that they are not built up in their most holy faith; workers grow languid in their work; the treasurer is often on the wrong side of the balance sheet! And what then? A meeting must be called to talk these things over; and half a dozen comely little reforms are suggested! Dear friends, I want to take a deeper view of the requirements of our churches than any which such reforms will help me to take. Are we Christian ministers full of the Holy Ghost? Are our deacons full of the Holy Ghost? Are our multitudinous committee-men full of the Holy Ghost? Are our brethren and sisters who compose the churches full of the Holy Ghost? The building of the ancient temple, though not without human instrumentality, was not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of hosts. That is equally true of the building of the church, the Lord's spiritual temple. Have we remembered this momentous truth, and acted accordingly? Let the power of the Holy Ghost work amongst us, and this imperfect preaching, and this

languid working, and these fluctuating congregations, and this partial success, will soon come to an end, and we shall look upon goodly churches and multiplying converts, saying: "What hath God wrought!" But give us the best possible sermons delivered in the best possible manner, the wisest and most industrious men in office, together with the most suitable institutions most energetically worked, *but all without the power of the Holy Ghost, as they may be*; and though you may build a palace for God, it will be a palace of ice—beautiful, no doubt, as a work of art—but all too cold to live in, and destined all too soon to melt and vanish away!

I feel that the prevailing need of our churches at this time is that of united, direct, importunate, believing prayer for the manifestation of the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost. For that greatest and best of all blessings next to the gift of a Saviour—and not less great and indispensable even than that—may God help us to pray, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

J. P. BARNETT.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. V.—*The Orphan Home at Tottenham.*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

STRANGE and incomprehensible words! "Dark saying" is this, which only those can interpret fully, who carry the clear and penetrating light of a spiritual experience of the richly fructifying influences of sorrow within their hearts. A poet's parable, that only life can expound: a deep saying, whose hidden abysses of wealthy meaning are laid open to the gaze of the larger, richer love that is born of grief over the dear departed. Yet there are facts, palpable and impressive, that will help any one who is willing to learn, to accept and even to solve the poet's riddle in a large degree, without the aid of the mentor of experience: and amongst those facts, not many offer a more forcible commentary on the singer's utterance than the Orphan Home at Tottenham Green, the story of whose origin and progress we proceed to narrate.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost," because having loved something beyond the fatal, fascinating circle of self, and drunk of the streams of joy to which we are led by its exercise, the heart becomes hungry, and is, indeed, famished till it obtain fresh objects for its worship and homage. The "loving" has set in movement divine forces that the "losing" does not stop. It has evoked the noblest powers of being, and though the beloved ones are passed "within the veil," yet they are ours still, and for their sakes we are the purer and the truer and more divine. When Mrs. Laseron said farewell to the babe that for fourteen months had been the light and joy of their dwelling in the village of Edmonton, it was with a larger, roomier heart than when she hailed its advent, and gave it its first kiss. And that heart could not be empty. Her own child was safe in the arms of Jesus: but there around and near were the miserable offspring of vicious, drunken parents, poor, neglected, half-clothed, not half fed, and growing into—what! No

skill and kindness of hers needed the angel-tendered one on high; but these, how needy! Might she not do some little to help them!

The stricken mother talked with her husband and her God: and out of this conference came the purpose to open, if possible, a school for the little ones, in which she might train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But how? Conversion of purpose into deed, of intent into act, is rarely easy. All good work has to face difficulty and master it. They were foreigners, and their friends were few. The "sinews" so called, of the war against ignorance and poverty and vice were not in their grasp. But they had love for the work of their choice and trust in the God of children.

Believing prayer was not long without its reward. A Dublin lady, totally unknown to Dr. Laseron, chanced, as we in our contracted vision say, chanced to hear of the grief and its hoped-for issue, and sent him £3, with the wish that "the desire to do good to the poor children might prosper in his hands." This was the firstfruit, and formed an occasion of joy and thankfulness, and a fresh reason for renewed faith and prayer. More money came, and on the 7th of January, 1856, a little room was taken and the work fairly launched with sixteen children. Of course it was hard work enough at the first, for these children needed washing as well as teaching and, in several cases, clothing after they were washed. In a very few weeks the room was so full that they were compelled to exclude many children who gladly would have availed themselves of it; and now the great difficulty arose, whether to enlarge the school-room or to hire another one; the first could not be carried out advantageously, and the second appeared out of the question, for nobody liked such an institution on his premises. "Again," says Dr. Laseron, "they went on their knees, and asked the counsel of Him who had guided hitherto, for they now felt it was surely the Lord's work, and He would direct them aright. As their anxiety for the dear children on account of their health increased, they made this matter their constant petition; they had not long to wait for the answer, although at first there appeared insurpassable difficulties, but there is nothing too hard for Him to whom belongeth all power in heaven and on earth. In Meeting House Lane, Edmonton, there stood an old dilapidated chapel, and adjoining it a small school-room. They made enquiry about it, but found the landlord altogether disinclined to let the school room separately from the chapel, and the rent, £20, was so high, that they could not entertain the thought of obtaining it; but yet they continued in prayer." And again the Lord hearkened and heard, and sent deliverance; and an evening school was now added to the day and Sunday school, so that the elder brothers and sisters and parents of the children might receive instruction.

In the second year the work had so grown, and the old building was so dilapidated, and on various accounts unsuited to their work, that the desirability of building a new school-house urged itself on their attention, and became an absorbing theme in prayer and conference. Again, though not without prolonged trials of faith, the Lord led these patient and loving workers by a right way, and abundantly honoured their confidence in Him. The money for the building was soon collected; but it seemed for a while utterly impossible to find a plot of

ground suited for such an institution. One piece was eligible in place; but far too high in price. A second, in the High Road, was proposed, but negotiations had to be abandoned for a similar reason. One day this German physician was seen by a neighbour walking in the street with meditative aspect, and the neighbour said, "Why, doctor, you appear deep in thought to-day." At once the doctor told what was passing in his mind, without a shadow of suspicion that his interlocutor possessed any land. "Oh," said the neighbour, "perhaps I can let you have a piece, if it is not too far out of the way." Off they went to a plot of unoccupied ground aside from the public road, but in the locality where a school was most wanted. At once Dr. Laseron asked the price of it, fearing that he would require a large amount. "I give it you." Not believing so good a word could be true, Dr. Laseron said, "What did you say?" "*I give it you with pleasure.*" The worker's joy was unbounded. There and then he gave thanks to his Father.

With new privileges came new work. As the building went up an Industrial School for boys was formed, and their labours were utilized, and they themselves were temporally benefited by learning a trade, and spiritually by their contact with good men. On the 12th of March, 1859, the school-house was completed, and dedicated to the purposes for which it was reared. It is sixty-two feet long by thirty-three feet wide, divided into two rooms, one for infants and the other for united classes. Soon there followed Workshops for the industrial part of the scheme, Soup Kitchen, Bath for the school, and Reading Room for working men. Of all the remarkable features of this Tottenham work, the most is surely the rapidity with which it has grown and the variety of the needs it has so swiftly overtaken.

Dr. Laseron's account of the addition of the "Industrial Home for Orphans and Destitute Girls" is so simple and ingenuous that we give all we can of it. He saw that he must do more if only to make what he was doing effective, for "Youth is so corrupted in this neighbourhood that very few girls can obtain situations; for girls of thirteen or fourteen are too often already contaminated with the vices of youth." A female missionary was engaged to visit the children in their homes: but how grieved was Dr. Laseron's spirit when he found that many of those dear young girls who four years ago had become scholars in the school had gone to wreck and ruin in body and soul; but how is this evil to be prevented was his question. One day, opening the *Ragged School Magazine*, his eye was attracted by an engraving representing a home for the purpose of bringing up young girls as servants, and he heard as a voice saying to him, this is an Institution I want you to erect. But he tried to shake off the idea, as it appeared beyond his faith. Again and again, however, the same sentence flashed through his mind. He now prayed most fervently that God would show him what He would have him to do, and how to act. But reason began to argue, and a thousand difficulties presented themselves before him, but all in vain. It was in August, 1859, speaking to the friend who had given him the ground for his *Ragged School*, he showed him the article in the *Ragged School Magazine*, and the description of the Home. His eye was fixed upon it for a moment, and then he said, "I give you the freehold land if you wish to establish such an Institution."

Dr. Laseron told him that this had been for some time on his mind, and that his liberal gift still more convinced him that it was not his fancy but the will of God that he should do this work; although he was inclined to say with Moses, "I am a man of stammering tongue, send whom thou mayest." But the Lord wanted him to do it, and his prayer was, "O Lord, increase my faith." At the same time an enquiry was made by a sister in the Lord, who had been matron for nearly twelve years at the well-known Orphan House at Bristol, under the stewardship of the highly esteemed Mr. George Muller, if there was an opening in this neighbourhood for a female missionary. This application was a still further proof of God's sanction to undertake this branch of His work, for she held in Mr. Muller's Institution the very office which it was their desire to commit to her, namely, to bring up young girls as good servants. Under the spiritual and moral training of this experienced matron they hoped, under God's blessing, to succeed in this by no means insignificant undertaking.

True it is God had provided the land, and also a suitable matron, but no means had yet come forth for the building itself; but He who knows what we need before we ask Him had already put it into the heart of His children to contribute of the substance of which He has made them stewards.

In May, 1862, the whole building was completed, and its cost, nearly £4,000, was entirely paid. And though sometimes the men had already assembled to receive their wages when there was little or no money in the cash box, yet God often sent aid at the last moment, so that they never had to send the men home once without their money.

We wish our space allowed us to tell of the further extension of this philanthropic work. All we can do is to specify the directions in which these extensions were made. First came, in the year 1865, another Orphanage for eighty girls who, owing to their age, were too young to be admitted into the house which was built for only forty, and had no provisions for infants and nursery maids. This gigantic work cost £5,000. Then came the establishment of a Printing Office, in which the more weakly girls who were not fit for service might be employed, and yet remain under the watchful care of the Institution, and where every kind of printing may be executed. And last, but far from least, came "The Evangelical Protestant Deaconesses' Institution and Training Hospital," which in itself deserves half a dozen pages for its description. Let it suffice to say that Mr. John Morley nobly gave Dr. Laseron the sum of £6,000, and at once this training school for a nursing sisterhood sprang into existence and began its beneficent career.

Behold this scene of busy philanthropy, and think not to despise the day of small things. Walk about amongst these orphans, and observe the warm attachment with which Dr. Laseron is regarded by all. Look in upon the daily good-doing in the wards of this infirmary, and when you have traced all this generous deed, noble faith and sublime purpose, back to the love-hunger of that stricken heart you will surely say, as hundreds of those blessed by this one agency know,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. III.—*Montreux and Lausanne.*

THE scenery on from Vevey to the mouth of the lake, which is fed by the waters of the Rhone, is of the most varied and picturesque description. Beautiful villages and sweet, secluded residences are scattered along the left margin of the lake. Clarens, Montreux, Veytaux, are not far from one another, and possess great attractions, especially for those who have delicate lungs. Clarens is associated with the imaginative writings of Rousseau; and its charms have been celebrated by Byron in words full of passion and enthusiasm:—

“Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.”

Montreux is a straggling town on the hill side much visited by invalids from all parts of Europe. It is said to be one of the healthiest spots in the world. A pleasant walk outside of the town leads you to the church shaded with magnificent walnut trees. During the summer months an English service is held in the church. There is a box placed outside to receive contributions on behalf of the poor of the parish. On the box are inscribed the following lines in French and English:—

“Stranger who wanderest through our smiling land,
Gazing around thee with admiring eye,
Drop some kind token from thy pilgrim hand
To aid the wretched—ere thou passest by—
And God, who o'er this spot such beauty shed,
From heaven shall send His blessings on thy head.”

Leaving Montreux and passing on towards the gorge of the Rhone you come to a magnificent hotel, built on a platform overlooking the lake, and commanding a grand view of the mountains. It is called Hotel Byron, after the famous poet. The castle of Chillon, the foundations of which are washed by the waters of the lake, is within sight. This old castle possessed great attractions for Byron. His “Prisoner of Chillon” contains the following words:—

“Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave entralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.”

Byron's “Sonnet of Chillon” is strikingly characteristic of his genius:—

“Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard!—May none these marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

I remained at Vevey from Monday evening, 12th May, till Saturday afternoon, the 18th. About five o'clock I left by train for Lausanne. I had seen this place as I passed on coming from Geneva. My purpose now was to spend a little time at it. The hotel on Mr. Cook's list is situated in a village called Ouchy, close to the margin of the lake. This hotel may be described as a magnificent building, and most charmingly situated.

The third Sunday in May I spent in the city of Lausanne. Leaving the hotel at an early hour in the morning, I went first to the cathedral, expecting there would be worship there, but I was disappointed, and found it closed. One of the cathedral officials directed me to go to the church of St. François. Here I found a crowded congregation. Every seat was occupied, and I had to stand in the aisle till the service closed. The preacher was a man of graceful appearance, and delivered his discourse with great seriousness and earnestness. After the sermon a ceremony was observed, which seemed to me to be connected with the installation of a new minister. A representative of the state was there (he appeared so to me), who first made a speech, and then presented a document to the newly appointed minister. A rather plain man, who appeared to be a member of the congregation, then delivered an address in which, so far as I could learn, he dwelt on the duties of the ministerial office. After this the newly appointed minister addressed the audience in a somewhat excited manner. Lastly came a prayer, and the service closed.

The Wesleyans have a very beautiful chapel and schools in Lausanne, but I was not able to attend any of their services.

There were two historical facts which made Lausanne especially interesting to me. One was that our great historian, Gibbon, lived for a considerable time in this city, and completed here his comprehensive and well-known History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. His name is perpetuated in Hotel Gibbon, which marks the place where the historian lived. In his autobiography, Gibbon refers to his closing labours in the following words:—

"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 11th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

The other incident which made Lausanne so interesting to me was the fact that the excellent Vinet, the notable preacher and profound religious philosopher, lived and laboured here. For years I have had some acquaintance with his writings. His name has great attractions. He was a man of finished culture. Vinet will be looked upon as one of the most remarkable men of modern times. He has been called the Chalmers of Switzerland. In his mind were harmoniously blended the

clear reason, the brilliant imagination, the most severe religious conviction, and all enlarged and illumined with ample stores of learning. His power has been felt throughout Christendom. The fragrance of his name still lingers at Lausanne. An intelligent and communicative bookseller in the city grew eloquent while talking of the excellencies of Vinet. His widow still lives in or near Lausanne.

Vinet's remains are not near the scene of his labours, but sleep in the beautiful cemetery at Clarens, some fifteen miles away. While staying at Vevey I visited his tomb. Hardly any spot in Europe, I should think, could excel in loveliness that one in which Vinet rests. I have stood at Wordsworth's grave and admired the surrounding scenery, but the cemetery at Clarens is encircled with a more wonderful combination of the beautiful and the sublime than the simple churchyard at Grasmere. The tomb is situated between two fir trees, and enclosed with an iron palisade. It has a stone back and dark stone front, surmounted with head and wings of an angel in white marble. On the dark grey stone is the following inscription:—

“ALEXANDER VINET;
Born 17th June, 1797,
Died 4th May, 1847.”

Lower down are the words from Scripture, in French—

“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—Col. iii. 3.

“And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”—Dan. xii. 5.”

One of the first gravestones that meets your eye on entering the cemetery marks the resting-place of a distinguished English professor:—

“In Memory of
A. J. SCOTT, M. A.,
Who died at Veytaux, Jan. 12th, 1866.

“If any man will do His will he shall know of His doctrine.”—John vii. 17.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy.”
—Psalm xvi. 11.”

A very favourite epitaph seen on many stones is the following:—

“Christus ist mein leben
Und sterben mein gewinn.”

On the third Sunday in May, while sitting at dinner at the *table d'hôte*, I met with a young gentleman who became my companion in travel during the following week. In our conversation it came out that we were both from Yorkshire. We were both experiencing in some degree a diminution of happiness from a sense of loneliness. He made himself known to me as a clergyman of the Church of England. I made myself known to him as a dissenter and Baptist minister. These personal disclosures produced no alienation of mind or manner between us. We at once commenced a travelling friendship. Our first purpose was to retrace our steps and visit Chamonix together. Having heard some of my Sheffield friends speak of Chamonix, I felt as if I dared not return without having seen this famous spot. The weather, however, became so unfavourable that we were obliged to abandon our design. We spent the Monday in more closely inspecting the city, and gave considerable attention to the cathedral, and were much interested in its historic monuments.

GILES HESTER.

ANTIQUÉ GEMs RESET.

No. V.—*The Grey of Dawn.*

“BEHOLD darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people.” The prophecy was undergoing, as it seemed, a second fulfilment. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in His wings. The doctrines of the gospel had enlightened the world. But long since, the clouds of human perversion had dimmed its rays. The gathering mists of human philosophy and priestly intolerance had obscured its brightness, and the people again walked in darkness, and in the valley of the shadow of death. Men groped amid the gloom, and the cry went up for “light! more light!” But the night still deepened. Here and there a star faintly shone forth, but only to make the darkness visible. The Bible was a sealed book. The service of the church was conducted in an unknown tongue. The priests were steeped in immorality; the people were sunk in ignorance. The metaphysical subtleties of the schoolmen made the plainest things mysterious. The jargon of Aristotle was substituted for the simplicity of the gospel. It was of far greater importance to decide how many angels could stand at once on the point of a needle, than to determine how a soul might be justified before God. The web-spinning of such theological spiders as the Angelical doctor engrossed the attention of the learned, while the people perished for lack of knowledge. The wealthy indeed might purchase salvation. Profuse benefactions to the church would ensure their safety. Their heirs were impoverished that they might have a speedy deliverance from the fires of purgatory. The shaven crown and solemn garb of the monastic orders were reckoned a sure passport to heavenly bliss. Hence there were many, who,

“Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan habit sought to pass disguised.”

The life was nothing—the cowl and the cord were all. And it was gravely asserted by the monks and friars, that those who were shaven and robed, even in the hour of death, passed unchallenged through the gates of the celestial city. From this, the morals of both clergy and people might be safely predicted. Society was a seething mass of corruption. The wildest licence prevailed. But it is always darkest before the dawn. The blackness grows thickest before the morning star heralds the day. And from out of the gloom there came forth the clear shining of “the morning star of the Reformation.”

* * * * *

Paul’s walk. The sun shone brightly through the stained glass windows, and lighted up the long vista of moulded arch and clustered column. The vast space of the groined roof towered high above, and sunshine and shadow played in the arcades of the triforium as the tinted light streamed through the clerestory windows. Through the great gothic cathedral there whispered the continuous hum of the priests, kneeling before the altars in the many chapels, droning their masses for the souls of the departed. In the nave, the stirring scenes of the walk. Busy men and idlers were there. Lawyers and clients, chapmen and customers, merchants and seamen, mingled in motley groups, eagerly discussing the terms of their bargains. Armed retainer

and lounging gallant sauntered here and there, or leaned carelessly against the columns, waiting the fulfilment of their assignations; while the bare head and brown robe of the Franciscan, or the black hood and garments of the Dominican, lent variety to the scene.

Two citizens walked to and fro in the aisle, withdrawn from the throng. Arm linked in arm, they were engaged in earnest conversation. From their dress and appearance, they were well to do inhabitants of the city of London. One, broad of shoulder and muscular of arm, stretched out his horny hand as he exclaimed—

“I tell thee, Roger Mercer, that the tumult was not directed against Master Wycliffe. As thou knowest, many of the citizens believe his doctrine and would gladly see these brown and black caterpillars smoked out.”

“Then why should the thick-headed rascals despoil the palace of his patron? The duke stood nobly by him, and bearded the bishop right valiantly. If they love the doctor, why should they have gutted the Savoy? Answer me that, Martin Smith!”

“Thou art so taken up with thy bales and trappings and gew gaws, Roger, that thou seest not how the world wags! John of Gaunt loves not the city; therefore the city loves not John of Gaunt. I thrust my broad shoulders into the crowd when the priest of Lutterworth stood before the council. I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. Hard words passed between the duke and the bishop, nor was the earl marshal a whit behind. But the citizens thought their liberties threatened by the language of the duke, and therefore the ’prentices were up.”

“Well, friend Smith, as thou sayest, I was busy with my bales, therefore I went not to Paul’s. A shipment from Flanders had just arrived, and I must needs be taking account thereof, and stowing it safely in my warehouse. I would fain hear from thee what thou sawest, for like thyself I love the notions of Master Wycliffe.”

“Hear, thou shalt, Roger. I made my way with difficulty to the entrance of the Lady Chapel, where the court was to sit, and there stuck fast, for the chapel was crowded. But a noble, for whom I had often wrought, and who desired to give me direction about a new suit of mail, espied me, and cried out, ‘Way for the stout armourer!’ Whereupon by liberal use of foot and elbow, I made good my passage to his side. Before I could take his instructions, however, there was a cry, ‘Room for his highness! Room for the earl marshal!’ And with much effort, the crowd was parted by the rods of the duke’s officers. John of Gaunt strode into the chapel, followed by the Lord Percy, and between them came doctor Wycliffe. A deep hum went through the place as they entered. The bishop half rose from his seat, and scowled first at the duke, and then at the doctor. The earl marshal then ordered some retainer of the church to stand aside, that the doctor might have a place.

“The bishop rose in anger. ‘Lord Percy,’ said he, ‘if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have kept you out from coming hither.’

“The duke pulled his beard, as is his wont. He looked hard at the bishop and cried out, ‘He shall keep such masteries here, for all you say him nay!’

“Then the marshal desired Wycliffe to be seated. ‘Sit down, Master

Wycliffe, sit down; you have many things to answer to, and need to repose on a soft seat.

"The bishop declared that he must and should stand, when the duke struck in, and vowed that he should be seated. 'As for you, my lord bishop,' said he, 'who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down your pride, and not only yours, but that of all the prelaty in England.'

"The bishop cried, 'Do your worst, sir!' and returned a haughty answer. Whereupon the duke wrought himself into a fury, and pulling at his beard, exclaimed in an undertone, 'Rather than take these words at his hands I will pluck him out of the church by the hair of his head!'

"The bishop's officers overhead him, and incited the mob to violence. Doctor Wycliffe stood during the altercation and spake not a word. His tall form, with his grey beard flowing over his gown nearly down to his belt, towered above the surrounding nobles, and he looked the least concerned of any there. The court broke up in a tumult, and the doctor turning to his servant who bore his books and papers, quietly withdrew. Of the riot and its results thou knowest already, but this I know, Master Mercer, that the rector of Lutterworth hath escaped their clutches for this once."

"What thinkest thou then of the future, good friend Martin? The Pope hath borne it hitherto with a high hand, and these monks and friars have overspread the land like a swarm of locusts."

"What think I, Roger? That Master Wycliffe hath friends too powerful for the church to do him hurt. Beside this, the people are ready to rise against the exactions of the clergy and the lewdness of the friars."

"But consider," said the mercer, "they have driven him forth from his wardenship at Oxford, and deprived him of its income."

"That matters little," quoth the smith, "so he hath sharp pen and ready tongue left to castigate them withal!"

"Ah! 'tis said that when he was ill at Oxford, the friars sent some of their number to frighten him, and cause him, as they thought he was ready to die, to retract all his charges against them. He heard them patiently, and then caused his attendants to raise him up in bed. Looking at them, full in the face, he collected all his strength, and thundered out, 'I shall not die, but live! and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars!' And panic-struck, they fled in terror from his chamber."

"May God and our Lady strengthen him," said the sturdy smith; "their evil ways need exposing. Saith not Master Chaucer in his tales, that the friar 'is a wanton and a merrie?' Hath he not 'his tippet stuffed full of presents to give to fair wives?' Full well he knows the taverns in every town; and who so lusty and full of life as he?"

"And rightly saith he," answered the mercer; "nor will our wives or our pouches, our daughters or our merchandise, be safe till the whole brood be banished from the land."

"So say I. And to aid in this, 'tis said the Evangelical doctor hath determined to translate the Scriptures into the tongue of the common people. For this he is hunted by the bishops, who say that the gospel pearl will be thereby cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine. I have," continued the armourer, "a few of the blessed Psalms, done into

English by the hermit of Hampole, for which I paid the price of a suit of chain mail. But I value the book more than anything I have possessed since I learned to read in the abbey of Waltham, and I would willingly give half the profits of a year if I could become possessed of the holy gospels."

"Even so, friend Smith," said the mercer; "but the poor must lack nevertheless. I have often wondered what it meant, since I heard the priest at St. Antholin's declare that 'the poor have the gospel preached unto them.' It seems strange it should be mumbled out in a tongue they cannot understand! But I must away. I have some silken robes fresh out of France to send for inspection to my lady Blanche."

"And I," said the smith, "must hie me to Clerkenwell to take order for weapons from the Knights of St. John. But, say I, God save doctor John Wycliffe!"

* * * * *

Fifty years later. The quiet town of Lutterworth is all astir. There is a great crowd gathered round the church, and with the noise of the multitude the jackdaws wheel affrighted around the lofty and slender spire. Workmen have taken up the floor of the chancel and removed from thence the body of Wycliffe. The council of Constance had decreed that the late rector of Lutterworth had died an obstinate heretic. The palsy with which he had been smitten in the church was pronounced a judgment of God. They had, therefore, given direction for his carcase to be exhumed and flung upon a common dunghill. And so, thirteen years after sentence, the good town was startled by the appearance of the officers of the bishop's court, sent from Lincoln to execute it duly and in state.

And executed duly it was, with additional circumstances of indignity. The bones were dishonoured and burned. The ashes were flung with curses into the little stream that flows by the town. "And the brook," says Fuller, in the oft-quoted passage, "conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which was dispersed the world over."

Already his doctrines had spread. Multitudes were contented to suffer shame and loss for their sake. The Lollards went singing on their way, as did the adherents of the great after Reformation. They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, counting all things but dross so that they might win Christ. And from the ashes of Wycliffe there rose, Phoenix-like, new power, new energy, new love. Fires could not burn it. Many waters could not drown it. Dungeons could not stifle it. The wrath of man could not destroy it. In Bohemia and Poland, and Westphalia and the Netherlands and Germany, it lived on and suffered on. Its professors went gladly to the rack or the stake, with fragments of the Bible fastened round their neck by way of condemnation. And thus; until in the darkness there came the first faint streaks that proclaimed the sunrise. The morning star paled. The "grey of dawn" gave place to the full orb of day. The mists of ignorance were driven from the valleys, and the mountains glowed in the amber light of heaven's knowledge. From the summits of glorious gospel truth there rang out the invitation, "The morning cometh, and also the night; *if ye will enquire, ENQUIRE YE; RETURN, COME!*"

W. H. ALLEN.

HOW WE MISSIONED SOME STREETS IN SOUTHWARK.

It was the first Sunday in May, and we resolved to commence our open-air work in connection with Borough Road chapel. It was a bright but cold morning, with signs of rain. Indeed, so palpable was it that rain would come, that for a moment it was asked, "Shall we go!" "Yes," replied the pastor; "we have said we will go, and we go." Prayer had been offered, the children of the Sunday school who were to help in the singing were ready, a lad was eager to carry the chair on which the pastor was to stand. The deacons were there, willing to help in the good work, and a few of the members too: so off we went to the waste ground opposite the Borough Road station. Cold was the wind: drops of rain were felt: sparse, indeed, were the hearers, but the chair was planted, the pastor took his place, the children gathered round him, printed hymns were given to all within reach, and the holy words floated in the air—

"Oh! come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
Before Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here.
Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay—
Jesus is here."

As the hymn was being sung down came the rain, and sent off most of the hearers. Some rude boys twisted their mouths into mocking forms and yelled out a parody of the hymn, and the prospects of a service were reduced to a minimum. The pastor bared his head in the rain, and prayed to God, consecrating the effort and the spot to Him, and then quietly announced that, D.V., a service would be held *there* at 5.30. We then adjourned to the chapel—not discouraged.

In the afternoon at 4.30 a number of friends met for tea, consultation, and prayer, and it was then resolved to mission some of the worst streets and courts near the chapel. A large number of friends, young and old, having assembled, they went forth and took up a position at the end of a notorious street. It is crowded with vile people. The pastor gave out the hymn, up to heaven went the song, and in a moment windows were opened, doorways crowded, and the street was all alive with costermongers, thieves, and women of the worst kind. One huge woman looked forth from her window, howled, and then dashed it violently down; shortly it opened again, and she yelled curiously for a few moments, and then down went the window more fiercely than before. A brother gave a short address, tracts and bills of invitation to the chapel were distributed, and the procession moved on to another street filled with infamous people, and here the pastor gave out the hymn as he stood in the middle of the roadway. Strange words there—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Having sung the hymn, tracts and bills were given away, and we marched off to a court filled with people who, we should think, are all very dead to God. The pastor mounted a chair, and in a loud voice read out a hymn. What a stir it made! One man opened his door, and peeped out as though a small earthquake had alarmed him, and he wished to see if it were coming his way. Women laden with babies came to look. A big fellow put his shoulder to the lintel, and gazed with wonder. Yes, sure enough, here were live Christians come to seek them that were lost. A brother having spoken seven minutes, we went to the Borough Road station, and held the service announced in the morning. And so the work began; and we pray that our blessed Lord may help us to continue it until we see His kingdom set up in every home and heart around our sanctuary. Amen, Lord Jesus, amen!

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

HISTORY OF A PENNY.

FOR THE YOUNG.

A Fable from the German.

In the mint, where all our pounds, shillings, and pence are made, there once were a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on the table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them.

Then said the sovereign to the penny, "You lump, get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about in the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old grey cat. When he heard this he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself round on the other side and said, "Some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned out the very contrary of what the gold ducat expected.

It fell into the possession of an old miser, who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer, he buried all his money in the ground, that no one might get it, and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny travelled far about in the world, and it came to high honour. And this is how it happened:

First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and as his little sister was so delighted at the clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor, lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," said the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff and scrip. He gave to some children who were standing round the baker's door pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you travelling to?"

The pilgrim answered: "Many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem,

where the holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at His grave, and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite towards it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came had not the baker, who saw all that passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here he first offered up his prayers at the sepulchre of the holy Christ, and then went to the Turkish sultan who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the sultan wanted more.

The pilgrim said: "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given me by a poor hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you also have pity as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The sultan put the copper penny in his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the sultan. So the sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed right at his breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the sultan prized the penny very much, and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time afterward the sultan was made prisoner by the emperor, and had to yield up his sword to his conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the emperor.

One day when the emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising his goblet to his lips, the empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the emperor was showing it to the empress the penny became unfastened, and fell into the goblet of wine. The emperor saw it; and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the penny was set in the emperor's crown.

So this penny made a child happy, gave bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an emperor. It deserved to be set in an emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day, if we could only see the crown.

HAVE FAITH, PEOPLE OF GOD.

Translated from No. 83 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

PEOPLE scattered everywhere,
 God's poor people, yearning still to reunite,
 Yet with scarce a hope so bright,
 Faced by foes who hate and dare—
 O, poor people of God!

Why grown feeble than the dove?
 God, your Master, is He not your mighty King?
 Have you ceased to hope in Him?
 In His promise, in His love?
 Answer, people of God!

Has His hand, then, fallen weak?
 Holds He all things, think you, with a shortened
 arm?
 Has He ever mocked alarm,
 Faintly aiding when we speak?
 O no, people of God!

Why your difficulties dread?
 God but speaks and, lo! the strongest of them
 fall;
 Why no longer then recall
 Wonders He has done and said?
 O why, people of God!

Still His promise holds its place;
 Yes to Jacob always He has answered prayer;
 Mercy reigneth everywhere;
 Hell's extinguished by His grace
 For you, people of God!

People struggling everywhere,
 God's own people, now believe, for faith suc-
 ceeds;
 Doubt not, all your valiant deeds
 Crown you, therefore do and dare.
 Have faith, people of God!

REV. T. D. TALMAGE.

EVERY preacher of the Word is anxious to get at the secrets of the real success of any fellow-worker in the ministry: and every item that discloses the plan of life, the methods of obtaining strength, the spirit which pervades the man, is diligently conned in the hope of obtaining some stimulus to fresh consecration, or hint for the larger utilization of powers. Hence we have great pleasure in putting before our readers this pen and ink sketch, drawn by a fellow-student of the distinguished New York preacher. We call special attention to the significant and forcible illustration Mr. Talmage affords of the immense importance of attention to the "Physiology of Preaching," enforced by us again and again in the pages of this *Magazine*. He is now forty-two years of age, and has been incessant in his ministerial work for eighteen years, with unabated healthfulness and increasing vigour. Let pulpit hypochondriacs take heed; and if we may say it again, let the sage men of our College Committee resolve forthwith to put up a gymnasium for the use of the men we are training for the ministry amongst us. Might not the surplus funds of the ROBERT PÆGE foundation be devoted to this purpose? But to our sketch:—

Our first knowledge of Mr. Talmage was twenty years ago, when we were classmates in college together. Age has not told on him. He is not a handsome man. He is not characteristically a graceful man. He is long-limbed and loosely put together. But he is a man of wonderful magnetism,—whatever that may be. He draws, not merely as an orator, but as a man. Men like him; even those whose tastes are shocked by his methods, and whose judgment dissents from them, when they personally know him, and are personally attracted to him. He was a fair scholar in college, though there were others who stood higher in scholarship. But in our Literary Society, a truer gauge of manhood than the professor's marks, he was the most popular man of his college generation. The battles of the Secret Society men ran high in those days. We Anti-Secret men banded together and elected him president, to the great disgust of Psi Upsilon and Delta Phi. He never read an essay or delivered an address that was not listened to with rapt attention. Sometimes his imagination ran away with his judgment. But he has harnessed and trained it and made it do good service since then.

He is a man of intense vitality. He is a man of intense convictions. He keeps in his house, or adjoining it, a private gymnasium, where he runs, and climbs, and jumps, and pounds himself, and lifts and drops weights, and tosses heavy dumb-bells to and fro with a vigour which appalled us when he introduced us to this subordinate sanctum of his not long since. Thus he keeps up a vigorous digestion, a plentiful circulation of good blood, and that peculiar quality of semi-animal power which generally characterizes the great popular orator. This vitality is so superabundant that he easily supplies others with life. He comes into a room like a fresh breeze from the sea, and all the company feel the power of his presence. We never attended one of his prayer meetings; but we should expect that a dull one, a blue one, a conventional one, would be impossible. Wise it might not be; dead it could not be.

In theology he is a Calvinistic, more thoroughly Calvinistic than most avowedly Calvinistic divines. We do not imagine that the rationalism of the age disturbs him much. He believes in the gospel, and in the old time force of the gospel, with all his heart, and preaches it. His imagination is sensuous and vivid. He sees the external reality of things, and paints them with wonderful pictorial power. He appeals to men through their imagination, and through the physical aspects of imagination. In character as a preacher he is the antipodes of Robertson. In the strength and vehemence of his convictions, and in the colour of his theology, he resembles Spurgeon; but he is not the least like the great English preacher in the style of his address. The Englishman is a pulpit conversationalist; the American is a rhetorician. His language is often declamatory, his eloquence sensational.

We do not hesitate to say, nor will one whom we love and honour misapprehend our statement, that Mr. Talmage's methods are not always to our taste. But we have never thought that taste had any commission from the Lord to sit in judgment on the pulpit. The ways of Dr. Lyman Beecher were not to the

taste of cultivated Boston; nor the ways of Whitefield to the taste of cultivated England; nor the ways of Luther to the taste of cultivated Germany; nor the ways of Jesus Christ to the cultivated Sadducees and Pharisees. The chief question to be asked of any prophet or preacher is this, Is he saving sinners and building up Christians? While the flames are burning and the engine is playing, we will not stop to discuss the ornaments on the machinery or the dress and accoutrements of the firemen. And this is to be said of Mr. Talmage's ministry: wherever he has gone he has drawn crowds into the church of those who never went to church before; his preaching has been followed by revivals of religion of great extent and great apparent power; and, at least in Brooklyn, these revivals have not ended in emotion, but those who have been brought into the kingdom have been set to work for the King. We should advise no preacher to imitate Mr. Talmage's methods. And Mr. Talmage would, we are sure, indorse this advice. We would that many might imbibe his spirit of devotion and earnestness.

A single illustration shall suffice to make clear our meaning. Mr. Talmage was pastor of a wealthy and prosperous church in Philadelphia. He was called simultaneously to three churches, one in San Francisco, one in Chicago, one in Brooklyn. That in Brooklyn was poor; it was on the eve of dissolution; it possessed but nineteen male members; its need was greatest, its power was least. Need drew more strongly than strength, and to Brooklyn Mr. Talmage went. For fifteen months he preached to crowded houses. Then the time came to build anew. Mr. Talmage believed in free pews. He emphasized his belief by his action; he relinquished his salary, released his trustees from all pecuniary obligations, trusted himself to a free gospel for his support, and has lived by it ever since. This spirit of faith always succeeds, whatever its methods. The young preacher who aspires after Mr. Talmage's success, must seek for it, not by imitating his effective but sometimes doubtful rhetoric, but by imbibing his spirit of personal consecration and personal self-sacrifice.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OUR INSTITUTIONS AND THE ASSOCIATION.—A valuable letter is just to hand, too late for any other page than this, from the esteemed treasurer of our Foreign Missionary Society. Its main points are (1.) the absolute necessity of *not* having two meetings at one and the same time in our Association week; (2.) the equal necessity of leaving a larger amount of time for the discussion of our Institutions, and specially of our Mission Societies. As to the first, when the Association is in the Midland district there is not a shadow of excuse for holding the College Committee Meeting at the time of the Opening Prayer Meeting. Such a calamity has been avoided before, and we believe will be again. We can all get to Loughborough by three o'clock on Monday. On the next point, this may be noted, "Public questions" are by a rule of 1873 placed last; and, therefore, if anything has to suffer through hurry, it *need* not be any of our Societies. Moreover, in the rules of the Association there is no restriction as to the *time* any Society shall occupy.

II. NORWICH.—Since our last issue the following sums have been received, and are

hereby most gratefully acknowledged:—

	£	s.	d.
Lincolnshire Conference	100	0	0
Mr. J. Willis, Norwich	10	0	0
Mr. T. Jarrold	10	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Mr. E. B. Fletcher	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	5	0	0
Mr. J. Park	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. White	2	0	0
Mr. A. Towers, London	2	2	0
Mrs. Robt. Wherry, Wisbech	2	2	0
Mr. W. Thorne, Norwich	1	1	0
Mr. Crowe, jun.	0	10	0
"S. S. R."	0	10	0
Mr. Wyles, late of Bourne	0	10	0
Mr. W. O. Quibell, Newark	1	1	0

Making, with £348 13s. 0d. mentioned in May, the sum of £500 10s. 0d. It is urgently necessary that the remaining £600, guaranteed to be paid within the next six months, should be promised as early as possible, so that our friends may obtain the sanction of the trustees for the disposal of the old premises. Address Rev. G. Taylor, Norwich.

III. EVANGELISTIC SERVICES IN THE VILLAGES.—Again this important question is raised. Mr. Wilshire asks if the forthcoming Association cannot do something towards organizing such a move-

ment. Our idea is that the Association may urge the necessity of such action on the Conferences, but that the organization would be more effective if undertaken by each separate Conference. If the date for holding the summer Conference is past, then let a convention be called, and brethren arrange to go two and two and have two or three nights at one village, then at a second, and so on; and verily the Master, who sent out His disciples in a similar way, would pour out His blessing upon us. Why not begin in the neighbourhood of Loughborough in the Association week, is Mr. Wilshire's enquiry? Why not?

IV. THE PROPOSALS OF THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.—One of the best sugges-

tions made during the May meetings is that of raising £100,000 during the next five years for the purpose of setting religion in these realms free from the crippling and contaminating influence of the state. All our churches should join in this work. Why not make collections for it? The least we ought to do is to get some earnest "liberator" to act in each church as collector of the contributions of friends willing and able to aid in this effort of emancipation. Large sums are needed and will be given, but we ought to try much more than we do to obtain the smaller gifts that are within our reach by some such method as the above. Let us begin forthwith.

Reviews.

NEW COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. *Religious Tract Society.*

IN our school days no book was more acceptable and helpful than the predecessor of this interesting volume. Not so learned as to be difficult, nor yet so concise as to be unattractive, we found it really a welcome companion, answering the questions constantly cropping up as to the writers, history, authority, design, etc., of the Bible. This "New" Companion is about twice the size of the former, and whilst retaining the features that made it so excellent is much more full, and contains the results of recent investigation and travel. The Bible will be more precious and more helpful to the spiritual life of all who avail themselves of the society of this most valuable Companion.

MODERN INFIDELITY, AND THE BEST METHODS OF COUNTERACTING IT. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D. *Stock.*

THIS was the most impressive of the papers read at the New York Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and was so highly appreciated that though long it was delivered a second time. That fact makes all criticism needless. No Christian will read it without a joyful recognition that the foundation of Christianity stands sure; and no sceptic, we think, can peruse it without seeing that the advocates of the gospel have an invincibly strong case, which only needs to be well put to carry conviction. It is introduced to the English public by the Dean of Canterbury.

A LIVING EPISTLE: or Gathered Fragments from the Correspondence of the late Caroline S. Blackwell. *J. F. Shaw and Co.*

THESE letters are the outpouring of a heart full to overflowing of the love of Christ; and they bring us into the secrets of her deep spiritual joy, incessant usefulness, and sober though not undisturbed faith, and for "the hours of meditation" will be welcome as grapes of Eschol or the balm of Gilead. Miss Blackwell's was a short life; but how replete with the grace and fulness of Christ, with exulting gladness in the Lord and Saviour, one may gather from this correspondence. Many of the strains remind us of the sainted Rutherford, others of Mrs. Rogers, and all of the words that formed the motto of her life—

"The love of Jesus shines afar
To nerve my faint endeavour,
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever."

AILLIE STUART. By Annie Gray. *Sunday School Union.*

ONE of the most fascinating girl's books we have lately seen. It is a story of school life, told in the most forcible and graceful way. The characters are sketched with a skilful pen; and the beautiful spirit of Aillie, going on from "conquering to conquer" the difficulties of her new position, aided by the grace of Christ, makes the volume an effective witness for the Lord Jesus. As a prize or library book for schools it would be very popular.

NOTHING TO NOBODY. By Brenda. J. F. Shaw and Co.

"NOTHING to Nobody," *alias* Daddy Long-legs, is a poor waif floating on the surf of the seething seas of London back-slum life, but brought safely to the shores of peace, goodness, and joy by the persistent kindness, gentleness, and tact of a Christian girl. The story vividly pictures London life in its lowest and most distressing forms; and shows, with a power that fascinates as well as instructs, what may be effected by a few grains of the healing medicine of Christian beneficence.

THE ATONEMENT. A Correspondence, etc. By T. R. Heywood: Manchester. The first forty pages of this work show a man with more money than wit, a writer who cares more for himself than truth, and a discussion more replete with personalities than sense.

TEMPERANCE BOOKS.

Kempster's Home Library (Fleet Street), of which we have received two volumes, will find a cordial welcome from most temperance readers and workers. The books are cheap, and well adapted for the purpose intended. *From Darkness to Light* is a temperance story, written by Rev. F. Wagstaff, illustrating the beneficent results of the advent of a shrewd and kind-hearted teetotaler to a country village. *Recitations in Verse*, by Harriet A. Glazebrook, has many enjoyable and wholesome compositions. Though not of the highest order of poetic merit, yet there are many pieces that will both please and profit those who read them. *Blightvalley*, by George Burden (Tweedie), is a brief story, told with simplicity and grace, of the evils of intemperance, and the power of temperance as a pioneer to usefulness and happiness.

Church Register.

THE ASSOCIATION AT LOUGH-BOROUGH.

INTENDING VISITORS APPLY AT ONCE. NOT LATER IN ANY CASE THAN JUNE 13TH. ENCLOSE STAMP FOR REPLY.

B. BALDWIN, }
G. ADCOCK, } *Local Secs.*

CHILWELL COLLEGE.

As the state of the balance sheet must materially influence the legislation on behalf of this Institution at the coming Association, it is hoped the friends of the College will kindly make a liberal effort to sustain it, and also send their subscriptions and donations at once to the Treasurer, otherwise the report will be a very unsatisfactory one.

T. W. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

CONFERENCES.

The LONDON CONFERENCE is postponed to Monday, June 1st. J. W. C.

The LINCOLNSHIRE, or EASTERN, CONFERENCE met, April 22nd, at Bourne. Brother Winks preached at eleven a.m. from Col. i. 28. Ninety-seven baptized, forty-one received, since last Conference. There are fifty-nine candidates.

The church at *Morcott and Barrowden* was received into the Conference.

The thanks of the meeting were presented to brother Allsop for his visit to Stowbridge, and he, with the other brethren previously appointed, were requested to visit Magdalen also. Brother Barras was thanked for his services in the case of FENSTANTON, and was also requested to continue his attention to St. IVES. The meeting expressed its approval of the renewal of the lease of the chapel at FENSTANTON at the nominal rent of 5s. per annum for fourteen years.

The Treasurer presented the HOME MISSION accounts, which were audited and passed. Mr. Roberts was thanked for his services, and requested to continue in office another year. Grants of £10 each were made to the following churches, *Whittlesey*, Fleet for *Holbeach*, and *Chatteris*.

In response to an application from NORWICH it was resolved that we vote £100, being part of our share in the Centenary Fund, to the friends at Priory Yard, Norwich, to aid them in the purchase of St. Clement's Chapel, and that we very earnestly recommend their appeal to the sympathy and help of the churches.

The Secretary and Treasurer were requested to address letters to the churches earnestly asking for increased contributions to the Home Mission Funds.

It was agreed to recommend the case

at *Sutton St. James* as one well deserving of sympathy and help.

The next Conference is to be held at Spalding, on Thursday, Sept. 17, brother Orton to preach; and brother Jolly to read a paper in the afternoon on "The best means of promoting a revival of spiritual life in the churches."

In the evening, after prayer by brother Wilson, of Downham, brother Bott preached from 2 Peter i. 8—11.

W. ORTON, *Secretary*.

The half yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Congleton, April 7. Rev. R. F. Griffiths preached in the morning from Matt. xxvi. 52. Rev. R. Kenney presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. Baptized since last Conference, 24; candidates, four. Reports of the churches were more than usually encouraging, a larger number than for sometime past having been added by baptism. The attendance of delegates was satisfactory.

I. HOME MISSIONS.—That the case from Audlem as to supplying the pulpit be referred to the Home Mission Committee. That the report of Rev. R. P. Cook, the Home Mission Secretary, be accepted and presented to the Association. That Rev. W. March represent the Cheshire Conference at the Home Missionary Meeting of the Association.

II. That the disposal of £150, the Cheshire portion from the Centenary Fund, be left for the decision of next Conference.

III. That our best thanks be presented to Rev. R. F. Griffiths for his appropriate sermon.

IV. That the next Conference be at Audlem, on the first Tuesday in October, 1874. Rev. J. Walker to be the preacher, or, in case of failure, Rev. I. Watts. As there was not time for the paper on "The best means of conducting Home Mission Work," Rev. J. Walker was requested to give it in place of the usual morning sermon at the forthcoming Conference.

W. MARCH, *Secretary*.

CHAPELS.

BIRMINGHAM, *Longmore Street*.—Anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., May 11th, on behalf of the building fund. The anniversary tea meeting was held on the following Monday. Thomas Griffiths, Esq., of Harborne, presided. After tea the meeting was addressed by the Revs. E. Jarman, E. C. Pike, B.A., T. Anthony, B.A., E. E. Thomas, J. Hotchkins, the pastor, Rev.

Ll. H. Parsons, and the treasurer, Mr. E. Cheatle. Proceeds of the anniversary £53 Os. 7d.

DERBY, *St. Mary's Gate*.—The anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, April 26th, by the Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A. On the following day two hundred and fifty persons partook of tea. The meeting after tea was held in the chapel, the Rev. J. Wilshire occupied the chair, and gave an address on "The Passion for Saving Souls." Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. Sholto D. O. Douglas, M.A., vicar of All Saints' church, Derby, on "Christian Unity;" by J. Stevenson, M.A., on "Christian Joy;" by T. Goadby, B.A., on "The One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church;" and by H. Crassweller, B.A., on "Reminiscences of departed worthies lately in connexion with the Church." The congregations were very good. The collections, etc., amounting to £70, were devoted to the reduction of the chapel debt.

DERBY, *Watson Street*.—Anniversary services were held May 10th. Mr. W. Smith, of the College, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. W. Crosbie, M.A., LL.B., in the afternoon. On the following evening a tea and public meeting was held, Mr. G. Slack in the chair, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Smith, Roberts, and Millington, of the College, and Messrs. Blount and Wright. The attendance was good, and the proceeds were in advance of any previous year.

IBSTOCK.—The chapel, which has been greatly improved by the erection of a new gallery, and other alterations, was reopened on Sunday, April 12th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough. A tea meeting was held on the following evening; and also a concert, under the direction of Mr. Dennis, of Hugglescote, which was well attended and appreciated. The amount raised by the bazaar and the public collections will nearly defray the cost of the alterations.

KIRTON LINDSEY.—Chapel anniversary and tea meeting was held April 3rd. The Rev. J. G. Hall, preached an excellent sermon in the evening. The services were continued on the following Lord's-day, when the Rev. J. G. Hall again preached afternoon and evening. The collections were good.

LONGTON.—*The Bazaar*.—The following ladies have kindly consented to receive contributions in money or goods on behalf of the Longton bazaar, to be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July next:—Mrs. J. Sutcliffe, Slack House, and

Miss Sutcliffe, Stoneshey Gate, Heptonstall Slack; Mrs. Gray, Birchcliffe; Mrs. W. R. Stevenson, 3, Addison Villas, Nottingham; Mrs. Wilshiro, St. Mary's Gate, Dorby; Mrs. Alcorn, Loughborough; Mrs. Oakley, Ashby-de-la-Zouch; and Miss Haywood, Victoria Parade, Leicester.

SHEFFIELD, Cemetery Road.—Thanksgiving services were held in connection with the entire liquidation of the debt on the chapel; on Sunday, April 19th, two sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., in the evening by our pastor. On the following day about three hundred persons sat down to tea in the school-room. After tea a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Alderman Allott presided. On the platform were our pastor, Revs. C. Larom, J. H. Atkinson, J. Lyth, D.D. (Wesleyan), D. Loxton, P. White, T. S. King (Independent), Batty Langley, Esq., Charles Castle, Esq., and others. Mr. C. Atkinson, our senior deacon, gave a very interesting account of the rise and progress of the General Baptist cause in Sheffield up to the opening of the present chapel in 1859, when a debt of £1,500 was left on the place. Our beloved pastor has just completed his ninth year amongst us, during which time he has gained the respect and esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. At the anniversary services four years ago a proposition was made that, in order to clear off the debt, it should be divided into shares of £1 each. Our then chairman, Mr. Allott, with his wonted kindness and liberality, said he would take twenty shares. At one of the deacons' meetings in 1871 the debt was taken into serious consideration, and a determination to clear it off led to the sending out of circulars to the members for promises, which promises soon amounted to about £400, which was to extend over a period of three years, which expired at Easter, the debt at that time being £1,128. A few months ago our minister set to work to clear the whole amount off by Easter. Aided by our indefatigable secretary, Mr. Eberlin, he has succeeded. Speeches were given by our pastor, the chairman, Mr. Alderman Allott, Revs. C. Larom, J. H. Atkinson, Dr. Lyth, T. S. King, P. White, and others.

SPALDING.—On Thursday, May 14, a servants' tea meeting was held in connection with the church and school here. About two hundred sat down to a tea generously provided by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Jones. After tea a public meeting was held, when addresses were given by the pastor and Mr. E. Foster, and some vocal music was given at intervals.

WISBECH.—The ladies of the church and congregation propose holding a bazaar in the autumn, with a view to aid in the liquidation of the debt of £1221. They cannot hope to be able to furnish it entirely themselves, and earnestly beg the friendly assistance of the members of the other churches. It will be a source of great joy to us, and greatly aid in our church work, if this debt should be at once removed. Contributions of *any* saleable articles will be most gladly received, not later than the *first week in September*, by Mrs. Winks, Edes' Terrace; Mrs. Wherry, Ely Cottage; Mrs. Gromitt, Victoria Road; Mrs. Southwell, Selborne House.

SCHOOLS.

HUGGLESCOTE.—On Sunday, May 10th, the annual sermons on behalf of the day and Sunday school were preached by the Rev. I. Preston, of Halifax. Collections more than £56. The schools are prosperous.

LEEDS, Wintoun Street.—On Lord's-day, May 10th, Rev. N. H. Shaw preached anniversary sermons. A special service was held in the afternoon, when addresses were given by Mr. E. Fearnside and Rev. N. H. Shaw. The attendance was good throughout the day, and the galleries were used for the first time since the opening of the chapel. The secretary's report shows that the number of teachers and scholars has been trebled since November last.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—The anniversary services were held here, May 17. Preachers, Rev. T. Ryder, Nottingham, morning and evening; Rev. S. T. Williams, of Leicester, afternoon. Collections, £32 3s. 1d. A number of the scholars in this school entered for the Competitive Examination; six obtained prizes, and seven certificates.

MANCHESTER, Hyde Road.—On Sunday, April 12th, the anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. B. Wood and Rev. D. Rhys Jenkin. Collections £4 5s. 6d. The teachers feel the need of a library for the use of the scholars, and are making an effort to establish one. Will any friends assist us, either by subscription or any book they may have no further use for? it will be thankfully received and acknowledged, on behalf of the teachers and scholars, by Thomas Worsley, superintendent, 30, Waterloo Road, Manchester, and W. H. Don, secretary, 42, Chapel Street, Hyde Road, West Gorton, Manchester.

SPALDING.—We are pleased to state that a debt of £150 owing upon our new school-rooms for the last eight years has been entirely liquidated, several of our friends giving very handsome donations. A series of tea meetings have been provided, after which Services of Sacred Song—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Christiana," and the "Prodigal Son"—have been given by the Spalding choir, and the connective readings by the pastor, all of which have been well attended, and very successful.

SPALDING COMMON.—April 19, sermons by the Rev. J. C. Jones. On the Monday, public tea, after which a Service of Sacred Song, "Christiana," by the choir. The services were well attended, and the collections liberal.

MINISTERIAL.

STAYNES, W. J.—A very handsome easy chair in morocco leather was presented on the 4th of May to W. J. Staynes by several of the ladies of the church.

BAPTISMS.

ALLERTON.—April 26, ten, by I. Preston.

BOSTON.—April 26, seven, by J. Jolly.

BURNLEY, *Enon*.—April 29, four.

DERBY, *St. Mary's Gate*.—March 31, five; May 3, nine, by J. Wilshire.

HATHERN.—April 5, eight; May 10, fifteen, by J. Coddington.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—May, seven, by J. T. Almy.

ISLEHAM.—May 3, seven, by G. Towler.

KIRTON LINDSEY.—March 25, one; April 1, five, by J. Young.

LINEHOLME.—May 6, three, by W. Sharman.

LEEDS, *Wintoun Street*.—Five (three from Armley), by R. Silby.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney Street*.—March 25, three; April 29, six, by T. Ryder.

PETERBOROUGH.—April 26, four, by T. Barrass.

QUEENSBURY.—April 26, seven, after a sermon, by J. H. Hardy, Rawdon College.

QUORNDON.—April 23, four, by W. J. Staynes, from the Mountsorrel Branch.

RYDE.—April 24, three, by J. Harrison.

SPALDING.—April 26, seven, by J. C. Jones.

VALE.—May 3, ten (nine from Sunday school), by W. Chapman.

WALSALL.—April 1, five; April 29, five, by W. Lees.

Total reported baptized,	
Second quarter, 1872	211
" " 1873	313
" " 1874	359

MARRIAGE.

DRAKLEY—DAVISON.—April 21, at the G. B. chapel, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, by Rev. J. Forth, Mr. A. Drakley to Miss Davison, both of Kirkby.

Obituaries.

BURTON.—"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." The truth of this statement receives interesting illustration in the subject of this obituary, who, to the last, was distinguished for an extraordinary head of bushy, grey hair, that crowned and adorned his venerable form, and who was a good "old disciple." Thomas Burton was born at Worthington, May 23, 1793, and departed this life at the age of 80, Oct. 25, 1873. His parents were honest and industrious, though poor. Having a large family, it was little they were able to do for their children, beyond supplying them with the bare necessities of life. Like the rest of the family, Thomas was early put to work. At that period there was no national measure of elementary education in operation, as now; Sunday and voluntary schools were only then springing into existence; and the labour-

ing classes grew up without much, if any acquaintance with the common arts of reading and writing. Our friend has frequently been heard to say, that he "never had a day's schooling in his life." But he was not like many in his time, who suffered themselves to grow up in ignorance. Of a vigorous understanding, and possessed of a laudable ambition for improvement, he taught himself, after arriving at man's estate, to read, and write, and "cast accounts." By patient application in his leisure hours, he became, in the estimation of his companions, "a good scholar." In his early youth he came to Barton, and entered the service of the late Mr. Jackson, as a farm servant. This proved for him a very happy event; for here, under the pious and faithful ministry of the late Mr. S. Deacon, he was brought to the Saviour. His baptism and union with the church took place in

the year 1812. At this time he was 19 years of age, a steady, pious, industrious youth, attentive to his daily duties, and diligent in the use of what means he had at his command for his own improvement. In the year 1815 he married, and engaged himself to the late Mr. Hall, of Swepstone, father to the now incumbent of Congerstone, a parish adjoining to Barton. Here he continued in the service of this gentleman, with his industrious and frugal wife, at the cottage on the farm, for the protracted period of 37 years: *he*, employed as a "skilled labourer;" *she*, performing the "dairy work" at "the house." In the course of these years he received seven premiums for length of service, for deposits in the saving bank, for excellence in his work and character, and for the careful bringing up of a numerous family without parochial aid; and, to crown all his other excellences, he was a true Christian. On settling at Swepstone he withdrew his name from the church here, and became a member at Measham, remaining such until his decease. Nor was he an idle member. He did not hide "his Lord's money." The "talent" he had received he employed in his Master's service. Most Lord's-days he preached at Measham, Swepstone, Snarestone, and adjoining places. At Measham he invariably administered the ordinance of baptism, on baptismal occasions. These active services he rendered to the cause of Christ as long as he was able. His consistent and zealous piety secured to him the esteem of all who knew him: and his memory is respected by such of his earlier friends as survive him. In the year 1852, on the removal of his "old master," with whom he had lived at Tempe so long, he removed to Newton Burgoland, a neighbouring village, where he entered upon the occupation of a small "holding," which he cultivated till 1864, when it was sold, and he was obliged to leave it. He continued however, at Newton awhile longer; but failing health and growing infirmities compelled him, at length, his wife having died, and his children being grown up and settled in homes of their own, to remove to Congerstone. Here he found a comfortable home in the family of one of his married daughters, where his wants were kindly ministered to, and every thing done that could be to render his closing days peaceful and happy. It is an honourable circumstance to him, that he was no burden to his children or the parish; his industry and economy, through the blessing of God, made him independent till the last. Blessed with a good constitution, "the earthly house of his tabernacle"

was long in coming down. His "outward man" decayed very gradually. Towards the last he altered more rapidly: and he was confined to his bed scarcely a week when "the angel of death" was sent to him. All this time he never "cast away his confidence," though his experience was not of that happy character which it assumed in his best days. He was troubled, at times, on this account; appeared dull, and averse to conversation. But the last two or three days he underwent a change for the better in this respect. He became cheerful and chatty; took pleasure in reviewing the events of his long life; realized his interest in his Saviour; and "fell on sleep" in the enjoyment of a cheerful anticipation of the rest and glory of the skies. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." May he who writes, and they who read, this brief memoir of our departed friend, be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Particularly let those who are placed in a similar position in life to Thomas Burton not fail to notice how much may be done with industry and piety, through the divine blessing, by the humblest Christian, and "go and do likewise." W. J.

Cross.—Henry Cross was born at Beeston in 1801. His parents were among the first members of the church there, and his father was one of its deacons. In early life Henry entered its fellowship, and took an active part in its work both as a singer and a Sunday School teacher. Late in life he was elected to the deaconship, and retained his office until death. He was a man of good appearance and agreeable manners. He had a sound judgment in spiritual things. His gift in prayer was very superior, and by its frequent exercise at the devotional meetings of the church he greatly contributed to its edification. On reaching the ordinary age of man, threescore years and ten, he began to manifest signs of bodily weakness, and to feel oppressed by the burden of a business which he could not relinquish. At length his strength failed, and he was confined to his bed. During many weeks of languor he had time for reflection, and for more specific preparation for death. In the near prospect of eternity his mind was eminently calm, and his heart was filled with all joy and peace in believing. The friends who visited him during his fatal sickness, and the relatives who attended him in his final hours, will long remember the serenity of his countenance, and his patient waiting for the "blessed hope." He was buried in the chapel ground, and

a memorial sermon was preached on Dec. 14th, 1873, by Dr. Underwood, whose ministry he highly appreciated.

JOHNSON.—Stephen Johnson, the son of Joseph and Anne Johnson, was born at Bagworth, July 18, 1842, and ended his brief sojourn below, Jan. 19, 1873. His education he received at the school at Barton, then under the care of the late Mr. G. Norton, of whom he ever spoke in terms of affectionate esteem. He was a good boy. His father has been heard sometimes to say, that he had less trouble with Stephen than with any other of his children. Obedience and truthfulness distinguished him “from his youth up.” But little is known of his religious experiences during his earlier years; but he was not improbably the subject of pious feelings and desires occasionally from his childhood. It was not, however, until he had attained the age of 26 that he was brought to religious decision. This he attributed to a discourse which he heard by the Rev. E. W. Cantrell, now of Todmorden, but at that time one of the pastors of the church at Barton. Here he was baptized, 1868, remaining a member until the following year, when living at that time in a situation at Tarporley, he was dismissed to the General Baptist church in that town, where he continued a member till his decease. As a Christian his conduct harmonized with his profession. He was never ashamed of avowing his attachment to his Saviour; nor backward in doing what he could to help His cause. Christ was precious to him. With him salvation was the “one thing needful.” To the subject of religion he invariably referred in his epistolary correspondence with his friends: and if in their letters to him they made no reference to it, he was dissatisfied, and did not fail to remark on such omission. He did not forget the companions of his youth, but few of whom followed his example of piety. The letters of kind remonstrance which he wrote to them on the subject of their salvation, testify to his solicitude on their account. He had a passion for music and poetry. He took pleasure in the psalmody of the sanctuary; and contributed by both his voice and instrument, to render the service of song therein more pleasant and profitable. He loved the word of God. His memory was stored with passages from its pages, and with choice extracts from some of our best poets. In the repetition of these he frequently indulged himself, and his friends were often astonished at the great power of memory he displayed. He was not, indeed, without some poetic talent himself. Pieces

of poetry have been found amongst his papers that bear testimony to his possessing versifying power. He took infinite pleasure in singing, and seemed never weary of the exercise. Many sleepless hours of the night, during the latter period of his illness, were spent by him in repeating poetry, and even in the singing of hymns. Nor was he heard relieving the tedium of sleeplessness in this way only, but also in prayer and communion with his God and Saviour. Never very strong, his constitution received a shock, from a bad attack of small-pox in his youth, from which it never fully recovered. But it was not until the summer of this year, that symptoms of consumption compelled him to leave his situation, and seek in the bosom of his family that sympathy and care which his health rendered necessary. For a time it was hoped he would get better; but when, at length, after all the means had been used, which parental kindness and medical attention could suggest, it seemed that his recovery was hopeless, the fact occasioned him no uneasiness. Though young, with fair prospects, his farewell of this world was accompanied with no regret, his prospect of the future, with no dismay. For him to live was Christ; and to die, he was convinced, would be gain. His concern for some of the companions of his youth continued to the last, and with his dying lips he preached, from his own example, the wisdom of minding religion young. His was “the death of the righteous.” The views and feelings with which he met “the last enemy” are beautifully expressed in these verses, which were often in his mind and on his lips, and which were the very last he sung:—

“Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom’d sting.

“Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no foe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour’s power.

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.”
W. J.

PIKE.—We much regret to announce the death of our friend and brother Mr. Josiah Gregory Pike, which occurred on May 7, at his residence, Park Nook, Quarndon, Derbyshire.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JUNE, 1874.

DEATH OF MR. FRED MILLER, ONLY SON OF THE REV.
W. MILLER, CUTTACK.

THE heavy trial apprehended last month has befallen our beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller. Their only son, aged eighteen, has been taken from them under circumstances of painful interest, and has found his last earthly resting-place at Cawnpore, a name rendered familiar throughout the world by the horrors of the mutiny in 1857. It is matter for thankfulness that our friends were spared the pang of having the remains of their son committed to a watery grave, which apparently must have been the case had he proceeded to sea as intended. The following particulars, by our afflicted brother, will be read with tender interest, and secure for him and the other members of the bereaved family the deepest sympathy of their friends in this country.

Cuttack, March 31st, 1874.

It is with feelings of intense sorrow that I have now to inform you of the death of my beloved and only son. In my last I mentioned that as the only hope of his recovery it had been decided to obtain for him a passage to England, if possible, in the steamer which Miss Packer should select, and that as he was so feeble his mother would have to accompany him perhaps as far as Colombo. Accordingly the whole party left here for Calcutta on the 16th inst. They went by easy stages to Chandbalee, to which place I accompanied them. Dear Fred bore the journey much better than was expected, and at times was quite cheerful and talkative. One evening he opened out his violin and played a little. Saturday morning, the 21st inst., I saw them all on board the steamer "Curlew." At ten a.m., after commending them to the protection and guidance of our heavenly Father, I had to tear myself away, as the steamer was starting. Fred then seemed no worse, and was as usual hopeful in regard to the benefit he might receive from the sea air. Though hope and fear alternately gained the ascendancy in my mind in regard to his recovery, I little imagined, when leaving him, that the end was so near; that within a few days we should receive a telegram announcing his death. That thus, in regard to this world, his and my fond hopes should be so soon crushed for ever. Such, however, was the purpose of God concerning him. In one aspect it does appear a mysterious and direful calamity to have one so dear, so promising, so young, cut down in a moment, away from home, amid strangers. In the light, however, of heaven, we know it is well with him. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." To be with Christ is far better. He lived a life of faith on the Son of God; and I feel assured died in Christ. It is this hope which enables us to bear up under the otherwise overwhelming trial, and to say, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

From letters received, it appears that the steamer reached Calcutta on Sunday afternoon. The heat on board was very trying to Fred; also that of Calcutta. His mother, in a letter of the 23rd, expressed herself as very anxious about him, and thought that he was getting worse. It was felt that he could not stand the heat of Calcutta until the 7th of April, the date on which the "El Dorado," the first steamer for England *via* Colombo, was to sail, hence an immediate removal was decided upon. On Wednesday a telegram came to hand stating that his mother and he were coming to False Point by the coasting

steamer to leave next day. A few hours later another was received stating that they had decided to go to Kussowlie, one of the hill stations, and where a cousin of Mrs. Miller resides. Letters subsequently received throw light on the reasons for this decision, and dear Fred's state up to entering the railway carriage and starting on his last earthly journey. Miss Packer, in a letter of the 25th, writes, "Dear Fred went with us to Dr. Charles's yesterday. He examined him carefully, and then took Mrs. Miller aside for private consultation. He said by no means take the sea voyage. All between this and Suez would be very trying to him, and the fortnight here not to be thought of. He said that disease was advancing rapidly, and gave no hope of eventual recovery, and recommended Kussowlie as most favourable to his comfort, while Cuttack would try him terribly. He urged getting off that night; but this was found impossible: indeed in the evening dear Fred seemed so exhausted and low that we all feared a serious change was taking place. To-day he seems better; and after a very anxious consultation we have decided to try to get off to-night." Mrs. Miller closes the above letter by saying—"Dear Fred has just decided that it will be better to go to False Point and Gopalpore if he can bear it; he may, perhaps, revive with the sea air, and if he is able we must go on to Gopalpore. God only knows the anguish I am passing through; but the hope of us all being together in our sorrow will be better than the probability of his dying in a railway carriage." The medical man's very strongly expressed objection to going to sea led them to give it up. Miss Packer, in her next letter, thus refers to their starting for Kussowlie—"We crossed the river in a dingy (to Howrah) to avoid the rush when the steam-ferry comes over for the passengers. Mr. G. Sykes got tickets there for Umballa. Poor Fred was very faint on getting to the station; but Mr. Sykes kindly carried him in his arms to the carriage, where he was nicely settled, as comfortable as in his bed. I fanned him until they were ready to start. Then came the good bye, which we got over wonderfully well, and just after halfpast ten they started."

Cuttack, April 7th, 1874.

Since I last wrote I have had further particulars of dear Fred's removal. It took place between Allahabad and Cawnpore, at two o'clock in the morning of the 27th. After he had got a little rested, soon after starting from Howrah, he said, "Well, mother, this is very nice, and I think we have done right in coming." His mother asked him if he thought his strength would hold out; he said, "O yes; and it will be very nice when we get there." It was very cold during the night, but he slept a good deal, and thoroughly enjoyed a cup of coffee and new bread and butter for breakfast. His mother adds, "I did really hope we had done right in coming, but the noise and shaking were something terrible; towards evening he got very weary, and I thought weaker, but he said, no, and assured me my fears were groundless. At night he was restless, and could not get to sleep; he asked me to sit by him, which I did, and he went to sleep. Having left him for a few minutes, he called; I thought he looked very fatigued, and felt sure his breathing was weaker. When we got to Allahabad, I asked him whether we had not better stay there for the night and rest; but he did not agree to that, and said that he felt he could manage it, and preferred going on. Soon after this he wandered a little, and when I questioned him he laughed a little, and said, 'Mother, I do believe you think I am gone a little crazed, but I am not.' I then said, 'I think you are very ill, my dear, and I shall sit by you.' About half-past two o'clock he asked me to put his slippers on, and soon after he stood up a change came over him, and he fell forward into my arms. Never shall I forget the agony of that moment. I soon found it was death, and he never spoke again or became conscious. He passed away with just a little moaning, and then the breathing ceased for ever. I felt just like a stone for some time, and then tried to lay him straight, and did my best to keep it quiet; but the guard came, and when he found he was gone, he said I should be obliged to stop with the body at Cawnpore. I have omitted to tell you that before he became so bad he told me that 'he was not at all afraid to die;' he knew he was a great sinner, but that he just left himself in the Lord's hands, and that he did not feel any anxiety; he thought he should get better, but that if he died he believed it would be well. The noisy train then moved, and we could not make each other heard. Soon the end came, and my precious darling lay beside me cold in death. How I got through the rest of the night I cannot tell you; but not till I got here (Cawnpore) could I shed a tear; since then

they have relieved me often, thank God. Still my poor head is so bad, that I scarcely know what I have written." Thus far have I quoted from my dear wife's letter. I must now close, and have only time to say the burial took place on the evening of the 27th March, at Cawnpore.

THE OBSTACLES TO FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

By the REV. BEHARI LAL SINGH at the Zenana Mission Breakfast.

IN my own native country the influence of such an association composed of ladies and gentlemen distinguished for beneficence and sympathy cannot fail to recommend female education to the enlightened Hindoos. When I consider your domestic character, your home comforts, your fireside worship, for which England is so celebrated, I contrast them with the melancholy condition of millions of my own poor countrymen; millions whose birth is viewed with little satisfaction, whose education is studiously and systematically neglected; millions who are introduced into married life before they are properly qualified to become the mistress of their own actions; millions wallowing in the impieties of a degrading idolatry, and of all those vices of which idolatry is the fruitful parent; millions who must lay aside all the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life in their widowhood; millions who are living without God, without Christ, and without hope in this world, with no cheering prospect throughout the boundless ages of eternity. I say when I consider your highly favoured position in this land of christian truth and of christian liberty, I cannot but call on you gratefully to acknowledge that your lines are fallen in pleasant places, and that you have a goodly heritage. I am not called upon to describe the advantages of female education in India, for the subject is too patent to ordinary observation to need any proof. What I mean to say is simply to impress upon your minds the real difficulty that lies in the way of female education among our upper and middle classes, and the great necessity and importance of the system of domestic education—what is now called Zenana teaching. In a respectable family the father says, "I am willing to have my sons educated in the public schools, and to have their minds stored with European science, literature, and philosophy, because it opens to them the prospect of holding many profitable appointments, but I am not willing that my daughters should go out of my house; their seclusion is essential to the reputation and honour of my family, a matter of far more importance to me than any amount of learning which you can give them; besides, they will be introduced into married life before your plan of education will commence." From this you will see that respectable females are locked up not by the walls of mansions, but by the strong prejudices and feelings of our "upper ten thousand." There is no doubt that the public education of our respectable females and their free admission into the society of males will ultimately elevate our countrywomen from their moral and social debasement, but this cannot be brought about by any sudden leap over those restraints which are considered by our "upper ten thousand" as the most powerful—I had almost said the only—safeguard of female virtue. A few schools may be established here and there, attended by the poor high class girls, with all due allowance made for their prejudices or covetousness, but the whole constitution of Bengali society must be improved in morals and delicacy by a purer and diviner faith before female schools will become as popular as schools for boys. English writers on female education in India, with the exception of the great and immortal triumvirate of Serampore, have generally overlooked this difficulty; but girls in the respectable portion of our families are excluded from attending public schools for the reasons I have specified. This being so, we must become "everything to all men." If "the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain." This state of affairs indicates the importance of the system of domestic education, called Zenana, which your society, and other societies, are supplying. The necessity of contriving and adopting a system of domestic education was felt as early as 1824. A missionary lady of the London Missionary Society was invited by a wealthy Hindoo in the neighbourhood of Calcutta to instruct his daughter. She went to his house, and her pupils afforded great encouragement to her by the rapid progress they made in the various branches of study to which their attention had been directed, but the father would not

long sustain the tide of ridicule which this innovation brought upon his family. Exertions were also made by Mrs. William Pearce, of your society, and I believe by Mrs. G. Pearce, to forward this good work. Then came Mrs. Wilson and Miss Bird of the Church Missionary Society, who volunteered to teach the girls of respectable families. Miss Bird was not a missionary, but a relative of one of the best civilians in India. Her labours were, however, confined to the Mahomedan ladies, and, so far as generally favourable impressions were concerned, those labours proved most successful. Then came Dr. Duff and his colleagues, who did, directly and indirectly, all that they could to promote this good work. A school was afterwards formed for training up native governesses. In 1862 the society in London sent out their first missionary, and since that time this society has become like our banian tree, sending out its branches here and there, so that at present a dozen of the great cities in India have been occupied by Zenana teachers. It is not unreasonable to inquire, after so many years, what has been the result? Who, except the workers in India, can satisfactorily answer this question? We unfortunate males are excluded. Judging from my own observation of what has occurred, and from conversations that have taken place in connection with the schools and colleges established for the males, I should say that similar beneficial effects would attend your Zenana schools. Before you expect the most complete and highest results of your patient labours, genuine conversion of souls to God, you must pray for special gifts suited to your special work—the grace of undoubted faith and of burning love for the souls of ignorant and ill-treated women. Remember Paul became all things to all men to save souls. Never mind whether it is the heart of civilised society or of barbarism, you must dive into it, and try to save some. For this you will need the gifts and graces of patience, perseverance in well-doing, a child-like and absolute dependence on God our heavenly Father. Before you expect to witness the most complete and highest results from your Zenana schools, you must continue to sap, mine, and destroy the citadel of ignorance and superstition, vice and idolatry, and to substitute in its place the ennobling truths of christianity, for does not the Scripture say, “First the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear?” Was not John the Baptist sent to prepare the way of the Lord? When you have a succession of souls converted from the error of their ways, I believe our gracious Saviour will endow you with Divine wisdom and guide you amidst vigilant foes and perplexing circumstances. It would not be necessary that a converted woman should leave her husband or friends, sundering the endearing ties which bound her to them. It was not so in the time of the apostles. A believing wife should live with her husband, and endeavour to influence those about her. In my own case, there was such a strong mutual affection between me and my father, that we would not do any business of importance without counselling with each other. A copy of the Word of God was put into my hand; I read it, and found that it was a most excellent book. I went to my father and told him so, and asked him to read it, and find out whether what I had stated was correct. He accepted a copy of the Word of God in Persian; he did not know English. He read it, and told me he was of the same opinion with me; the moral superiority of its precepts was sublime; there was no book he had read in the Persian or Arabic language equal to this, not even the Koran. We were not baptized when we were children. I consulted my elder brother, and he and myself were baptized. My father had read the Mahomedan books; he had held office under Mahomedan rule, and could not hold such appointments without making himself acquainted with their books, as the Hindoos cannot hold high appointments without studying the English books. So for a generation we had ceased to be idolaters. Then I finished my education, and got an appointment under a great man who was converted by one of your great missionaries. I refer to Sir Donald McLeod. I said he was a great man because he was one of the greatest philanthropists that ever went out to India, and but for him and his colleagues you would have lost India through the mutiny. My brother and I had Government appointments, and we read the Bible together. Then I told my father that I had made up my mind to resign my situation, and to devote the rest of my days to the noble work of enlightening my own countrymen. What do you think he did? Did he beat me or confine me? No, he accompanied me from Central India to Benares, hired a boat for me, and two or three confidential servants, put me in the boat, and said “God-speed” to me, and then joined my brother. I am happy to say, ultimately he was converted, and at the time of his death gave most indubitable proofs of faith in the Saviour. It

would not be necessary for a converted wife to separate herself from her family through fear that she would be persecuted; and even if she was persecuted for her conscience sake, our gracious Saviour would no doubt strengthen and cheer her, and might make her the humble instrument of winning her husband to her own faith; but, even if not, her example, precept, and prayer, would powerfully tell on her children. No mother has so gigantic an influence over her children as a Hindoo mother. It has been truly said, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world;" and the first earthly being that rushes to the recollection of a Hindoo convert at the time of his difficulty, affliction, and trouble is his own mother. You can now understand how the prayers, instruction, and example of mothers will come irresistibly to the aid of the truth when the Gospel is proclaimed from their lips. The great difficulty now is that boys will not come out and be separate; but if you enlighten the mothers, what a mighty influence in this direction will be exerted by them. You have an admirable school, which originated with Mrs. Sale, now conducted by the eminent daughter of a pre-eminent father. At a recent examination in that school, I am happy to say, my own daughter was second in the list.

ANNUAL RETROSPECT OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE committee rejoice that their proposal to send out five missionaries has, through the Divine blessing, been accomplished. Seven missionaries have been added during the year to the staff in India.

The addition is none too soon. One missionary, the Rev. J. Parsons, has resigned, and another, the Rev. J. A. Campagnac, has died; while seven of the senior brethren are constrained to return home on account of health. But three others who were at home have returned to their posts.

The increasing power of missions among the Hindus may be gathered from the testimony of Professor Max Müller, given in his lecture in Westminster Abbey:—"I do not shrink from saying that their religion is dying or dead. And why? Because it cannot stand the light of day. . . . Ask any Hindu who can read and write and think, whether these are the gods he believes in, and he will smile at your credulity. How long this living death of national religion in India may last, no one can tell."

In their preaching excursions in some districts the missionaries have been greatly opposed. The Rev. J. D. Bate was assaulted in Allahabad, and threats freely used to others. But, for the most part, the Word of God has been heard gladly, and several striking instances of its power have come to light.

One striking feature of progress is the large number of Scriptures which have been purchased by the people. Of 19,339 copies of various portions issued from the Depository, says Dr. Wenger, they were not given gratis, but sold. The Rev. R. J. Ellis sold 1,200 copies; the Rev. W. A. Hobbs 690. In seven or eight minutes, at one mela, the Rev. J. D. Bate sold sixty-six pice worth.

Bible translation has been going on very successfully. The editions of the Old and New Testament in Bengali have been largely issued; a new translation of the Old Testament in Hindi is in contemplation; the Gospel of John has been printed in Lepcha; and the Sanscrit Scriptures are in much request.

The native churches in Delhi, Jessore, and the villages to the south of Calcutta, are becoming more and more independent of the society's funds, and in most cases the converts are active in their exertions to spread the gospel.

A conference of all the missionaries was held in Calcutta in the month of November. Harmony and fraternal affection prevailed throughout, and many important matters relative to the welfare of the mission and the progress of the kingdom of God were discussed.

The apprehended famine is likely to produce great distress, even in districts where the last harvest was not altogether a bad one. The English churches have given over £3,000 towards the relief of their fellow-Christians in Bengal.

In Ceylon gratifying progress continues to be made. Education is being largely extended, the schools containing more than 2,000 children. The mission is carried on among a population of 530,000 souls. There are more than 600 persons in the membership of the churches. One new chapel has been opened

during the year, at a cost to the people of £380. The Rev. C. Carter is carrying through the press his new version of the Old Testament in Singhalese.

In China, the Rev. T. Richard has visited many important places in Shantung, and seven persons have been baptized. Dr. Brown has relieved and attended to the sicknesses of nearly 3,000 persons in his dispensary in Chefoo.

The missionaries in Africa have been able to carry on their work unmolested, except by illness; and the new station in the Cameroons mountains promises to be very healthy as well as useful among the inhabitants of its villages.

In Trinidad, fifty-seven persons have been added to the churches; but the Rev. W. H. Gamble earnestly desires to have help sent him, by the appointment of a new missionary.

The Bahamas Islands continue to progress. The churches contain 3,500 members; but the work in Hayti has been interrupted by the illness and return home of the Rev. J. Hawkes.

The Jamaica churches are prosperous. The persons baptized this year-number 1,277, and there is a clear increase of 736 in communion. There are about 24,000 persons in the fellowship of the churches. The number of Baptists in the island is stated by the census to be 112,604 souls, that is 22½ per cent. of the entire population, which is 506,154.

Norway, Brittany, and Rome all show steady increase, the work in Rome especially giving tokens of remarkable displays of Divine grace.

The entire ordinary expenditure of the year has been £34,640 1s., and the ordinary receipts have been £33,949 9s. 1d. But the treasurer has received, besides, £2,147 16s. 4d. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; for special objects, £1,031 13s. 8d.; and for the Bengal Famine Fund, £3,126 18s. 8d.; so that the gross total of receipts has been £40,255 17s. 9d., the largest income the Society has ever received.

There has been an increase of £1,962 6s. 9d., sent up from the churches contributing to the Society's missions.

Amidst all changes and vicissitudes, the kingdom of our Lord makes progress, and we think we see the dawn of the day in which the Sun of Righteousness shall brighten every land with its beams, and all nations become subject to the Prince of Peace.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE GOSPEL.

THE REV. W. BEST, of Leeds, at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, said:—Allusion has been made to Dr. Livingstone—and to the unusual amount of emotion shown by our nation in respect of that great man. He was, indeed, a great traveller and discoverer—perhaps the greatest of his day; but he was something more; he was a missionary, and when the issues of his great work shall have shown themselves in the enlargement of our missionary field of operation, it will be seen that he was as great as a missionary as he was as a traveller. But the nation has not recognized him as a missionary, and I do not think it is educated up to that point. Public opinion, however, has said by some of its organs, "These missionaries after all are better men than we took them to be, and this missionary enterprise has more common sense in it than we thought." People begin to say, "You have done a good work in founding education and giving an impulse to civilization. You have increased the moral aptitudes of the people, and added to our linguistic and scientific knowledge." We are thankful for the recognition. Our Master has said, "If your enemy smite you on one cheek turn to him the other." So if a man pats you on one cheek it is no use flying into a temper because he does not remember that you have two cheeks to pat; the better plan is to turn to him the other also, and by and by you will have caresses on both sides. I believe the time will come when it will be seen that our missionary work is a much higher and nobler one than is now supposed. Our work is not civilization, not the gathering of scientific facts; it is to preach the gospel, to bear testimony to Jesus Christ, and it will never be done so long as there is a single tribe or section of a tribe where the name of Jesus is unknown, and where the triumphs of the cross have never been realised. Our work is to win the world to Jesus Christ. Let us not abate one iota of the spiritual work in which we are engaged, or of the universality of the work, or the grandeur of the aim that we have placed before

us. We are sometimes told—"Religion after all is a mere question of latitude and longitude, a question of higher and lower races." Well, we do not believe anything of the kind. I am no philosopher, I cannot dispute about the origin of species, about protoplasm and the like, but I ask the philosopher to come to my ground, and then I shall be prepared to meet him. Men point to the poor African and say, "See what degraded wretches they are; how cruel and vicious, and vain and foolish." Well, those are the very reasons why we take them the gospel, and the very reasons why we believe them to be of our own race and species. Has it never entered into the minds of some men that the Caucasian race has been cruel and vicious and vain? We can remember such things as the Sicilian Vespers, and Black Bartholomews, and *autos-da-fe*, and Smithfields. We have not much to plume ourselves upon in regard to cruelty. And as to vice, what do you say of the great capitals of Europe, of your own magnificent city, of the gambling hells, and casinos, and the Haymarket, and betting saloons? And if you talk about the vanity of King Coffee Calcalli, with his adornments and his umbrella, I do not see that there is much difference between that and a canopy of state, or between King Coffee himself and George the magnificent. The elements of human nature are the same there as here; it is a question not of kind, but of degree, and as the gospel comes to us as sinful and degraded men, so we carry it to all parts and all races, to the lowest and most degraded. If we want any other proof of their brotherhood, we have it in the effects of the gospel when it is preached to these men. When the thunders of the law roll over men's consciences, they are terrified—in England and in Africa. When men bend before the throne of God, and tears of repentance stream down their eyes, God is merciful—here and in Africa. When the bleeding, dying, and atoning Saviour is revealed to the hearts of men, they find peace in believing—here and in Africa. When the mighty Spirit of God breathes into our spirits and becomes one with us, lifting us above our degradation, we become children of God, sons of God, heirs of God, and joint heirs in Christ,—here and in Africa. We talk of the brotherhood of these men with ourselves. If you can find a Christian African (and you may find them by hundreds and thousands), remember that there is a higher brotherhood for them than the brotherhood of Caucasians, Englishmen, and the like. They are brothers with Jesus Christ; they can enter sympathisingly into the sorrows and joys of our great Lord, and they become akin to the angels of God.

This division of races is an important matter. John Bull sometimes imagines that he is the perfection of human nature. He prides himself upon his practical sagacity, and his business skill, and his power to make two and two mean five or sometimes eight, his constitution, and his colonies; but other nations have their special gifts, and it would be a great advantage for us to recognize this fact. It would be well if we could enter with some degree of sympathy into the brilliancy of the Frenchman, the impassioned earnestness of the Italian, the profundity of the German, the quiet meditateness of the people of the East, and remember that there is not a tribe on the face of the earth that has not latent capabilities that shall add to the total grandeur and beauty of our human nature. Sin has broken humanity into fragments. The power of religion, the power of the Spirit, is to pick up the separate fragments one by one, to combine them and form them into one perfect mirror, in which we shall discern the glory and the perfection of God as we have never seen it before. What has been the object of men for centuries past? They have had great objects in view—mistaken, no doubt—but they were great, and they filled their imaginations and hearts, and made their hands strong. For instance, take the old monarchies of the East. The great idea was that of one paternal monarchy embracing all the nations. Or, take the idea of old Rome, the gathering of the nations together, and the giving them Roman civilization and Roman law. Or, take the idea of the Romish church itself—a grand one in its palmy days, the days of Hildebrand, and of the innocents—the idea of gathering men into one great theocratic union, an idea that became mixed with base and mischievous elements, so that it became not a Divine but a diabolical one; still we know that there is a diabolical grandeur—as Milton tells us, the grandeur of a fallen seraph. Now, what have we in these days? We have our statesmen, warriors, philosophers, men of science, engineers conquering the elements and subduing the earth, and for what purpose? If human life is to run on as it is running on now with its weariness and pain and bitterness, theirs is an objectless pursuit; but there is a great and supreme object that God

presents to the minds of men—win the world for Christ! There is the only object that is worthy of filling our hearts and moving our hands. I believe that the triumphs of science will be turned by the great Master to His own purpose. Guttenberg and Faust when they invented moveable types did not know that they were going to let loose over Europe the great spirit of free thought and religion, but they did it. These men of science, in inventing railways and telegraphs, do not know that they are labouring for Christ, but they are labouring for Him, for these things shall be taken by the great Master as part of His own resources for the development of His kingdom. Our work is to send out or to take out the gospel, and it is a great deal nobler to take it out than to send it out. In the presence of missionary brethren I feel how unspeakably inferior my work is to theirs. They are the front rank in the Divine army, the heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century, the strength and glory of our christianity.

And what is the gospel that we have to take or to send? It is no new-fangled gospel. It almost makes me profane in my utterances when I see Baptists, of all men, taken up with sentimental frippery, and calling that the gospel—or when they give us what they call philosophy as shallow as a dish, and call that the gospel. They of all men should know better, for you know that they are in the direct line of apostolical succession. We must be faithful to the old gospel, the gospel that awoke the mighty heart of Luther, that awoke the old debauchee upon his throne in Rome, and shook Rome itself, and snatched away the northern kingdoms of Europe from his grasp; the old gospel that raised that little lake-city of Geneva into a tower of strength and glory; the old gospel that in the Huguenots threw a glean and a glory over the vine-covered hills and gray valleys of France, such as philosophy and the glory won in war are not to be compared with; that same old gospel that from the lips of Latimer and Ridley and Hooper stirred the heart of England, and stirred it still more when it was organized in the Puritan phalanxes; the same gospel that gave nerve and might to the army and the heart of Oliver and his Ironsides; the same gospel that made little swampy Holland a bulwark of truth and liberty; the same gospel that the Pilgrim Fathers carried to America, and in the power of which they laid the foundations of that glorious Republic which is leading on humanity to a higher glory than it has yet attained. This is the old gospel that we have to send out. When Constantine saw the cross flashing with fire upon the midnight sky, he read the words, "In hoc signo vinces—By this sign thou shalt conquer." I shall alter the words a little, "In hoc evangelio vincemus—By this gospel we shall conquer."

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, April 3, 18.
 " J. H. Smith, March 25.
 CUTTACK—W. Brooks, April 21.
 " J. Buckley, April 7, 14, 18, 21.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, March 31, April 7, 14.
 " J. G. Pike, April 7, 14.
 PIPLEE—T. Bailey, April 20.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from April 18th to May 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Billesdon	8	10	9	London, Commercial Road .. .	2	0	0
Birmingham, Lombard Street .. .	64	19	6	Loughborough, Wood Gate .. .	13	12	8
" Longmore Street .. .	9	0	0	Nazebottom, Mr. J. Hodgson .. .	1	0	0
Broughton	15	15	1	Nottingham, Stoney Street .. .	10	16	9
Burnley Lane	6	8	2	" Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A. .. .	1	2	6
Carrington	3	2	9	Peterborough	55	17	3
Chellaston	7	19	8	Portsea	20	15	10
Chesham	73	19	9	Sheffield	5	15	5
Ford	16	17	6	Sturton	16	8	8
Gorton, near Manchester .. .	5	0	0	Sutton-in-Ashfield, for W. and O. .. .	0	7	7
Ilkeston, for W. and O. .. .	0	12	0	Sutton St. James	0	7	0
Leeds, North Street	46	0	7	Wendover	7	19	0
" Miss Jowitt, for Piplee Chapel .. .	3	0	0	Whittlesea	6	14	8
" Wintown Street	3	13	0	Willoughby	2	6	0
Lincoln	8	15	1	Wolvey	13	19	5

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1874.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. II.—*Early Joys and Sorrows.*

FOR a considerable time my religion was a palpable delight to me. I read the Bible almost without ceasing, going through both the Old and New Testaments. I had no sufficient leisure for other pursuits then, and it was my delight to take long walks into the quiet country. There I literally walked with God. For months after I left that part of the country, indeed for years and years, when I was engaged in prayer, my thoughts seemed to be wandering there to the lanes and the fields on the river bank and among the trees of that particular locality. Not knowing how ideas become associated with visible objects I used to condemn myself on account of these mental images. The fact was there was not an object in all that little region that was not associated with the thoughts of God. In addition to my really approaching God as an Almighty, All-knowing Father, who had made me and redeemed me and all mankind by Jesus Christ, my most prevalent impression of God was that He was a companion, a Being to be spoken to, and in whose presence there was fulness of joy. Many a time at night, when I went to bed, I felt quite willing to die before morning. I felt, or thought I felt, the truth of the words of Bishop Kenn's evening hymn—

“As death is life and labour rest
If with Thy gracious presence blest;
Then welcome death or life to me,
I'm still secure if still with Thee.”

I was very happy; but little did I yet know myself; no doubt there was much ignorance, presumption, selfishness, and self-righteousness mingled with my young religion. As far as it went, however, it was serious, reverent, and constant. The change in my whole deportment was so marked that all who knew me noticed it. I was constantly at religious meetings, larger and smaller; and the Independent church having now obtained a settled pastor, Mr. Winterbotham, I very naturally became intimate with him. I became a Sunday school teacher, and taught my own little class. Shortly after I was asked to address the whole school. I offered to join the church, and fervently prayed that if it were right I might be accepted. I spoke at meetings for devotion, and very often privately at the houses of friends. Occasionally a little exposition of the Scriptures, such as it was, followed. Ere long some of the kind hearted people thought I was qualified to become a preacher. It will be seen from the above that my connection with the

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dissenters was a natural consequence of my conversion to a religious life. It was not from any argumentation about ecclesiastical arrangements and constitutions, but by a kind of instinct, and from a simple, diligent, and prayerful reading of the Scriptures, that I came to see that a church is a congregation of believing people, not a parish, not a diocese, nor a nation, nor a thing that could in any sense be identified with parochial divisions, or counties, or countries, or any other geographical idea, but a society of spiritually-minded, God-fearing recipients of Christ and His gospel associated together on the principles of obedience to the will of God and the promotion of one another's spiritual life, edification, and sanctification in the world. This I saw among the dissenters, and I did not see it anywhere else. I had never seen such a thing among the Church people either at my native town or where I was then resident.

I saw a dissenting church in two of its most serious difficulties—the dismissal of an unworthy minister, and the selection of a successor, and I saw how naturally and effectively everything was done. There wanted no other tribunal, no higher authority. People had united together in the fear of the Lord, had built for themselves a meeting-house without forcing any one else to contribute to it, were quietly and seriously managing their own affairs in the name of Jesus Christ. What did they want with bishops, and archbishops, and the authority of kings and parliaments as to what they should believe and do and live under. The Lord had revealed His will, and this was sufficient. Also I saw that such congregations, or societies of Christian disciples, exactly corresponded with the Christians of the churches described in the New Testament. There were the church members at Corinth represented as all coming together for the purpose of exercising Christian discipline, honestly tarrying for one another before they partook of the Lord's Supper. This was seen in the Congregational Church, but it was never seen in the Episcopalian Church. It was clear to my mind that bishop's in the New Testament were simply overseers over separate churches, and that in some cases there were many bishops over one and the same church at the same time. There was, however, no hint of any man being a bishop over other bishops, or over several churches. Also those things which are considered so very attractive in the church, the great dignitaries, the choral services, the splendours of cathedrals, and all the tasteful elegancies of their intoned prayers, were distasteful to me; because, however beautiful, they were not spiritual; they were not like the Son of the carpenter, or the divinely taught fishermen of Galilee. Also I was grieved with what seemed to me the falsehoods of the Prayer Book. Such change as I had undergone in the whole spirit of my mind was a thing unspeakably diverse from what the Prayer Book said had been effected in me by my baptism in infancy, for my recent change, which was so real both to my own consciousness and to the observation of all others, was what the Bible evidently meant by conversion and regeneration.

Then I was sure that my baptism, when an unconscious babe, was purposeless; and that the man who had no other regeneration than this could never be saved. The scriptures tell us that regeneration came not through sacraments; but that God, of His own will, begat His children by the word of truth, that they might be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures to His praise. My kind friends put books into my hands, which I carefully read, to show that the Church of England

was the church which Jesus Christ had founded; but I could not find in the New Testament anything of the sort, so I became a dissenter. The very definition given in the Articles of the Church of England confirmed me in the assurance that it was not the Church of the New Testament. A society, as it defines the church, is a congregation of faithful men, not a building or a parish or a nation, but a company of believers, a congregation allied in faith and prayer; a congregation such as wherein any brother can speak and judge and decide between brother and brother—Matthew xviii. At the same time I was on terms of affectionate feeling and intercourse with several members of the Low Church or Evangelical school in the Establishment who, like myself, had undergone a change of heart very different indeed from what was superstitiously supposed to have been conveyed in baptism.

Dr. Bennett, of Rotherham, came and preached in the chapel. I conceived great respect for his talents, and a deep reverence for his godliness. He gave me a sermon of his on closet prayer, and among other things he recommended the practice of keeping a record of one's religious life and feelings. Ready to adopt everything that was recommended by those whom I regarded as saints I at once began not only to call myself to account day after day, but to commit to writing the history of my inmost feelings—that began in 1816. I have these memorials of my real heart history now before me.* It is very affecting to me to peruse them. I cannot doubt that God was leading and drawing me nearer to Himself.

Like others, however, I was to have hindrances. Not long after I joined the Independent church, the pastor, although himself sorely beset, as he told me, by certain dissatisfied, ever grumbling hearers of high Calvinistic sentiments, put into my hands Elisha Cole's book on Divine Sovereignty. He recommended it to me without putting me on my guard against its influence. In my ignorance I was pre-disposed to accept whatever he recommended. Alas! alas! the poison of that book entered into my innermost soul. I did not lose my seriousness, but I lost my joy. Through this ill-formed lens the face of God my heavenly Father became distorted so horribly as to make me regard Him as a partial being who possessed the universe, an all-knowing and almighty power who had a sovereign right to call creatures into intelligent conscious existence, existence of exquisite sensitiveness, and destine them to endure for ever; indeed that He had a right in His sovereignty to determine, before they came into existence, that they should never be blessed, never be right, but be the objects of His displeasure, and subjects of His wrath world without end. This book taught me that when the Son of God came into this world and died for human sins it was only for the few that the benefits of His remission were designed—that I was to look for evidence of the Saviour's love for me not to the Bible (for all people can read that) but to the work of the Holy Ghost within me, and to infer His eternal love by what I found in my own heart. The effects of this terrible doctrine on my spirit were most deplorable. The warm sunshine of my religious joy soon declined and sunk beneath the horizon. I was dark in my soul, and became dull. I was not negligent of reading the Bible, of closet prayer, or of public worship. If possible I was more diligent in them than ever, but they were joyless and peaceless. I cultivated them now with a different

* In his Diary, from which we shall have occasion to quote by and by.

and very inferior motive. I was unhappy in them because I was using them as a means to secure some evidence that I was a Christian, one of the elect or few. Because I was still serious I became self-righteous. The object now was not to see how good God was, but how far I was become good myself. I did not rejoice in the goodness of others, but rather in their imperfections, that my own superior piety might be more conspicuous by reason of its contrasting favourably with their inferiority; so the more I increased in the length of my private prayers, and in the regularity of my outward religious observances, the more self-righteous and the less loving I became. I became morose, sour, and hard, ready to find fault with others, and to cast them off and make them offenders for a word. In the joy and holy conduct of others I found no pleasure because their excellence made me think less favourably of my own state, and led me to doubt my convictions, and therefore the lovingkindness of God. I took part in missionary meetings not because I felt interested in them, but because it was right to do so, and I tried to feel and show an interest. I was adding to the stores of my own righteousness this evidence of my present religion, without which I had no evidence of the love of Christ to my soul. No one seemed to help me out of this miserable gangrene. I seemed to sink deeper and deeper, but I never lost my seriousness. I was as the Jews of whom Paul tells us in Romans x., full of zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, for being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they did not submit to the righteousness of God. Seriousness is good, and without it there is no religion, but seriousness is not religion. The devil himself is serious—"The devils believe and tremble." God is love, and religion is love.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES.

Translated from No. 44 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

O! SAVIOUR divine, what a splendid career
 Now opens the heralds of peace to invite,
 Who carry Thy Gospel of comfort and cheer
 To millions unhappy deprived of its light:
 Bring their designs to a happy success;
 Lord, we entreat Thee Thy servants to bless.

For man is a sinner throughout the wide
 earth,
 Deep stained with the evil we dread and
 abhor,
 And foes to the fiend who called sin into
 birth,
 Thy soldiers determine to meet him in war:
 Give to their battles a happy success;
 Lord, we entreat Thee Thy servants to bless.

Tormentor of men Satan aims to direct
 Against Thy dear servants each step they may
 take
 A thousand dark agents they never suspect,
 Whose cunning is equalled alone by their
 hate:
 Give to Thy servants a happy success;
 Lord, we entreat Thee their labours to bless.

And so when Thy messengers, gentle and brave,
 Shall carry Thy Gospel and cross of renown

To palaces seeking the monarch to save,
 To forest, or desert, to hamlet, or town,
 Give to their efforts a happy success;
 Lord, we entreat Thee Thy servants to bless.

When under the fires that the negro respires,
 Or under the ice where the Esquimaux sleeps,
 They publish Thy kingdom Thy name and de-
 sires
 To rescue from death the sad souls that he
 keeps,
 Give to their toiling a happy success;
 Lord, we entreat Thee Thy servants to bless.

When shot at by archers who mortally wound,
 Or hidden in dungeons, or martyred in flame,
 They perish by manifold tortures consumed
 In blessing their Saviour's adorable name,
 All their devotion from heaven confess;
 Lord, we entreat Thee Thy servants to bless.

We pray Thee to strengthen their faith from
 above
 To hold their fidelity firm to Thy name;
 Endow them in full with Thy pitying love
 To burn in their hearts an unquenchable flame:
 Write their dear names on the roll of the sky;
 Bless them for ever, O Jesus most High!

THEOLOGY IN WORDS.

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THE pebbles which line the bed of the mountain stream tell us of volcanic masses and stratified rocks on the way from its source, and of yet more remote glaciers and boulders. So *words*, scattered abroad, and dashed forth in the exuberant life-stream of a nation, tell us of distinguishable rocks whence these syllables, expressive of thoughts and ideas, are derived. If there are sermons in stones, there is, truly, theology in these words, chipped from the rock of human thought. The geologist looks not to the stonework of the cathedral, but to the gravel, the sheen, and the pebble, for his more interesting lessons; let us turn from the grand structure of well-turned speech to the humbler task of handling words and syllables—quietly comparing marks and affinities.

At the onset let us be careful to consider philological deductions as approximations to truth, for the science has only just commenced to realize the truth of Solomon's statement, "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters"—the "deep waters," according to Adelung's computation, comprise nine hundred and eighty-seven Asiatic languages, five hundred and eighty-seven European, one thousand two hundred and fourteen American and Australasian, and two hundred and seventy-six African languages.

In the English language we find a large number of words evidently derived from other languages, such as *dominant* from the Latin *dominus*; it must not, however, be supposed that the similar words in all languages are derived from one another. If similarity is always a sign of derivation, what will our lady readers say of the Sanscrit word *vanita*, signifying a woman? Do our word *vanity* and the Latin *vanitas* come from this, because the most prominent feature of a woman's character is what we denote by that word? Similarity is not always a sign of affinity, or we might say there is an affinity between Hebrew and English, because one of the three giant sons of Anak was called "A-hi-man."

Let us briefly glance at a few instances of striking affinity between diverse languages. In the Persic we find the word *bach*, for a youth. This seems identified with the god Bacchus, whom Dryden refers to as

"Bacchus, ever fair and ever young."

In the ancient British tongue of this island, the word for boy is *bachgen*. The latter word introduces the syllable *gen* from the Celtic *geni*, to be born. The Greek has *gignomai*, *genomai*; the Latin has *gigno*, *genui*. It thus appears that what we may call the verbal pebble "*gen*" is used in relation to the idea of *birth* in these three languages. If we compare the Sanscrit with the European language spoken at the greatest distance from its seat in India, namely, the ancient Celtic of Europe's western isle, "*Britain*," we find such similarities as the following:—

SANS.	WELSH.
<i>amasa</i> , time.	<i>amser</i> , time.
<i>abra</i> , sky.	<i>wybr</i> , sky.
<i>badira</i> , deaf.	<i>byddar</i> , deaf.
<i>dala</i> , foliage.	<i>dail</i> , leaves.
<i>nad</i> , to make a noise.	<i>nadu</i> , to cry.

The Latin has *dono*, I give; the Sanscrit *dāna*, a gift; and the Welsh *dawn*, a gift; the same consonants appearing in each word. We find in Sanscrit *g'nā*, to know; the Greek has *gignosko*, *gnosō*; while the Welsh has *gwen*, to know; the consonants being alike. The Irish has *ceir*, wax, Welsh *cwyr*, Arabic *kir*, Chaldee *kera*, Greek *keros*, and the Latin *cera*. If we found, in examining six hampers of pebbles from half a dozen different streams, that there were quartz pebbles in each hamper, we should not conclude that the pebbles had been brought from one stream to another, but that each stream had run through a similar quartz rock or boulder drift—or that all had their source at the foot of one huge quartz stratum. So we conclude that these similar words were not imported in every case from one language to another, but that each of these languages, though now remote, were one in their origin.

The voice of philology seems to be against the theories of evolution advocated by Mr. Darwin. He tells us that men are by laws of natural selection the progeny of the better sort of monkeys. Amongst these animals we find no language like that of man. If the human family was thus evolved, would not the different tribes of men be deduced from apes by a slow process, which would not be culminated in that degree of intellect which requires language until the tribes were settled in far sundered regions? The different races of men could not have sprung from one common cradle or district, but from several cradles, according to this theory. The languages of different nations, as we have seen, bear evident traces of being sprung from a common source, and the ancient roots which spring from this remote source refer not to monkey life—are nothing like the babbling of apes—but are words united to human ideas. Through the interpretation of geologists, “sermons in stones” have supported the cosmogony of Moses. May not sermons in the “words” into which thoughts have been fossilized witness to the same truth?

We find two words for “man” in most languages. Latin, *vir* and *homo*; Greek, *anēr* and *anthrōpos*; Celtic, *gwr* and *dyn*; Hebrew, *enash* and *adam*. The first word in each case is generally used for *man* with the idea of manliness; the second word merely refers to a person as being a human creature, without any regard to his being manly. Does not this show that there is a general consciousness that true manhood means something more than to be a possessor of human nature? Does it not bear witness to the spiritual life which man has in addition to mere animal life?

Those of our readers who are fond of speculative ideas may be interested in the similitude between the Greek *tālē*, a cushion, the Welsh *tyle*, a rug, and *tylino*, to make soft, and the Sanscrit *tulika*, a bed. It appears that this Sanscrit word is derived from the root *tāla*, which signifies cotton. It does not require a very imaginative mind to explain how this affinity shows that in the unknown district which was the cradle of these different nations *beds* were identified with *cushions* made of *cotton*. Therefore, the climate must have been warm enough for the growth of that plant. Is there more than a coincidence with the book of Genesis, which places the first home of the nations on the banks of the Euphrates?

If we examine the words of our English Testament much as we

would pebbles, we find that simple and homely, or well worn and rounded, words are always chosen. Does not this show the cordial desire of Tyndal and Coverdale and the Protestant divines to help every man to see the meaning of the original text? Turning to the Popish version of Rheims, instead of well rounded words we find uncouth, angular specimens of what the people were unused to. There we find the phrase, "the patterns of things in the heavens," rendered "the exemplars of the celestials"—(Heb. ix. 23.) Further on in the last chapter to the Hebrews you read in the Popish version, "Beneficence and communication do not forget, for with such hosts is God promerited." In the authorized English we have, "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Taking the words which are found in these extracts, without any regard to exactitude of rendering, do we not find the very words themselves speak of the mould and mustiness which in accumulating has obscured the Bible to Roman Catholics?

It is interesting to notice that though many New Testament words have acquired a sort of technical meaning, the ordinary necessities of preaching do not require fresh words, other than those in the New Testament version, to elucidate the truths of the gospel. Almost all technical words in the books treating of chemistry and physiology, written in the present day, have been recently introduced into the language—the growth of Science has rendered necessary the coinage of new words. But in Theology the old words answer the purpose, because the truths of the gospel are fixed, without need of development.

Looking more minutely at words, we find that there are some like the stones called "breccias" and "conglomerate," formed by the union of several separate pebbles. Thus the word used for "church" in the New Testament comes from *ek*, out of, and *kaleo*, to call, and is used in the writings of Xenophon for an assembly of soldiers called out by blast of trumpet. This little word teaches a lesson subversive of the theology of those who say that that the English church is the English nation, for a church is an assembly which has acceded to the invitation of Him who says, "Come unto Me." The word used in the New Testament for bishop signifies *overseer* or *superintendent*; "presbyter" merely signifies *elder*; and "pastor" *shepherd*. The identity of those whom the gospel describes as "lords over God's heritage" seems to be indicated by the meaning of the Latin word *rector* (ruler), adopted by certain ecclesiastical institutions.

The word which the apostles use for "angel" is also suggestive, if we bear in mind how prone the early Christians were to be led away by gnostic teachers, who encouraged the notion that angels were demi-gods or divine æons. The word derived from *aggello*, I send, signifies the very opposite of a deity—viz., not a sender, but *one sent*, a subordinate messenger. The name applied to "angels" would thus militate against the theology of angel worshippers.

Our gossip about the lessons of theology in words must cease. The reader will find amid the gravel and sheen of the river of language, sufficient scope for further inquiry. R. FOULKES GRIFFITHS.

Tarporley.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE
CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. VI.—*The Foundling Hospital.*

“PITY the poor foundling.” But ought we? is the question suggested by the philosophic thinkers borne to the surface of our nineteenth century civilization. With our population rapidly outrunning the calculated provisions of the munificence of Nature, with the serious overcrowding of large towns, and the swarming of Hodge’s offspring in the small villages, and in the outspokenly regretted absence of decimating wars and desolating pestilences, is it wise, is it humane, to pity the poor little bairns that come into the world without the sanctities and protections of marriage, and start life with no one absolutely responsible for their maintenance? Is not all such sympathy ill-bestowed? Would it not be infinitely better, better for the children, better for the unfortunate mothers, and better for society, to let these, its weakest members, go to the wall and stay there? Ought there not to be a stop put to this insane philanthropic tendency which is for keeping everybody alive, and for giving every such living one, no matter how feeble and miserable and unfortunate he may be, as long a life as possible?

We crave forgiveness of the philosophers for even inserting a doubt. But we really feel that life, with all its struggle and pain and weariness, with its checks, misfortunes, and contradictions, with its scant paradise and profuse pandemonium, is, after all, a benediction, a sweetness and a joy. We prefer to believe in the infinite and unexhausted productiveness of God, rather than in the carefully constructed tables which show us the exact moment at which the last bit of coal will burn out, and the fearful time when the last born will come into such a crowded universe that there will be no space for his foot, and no room for his platter at the table of the world. Not even in St. Giles’s, nor in the dreary monotony of the Foundling Hospital, would the dwellers sing,

“Lord, what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supplies.”

Even there they do not feel that they travel through a “waste howling wilderness.” The day of birth is better than the day of death. Life is a good. Existence is not a mistake. We are in God, our Father’s home; and though some of our brother’s and sisters seriously misbehave and make our lot far harder than it need be, yet, through all the toil and sorrow, all the wrong and misrule, all the suffering and hope, there is one strong cord which knits and knots all the other cords that bind our life; one ray of light that shines through all clouds and breaks through all gloom; one sound that vibrates above all the discord, and din, and strife of Babel tongues; one strong, pure, abiding and conquering love—born of God, howsoever it reaches us—to which all hearts turn, and from which, consciously or otherwise, they drink something of the blessedness of being. The race of life has a thrilling interest to the runner even though he should not gain the laurel wreath at the end. Merciful and blessed is that All-ruling will of which we read in the sayings of the unequalled Teacher, “it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.”

It is not desirable, assuredly, that the guilty mothers should have to carry on their hearts the added and awful thought of having taken, or neglected and so destroyed their poor innocent offspring. This would

close the door against their return to purity and goodness, and bind them with fetters from which they would rarely get release; so that in their fixed deterioration and "set" depravity society would lose immeasurably more than by the effort needed to take and train the vicariously suffering little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Lose? Indeed by these very efforts society gains in opportunity for generous impulse, active faith, and practical sympathy, and has the privilege of acquiring that "*Art of Alms*" of which Chrysostom said, "to know the art of alms is greater than to be crowned with the diadem of Kings."

All hail, then, the philosophers notwithstanding, to the brave Captain Coram! We register your name with satisfaction! We hear the story of your persistent and pertinacious pluck with joy! An old bachelor, an old "salt," with no money to give, but with a heart keenly alive to the needs of others, he gave seventeen years of his retired life to the work of petitioning and "plaguing" the government to incorporate the Foundling Hospital, and in the year 1739 success crowned his efforts, and the charter was duly given to the Hospital in Guildford Street to receive poor children born out of wedlock, whose mothers are known to be of previously good character, to have present urgent necessity, and to give fair promise that the care taken of the child will be the means of replacing the mother in the path of virtue and in the way of obtaining an honest livelihood. Besides nurturing the infant, part of the object is to reclaim the parent.

Early in the history of this Society it was customary to place a basket outside the hospital to receive the destined inmates. This was in the time when our laws were harsh and hard, and death by hanging was the most popular mode of punishment known to our legislature for all kinds of crime. Hence it happened not infrequently that mothers were hung who having deposited their children in the wicker receptacle were afterwards unable to identify their offspring when charged to account for their absence. This led to the system of affixing a "token" as a means of identification on each child. The Museum containing these seals, medals, rings, etc., is one of the most curiously suggestive sights we have seen. That practise long since gave place to a system of registration, attended with a severe and thorough inquiry. Before a child is received the mother is obliged to submit to a searching examination; her name, the date of admission, etc., are duly registered, and when the child arrives at the age of twenty-one, if the mother wishes, and boy or girl expressly desires it, recognition may take place.

Over five hundred children were under the care of this hospital last year. And in this case the word "care" has a very wide meaning. Other institutions receive children for a limited period only, and require guarantees for their removal. The Foundling adopts them out and out, charges itself with all the responsibilities of clothing, feeding, educating, and apprenticing, etc., till they are twenty-one; and in case of deformity or idiotcy is obliged to retain the responsibility even for life, since residence in the hospital does not, by express legislation, give any "parochial settlement." In other institutions the children are gladdened and improved by vacations, which afford them an opportunity of enjoying the cheering and refining influences of relatives and friends; here the children are shut up in their barracks "all the year round;" know nothing of relations, are "nothing to nobody," have not learnt the meaning of "friend," and owe everything, right to the very name they

bear, to "charity." It was almost painful to note the eagerness with which these strangers in the world stretched out their hands after a little friendly sympathy. Like bees round a pot of honey they clung to us, proving at once the loneliness of their lives and the hunger of their hearts for friendship and love. Is it impossible to get Mrs. Tait's admirable system adopted here? Surely if it is desirable anywhere, here more especially. How Christian, how human and good it would be if men and women would consent to act the part of advisers, friends and counsellors to these inmates; to shoot sunshine into their hearts by giving them an occasional sight of a Christian home, of Christian friends; to become the connecting links between the desert of loneliness in which they dwell and the society into which they will soon enter.

This plan seems the more urgent from the fact that all along these hundred and thirty years not one foundling has ever risen to distinction or to any position of great importance. Save that one, some long time since, became the Secretary of the Institution, the records are without any distinguished name. Can this be due to any other cause than to the absence of those home, school, and friendly agencies which feed and stimulate early ambition, and develop and discipline early power? Not that the institution fails in its work. By no means. £703 were spent in 1872 in outfits and premiums, etc., to apprentices. Government clerkships are obtained for many of the boys; and at the present time they are training both boys and girls for pupil-teachers' work, and expect, in the increased demand for educational power now made, to find no difficulty in obtaining situations for those they prepare. The little fellow who acted as our *cicerone* has set his mind on being an architect! May he become a Christopher Wren!

Although this Institution is richly endowed, it has needs. Restricted by Act of Parliament to "Deserted Young Children," all that they receive who from idiotcy or constitutional afflictions fail to acquire a "settlement," must either be cast on society as "casuals" or be placed in even a worse plight than that by being driven to find out the parish settlement of the mother; therefore a fund was started by the foundlings, and is largely sustained by them, for such cases as the above, and also for allowing a weekly sum for those who are aged and infirm.

Philanthropy has increased its exertions in this direction far less than in any other during the past century; but signs are not wanting that the recent rise of the tide of Christian sympathy and effort is reaching far along this creek of life. The list of similar institutions is soon given. Not till 1864 do we read of the formation of a second, providing accommodation for one hundred and thirty-six. In 1868 a third was formed at Kilburn, as part of Miss Mittendorf's good work there for young women. In 1869 the useful Home for Deserted Infants took its rise in Great Coram Street under the able management of Mrs. Main, of New Barnet. To this must be added one at Highgate, and the story of Metropolitan Christian Work in this direction, so far as we have been able to trace it, is told.

Far otherwise is it with the story of orphanages. Were it consistent with our purpose we might continue, not only through the numbers of this, but of several years, to recount the doings of the societies that aim to relieve the fatherless; but we aim to give samples of that work, rather than a full account of it; therefore we conclude our pilgrimages amongst the orphans and foundlings of London with the appended list

of the date of their origin and the number they accommodate, merely premising (1.) that it was made in February of this year, and is accurate up to that date. (2.) That besides these orphanages, strictly so called, there are other institutions that embrace orphans within the range of their sympathy, such as the Royal Caledonian, Licensed Victuallers, Dissenting Ministers, Medical Men's, Artists, and Hankey's, Funds for Widows and Orphans.

NAME.	ESTABLISHED.	CHILDREN.
Alexandra Orphanage for Infants	1864	118
Asylum for Fatherless Children... ..	1844	263
" for Female Orphans	1758	151
Beckenham Orphan Homes... ..	1866	70
British Orphan Asylum	1827	162
Brockham Home	1859	38
Orphanage of the Faithful Virgin	1848	300
" " Sisters of Providence	1867	38
" " Infant Saviour	1866	106
St. Mary's Orphanage	1854	510
St. Helen's	1869	52
St. Mary's Blackheath	1858	214
St. Vincent de Paul	1844	80
" " Carlisle Place	1872	123
Children's Home	1869	130
City of London Freeman's Orphan Society	1853	150
Clergy Orphanage... ..	1749	207
Coburg Home... ..	1853	50
Commercial Travellers' Society	1845	285
Female Orphan Home	1855	50
Female Orphans, Home for... ..	1786	68
Girls' Christian Home for Orphans	1866	20
Girls, Home for Motherless... ..	1858	42
Girls' Orphan Homes, Mount Hermon	1864	114
Girls' Orphan Home, Tottenham	1856	110
Victoria Orphan Schools	1836	50
Infant Orphan Asylum	1827	636
Jews'	1831	36
Ladies' Chain Society	1702	30
London Orphan Asylum	1813	480
Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum... ..	1827	210
National Orphan Home	1849	114
Orphan Institution, Adult... ..	1820	31
Orphans' Homes, Southwark	1867	200
Orphan Working School	1758	378
Pimlico Orphanage	1864	15
Police Orphanage	1870	115
Royal Albert Orphan Asylum	1864	200
" Asylum of St. Anne's	1702	388
" Victoria Patriotic Orphanage	1855	300
Sailors' Orphan Home	1829	70
St. John's Orphanage	1861	40
St. Matthew's Home for Female Orphans	1839	35
St. Peter's Orphanage	1866	60
Soldiers' Daughters' Home... ..	1855	141
Stockwell Orphanage	1867	214
Warehousemen & Clerks, Orphans & necessitous		114
Total 47 Orphanages, accommodating 7302 Children.		

And taking £20 as the average cost per child per annum, the total amounts to £146,040.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. IV.—*Berne, Interlaken, Lucerne.*

NOT feeling quite so much at home at our hotel at Ouchy as we should like we determined to push forward with our journey. On the following day we took train for Berne. We passed Freyburg on the way, famous for its suspension bridges and some other objects of interest, but we did not see much of the city. We arrived at Berne in the evening of the same day, and made our way to Hotel Belle Vue, kept by F. Osswald. As soon as I saw the landlord I was reminded by his appearance, especially his face, of our late friend, Mr. Louis Hiller, of Sheffield.

We are now in German Switzerland. The country is divided into twenty-two cantons; about half of these speak dialects of the French, and half dialects of the German language. At Berne the German is the vernacular of the people, and I had more chance now of making myself understood than I had on the French side of the country. Berne is a fine old historic city, rather heavy in appearance. It was founded in the twelfth century by Berthold V. The main street is very long, and quite antique in its structure. The upper stories of the houses project forward and rest on pointed arches supported by large stone pillars, and form a covered walk. You are at once reminded of the ancient city of Chester. Berne is the seat of the Federal Government, and some of the new governmental buildings are handsome edifices.

Two of the most noticeable sights in Berne are the wonderful clock, and the public bear pit. The clock tower—called *Zeitglockenthurm*—is situated in the principal street, and nearly in the centre of the city. At midday there is a curious and droll mechanical performance. At three minutes to twelve a cock crows and flaps his wings. A ludicrous procession then commences to move on—bears walking on their hind legs, men riding on bears, and other quaint figures, move in military order. The whole performance closes with the crowing of the cock.

But Berne is especially noted for its bears. The name Berne signifies in old German bear, and the city was so called because Duke Berthold, the founder, is said to have slain a bear on the spot. Bears are maintained by the state. They are an established and endowed community. A public home is assigned to them. They are visited by the citizens, and all travellers who care at all for the curiosities of local history go to see the famous bears of Berne. New trees are supplied to them every year, on which they perform in the presence of admiring spectators.

We stayed at Berne only one night, and in the afternoon of the next day we took train for Interlaken. Part of our journey was performed by steamboat. Lake Thun lies between Berne and Interlaken. This lake is remarkable for its quiet beauty. Surrounded with wooded mountains, at the feet of which, on the cultivated margin of the lake, are many charming residences. Lake Thun is about the size, and not unlike in appearance our own Windermere.

Interlaken is quite an unique place. It is a secluded village-town enclosed on two sides by lofty mountains. On the other sides it is bounded by two lakes, Thun and Brienz, hence its name. It is a favourite of most travellers. From Interlaken excursions are made into the neighbouring mountains. The Jungfrau, the highest mountain in the district, is seen here in all her majestic beauty and virgin splendour.

On the following Thursday morning, May 22, my friend the Yorkshire clergyman and I started for an excursion. As we were passing along under those large and shady walnut trees which are such an ornament to the place, we were overtaken by two young gentlemen who, with their Alpine stocks in hand, were starting for an excursion into the mountains. We had become slightly acquainted with them the day before on the steamboat coming down lake Thun. We now formed one walking party, and started off to visit the Staubbach—dust brook—a celebrated waterfall. This is an object of almost universal attraction. It is about seven miles from Interlaken, at a place called Lauterbrunnen—sounding waters.

The road leads you through the most romantic and charming mountain scenery. The sound of running or falling water greets your ear all along the road. We reached the fall about midday. The water falls from a height of nearly nine hundred feet, is scattered into spray, and looks like a shower of silver dust. "The sheeted silver's waving column," "lines of foaming light," are phrases used by Byron in describing it. Wordsworth calls it "a sky-born waterfall." From the waterfall we retraced our steps till we came to a junction of roads. Here we discussed the question whether we should return to Interlaken or go on to Grindelwald—we determined to take the latter course. We got refreshment, and we needed it. Never did I experience such a keen and pressing sense of hunger as on that day. If any one wishes to know what the appetite of hunger is let him go and walk for a day in the Alps. We now started for Grindelwald. This is rather a heavy and wearisome walk, as it is all up hill. We got some goats milk on the way, and saw a living chamois. We reached Grindelwald in the evening. Two of the notable and characteristic glaciers of Switzerland are seen from this place. The upper one, three or four miles distant, has a clear milk white appearance. We visited the lower one situated about a mile and a half from the village. We felt amply repaid for all the efforts we had made. A glacier certainly is a most wonderful natural phenomenon. It is a moving sea of solid ice. A large cavern—whether natural or cut I cannot say—was in the one we visited, into which we walked and examined the ice, which is of a light blue-greenish colour. Glaciers appear to be the subjects of perpetual change. The lower part coming down into the valley is continually melting, while the upper part is always receiving fresh accessions of ice and snow.

Night now coming on we hired a conveyance, and amidst torrents of pouring rain returned to our hotel at Interlaken. We had walked over twenty-five miles during the day, and all felt very tired.

The next morning, Friday, we left Interlaken for Lucerne. We had discovered, the day before, that our two young friends who had joined us in our excursion into the Alps were Jews from London. They accompanied us to Lucerne. A delightful journey was now before us. The first part of the way was by steamboat. We passed down Lake Brienz. Some of our party got out to visit the celebrated waterfall called Giessbach—pouring brook. We could see the swelling foam and hear the leaping waters as we passed down the lake. These falls attract great attention. In the summer months they are illuminated, and many travellers spend the night at the hotel, where one hundred beds are made up, in order to witness the sight. In most of the hotels in

Switzerland young men are the waiters; but at the Giessbach Hotel I am told that all the waiters are simple and good-looking Swiss damsels, dressed in the peculiar costume of their native country.

Having arrived at the other end of the lake we took conveyances for Alpnach. We crossed the Brunig pass. The weather was delightful. This was a charming and picturesque part of our journey. Nature here puts on some of her wildest and grandest aspects. Mountains, streams, waterfalls, are to be seen on every hand. The roads are winding, often very narrow, and apparently dangerous. Over-hanging rocks, through which the road has been cut, sometimes almost touch your head. At one time riding in our quaint old fashioned carriages, and then walking up hill in company, all appeared to enter into the enjoyment of the day. We passed Lake Sarnen, and saw that part of it which has been redeemed from the waters and brought under cultivation. Having arrived at Alpnach, situated on one of the spurs of Mount Pilate, we again took steamboat for Lucerne. A long bridge stretches across one arm of the lake, which is gradually raised by machinery as the boat approaches. Having passed this bridge we came round a mountain headland, and the beautiful City of Lucerne was fully in view.

Lucerne must be described as a very neat and pretty city. It grows in distinctness as you pass up the lake, and its beauty becomes more striking. The houses are nearly all white, and covered with red tiles. One of the principal objects which meets the eye is the Cathedral with its two tapering and lofty spires. Three large linden trees on elevated ground are conspicuous objects. The town is fortified on the upper side, and several towers rise from the walls of the fortification. Three bridges cross the river Reuss; two of these are quaint ancient wooden structures, covered with roofs, in which are paintings representing local history and other subjects. Mountains rise to a great height on the left of the city, as you approach it from the lake, one of the highest of which is called Pilatus, or Mount Pilate. Many and curious are the legends associated with this mountain. It has a very gloomy and threatening appearance. All the storms, it is said, that break over the city and lake are brewed on this mountain. A very large hotel situated nearly at the top can be seen from the lake. Our Queen ascended this mountain in 1858.

I spent the fourth Sunday in May at Lucerne. At nine in the morning I went to the Cathedral, where I heard a Catholic sermon in German. The preacher was an elderly man, dressed in his priestly robes, wearing a small square black cap, which served a double purpose—to cover his head, and also to give effect to his oratory. Several times he took it off, and waved it before the audience to give emphasis to his utterances.

After this service was closed I went to the English Church, where service was conducted in English. There was a moderate attendance. It was a service quiet and simple compared with the showy forms of Romanism. The minister preached a good gospel sermon. In the evening I went again, and heard a discourse characterised by searching faithfulness. A lady sitting by me coloured and winced as the preacher proceeded. I spoke to her afterwards, and she said she felt very guilty, as she had spent the morning in a boating excursion on the lake. May the preacher at Lucerne long be spared to preach sermons similar in tone to those I heard on the last Sabbath in May, 1873. G. HESTER.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. VI.—*Junker George.*

“TELL your master, though there should be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house-tops, I would surely enter it!”

This from the friar Martin, in answer to a message from his friend Spalatin, giving warning that the emperor’s safe conduct would probably be violated.

The Diet had assembled at Worms. Driven by the plague from Nuremburg, the princes of Germany had gathered for solemn council in the quaint old Rhine city. The cause of Rome had been fiercely and eloquently pleaded by the Papal nuncio. “I beseech your Imperial Majesty to discharge the duty which properly devolves upon you. Shrink not,” thundered Aleander, “from the path of justice. There is enough in the errors of this Luther to warrant the burning of a hundred thousand heretics!”

And Doctor Martin had made answer before the Diet. Escorted by a train of nobles and cavaliers, the plain travelling carriage, provided for his use by the town council of Wittemberg, had arrived at the ancient city. The bells in the minster tower had announced his approach, and and at the signal the streets were swarmed with thronging multitudes. “The Lord will be my defence,” said Luther calmly, as he stepped from his carriage. And full sorely was his confidence to be tested. The quiet assurance of that monk—with his serge frock and shaven crown; his square-set, determined face, lined with care, and wasted by hard study—setting himself against Christendom! Nor was the promise of the flashing eye and clear cut mouth belied by the event. The humble friar matched himself against Christendom—and conquered. His answer before the Diet, made in German, was repeated in Latin at the request of the emperor, who loved not the German tongue. Its clear, sonorous tones, and unmistakeable decision, filled the court with astonishment. “The monk spake with intrepid heart and unshaken courage,” said the emperor; a tribute of admiration wrung from most unwilling lips.

In the deepening twilight, the voice of the monk rang through the hall. The shapes were dying out of the painted windows, and the shadows grew heavy and thick. In the solemn evening time, as the forms of his judges waxed dim in the failing light, the voice, startling as a clarion call, declared, “I neither can nor will retract anything! Here I am, I cannot do otherwise: so help me, God, amen!”

The court rose and went forth. Darkness had fallen upon the city. Luther was escorted through the narrow streets by the imperial officers. Not, however, to prison, as some wished, and others feared; but to his quarters at the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes.

Days were consumed in fruitless efforts to shake his determination. Negotiation with him was conducted by princes and prelates. Everything that could appeal to the flesh, or arouse ambition, was suggested in vain. Unshaken by threats, the Reformer was equally unmoved by promises. Guarded from immediate condemnation by the emperor’s safe conduct, he was ordered to quit Worms, and return home forthwith.

And with undaunted heart he set forth, though he knew that in the purpose of his enemies it was but the first step to martyrdom. He, who amid the plaudits of the students and populace had flung the papal *bulle* into the flames at Wittenberg, shrank not from the trial. His soul was untroubled and fearless.

But soon strange and disquieting rumours went through the land. Doctor Luther had been waylaid near Waltershausen by a band of disguised horsemen, and carried into captivity. There was no clue to his whereabouts. The knights had taken the most circuitous paths through the forest, and had even reversed the shoes of their horses to elude pursuit. And the cause of Rome appeared to triumph, while his friends, plunged in grief, declared that he had fallen into the hands of his enemies.

* * * * *

The leaves of the Thuringian woods were fading into brown, and the wild autumn gusts were beginning to sweep through the glades of the forest. Perched high upon its craggy rock, the grim old castle of the Wartburg frowned over the Horsél, overlooking the vast expanse of forest, which stretched away, a sea of waving foliage, as far as the eye could reach.

One of those violent storms, so common in the region of the Hartz mountains, had just gathered, burst, and cleared away; and the muttering thunder was followed by the song of birds. The feathered choir seemed to celebrate the defeat of the storm king, and the trees clapped their hands with joy at his discomfiture.

Quietly seated in a room of the old castle, one bent studiously over a table strewn with books and materials for writing. Near by his chair lay a harp, and peeping out amongst a pile of papers, a flute might be observed. The door opened, and as the provost of the Wartburg entered, the student looked up with a smile of cordial greeting. Notwithstanding the heavy growth of beard, moustache, and hair, there is something familiar in the brow, and the eyes that look out good humouredly below it. But we are not left long in doubt. The shaven crown and smooth face of the prisoner of Worms are recalled to mind.

"Ah? doctor," cries the provost, "you are still at your gear. You are as sharp with your pen as ever I was in my best days with my sword!"

"Why, truly," answered the student, "the times call for earnest effort. Thou knowest that the friars have re-established their traffic. Tetzé bragged of his power of indulgence, and swore that he had saved more souls by his wares, than all the apostles by their preaching put together. 'For,' said he, 'the moment the money chinks on the bottom of my strong box, no matter what its sins may have been, that moment the soul comes out of purgatory; and set free, flies upward to heaven!' And I hear that the churches of Halle once more resound with the cries of this unholy merchandise."

"So I am advised," said the provost; "and many souls are deceived thereby."

"Ah," said Luther, for Luther it was, "God willing, I will beat a

hole in their drum! See here; I have completed a tract that shall carry confusion into the camp of hell, 'Against the new Idol of Halle.'

"But why," continued he half-musingly, "when such an effort is needed abroad, have I been banished to this Patmos, save that I might be the instrument of a new revelation?"

"Why, indeed?" returned the provost drily. "Hadst thou not, by the gentle violence of those who love thee, been converted into the good knight George, prisoner in the Wartburg, thou wouldst to-day hardly have been Martin Luther, of Wittenberg. Methinks thy monk's frock and shaven crown, or even thy doctor's hood, would have been poor protection against the malice of thine enemies! The deepest dungeon in Germany would scarce have held thee, and before this, thou wouldst have trodden the footsteps of John Huss, and worn the crown of martyrdom."

"Truly, I am dumb before thee, good friend John," quoth Junker George; "God doeth all things well. But I am so tempted of the devil to doubt, and forget God, that oftentimes my heart sinks within me. In this forest wilderness, this region of branches and of birds, I am sorely tried! I pray God my faith fail not! Even now, as that terrible storm passed over the Thuringen Wald, I had to banish the prince of the power of the air by the aid of music. I marvel not that Saul was soothed by David's harp, since Satan cannot endure the concourse of sweet sounds."

"Dost thou, then, believe in the visible appearance of the foul fiend?" asked the provost, somewhat startled.

"Believe!" replied Junker George, "that do I. Seest thou the mark on yonder wall? I but now hurled the inkstand at him and bade him begone; and lo, it passed through his substance and marked the wall beyond. Do I not remember as a child, the trolls and dwarfs that lurked in the woods, even as I went forth with my mother to make up the pile of faggots for our winter fire? Or the cobbolds that haunted the mines where my father wrought, and deceived those who worked therein? Do I not remember the miners at Mansfeld, how they were beguiled and their labour wasted, thinking they had found new veins of treasure, that proved to be worthless? And if his imps have so much power, much rather himself.

"Yes, it is but now even, while the storm raged, that the devil brought a catalogue of my sins, and urged them against me; and would have prevailed, too, but that I quoted Scripture to meet his accusations. Truly, said I, the roll is a long one, but 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and straightway the roll vanished.

"'But,' said he, 'God is far from thee, and hears thee not. Thy prayers are as nothing to Him.'

"Whereupon I said, Very well, then, I will call and cry the louder. But what is it makes thee so anxious for my well being? And then I jeered him, saying, If Christ's blood which was shed for my sins be not sufficient, I pray thee, saint Satan, that thou wouldst pray to God for me!

"Then, as a last resource, he cast this at me, 'Thou makest a pretty pother about doctrine! What if thy doctrine be false and erroneous? What if the pope and the mass, the friars and the nuns, be right?' And thereat the bitter sweat drizzled from me. But when I saw he would not leave me I gave him this answer, 'Avaunt, Satan; address thyself

to my God, and talk with Him about it, for the doctrine is not mine but His!' and withal I hurled the inkstand at him, as I told thee; and as he fled, I took my lute and gave him a parting touch of song."

And taking the harp, the doctor suited the action to the word, and sang in a rich, melodious voice—

"A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, to set us free
From every ill can happen.
That ancient, spiteful foe
Ho moans us deadly woe;
Armed with the strength of hell,
And deepest craft as well;
On earth is not his fellow.

"But were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They ne'er can overpower us:
Their prince may look as grim
As e'er he will; from him
Harm never more can come;
Long since was sealed his doom,
A word can overthrow him."*

The provost stood as if spell-bound. At length he found speech. "Why, doctor, you rival the minnesingers, who contended of old in the hall of the Wartburg below!"

"He who loves God, loves music," said Luther. "I mind the time when I obtained my bread by singing." And as he spoke the chimes of Eisenach floated through the casement, mellowed by the distance and the evening air.

"Eisenach! my own dear Eisenach!" sighed the doctor, "how I remember the days of old, when as a lad I sang in thy streets for a morsel of bread! Crying at every door, 'Panem propter Deum,' 'Bread for God's sake!' Eisenach; doubly dear for Ursula Cotta's sake, my second mother. She who, when I sang with the currend boys before the red brick archway, took pity on a poor wandering one, and made him a home! May God reward her, as I never can! How the Lord provided for me, both there and at Magdeburgh!"

"Ah! my dear provost, if Satan be powerful, how much 'greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us!' How I was led to Erfurt; to the brazen clasped Bible in the monastery; to Staupitz; dear Staupitz, my father in the faith—whose lessons bore their full fruit as I was crawling painfully on my knees up Pilate's staircase at Rome. Indulgence! It was thundered in my ears, 'The just shall live by faith!' and I sprang to my feet, never more to do penance or seek indulgence. If ever monk had got to heaven by monkery I had been that monk. But no, the just shall live by faith, and by faith only; and henceforth I sought justification by the blood of Christ, and by that alone."

"Come, doctor," said the provost kindly, "thou needest recreation. Thou hast kept too fast within doors, since thou wert recognized at the inn by those students. What sayest thou to a game of bowls on the morrow? Or wilt thou go a hunting? Thy translations and thy books will be the death of thee!"

* The anachronism is intentional. This noble hymn is supposed to have been written at the time of the Diet of Augsburg, 1530.

"For translations," returned Junker George, "I am well nigh weary of them: and yet how great their need! The scriptures, done into the vulgar tongue, must be the sword of the Lord in this great warfare. But gracious heaven! what a labour it is to make these Jew writers speak German. They struggle furiously against giving up their beautiful language to our barbarous idiom. 'Tis as though you would force a nightingale to give up her sweet melody, and sing like a cuckoo. Nevertheless, as for hunting I cannot endure it. To take unhappy hares and partridges—a very pretty employment truly for an idle man! I cannot forbear theologizing amidst dogs and nets; for do we not, in hunting innocent animals to death, very much resemble the devil, who by crafty wiles and wicked priests, is perpetually seeking whom he may devour? But I will play at bowls with all my heart."

* * * * *

Luther had come forth from his hermitage in the Wartburg. Once more the strife was renewed. From Wittemberg and elsewhere he directed the conflict, and poured forth works from the press with ceaseless energy. The Bible was translated into the German tongue and widely circulated. His marriage with Catherine von Bora severed the last link that bound him to Rome. Henceforth under his organizing care the Lutheran Church grew up. The diet of Augsburg defined and recognized the Protestant Faith, and the Reformation in part was accomplished.

In part only; for his fatal adherence to consubstantiation left it incomplete, and divided the Lutheran from the Swiss and other Protestant Churches.

And yet, that the Reformation was not more perfect, is no matter for marvel. The wonder is, that his emancipation from Rome was so complete. Like most men of intense vigour, Luther moved along narrow grooves; and yet he was tenderly human and sympathetic. Curiously free from blind veneration, he was yet strangely superstitious. Genial, hearty, and magnanimous; yet prejudiced, hot-tempered, and obstinate. A great man withal; towering a head and shoulders above his brethren in the foremost ranks of the nobility of human kind. Often threatened with violent death, he yet died quietly in his bed in the old town of Eisleben, where first he saw the light. In his own church at Wittemberg, he was interred with splendid ceremonial amid the tears of thousands. "His body was buried in peace; but his name liveth evermore."

W. H. ALLEN.

THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.—Are not the Tories to be pitied? What with the troubles of their combined patrons, the licensed clergy and the licensed victuallers, they are having a sorry time of it. Carried into Parliamont on a beer barrel, it seems impossible to get the inconvenient vehicle out of the house again. Home Secretary Cross is engrossing attention night after night. Good soul, he is not unaware of the sorrows and misfortunes, the calamities and catastrophes, brought on the country by the business of his friends the publicans; but what is a man to do who is under an obligation! He states that there is a fearful increase in the consumption of spirits, wine, and beer, and in the number of convictions for drunkenness; and then proposes to keep public houses open longer at the worst time they can be open, and to remove the beneficial restrictions introduced by the late Secretary's Act. When the spring of legislation is a Licensed Victuallers' Association, we may not be surprised if our laws are made in unrighteousness and work iniquity.—*Scraps*.

THE CAMEL AND THE DESERT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

It was early in the morning that the caravan started; the twilight was growing into day.

The camels had been saddled and burdened and chained, some ten, some twenty, in a row. There were precious things on those camels' backs—silks from India, pearls, ivory, gum, perfumed oils, myrrh, feathers, angora shawls and velvet. First among the heavily-burdened animals was an old camel-mother; she carried ice from Tartary for a pasha's cellar, a burden that would not appear very valuable to a European child. By her side trudged her little camel; it was three years old, and ran nimbly by her side.

"Mother, are the burdens very heavy?" asked the little camel, wonderingly.

"Yes, but not too heavy. Your turn will come next year, little camel; every child has to take up a heavy burden in time."

"It will be a hot journey for us all, and that little one," said a thin, aged camel, next in row; "but I prefer carrying perfumes to fighting the Bedouins; my cousin and I went many years ago; they ran away before us, the Bedouins, but they killed my cousin."

A cry of dismay escaped from the camels near, and then nothing more was said, for it was growing hot.

Many days did they journey, nothing but hot sand everywhere.

It was midday; the sun stood horizontal, and seemed to hang like lead over man and animal. The owners of the merchandise had wrapped themselves close in their burnos; only their black eyes were visible; the drivers crept slowly by their camels, every now and then speaking a kind word to them, or singing a song, and the faithful creatures turned and licked their hands, and hastened their pace, as if they knew that on them depended the safety of all.

"I am tired," said the little camel very often; but the mother answered, "It is good to become inured to hardships when you are very young; I have had many journeys more weary than this, and reached the end."

"Mother," continued the little camel, "some of the camels behind us won't go on; the drivers are scolding them."

"Never be unwilling to carry your burden, and you will not get scolded."

Yesterday the drivers cheered their camels with kind words and songs, but to-day not a sound was heard but sighs here and there. It was the fifth day since the camels tasted any water; the precious ice on the camel-mother's back had long been consumed. What was to be their fate?

Just then a groan was heard in the rear, the voice of a driver in anger, then a moan less loud and one more feeble, and the angry voice of the driver again. He had picked up a parcel of silken shawls, cast away by a merchant to ease his animal's load, and the driver had put them

on his own camel, intending to appropriate them, and the overburdened animal had sunk under the weight.

"It is the punishment for avarice," said the old camel to the little one; "he has learned his lesson too late."

The driver took the burden off the poor camel; he coaxed it, he whipped it, in vain; it did not rise. With mournful eyes it watched the caravan, that slowly moved on; sadly it stretched itself in the sand, as if it knew its fate. The avaricious driver had to sacrifice the merchandise and the camel unless he would share the fate of his beast of burden.

"Mother, look at those angry-looking birds flying around us!" cried the terrified little camel.

"They are sent as a warning to keep steadily together and not to flag. We are the first, and must keep up, not give in."

"Why do we not reach any water?" asked the weary little camel again.

At that moment a glorious vision presented itself to the weary caravan. In the distance a sea showed itself, then rose walls with flowing flags, peaceful huts and sunny gardens.

"O mother, let us hasten there," cried the little camel.

"Beware, little one!" said the old camel; "it is a wicked illusion, more cruel than the birds of prey that hover around us to devour us; if we were to follow it, it would lead us farther into the hot desert. More dangerous are the pleasures that would lead us to destruction than the open dangers that beset our path. What you see is a mirage."

The little camel did not understand, but tried to keep up bravely by its mother's side. The caravan was dragging wearily along; sometimes in despair a cheering word arose from one of the drivers to the patient animals upon whose strength the fate of the whole caravan depended. Even the lion's voice would have been acceptable now, for it would have betokened the nearness of vegetation.

Listlessly the guidance was left to the camels, whose instinct was a sure guide.

Alas! the old camel-mother looked very anxiously at the hot sands stretching before them, and then at her little one. Was it instinct or mother's love that made her keep on, and not lose hope?

The sun was sinking and the shadows falling over the yellow sand when the camel-mother stretched her neck high into the air, sniffed and cried. With a wild effort, as if she would burst her bonds, she rushed forward. A cry of joy broke from the caravan, for they knew the unerring instinct of the camel, that can perceive water at a few hours' distance. All eyes looked bright, all limbs were full of life. It might be a few hours, but yet they would reach it some time, and on they pushed, forgetful of all.

At length a well-known sight offered itself to their eyes. A few palm-trees arose in the distance, and between the grass bubbled the fountain. The poor tired ones drank and rested, the little one by the mother's side. The camels were unburdened, and the next morning they started again refreshed. In a few days they reached their journey's end, bearing with them costly merchandise destined for European markets.

PAPERS ON PREACHING.

SECOND SERIES. No. I.—*Mental Drill*.*

To every ardent aspirant for the work of the ministry there comes the temptation to postpone altogether, or restrain within the narrowest possible limits, the period of painful and severe preparation, in favour of an immediate entrance upon the regular work of the ministry, with its thrilling excitement, public activities, and brilliant badges of reward. What connexion is there, he asks, between school-boy tasks and the work of saving souls? What discernible relation exists between fishing for men and struggling your tedious way, with aching head and desponding heart, over the *pons asinorum*, fatal to so many pilgrims bound for the weird land of mathematics? Why should it be necessary for a man to grind himself to death at Latin declensions and Greek conjugations, the laws of light and heat, and the relations of wages and labour, so that he may exhort sinners to repentance, and feed men with the living bread of God's truth? Did Peter go to College? Was Philip addicted to learning? Was Matthew a political economist? Did Thomas study natural philosophy? No! no! The world needs saving, and saving at once. Haste to the rescue. Life is short, and if we are to strike, we must strike now, or not at all!

But indeed it is not so. Here as elsewhere the maxim holds good, "Most haste, least speed." The effective blow must be well aimed as well as powerfully given. Shooting arrows at a venture is well enough for the blind; but men with sight and sense will prefer to shoot at a target. Painful drill, tedious training, are now recognized as the conditions of all really successful work. It is remembered that Christ called the "twelve" to a three years' "training" before He sent them out as His witnesses to the ends of the earth. Ignorance is incompetence. Lack of discipline is defeat. Education is everywhere the victorious champion in the strife of life. Even knowledge without it is as powder without guns, or an army without leaders, organization, and training. It is too late in the day now to argue for the mental drill of the preacher of the word. It is one of the prime conditions of power. It is absolutely indispensable to his growing usefulness and extended influence. If he is not to be worsted in the race with the Press and with popular intelligence, he must head the lists in mental contests, and prove himself a victor in the war of minds. Without intellectual culture, the nineteenth century preacher is as much out of place in our age as the soldier of the middle ages would have been in recent continental conflicts without the needle gun.

Drill saves power: makes one man into half-a-dozen, and the half-dozen hundred-handed. According to the old fable, the gods divided man into men at the beginning, so that he might be helpful to himself; just as the hand is divided into fingers the better to answer its end. What the gods are fabled to have achieved by division man successfully accomplishes by drill. This is the effect of real education, and the mark by which a man of knowledge is separated from one who is *educated*. The knowing man, who merely knows, may have stores enough—historical, scientific, doctrinal, and ecclesiastical lumber enough—to stock a college, and yet not have a shadow of claim to rank as a man of education; for education is the acquired facility to use the tools of the mind, without consciously directing the mental energies to the act of handling and working those tools. For example, a child takes up a pair of scissors for the first time and attempts to cut a piece of calico. It fails: it cuts its own fingers perchance; holds the bows of the tools with pain and feebleness; thinks of nothing else whilst making the attempt, and uses all its mind-power in the act of learning to cut. The painful effort is renewed again and again. Repetition makes the act more and more easy, till at length the child can cut with ease, and without consciously directing a single fibre of brain force to the task. In fact, and speaking with strict physiological truth, the work of cutting is no longer done by the brain, but it is delegated to the uppermost part of the spine, called the medulla oblongata; and it is by it carried on in a perfectly mechanical way, and so the brain is set free for other and more important acts. Hence the process of drilling has actually made a positive addition to the working forces

* For a series of Papers on "*The Physiology of Preaching*" Cf. *G. B. Magazine*, 1873, Pp., 104, 187, 264, 343, and 476.

of life; it has created an internal machinery, so to speak, that is capable of continuing its work in an automatic, self-acting way (much as the lungs and heart keep to their appointed tasks whilst we are asleep), and so made the thoroughly drilled man the paragon of activities and results we see him.

The same fact is illustrated in numberless ways. The tedious and painful work of the pianist in the first and earlier stages of acquiring power over the piano is not more notable than the singular skill and amazing rapidity with which the trained fingers speed their way to the right keys on the board, whilst the mind itself is luxuriating in the thrilling harmonies of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. A child sees the letters h-a-n-d, and after a succession of attempts, marked by many failures, puts them together, and identifies the *sign* they make with the set of joints, fingers, thumb, flesh, etc., making the *thing* called the hand. Use in this identifying process fixes the sign amongst the tools of the mind, and it is set to work and made to do whatever the holder wills, without a fragment of that expenditure of brain energy which was so much drawn upon in acquiring facility to use the tool. The clerk at a London railway station, seemingly slow to the impatient traveller, is a greater marvel of rapid motion than the express which is to carry him to York or Edinburgh. In a moment that clerk's drilled hand finds its way amongst the three hundred pigeon-holes, and hits at once the ticket for Grantham, Boston, York, or Nottingham with astonishing ease and unerring directness. The pianist, the child, the clerk, do not merely know; they act; they act with power they have acquired with considerable difficulty and painfulness; they act with ease, accuracy, and despatch; and yet this despatch, accuracy, and ease are due not to the conscious concentration of the whole nervous energy on the deed, but to mere drilling, simple education.

And that is the meaning and the use of mental drill—of intellectual education. The man of knowledge has a shop full of oak and elm, mahogany and ebony, racks full of planes, saws, chisels, and he knows a window sash or a door when he sees it; but he could as soon fly as make either. The educated man, in addition to the tools and materials, has acquired skill in the use of the tools on the materials. The lad that merely knows, cannot tell how many pence are wanted if every boy in London is to have a farthing, without going to his pence table and his book of rules. The educated boy has got the pence table and the rules *in him*; they are part of himself, and he works his problem at once. Drilling is not knowing, but getting the means to know; it is the acquisition of power as a means to the acquisition and use of knowledge. Mental education is the process by which we acquire that facility of using the tools of the mind unconsciously and mechanically, and so leave the highest forces of our mental nature perfectly free to do the highest work. The accumulation of *materials*, dates of battles, names of kings, contents of charters, laws of motion, creeds of Augustine and Athanasius, all this is *incidental* and not *essential* to the beginnings of our mental work; it is infinitely the easier part of the process of getting ready for the work of the ministry; the main duty, the supreme task, is the acquisition of facility in reasoning, thinking, imagining, expressing, in handling the tools of the mind, in getting the faculties of our nature into fine working condition.

The preacher is a reasoner. The drill of the understanding will train his faculties to that state that he will detect a fallacy by merely opening his eyes, and sweep down destructively on a false conclusion by one stroke of the pinions of his brain. He is a dispenser of knowledge. Drill will enable him to gather it as bees do honey. All sciences will minister to him. All life, all experience, all histories, will offer themselves as the raw material for his machine to work up into whatever he will. He is also a speaker. Language is his tool. Facility in its use determines his usefulness. "I never have to think of *words*," said a trained and forcible speaker to us the other day; "they come." Exactly. That is it. "They come." But not because he was born with what Robert Hall called "a running at the mouth." That command of language, fresh, varied, strong, and always appropriate, is the result of years of toil, of the study of many authors, and of persistent drill. The mind needs gymnastics as well as the body, and must have them if it is to be healthy, spontaneously active, and always effective.

Down, then, down to the grindstone with the scythe that is to cut. Hold it there till the edge is keenly set. It is not pleasant. It is irksome and tedious, almost beyond endurance. The yoke cuts into the shoulders, does it? Still you

must bear it in youth, if you are to carry the world's burdens in manhood. A shallow and frivolous life is not for us. We are framed for finer issues. We need more vigour, more hardihood and devotion, more of the scholar's fierce asceticism. A thin, superficial, giggling, and gabbling existence will not grow the leaders and guides of men. Death to the lust of display! It will unman us. Away with the folly that thinks the world cannot get on without our vanity. It needs trained power, skilled workers. Say not, "I must have a place. I want a 'large sphere,' eager and waiting crowds. I must eat the good of the land, and grow fat on pelf and fame." No; do your work, get your drill, suffer and be strong, acquire power by doing, and leave God to find and fix your place. He will find home, and cupboard too, for those who will seek out the uttermost of toil and endurance in the endeavour to do His work well. He is our inspiration—let us ever seek the drill. One of the finest passages in modern history is our example. When the first Napoleon was captured by the English, he was taken on board the *Bellerophon*, and a file of English soldiers was drawn up on deck to give him a military salute. The first warrior of the continent, the hero of Austerlitz and Jena, noticed that they handled their arms differently from his soldiers, and at once putting aside the guns of those nearest him, he walked up to a soldier, took his gun, and himself went through the drill. The spirit of that act was the spirit of his life, and the cause of his immense power.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

HOW THE EARTH WAS MADE.

"IN the beginning God made the heavens and the earth," says the Hebrew historian, in his brief, unscientific way. But how? we are constrained reverently and earnestly to ask. Is it possible, now the earth is so old, and men have studied its nature and movements so long, to answer the grave and serious question of its origin? Or if we cannot get a full and satisfactory reply, may we obtain glimpses, through the chinks of fact and discovery, of an answer that will lessen our difficulties, or reconcile us to our ignorance in speculating concerning the laying of the foundations of our home?

A child, we know, with its irrepressible instinct for analysis, splits open its toy clock, and tries to find out how it was put together. The back of a book is broken in the nursery, and the young philosopher learns that books are made by putting leaf to leaf in regular order, stitching, glueing, and binding into one. A building is taken down piece by piece, and the secret of its architecture is laid bare. Can we do anything like that with the earth? Is it possible to take it to pieces to see what it is made of, and so travel some way towards answering the enquiry, *how* it was made?

In part we may do this, and only in part. For often we see the great and mysterious earth in the process of being taken to pieces bit by bit, and put together again inch by inch. There is a quarry, with its records as obvious as the wheels and spring of a watch: yonder is a railway cutting, exposing an earlier or later page in Nature's stone book: further and deeper a coal mine, descending the shaft and traversing the galleries of which we seem to walk amongst primæval forests, and listen to the hum of numberless insects: and here is a river bed, or a river, or a lake, or a sea, like the rest, doing its share to reveal to us the "*stuff*" of which old mother earth is made.

"Rock, rock," according to the geologist, we see everywhere. To him all mineral masses are rock. Coal is rock, and so is clay; indeed, chalk and sand, fuller's earth and heavy spar, iron and marble, slate and granite, are all so much rock, the term being used by these earth-students indiscriminately for any masses of earth material, hard or soft, loose or coherent, plastic and shapeless as mud, hard and crystallized as diamond, shifty as the soil in the garden, or firm and fixed as the hills; so that the short and ready though not very helpful answer of the geologist to the query, what is the earth made of, is supplied in the ever-recurring monosyllable "rock."

But that is only true of the earth as far as we see it; its "crust;" the thin "rind" accessible to our hammers, spades, and boring tools; what is seen in overhanging cliffs or mountain precipices, or is brought within the scope of

the reason by the hardy toil of the miner, the daring of the traveller, or the skilled borings of the geologist. Not much of the *whole* earth is that; certainly far less than the peel of an orange is to the juicy interior, even if we suppose the "rind" of the globe to extend as far as ten miles towards the undiscovered centre. So that when we have registered the response, that the earth's "shell" is made of "rock," we have still left on hand the more puzzling and important enquiry, "of what is the kernel itself formed; what is the inside of the earth created by God at the beginning?"

For the moment let us be content with the practical geologist's answer, and see if we can what it means; and leave to some future occasions the speculations of the theoretical geologist, as to the nucleus of the earth, and the awful and overshadowing mystery of the origin of things. Here before us, then, are four bits of "rock;" four very familiar cuttings out of the earth's crust, a morsel of limestone from Stamford; a little pumice stone from the Lipari Islands; a fragment of granite from Mountsorrel; and a slab of slate from Penrhyn. If we can find out how these were produced, we shall have done a little towards answering the enquiry with which we started, "of what, and how was the earth made?"

I take the Stamford or Lincolnshire limestone in my hand, and I see at a glance that it consists of very small grains of a yellowish white colour, rounded and looking not unlike the closely packed roe of a salmon. I strike it with a hammer. Hundreds of these grains fall on the sheet of paper I am writing upon. Each grain is complete in itself—an individual; but was held fast bound to its neighbour by mere pressure, and without any observable cement, and so firmly and closely held that it is abundantly quarried, and cuts freely into a building stone, as I saw in the quarry from which I gathered this specimen. Here is a broken grain. Under the magnifying glass it shows several coats, each tightly fitting the other, but leaving a small hollow that would admit the point of a needle in the centre. Another broken grain encloses within itself an exceedingly small portion of some other substance which seems to have acted as the nucleus, and which may have been the living centre around which these coats of carbonate of lime were fitted by some skilful tailor.

Who was that tailor? Moreover, who put all these individual grains together, and pressed them into a solid mass? How was it done? When was it done? What has happened since it was done, and by what agencies? Can you answer all these questions? Oh, ever-questioning man! who is sufficient to teach thee? What plummet can sound the lowest depths of even a child's questioning spirit?

Here is a fact, a plain, obvious fact, which the runner may read and understand. Let us look at it, for you may often answer the question raised by one fact by looking another fairly in the face and listening to all it has to say. When you stand at the head of the lake of Geneva, and watch the Rhone and Aar rivers as they leap exultingly in the depths below, dark and muddy with the waste of the rocks along whose sides and beds they have travelled; and then sail along the lake to its outlet and find the water clear as crystal, without a trace of mud in it, you know very well that the water has been filtered, and that the mud is left at the bottom of the lake. Stones, pebbles, silt; they cannot be lost. They are somewhere. They went in. They have not come out. They must be on the floor of the lake, and slowly but certainly filling it up; so that some day or other there will be no lake of Geneva. Imagine you are there when it is filled up. You cut into the floor, and what do you find; a "rock" exactly similar as to its *origin* to the sandstones, limestones, puddingstones, etc., with which we are so familiar.

The Nile again gives us another fact. We know that it is always carrying down mud from the interior of Africa, and depositing it on the plains of Egypt near the Mediterranean. That mud has been dug into, and it is found to be arranged in layers of pasteboard thickness, and of different colours. But this delta is small, compared with the prodigious additions that are being made to the "crust of the earth" by the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Ganges and Brahmapootra.

Moreover, the recent investigations carried on by Dr. Carpenter and others into the nature of the floor of the sea have resulted in demonstrating that a rock like our chalk, consisting of innumerable quantities of the shells or coffins of exceedingly minute creatures, whose successors swam in the sea,

is being made at this moment in that vast rock manufactory, the ocean. Now remember (1.) the wide extent of the ocean; (2.) that the river Nile and lake of Geneva are only examples of thousands of rivers and lakes in which the same process is going on; (3.) that every sea is in this respect only a larger lake; and (4.) that rains are ceaselessly washing down the earth (as we see in our streets from the mud collected after every heavy shower), and carrying it down as sediment in suspension into rivers; rivers convey it to lakes and seas, and there it is spread out, layer upon layer, to form the aqueous rocks of future islands or continents; and you will be prepared for the conclusion, that all the chalk, clay, sandstone, puddingstone, and limestone in "the crust of the earth" were formed in this way. They were the waste of previous rocks, formed either by organic life and the action of water, or by the action of water alone, into rock masses; and those previous rocks were the waste of their ancestors, and they of theirs, and so on up to the first link of that wondrous genealogy. Looking for which we find ourselves groping towards a darkness that may be felt, and hear the only voice that can guide us saying, "In the beginning God created the—earth."

But how different this second piece of rock! Is it possible that pumice-stone can have been made in the same way as limestone? Was it born and cradled in water? How fibrous it is! How light; it will swim in water, and is full of small holes like a sponge. Where does it come from? Etna, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Teneriffe, and such places; always from the neighbourhood of volcanoes. This fact tells its own tale as truly as that apples growing on a tree tell that such tree is an apple tree. Here is a different rock-maker. Those conical mountains, with their tops cut off, sending out red-hot liquid, ashes, dust, and cinders, are amongst the "wonders of nature" that startled our youth: and this pumice-stone is merely the *froth* on the surface of the lava that flows out of these boiling cauldrons of the earth; and all the basalts, dolerites, tuffs, greenstones, obsidians, in the earth's crust and the like were ejected from volcanoes, and then cooled, and so hardened into rocks. This has been seen. Men have walked over the cooling lava, and made themselves as sure of its fiery origin as they are that ice is due to cold.

It is not so easy to say how the Mountsorrel granite was formed, because we cannot go to any spot in the crust of the earth and show a similar thing to a granite being produced to-day. But this is the theory. Suppose you could get an immense globe and place it on the top of Etna, when it was spluttering forth its heated stores. You would stop the outflow. No lava would reach the atmosphere; but the heat that would have forced it out, if the globe were not there, still presses with immense force, and makes what would have been lava, etc., if it had come to the air more compact and crystal-like. Fire, too, has therefore formed these rocks, the granites, syenites, etc.; but the workshop was placed low down in the crust of the earth, where the pressure was prodigious and air was absent; and hence the character of these rocks, called Plutonic because king Pluto was supposed to live and labour in cavernous regions far removed from the light of day.

The last specimen, slate, also betrays the action of fire, but at a lower temperature than in the case of granite. The rock has been gently roasted, and changed from a water-made mud into a hard slate, that separates easily into slabs. That this is extremely probable you may see the next time you go to the north of Ireland. At Antrim, *e.g.*, you have masses of chalk containing flints, such as we see in the North and South Downs and in other parts of England; but running right up through the chalk you see dikes, as they are called, of basalt; one twenty feet across, and another thirty-five feet, and so on. Now on either side of the basalt, which you know was a fire-born, volcanic rock, the chalk is changed into a fine-grained marble. It has, in fact, been baked. In another case in the same district a bed of coal has been burnt to a bed of cinders by the hot basalt lava; and, therefore, it is not doubted that rocks, like slate, gneiss, and marble, have been metamorphosed or changed by the action of heat.

Four bits of rock, then, contain the story of the formation of the crust of the earth. Limestone, pumice-stone, granite, slate, these are the patterns and types of all the rock masses of which our earth is made; and the *origin* of these types is severally, aqueous, volcanic, Plutonic, and metamorphic, to talk in the style of the geologists; or, to put it in the briefer and more familiar language of every day life, is due to the action of WATER AND FIRE. But of these gigantic workers we will "gossip" some other day.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE CHURCH IN THE LORDS.—It really appears that, after all, something will be done by the House of Lords to ensure a little more "uniformity" in the divided, distracted, and demoralized Church by Law Established and endowed in these realms. We thought there were no politics now the Tories are in power, but the energetic efforts of Lord Shaftesbury are likely to make the "Archbishops" Bill for the better regulation of Public Worship, an effective measure. It is not too soon to attempt this. The dividing line between Popery and Church of England Protestantism is completely rubbed out; and the poor guardians and leaders stand, crook in hand, but quite powerless to hold a solitary black sheep by the leg. They slip away at a spring if they are caught; and the catching is so fearfully expensive that it is hazardous to attempt it. The costs in the Bennett case were £11,015, and it required four years to carry it through the cumbrous Ecclesiastical Courts; so that it is time something was done to prevent the Pope from claiming the English Church as his own, and to facilitate the speedier and cheaper execution of laws. But the interesting aspect of the case is the wild resistance offered by the clergy to this change. They are all dead against it. They do not like being governed. These servants of the State wish to take their master's pay, and yet violently resent every attempt the master makes to compel his servants to work according to the contract.

II. HOME MISSIONS, NORWICH.—The effort for Norwich somewhat hangs fire.

This ought not to be. Never had we a better opportunity of "denominational extension:" never a more promising privilege of doing real Home Mission work. For years the church at Norwich has been stagnant, by sheer lack of a suitable home. Nothing but the endowment has kept beating at all the feeble pulses of its life. But here is a new body for the church; and as soon as it is "clothed with it," it will be a self-supporting and, we doubt not, a healthy and progressive church. Churches, like men, are very dependent upon the "tabernacle" they inhabit for energy, movement, and success. Will not our friends give, and give at once? No doubt the circulars and appeals are burnt; but send a cheque nevertheless. We gratefully acknowledge the following sums to hand since our last issue, and earnestly appeal for more. We still need more than £500:—

	£	s.	d.
E. West, Esq., per Mrs. Beeby, Amer-sham Hall	30	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Robson	5	0	0
Mr. Bembridge, Stoke-on-Trent	1	0	0
Mr. H. Johnson, Weston	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Hill, Nottingham	1	0	0
S. G. Buxton, Esq., Mayor of Norwich	5	0	0
H. Birbeck, Esq., Norwich	5	0	0
Mr. G. Newbegin	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Lewis	1	10	0
Mr. H. P. Colman	1	0	0
	£42	13	0

III. THE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATION.—Full reports of our Annual Assembly at Loughborough, together with any documents ordered to be published, will appear in our *August* issue, ready July 25th, and may be had of all booksellers in town and country.

Reviews.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE LATE REV. JAS. MADEN, OF GAMBLESIDE.
By James Maden. *Stock.*

A BRIEF but most interesting story of a true, brave, and earnest worker for God and men. Courageously he struggled with error and difficulty, and successfully vanquished both. His career affords a vivid picture of the origin of some of our churches; of the self-sacrifice, devotion, and labour in which they are born and nourished into strength. To General Baptists the biography is specially welcome; for his convictions of the truth of our theological position were strong and invincible. What could a man become who was brought face to face with the

adherents of a Particular Baptist creed of which this is a specimen, "We steadfastly believe that the righteous God, in and by the counsel of His own will, hath eternally rejected, cast off, and appointed the rest of mankind to utter destruction. We do not believe that God, in the act of election, passed by the rest of mankind unconcerned until they had sinned, and then appointed them to destruction, as some doth suggest; but we believe that when He appointed some to this glorious end, to be with Him in everlasting happiness, for the praise of the glory of His grace, He also, at the same time, appointed the rest of mankind to everlasting wrath, to dwell with devils and

darned spirits, 'Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' to the praise of His everlasting power and holiness. We also believe that no foreseen unworthiness or unholiness, found in or done by the creature, did move or induce God hereunto; but that they were objects of hatred before having done good or evil." Such misrepresentations of God as those were enough to make any man who had any heart left, and who could prefer the Bible to a Calvinistic creed, a very *General Baptist*. Right heartily we welcome our old college companion into the literary lists; and warmly rejoice in the skill and effectiveness with which he has done his loving and helpful work.

SIR DONALD MCLEOD, C.B. By Major-General Edward Lake, C.S.I. *Religious Tract Society*.

The Christian excellence, devotion, and service of men in high stations of government and administration is one of the most instructive facts of our era, and one of the most forcible and impressive witnesses for our Christianity. The name and power of Sir Henry Havelock will never cease to thrill and inspire. Sir Donald McLeod is in the same illustrious succession; and this biographical record was eminently due to his simple, manly,

earnest piety, to his missionary enthusiasm, and signal service to the cause of good government in India. "If," said a native, "all Christians were like Sir D. McLeod, there would be no Hindoos or Mohammedans." This brief story of his life and labours is a most valuable addition to the useful stores of Christian biography.

BALLADS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. SHORT TALES AND SKETCHES. *Sunday School Union*.

THESE are two volumes of the fireside series now publishing by the Sunday School Union. The selections are made by the Editor of "Kind Words," who is well-practised in catering for young folks. The Ballads are thoroughly suited for recitation at home, or at the festivals of schools; and the Tales will be eagerly read by all the young who are able to get a glimpse of them.

REPLY TO MR. VARLEY'S PAMPHLET, "Why I left the Order." By T. Ryder. *Grand Lodge Offices, Birmingham*.

It was a great pity the reply was needed—but being needed, it was well it should be given in the complete, crushing, unanswerable way it is here supplied by Mr. Ryder.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Birchcliffe, May 27. The attendance at all the meetings was remarkably good, and the proceedings of the day were both pleasing and encouraging. In the morning the Rev. W. Sharman read a paper on "The Privileges and Duties of the youthful members of our churches." A goodly number of brethren took part in the discussion that followed, and the following resolution was adopted, viz, "That the thanks of this Conference be presented to the Rev. W. Sharman for the paper he has now read, and that he be requested to send it to the Editor of our *Magazine* for insertion.

The Rev. W. Gray presided at the Conference. The reports of the churches revealed the pleasing fact that 137 had been baptized, leaving 24 candidates.

Resolved.—I. That we cordially welcome into this Conference and district the Revs. J. J. Dalton and W. Jarrom, and wish them all possible success in their spiritual labours.

II. That the letter now read by the Secretary in reply to the Rev. J. Haalam, relating to the new cause at Armley, be adopted and forwarded to the Committee of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches.

III. *Home Mission Business*.—That we receive and adopt the report; that we request Messrs. H. Halstead and J. Sagar to audit the accounts; and Rev. W. Gray and Mr. J. Lister, to remain in office as long as the present Committee shall serve.

IV. *Case for the Association*.—That we recommend that any surplus arising from the Association Home Mission collection be given to the Chapel Building Fund.

V. That the churches at HYDE ROAD, MANCHESTER, and ARMLEY, near Leeds, be recommended for reception into the Association.

VI. That the next Conference be held at Lydgate in September, and that the Rev. J. J. Dalton be the preacher.

VII. That the petition introduced by the Rev. B. Wood on the Licensing Bill

be signed by the Chairman, and duly forwarded to the House of Lords.

VIII. A Home Missionary Meeting was held in the evening, addressed by several ministerial brethren, when the following resolution of condolence was adopted:—"That as a Conference we cannot separate without some reference to the removal by death of our late revered and beloved friend, the Rev. James Maden, sen. We bless God for his holy life, and for his extensive, zealous, and useful labours. We desire also to express our warmest Christian sympathy with the bereaved widow and family, and with the church at Gambleside. J. MADEN, *Sec.*

The LONDON SPRING CONFERENCE of the Southern Churches was held at Wendover on June 1. The Rev. J. Harcourt preached a characteristic sermon on "Not slothful in business," Rom. xii. 11. The business meeting was held in the afternoon, the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., in the chair. Reported baptized since last Conference, 101; received or restored, 90; candidates, 51. Hearty welcome was voted to the Revs. Dawson Burns, M.A., J. Fletcher, G. W. McCree, and T. Thomas, who had accepted pastorates within the Conference district since the last meeting. The Rev. J. Marten, of Peckham, attended as a deputation from the General Baptist Assembly.

It having transpired that the southern portion of the Centenary Fund was at the disposal of the Conference, and a letter from the church at Hitchin asking for pecuniary assistance towards their new building having been read, it was resolved, That the answer to the Hitchin letter be deferred till next Conference.

Resolved,—That a Devotional Convention of the churches in the Conference district be held at Berkhamstead on the second Wednesday in July; and that the Revs. J. H. Atkinson and J. Harcourt make arrangements for the same.

Upon application for advice from the church at Tring, resolved,—That the Revs. J. Olifford, M.A., J. Harcourt, and D. McCallum, form a consultative committee to assist the church at Tring.

Resolved,—That the next Conference be held at Commercial Road chapel on Oct. 1, 1874, and the particulars of the same be published in the *Magazine* for September.

A public meeting was held in the evening. It was well attended, and impressive speeches were made by the chairman, the Rev. T. Thomas, J. Clifford, M.A., J. Fletcher, and D. McCallum.

J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

The MIDLAND CONFERENCE met at Sawley, May 27. At eleven a.m. a devotional service was held, in which the Revs. Dr. Underwood and W. Green, and Messrs. Wright and Cholerton, took part. Subsequently the Rev. J. Wild preached from 2 Cor. v. 14.

At two p.m. the Conference assembled for business, Mr. T. Thirlyby, the President, in the chair. The Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A., offered prayer.

I. The church at CHELLASTON, on its application, was received into the Conference, and recommended for admission to the Association.

II. *Home Missions.*—Mr. W. H. Earp resigned the Treasurership, and a resolution of thanks was presented for his services. The Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., the Secretary, also resigned. Resolved,—That the best thanks of the Conference be given to Mr. Clarke for his very efficient services during the past eight years, and that his resignation be respectfully accepted. The Rev. W. Bishop was elected Secretary, and Mr. James Hill, of Derby, Treasurer. Messrs. Noble, J. Thirlyby, and J. Wilford, retired from the Committee according to rule; Messrs. Thirlyby and Wilford were re-elected, and Mr. J. Smith of Quorndon, was elected in the place of Mr. Noble.

III. That a cordial welcome to our Conference be tendered to the Rev. W. Green, who has recently accepted the pastoral charge at Melbourne.

IV. That this Conference, representing the Midland District of General Baptist Churches, commends very cordially to the Western Association of Baptist Churches, our brother, the Rev. John P. Tetley, late of Burton-on-Trent, and heartily desires for him an abundant blessing in his new sphere of labour at Silver Street, Taunton.

V. That the Autumnal Conference be omitted this year in order that we may be able more conveniently to unite with our Particular Baptist brethren at the Midland Baptist Union Meetings at Leicester.

VI. *Conference arrangements for next year.*—The Spring Conference to be held at Hinckley on the Tuesday after Shrove-Tuesday; the Rev. W. Green to be the preacher. The Whitsuntide Conference to be held at Ilkeston. The Rev. Dr. Underwood was appointed Chairman for the year; and the Rev. James Parkinson and Mr. Buckingham of Hinckley, and the Rev. John Wild and Mr. Smith of Ilkeston, were elected the Conference Committee.

VII. Mr. Marshall proposed the resolution of which he had given notice, re-

specting the insertion of a clause in the College Trust Deed, by which all members of subscribing churches should be constituted members of the College Committee. After considerable discussion, it was resolved, that this Conference recommends the Association to appoint a Committee to investigate the provisions of the College Trust Deed in that respect, and to report.

VIII. In the absence of Mr. Lacey, the Rev. E. Stevenson moved, and it was resolved, That the churches be requested to include in their reports to the Spring Conferences all who have been baptized or restored since the previous Spring Conference.

IX. *Mr. Winks' motion on Evangelistic Work.*—Resolved,—That the Conference feels the necessity of appointing an agent to work in our weak and pastorless churches, and recommends to the Home Mission the appointment of such an agent.

X. That, admitting the right of the Legislature to restrict the hours of opening and closing public houses, this Conference deprecates any such change in the Licensing Act of the late Government as is proposed by the present Secretary of State for the Home Department.

XI. The thanks of the Conference were given to the Rev. J. Wild for his sermon in the morning; and to the Rev. Samuel Hey, M.A., Rector of Sawley, for kindly opening his church and grounds to Conference visitors.

In the evening, at six o'clock, a public meeting was held. Rev. Dr. Underwood presided; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Wilshire, E. H. Jackson, C. T. Johnson, and C. Springthorpe.

The weather was fine, and the Conference very numerously attended.

WATSON DYSON, *Secretary.*

THE GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

THE Assembly this year was rather less numerous than usual: but the elders or representatives of the following churches were present—Bessels Green, Billingshurst, Chichester, Dover, Headcorn, Portsmouth, Saffron Walden, and from two of the three London churches, viz., Peckham and Worship Street. The church at Godalming, having ceased to be Baptist, and having tried in vain to get the Assembly to give up its Baptist character, has consistently withdrawn from connection with it.

Among the members of the Assembly were the Revs. J. A. Brinkworth, T. B. W. Briggs, J. Ellis, J. Hill, C. A. Hoddinott, J. F. Kennard, J. Marten, J. C. Means,

T. Rix, Dr. Sadler, and J. L. Short; and Messrs. H. Green, J. and A. J. Marchant, J. J. Marten, W. Shelford, &c. The Rev. J. F. Kennard presided at the meeting for business, and the Rev. T. B. W. Briggs at the public meeting in the evening, when several interesting speeches were delivered.

Beside the above there were present several Unitarian ministers and friends, and a few, I regret to say only a few, of our brethren of the New Connexion. Will our brethren bear with me while I say that they would (from what I judge to be their own, viz., the "evangelical" point of view,) act wisely in more heartily reciprocating the advances we have made toward them for some years past. They are missing an opportunity of doing good.

The public service was introduced by the Rev. E. R. Grant, of Maidstone, who read the Scriptures and gave out the hymns; the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Commercial Road, offered the general prayer, and the Rev. John Hill, of Chichester, preached from Luke xii. 32. The sermon was carefully composed, but gave indication of views with which several among us were not prepared to sympathize.

The communion service, which has been held for the last three years on the day after the Assembly, was better attended this year than in either of the former years. It was at Worship Street. The Rev. T. B. W. Briggs presided, and the Rev. Dr. Sadler gave a very impressive address. The Rev. J. A. Brinkworth, G. Ride, J. L. Short, and H. Solly, also took part in the service. The communicants included members of our own body, Unitarians, and General Baptists of the New Connexion; and all seemed to feel that it was "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

At my age, and with my infirmities, I cannot confidently reckon on seeing many, or even one more Assembly; but should I be spared to do so, I should rejoice to see a larger attendance of New Connexion brethren, and to have applications from several of their churches for union with us; not forsaking their own Association, which I should be loathe to weaken, but taking our Assembly (as many of them do the Baptist Union) in addition to it. I think I could then repeat the "*Nunc Dimittis*" of old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace," &c.

JOSEPH CALLOW MEANS.

NOTTINGHAM PREACHERS' UNION.

THE twenty-fourth annual meeting of this Union was held on Whit-Monday, in the Mansfield Road School Rooms, Notting-

ham. The business meeting was announced for two o'clock, after opening with prayer reports showed a total for the year of fifty-three baptized, twenty-eight candidates, and six restored, in the eleven stations regularly supplied by the above brethren. After tea a public meeting was convened, under the presidency of A. Goodliffe, Esq., who insisted upon some plan being devised for an extension of the Baptist cause in the surrounding district. The Secretary gave the following summary:—There are 41 preachers, one having recently entered into rest; 1,200 plans have been published, providing for 1,100 sermons, besides occasional services and ordinances; these have entailed journeys of 8,000 miles within the area of the Union plan; but beyond this region our brethren supply twenty other places in the adjoining counties of Derby and Leicester, making an approximate total of 3,000 sermons, and 20,000 miles, for the past twelve months. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Edwards, W. Millington, and the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A.

W. RICHARDSON.

CHAPELS.

BARTON FABIS.—The bazaar for the improvement of our chapel was quite a success. During the two days, May 28 and 29, about £220 were raised. This, with what we hope to obtain by an effort further on in the year, and opening services, will, we trust, enable us to worship God in a comfortable house free from debt.

CROWLE.—Anniversary services were conducted, May 31, by the pastor of the church, the Rev. J. Stutterd. On Monday, June 1, a tea and public meeting was held. Mr. S. B. Mayhew, of Mister-ton, presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. Jonathan Young, R. Senior, Mr. Brownlow, and others. The collections reached nearly £15.

DENHOLME.—A bazaar will be held in the beginning of August next for liquidating our chapel debt of £470. Any contributions towards the object will be thankfully received by J. TAYLOR, minister.

GREAT GRIMSBY, Freeman Street.—On May 31st, two anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Orton to large and attentive audiences. On Monday, June 1, a large company partook of a substantial tea provided by the ladies of the congregation. A public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the pastor, Rev. R. Smart, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Orton, J. Fordyce, J. Scruton, J. Taylor, J. E.

Whydale, and J. Jack, accompanied by prayer for the work of God in the town. The collections were in advance of last year.

HITCHIN.—A sale of goods left from the bazaar was held on Friday, May 15, which produced £30; this, with previous sales, gives us £250 in the bank towards our new Building Fund.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—On Thursday, May 28, Mr. Tucker (son of Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., of Camden Town.) delivered a lecture on "A Trip to Palestine," in aid of the building fund. The attendance was good, and the collection liberal. We are at present in urgent need of a larger and more commodious place of worship. Our town is rapidly increasing, and our chapel is not nearly large enough to contain the numbers which flock to hear the word. The friends are making strenuous efforts; they have purchased a noble site, at a cost of £370, all of which is paid, and we have a good start in our building fund; but hitherto we have received little help outside our own congregation. Lovers of the Saviour do help us if you can. Ours is, indeed, an urgent case.

LONGTON.—Dear Sir,—I have reason to believe that our approaching bazaar will be amply supplied with China and earthenware goods, and also with some of the choicest productions of the Ceremai art. Successful manufacturers and tradesmen may wish to adorn their tables and sideboards with tasteful and elegant pieces of the potter's skill; let them send their orders to me, and they shall be promptly executed. The sons and daughters in our Israel may be anticipating the bridal wreath, the smiling morn, the new home, and the brilliant future; dinner, tea, toilet, and trinket services, we shall be in a position to supply at market prices, the proceeds to be devoted to our new chapel.

C. SPRINGTHORPE,

Meir Green, Longton.

NETHERTON.—Our Bazaar was held during Easter week on behalf of our contemplated new Sunday school and class-rooms, which, notwithstanding the unhappy colliers strike, realized nearly £100. The building will cost about £300, towards which we have £112 in hand, and promises from the teachers and friends connected with the school amounting to about £40, leaving about £150 still to be obtained. We thank the friends at Walsall, Birmingham (Longmore Street), Peterborough, Melbourne, Norwich, and other places, for their liberal contributions in money or goods; but we still look to our churches to enable us to obtain the remaining £150.

SMALLEY.—Our chapel, after being closed for painting, repairing, and improving, was re-opened by Mr. C. Barker, of Chilwell College, May 24. On the following Monday a tea was provided gratuitously, when one hundred friends took tea. An interesting meeting followed. Mr. Barker and other friends gave addresses. The Secretary stated that the whole cost would be nearly £38, and the receipts from all sources amounted to over £36.

SCHOOLS.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—School sermons, June 7. Preachers, Rev. S. S. Allsop and W. Gray. Collections, £103 8s. 6d.

DENHOLME.—On Sunday, May 10th, school sermons were preached by Rev. W. Chapman, of Vale. Collections over £48.

IBSTOCK.—On Lord's-day, June 7, two sermons were preached on behalf of the Sabbath school by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Collections, £21.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—Anniversary sermons were preached, May 24, by the pastor, the Rev. J. T. Almy. The singing of the children was admirable, and reflected great credit upon their leader, Mr. G. Wagg, who has been precentor in connection with this church for nearly forty years. Collections, £16 3s. 6d.

LEICESTER, Friar Lane.—The anniversary sermons were preached, May 10th. Collections, £45 5s.

LINEOLME.—May 31, two sermons were preached by our pastor, the Rev. W. Sharman. The congregations on both occasions were very large, and the collections amounted to £43 3s. The school is in a prosperous condition, and several of the scholars have, during the past year, been united with us in church fellowship.

MORTON.—The anniversary of the school was held on June 14 and 15. The sermons were preached by Rev. W. Orton and Mr. John Wherry. On Monday the teachers, scholars, and friends, had an excursion to Grimsthorpe Park, where, by permission of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, they walked through the gardens and spent the day in recreation about the grounds.

SAWLEY.—On Lord's-day, June 14, anniversary school sermons were preached by Rev. Watson Dyson. The congregations were good, especially in the evening, some being unable to gain admission. Collections, £16 15s. 6d. The day following 160 friends sat down to tea, which was provided in connection with the children's treat. Altogether it has been a successful anniversary, for which we thank God and take courage.

BAPTISMS.

ARMLEY.—June 8, three, at Wintown Street, Leeds, by R. Silby.

BEESTON.—June 7, three, by J. Turner.

BOSTON.—May 31, three.

BERKHAMSTEAD.—June, fifteen.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—May 24, eight, by W. Gray.

BOURNE.—April 29, nine, by W. Orton.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—May, five.

FLEET.—June 7, three.

GRIMSBY.—May 24, nine, by R. Smart.

HALIFAX.—May 31, three, by I. Preston.

HITCHIN.—April 22, two; June 10, six; June 14, six; by J. H. Atkinson.

LEICESTER, Friar Lane.—June 3, eight, by J. C. Pike.

LEEDS, Wintown Street.—June 8, five, by R. Silby.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—April 5, two; May 3, two; May 31, eight; by J. Fletcher.

LONDON, Praed Street.—June 3, eight.

LONGTON.—May 30, twelve, by C. Springthorpe.

LONGFORD.—May 31, eleven, by J. P. Barnett.

MANSFIELD.—June 10, eleven.

OLD BASFORD.—May 31, five, by W. Dyson.

PORTSEA.—June 3, six, by R. Y. Roberts.

TODMORDEN.—June 3, five, by E. W. Cantrell.

WALSALL.—June 2, five, by W. Lees.

WEST RETFORD, Notts.—June 7, three, by J. T. Roberts.

WISBECH.—May 21, seven, by W. E. Winks.

MARRIAGES.

BROWN—WINKS.—June 2, at Friar Lane chapel, Leicester, by the Rev. W. E. Winks, of Wisbech, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. T. Stevenson, Mr. John Morris Brown, of Leeds, to Charlotte Ann, only daughter of Mr. J. G. Winks, Gainsborough Villas, the Fosse, Leicester.

CRABTREE—STANSFIELD.—May 30, at Birchcliffe chapel, by licence, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Oliver Crabtree, of Cornholme, to Miss Betty Stansfield, of Lineholme.

EASTWOOD—WORSICK.—May 9, at Birchcliffe chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. T. Eastwood, jun., Walker Lane, Wadsworth, to Miss B. Worsick, Frost Hole, Erringden.

GREENWOOD—CRABTREE.—May 25, at Shore, near Todmorden, by Rev. J. Maden, Mr. Joseph Greenwood, of Layfield, to Miss Susan Crabtree, of the Mount.

GREENWOOD—FARRAR.—May 25, at Birchcliffe chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Jonas Greenwood, Wadsworth Lane, to Miss Sarah Farrar, of Hebden Bridge.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JULY, 1874.

OPENING OF NEW CHAPEL, CUTTACK.

Cuttack, May 19th, 1874.

At length I have the satisfaction of reporting that our new and beautiful house of prayer has been opened; and I cannot but hope that the interest awakened by the opening services is a token for good. The best of all is, God is with us. We anticipated the solemnities of the opening services with very chastened expectations, as several of the mission circle and our own immediate friends had, owing to the intensely trying heat, to leave for Pooree a week or two before; and all will be sorry to know that among them was one of the pastors, Mr. Miller, whose health, I regret to say, is not in a satisfactory state; but while some were unavoidably absent who would have felt a special interest in being present, I trust that we may thankfully say that the Lord has been with us of a truth.

The last services in the old chapel were held on Lord's-day, May the 10th. Dear old place! Its very dust and stones are hallowed to me. It is nearly thirty years since I preached in it for the first time; and for some twenty-seven years—a long time in a tropical country—I have been one of the regular ministers. I left it with peculiarly solemn feelings, which your readers may imagine, but I can hardly describe. I preached the last Oriya sermon in this venerable sanctuary on Sabbath afternoon, the 10th, from Isaiah xlix., 20—"The place is too strait for me: give place to me, that I may dwell;" a text, I may add, from which grandfather Goadby preached the Sabbath before our little chapel at Measham was taken down for enlargement, more than half a century ago. In the evening of this interesting day Mr. Pike delivered a solemn and earnest discourse, from Prov. i., 20—23. And thus we left a place that some of us can never forget, and which by many in glory will be remembered with deepest interest and gratitude. I may add, for the information of my young friends that it was opened Nov. 5th, 1826. It was destroyed, or nearly so, by the desolating flood of October, 1834; but was rebuilt and again opened in April, 1835. It was enlarged to double its former size and reopened in August, 1838. It was thought a special cause of gratitude that Mr. Lacey and Mr. Sutton, who had preached the opening sermons in 1826, should fulfil the same pleasing duty twelve years later. No house of prayer in Orissa has a title of the holy and precious memories of the sanctuary we have just left. It is the oldest Protestant place of worship in the province; and the gospel has not only been preached within its walls for a longer time than in any other place in Orissa, but to many more souls, and, so far as mortals can judge, with greater success. I felt in leaving it that we had come to the close of another chapter in Orissa Mission history.

The first service in our new chapel was a prayer meeting in Oriya. It was held on Friday evening, the 15th, and was presided over by Mr. Brooks. Suitable portions of Scripture were read and expounded; and prayer was offered by Mr. Brooks, Sebo Patra, Makunda Das, and Babu Sudanand Jacheck. It was a good beginning. Sebo Patra did not forget to pray for "Thy servant who has had so much labour and anxiety in connection with the building;" and all who know the burden of care and responsibility that our friend, Mr. Bond, has had for more than two years, felt that it was most appropriate. I had expected to see the chapel half full at the first service; but, to my surprise, when I entered a few minutes before the time appointed I had difficulty in securing a seat.

The next evening an English prayer meeting was held. The attendance was very encouraging, though, of course, not like that at the Oriya service. Mr. Pike read Psalm cxxxii., and prayed; after which prayer was offered by Mr. Bond, Mr. Brooks, and myself. The spirit of the meeting was good.

Lord's-day, the 17th, when the opening services were preached, was felt to be a memorable day. As it devolved on me to preach the first Oriya sermon in the morning, and the first English sermon on the evening of this interesting day, I may not particularize the services as it might otherwise be proper to do. It will be sufficient to say that the morning text was Isaiah lx., 13—"I will make the place of my feet glorious." At the close of the sermon D. Anthravady and several of his friends, who had come to share in our joy, sang a Telegoo hymn, and he offered prayer. The chapel was very crowded at this first Sabbath service, though not more than half our orphan children were sent. In the afternoon, Ghanushyam preached a very excellent sermon from Haggai ii., 9—"The glory of this latter house, etc." Large as was the morning congregation, it was decidedly larger at this service. The evening text was Haggai ii. 7—"I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts;" and the congregation was much larger than any of us had ever before seen at an English service in Orissa. We all felt, at the close of this important day, that we had much cause for thankfulness, encouragement, and hope. I may add that we had no collection; but the day before one friend sent fifty rupees (£5), another thirty rupees (£3), and another hearty friend promised five hundred rupees (£50). We have not yet received all that we require, and the subscription will be kept open a few months longer. It may be that the Lord will incline the hearts of some who read this to help us.

I could not but think again and again of the contrast between these services and those in 1826. At that time there was not a single native christian; but the principal interest of the services just held has been in the pleasing number of them that have gathered to worship God and hear His word. Not many of my readers will have so vivid a remembrance as I have of an article in the *Repository* for June, 1827, headed, "New Meeting House in Orissa," and written by Mr. Lacey. He described the opening day, Nov. 5, 1826, as "a day of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and added, "We were more particularly led to contemplate the period when divine light shall have issued from this house, and filled the whole of dark Orissa with its cheering rays." Many a ray of heavenly light has issued from that house of which he wrote, but the work before us is still great. Gross darkness still covers Orissa. "O, send out Thy light and Thy truth." May the promise recorded in the nineteenth verse of the chapter from which two of the texts were chosen last Lord's-day be fulfilled in our experience. "From this day will I bless you." Amen and amen.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

THE BAPTISM OF A POOREE BRAHMIN.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

Wednesday, April 22nd, 1874. This morning I had the pleasure to baptize a young, high caste, brahmin, a native of Pooree, and one of the hereditary priests of Juggernath. If I mistake not he is the first brahmin, and the first native from that celebrated shrine of idolatry who has ever confessed Christ in baptism. The young man's name is SODA SEBO PPOHORAJO. He is nineteen years of age, and was educated in the government school at Pooree, where he passed the Calcutta University entrance examination in Oriya and Sanscrit. He is also acquainted with the Bengali and Hindoostani languages. Fifteen months ago he removed to this district to pursue his Sanscrit studies under a celebrated gooroo. The first time I saw him was when he called upon me twenty or thirty days ago. He did not then express any desire to become a christian, but told me that he had come to Berhampore to apply for the post of Sanscrit teacher in the government school. Since that time he has had frequent conversations with our native christians, particularly with Daniel Mahanty, the well informed and highly esteemed deacon of the church. At first the young man was inclined for Brahmoism; but he afterwards became convinced that christianity was the only true religion, and Christ the only Saviour. He determined, therefore, to be a christian, and after the service last Lord's-day morning expressed a wish to be baptized. Lest his friends should hear of his decision and throw obstacles in his path, he was anxious to be baptized as speedily as possible. As he said, they would rather that he should perish by drowning or poison than become a christian. Last evening, therefore, after the prayer meeting, his case was considered. One of the brethren remarked that his case was not of an ordinary character; that immediately he was baptized he would be put upon his defence; that unless he was well equipped with Scripture weapons he would be routed; and that as he did not consider his knowledge of Scripture truth sufficiently extensive, he thought his baptism had better be deferred. To this it was replied that *faith* in Christ was the condition of baptism, and not such a complete knowledge of the Scriptures as would enable a person to maintain his ground against all objectors. At length it was agreed to have the young man called, and to hear, from his own lips, what he had to say. The following is substantially the conversation that took place between him and the brethren:—

Q. Do you wish to profess Christ in baptism?

A. Yes! or I should not have requested it.

Q. Why do you wish to do so?

A. Because I regard hindooism as false, and christianity as true.

Q. Do you wish to try it for a time, and then renounce it, if not found true?

A. My belief is that it is quite true, or I should not have wished to try it at all.

Q. Should you be baptized, you must expect opposition and persecution; are you prepared for this?

A. You might entertain different opinions as to what I might say in answer to this question; but the Lord knows my heart, and He knows I wish to be faithful until death.

Q. Are you prepared to give up caste and everything else for Christ?

A. I am.

Q. Why do you wish to be baptized so soon?

A. Because if my parents knew that I was about to embrace christianity, they would try in every possible way to prevent me.

As the young man's answers were given in such a frank manner, the brethren all felt that they could not "forbid water," and it was decided that his baptism should take place in a public tank near the mission chapel at half-past six this morning. Accordingly the chapel bell was rung at the time appointed, and the greater part of our native christians repaired to the spot. It was an interesting

sight to see them, together with a number of the heathen, along the top of the tank—a sight which Bampton and Pegg, Lacey and Sutton, would have delighted to witness. Tama, the senior preacher, delivered a short address; Anunta offered prayer; after which I made a few remarks to the effect that the young man before them was a brahmin, and native of Pooree; that he was satisfied that hindooism was false, and christianity true; and that he wished by baptism to avow himself a disciple of Jesus Christ. Turning to the young man, I said, I will now, in the presence of these people, ask you to take off your *poita*, or sacred thread, that they may see you have renounced all connection with hindooism. Without the least hesitation he at once took off the brahminical badge and gave it to me; after which, amid the great stillness of the spectators, I baptized him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To the Hindoos, baptism is regarded as the rubicon between hindooism and christianity. Up to the point of baptism a man may recede and return; but immediately he has passed through the baptismal waters he is regarded as irrecoverably gone—as having taken a step which cannot be retraced. So far as hindooism and his heathen relations are concerned, baptism is symbolical of and synonymous with *death*. In this he is dead, and buried. Hence, I heard a man use the very words, in relation to our young brother, that he would have used had he been describing his death. “*He’s gone! he’s gone!*” he said; “*and will he ever return? No! he will never return!*” Viewed in such a light, how important and striking is the ordinance of baptism. It is emphatically an outward sign of an inward change—a change from one state, from one world, from one religion to another. As our young brother has thus become “*dead*” to hindooism, so may he “*rise*” into a real Christ-like life. He will need, and I hope will have, the prayers and sympathy of all true christian friends. Nor can I but think of the parents and friends he has left behind. To them the tidings of his baptism will be a thousand times more painful than would have been the tidings of his death. By his embracing christianity he will be regarded as having brought disgrace upon his ancestors as well as his parents. It is a mistaken feeling we know, but it is painful, nevertheless; quite as much so, or even more, because less enlightened, than it would be to christian parents if a beloved child became an idolator. Henceforth the young man will be unable to approach either his father or mother; and if ever they speak to him it will be to pour curses on his head. I mention these facts that friends may see how difficult it is for a Hindoo, and especially a high caste brahmin, to become a christian. Blessed be God, however, that we have new evidence that the gospel is the power of God unto the conversion of a Pooree brahmin: yes! of an hereditary priest of the hideous Jnggernath. Sometimes we have been scornfully and defiantly asked whether a Pooree brahmin has ever embraced christianity. Henceforth we shall be able to answer, Yes!

With regard to the young man, I may just say that he is very fluent of speech, and apparently full of life, energy, and action. He has an extensive acquaintance with the Hindoo system of religion, not only as recorded in the shastres, but as it appears behind the scenes. In the Sanscrit language he is quite at home, and is able to converse in it with the greatest freedom. What he requires is a knowledge of the Scriptures. He has heard and conversed with the missionaries at Pooree, and has also received copies of tracts and gospels. But, as he says, he had then no desire to know the truth, so gained very little scriptural knowledge. Upon the minds of our preachers and christians he has made a very favourable impression; and the general opinion is that, by God’s blessing, he will make an efficient preacher. Other things being equal, his caste, his knowledge of Sanscrit, and of the Hindoo religion, are certainly in his favour, and I should not be surprised at his turning out a second Gunga Dhor. And, indeed, men of this class we very much require—men who can tell the people that they gave up hindooism because it was utterly powerless to effect their salvation. Such men were our first preachers; but, with one or two exceptions, they are all gone. So weak is human nature, and so strong are the temptations of the world, that over our young brother’s conversion I rejoice with trembling. It is pleasing to see the cheerfulness with which he has received the gospel. From first to last he has seemed to experience great gladness. Shortly after his baptism he said to me, “I now feel as if, by God’s favour and your help, seven mountains have been taken off my head. Thus may he ever go on his way rejoicing.

In a letter of May 2nd, Mr. Hill gives some further information in reference to this interesting convert; and also mentions another brahmin who was anxious to make a profession of christianity. He writes:—

The young brahmin I wrote about is going on exceedingly well, and is diligently employed in the study of the Scriptures. He goes of his own accord to speak to the people, and his knowledge of the Hindoo shastres enables him to show that, even according to these, their mode of worship is wrong. He has also brought me two or three hymns that he has composed, which are very fair and promising. By God's blessing, I cannot but think that he will prove a very efficient preacher; but this time alone will show.

Another brahmin, my old pundit, and the one now employed by Mr. Smith, has expressed a wish to be baptized. For years he has professed to have no faith in hindooism, and to believe in christianity; but since my return to Berhampore his mind has been much more settled. At the children's wedding feast he had some of their curry and rice; and only last evening he partook tea and bread from our table. This shows that his regard for caste is gone. Still, because of his family, and because of the reproach he would have to bear, he hangs back at present from professing Christ in baptism, which is *the* test of a man's sincerity and courage, and the boundary line between heathenism and christianity. He still declares that he wishes and means to be baptized; and this evening he told me that his morning and evening prayer was that he might have courage to confess Christ. Our native christians have known him for years, regard him as a christian, and would gladly welcome him to their fellowship. Last Lord's-day we had three brahmins at chapel, all professing to be Christ's disciples. It was quite cheering. The Lord prosper His own cause.

MISSIONARY TOUR BY MR. W. BROOKS.

My duties in connection with the mission press do not allow of my being much away from the station; but besides attending a festival occasionally, I try to spend two or three weeks during the cold season on a missionary tour.

Before I could arrange to leave, several parties of European and native brethren had been out and returned; some had left on a second tour; and others were preparing to leave at the same time. And being anxious to go in a direction that had not been or likely to be visited this year, we determined to make our tour to the eastward—a district in which much precious gospel seed has been sown for many years past by brethren still living, as also by honoured brethren who have gone to their reward. I was the more anxious to take this tour as I had not been in the district to work for fifteen years, and there were many hallowed associations connected with it, of many of which it was a great pleasure to be reminded. The main road runs for a long distance nearly parallel with the Kendrapara canal; but the canal, with its many distributaries and surroundings, has so changed the appearance of some parts, that my past recollections were sadly out. A few of the old markets had been done away with, and a number of new ones established; but the greater number remained just as they were twenty-five years ago.

In company with brethren Pike, Ghanu, and Benjamin (a student), we left Cuttack on Friday morning, the 16th January, and went ten or twelve miles till we reached our carts: there we made ourselves tolerably comfortable under some bamboo bushes, and after breakfast walked to Paga market, leaving our bearers and people to cook and eat, to be ready for the afternoon march to the Sissua bungalow. A goodly number of people at the market listened very attentively to what was said; but two or three captious brahmins repeatedly interrupted us. A few books were distributed at the close. The eagerness with which tracts and gospels are received has not in the least lessened, and it is very rare we see a book injured. A number of women were amongst our hearers.

We stayed at the Sissua bungalow till Monday morning, attending a large market recently established on Saturday, and a festival on Sabbath-day.

Our way to the festival at Boteswara Bhogaboti lay for some distance on the left bank of the canal, and this we had to cross. The canal is an immense blessing to the people in many respects; but the conveniences for crossing are sadly too few and far

between. In several places the masonry for bridges has been built, and the iron girders have been lying for several years, but unfortunately that is all. At the crossing near the festival we found a large crowd mostly of women, and only one small boat, with a couple of men to manage it. There were three or four policemen with canoes to prevent over-crowding; and though they used their canoes pretty freely, their work was no sinecure. We got across without any serious delay, and certainly without using any undue influence to get across out of our turn. After a walk round the festival, we took our stand on the river embankment, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of people. Our hearers were frequently changing, and in turn we continued our preaching for several hours, occasionally answering questions, and being occasionally compelled by the importunity of one and another to carry on something like a discussion, as also to give away books. Many heard of that Saviour who died for them, and were shown how helpless were the gods they were trusting in, as represented by the lifeless stone many of them had worshipped and made offerings to in the temple close by. The first time I visited this festival, brother Lacey mounted a broken wall of the then as now dilapidated temple, from which to preach and distribute books, at which the brahmins were exceedingly wrath.

At most of these festivals there are swarms of beggars, and various dodges are adopted by different parties to gain their ends. Several of this class present I have seen at almost every festival I have been at since 1842; they have grown both old and hardened in a life of vagrancy and deception.

We first pitched the tents at Salpore on Monday, the 19th, and visited Bodamundore and Lachmabar markets, meeting with large and attentive congregations at both places. We had a visit from the deputy inspector of police, and had a long and interesting conversation with him. He promised to come again the next evening, but from some cause or other failed to do so. He referred to having several times conversed with brother Miller. He requested me to send him some stockings or socks made by the girls in our orphanage. In their usual dress, natives with socks or stockings on look, as we say, very much "like puss in boots;" but are very fond of getting them on, and think themselves great swells. Still the hopes said to have been expressed by one of the two first Judges of Supreme Council, sent out by the English government to Calcutta, have not by any means received their accomplishment. As they were nearing the port, the left bank especially was lined with bare-legged people. One exclaimed to the other, "Look, brother! we have not come a moment too soon! I hope we shall live to see these thousands decently clothed, and wearing shoes and stockings!" Poor creatures, they have much more important wants, still unsupplied, than shoes and stockings. And if other Judges of a more recent date in their statements had been equally harmless, it would have been well.

We broke down our tents early on Thursday morning, expecting a very large market about halfway to our next encamping ground; but on reaching the spot were sorry to find we had been misled, perhaps intentionally. We, therefore, continued our march after breakfast, and selected a fine grove of mangoe trees in which to encamp. Here we remained till Tuesday morning, attending Chattra, Chandanpore, Bil, and Bhadresur markets, and brother Damudar having joined us, we were able to form two parties at each market. Most of the day of Sunday it was cloudy, and the wind cold and gusty; and in the evening we had a downfall of rain. Brother Pike had ordered a trench to be dug round the walls of the tent, so that we were but little inconvenienced beyond having to stay a day longer than we intended to let the tents dry. A considerable number of people came to the tents, and with these the native brethren especially had much profitable conversation. One afternoon whilst here, there was suddenly a great noise not far off, as of many people quarrelling. These turned out to be a host of brahmins who had been to a *shrâddha*, or funeral-feast at a village near. Each had had a good fill of curds and flattened rice, and one pice; some were carrying away what they could not eat. They were chaffed a little about their propensities on such occasions, and then, in a very nice way, they were entreated to turn to Christ, the only Saviour for them or those who were deluded by them. Most of them received what was said in good temper.

On Tuesday, the 27th, we moved on to Kendrapara, thirty-eight miles from Cuttack. We remained there six days, and visited the large markets in the neighbourhood, some of them twice. On Wednesday evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Nauth, the Deputy Collector and magistrate there, along with three friends from Cuttack, and passed a pleasant evening. Mr. Nauth has erected a small building near his house, and in this he regularly conducts an Oriya service every Sabbath afternoon, several of his servants being christians. The Sabbath we wore there

Damudar preached; and with our brethren and servants added, and several christians who were resting for the day on their return from Chandbali, we were very nearly twenty in number. There is a considerable population, and one or two native brethren or a European would find plenty of work in the immediate neighbourhood, and the large markets at easy distances.

On Thursday afternoon we had a heavy shower of rain, and in the evening a severe storm. The native brethren's tent very soon went over, all but one corner, and ours was soon saturated, and the ground a puddle. Ghanu and Damudar held on by one of the poles of their tent for some time, but eventually all fled to ours. Mercifully none of them were injured; and beyond present inconvenience, wet clothes, and an almost sleepless night, we none of us suffered. Pretty early next morning Mr. Nauth came down to look after us; and learning from him that there was a vacant room at the police station, and that he could give the brethren a room in a vacant building, we left the tents after breakfast, and attended the market at a short distance. So long as we remained Mr. Nauth very kindly supplied us with meat, vegetables, milk, &c., which we shared with our brethren, and for which we were all of us thankful.

We left on our return on Monday, March the 2nd; and as the weather was still very unsettled, and the roads in a fearfully muddy state, beyond the native brethren attending one market we did not attempt to preach on our return. We all of us got home safely on the morning of the 4th of March, thankful for all the mercies shown to us and ours.

I have said but little about my companion. It was a very great pleasure to have his company; and I trust that the tour will have given none but a good introduction to the labour to which I hope he will long be permitted to devote his life. Beyond occasionally distributing books, he could, of course, do but little; but he will have been helped in the language, and become better acquainted with the habits of the people.

We enjoyed the company of our brethren, and were happy to share in their labours. May a rich blessing descend on the Word preached and distributed.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XIII.

“Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag; because by them their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous.”—Hab. i. 16.

THE Hindoos have a custom of worshipping the tools and implements by which they obtain their living. Collecting and placing them together, each artizan offers to them a sacrifice, consisting of incense, flowers, fruit, rice, and articles of a similar nature. For the time these tools and implements are regarded as gods. Prayer and supplication are made, to the effect that they will be propitious, and that, as in the past, so in the future, they will afford their owners a means of obtaining a living. As several people that I was employing absented themselves from work, I was told on inquiry that they were worshipping their tools. The time for this worship is the Doorga festival—a festival which takes place annually at the end of September or beginning of October, and which is one of the most popular and expensive festivals in India. On these occasions the farmer worships his plough and his spade, and the blacksmith his hammer and his tongs; the carpenter pays homago to his saw, his plane, his adze, and his chisel, and the mason to his trowel, his rule, and his level; the weaver offers sacrifice to his loom; the fisherman to his net, and the writer to his pen; the tailor devoutly adores his needles, the potter his wheel, the butcher his cleaver, and the barber his razors. Even the women fall down before the implements they use in connection with their household duties. In a word, every person worships the tools chiefly employed in obtaining a livelihood, “because by them their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous.”

To what extent these idolatrous customs prevailed among the Jews twenty-five centuries ago it is not for me to say. But among the professing christians of the nineteenth century is there no sacrifice offered unto their own net, or incense burnt

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1874.

OUR ASSOCIATION AT LOUGHBOROUGH.

ONCE more we express and put on record our devout gratitude to Him whom we met to honour and serve for the protection vouchsafed to brethren and friends travelling to and from Loughborough, and for all the interest and profit of our annual re-union. As we reflect, the following facts give rise to thankfulness and congratulation:—

I. The reception we met with. Loughborough's welcome was fresh and vigorous. "Time that doth all things else impair, still makes them young and flourish there." To entertain an Association is a work that must be undertaken to be understood. To canvass the town for sleeping accommodation, to assign the accommodation offered, and fitly assort the tastes and habits of hosts and guests, is a great work; yea, "*non satis erat respondere Magnas, sed Ingentes, inquit;*" and thus much we may say, without the exaggeration condemned by Lælius. Brethren Stevenson and Alcorn, who undertook this work, have purchased to themselves a new degree, and if our Association had been entitled to pass a *senatus consultum*, their names would have been most duly honoured. To the friends of the two churches an Association was no novelty. From former experience they knew the toil and responsibility involved; they remembered how even General Baptist ladies and gentlemen expect the mercies of Providence ready at the moment the appetite and opportunity demand; and how every home must prepare for the early exit and late arrival of the guests: and yet we were received with all the warmth of a first love. Surely 1874 may be equalled but never excelled in the hearty entertainment of one of our largest Associations.

II. The unabated interest in our annual gathering. To the tribes of Israel, Jerusalem was ever attractive. The love of its temple, services, and festivals, began with youth and continued until hoary hairs. Wherever the Association is held, we see some of our venerable friends who attended these meetings half a century ago, accompanied by their descendants of a second and third generation. Ministers attend well; hard working ministers, not "in holy orders," come to refresh themselves for their work in the villages and wherever their

occasional labours are needed; former representatives, who, through a change of residence, have been dismissed to churches not associated with us, seek by personal membership again to share in our work and worship; whilst no other motive but the love of our institutions could induce our representatives to leave the demands of their secular vocation, or to forego the pleasures of sea-side rest and recreation, and give time and expense for a week at the Association. The ladies come in undiminished numbers year by year, patiently attend through our busy meetings, and with admirable self-restraint never claim their right to speak and vote. No sooner did we assemble than hearts began to glow. It was good to be there. A Leicester reviewer, referring to the late Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, says, it was worth a journey to London simply to hear "The Hailstone Chorus." Many of us, if not all, can say, if there were nothing more, it is worth a journey to the Association to unite in one of our large meetings in singing our hymns of praise to Christ. When we miss brethren from some of the poorer churches, to whom the expense of travelling is a consideration, we deeply regret that provision is not made that they also might share in the holy ardour and profit of our gatherings.

III. The intellectual and spiritual vigour of the brethren who led our thoughts and kindled our emotions. To appreciate justly is one thing; to boast or flatter is another. The latter we would carefully avoid; the former we would be forward to do. It is but just to brethren who were appointed to duties—on the proper discharge of which depends the profit of an Association and the reputation of the denomination—to say that their work was well prepared and admirably done. We should not have been surprised—had the Association determined to publish all the speeches, sermons, papers, etc.—to find that every thing was prepared *in extenso* and ready for the printer. This year all was done well. The Address of the President, the Rev. Thos. Barrass, was like himself, full of earnestness and love, and was very suggestive in useful hints to ministers, deacons, and church members. The sermons of the Rev. J. Maden, of Shore, and of the Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford; the Circular Letter of the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., of Birmingham; the paper of the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding; the addresses and speeches at the morning and evening meetings and the afternoon communion service were all of excellent quality. To those who know the anxiety which precedes and attends an engagement of this kind, it is no little relief and gratification to find that studious efforts are by brethren gratefully appreciated. We are proud to record that the vigour of brethren who are appointed hereunto does not suffer any of our meetings to degenerate into loquacious twaddle.

IV. The unanimity and cordiality with which our business is transacted. The cantankerous is conspicuous by its absence. The captious would find no scope amid so much business so rapidly and earnestly transacted. As iron becomes hot without changing its properties, so we sometimes witness in debate that emotion—without which intellect could not glow and burn—is kindled into warmth, becomes red hot, and gives off its burning sparks, without losing its Christian character. If the writer may once more be indulged in a quotation, which by its frequent use has become as well understood as

an English aphorism, we often find that "*amantium iræ amoris integratio est.*" And brethren who differ in judgment, enter their protest, and wax eloquent and demonstrative in opposition, renew even thereby their attachment to the brethren and institutions of the denomination.

It is impossible in this brief notice to refer to all the business transacted; nor is this necessary, as the majority who read this Magazine will purchase a copy of "The Year Book for 1874"—already published—which contains the Address of the President, the Circular Letter, and a detailed record of the meetings and business. With an allusion to a few salient points we must be content.

The Statistics.—There are 158 associated churches, reckoning as one several that are practically two. There are 105 pastors, not including brethren without pastorates. Four new churches, Armley, Bulwell, Chellaston, Manchester, were admitted. The membership in our home churches had increased from 21,186 to 22,070, a clear increase of 884; and in our mission churches from 649 to 732, a clear increase of 83. At home 1,552 had been baptized. A serious item in the reductions is, in 77 churches 513 had been erased from causes other than dismissed, excluded, and dead. Contributions to denominational institutions increase. Sunday schools in 143 churches have nearly 11,000 more children than all our churches have members. Three ministerial brethren have entered into rest—Rev. J. Maden, of Gambleside; Rev. W. Sexton, of Tring; and the Rev. J. Stapleton, of Edgeside. At least 36 ministerial changes were reported in the associated churches.

Personal Members.—Messrs. R. Johnson, of London, and G. F. Bayley, of New Barnet, were the first to avail themselves of this new regulation, by which persons as well as churches may enter into Association. These valued brethren, who have removed from their previous residence, and have been dismissed to other than General Baptist churches, are still one with us.

The Chapel Property Scheme.—A sub-committee was appointed to send out a schedule to all our churches, in order to obtain a detailed and comprehensive register of our chapel property, names of trustees, and all the important *et ceteras*, so that nothing may be lost.

The Unification Scheme.—This apt word, of Latin ore, smelted and moulded, albeit in poetic fire, near the works of the famous Butterley Company at Ripley, came to hand nicely to express the scheme proposed for our Home Mission operations. The scheme is printed in "The Year Book." Its object is, without prejudice to the present arrangements and liabilities of Conferences and Committees to their stations, to unite the sympathies and operations of all our churches, with a view, if possible, to build one new chapel every year in some new locality, and thus really and manifestly to extend the borders of the Connexion.

The Constitution of the College Committee.—The friends of the College were anxious about this matter. The Executive Committee had hitherto consisted of the laymen appointed by the Association and *the ministers of subscribing churches in the neighbourhood.* On referring to the Trust Deed it was found that the clause we print in italics had not been inserted. Such being the case, the ministers referred to could not

legally attend the Committee meetings and vote. How to conduct the business of the College legally, and yet to secure the continued interest of not only neighbouring but all the ministers was the problem to be solved. A judicious and happy solution was found in the following arrangement. An Executive Committee of fifteen (besides the Treasurer and Secretary, who are according to the deed *ex-officio* members), consisting of eight ministers and seven laymen, was appointed by the Association to conduct the business of the College, the Association still retaining all its rights of supervision and control; and the Monday evening meeting of the Association, consisting of subscribers and ministers of subscribing churches, is still to be held as a Committee for review and advice.

The Retirement of the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A.—Mr. Stevenson having resolved before the commencement of the last session to devote himself entirely to his pastorate, received at this Association the most cordial and unanimous acknowledgment of his valued services at the College. As an accomplished scholar, an able tutor, and an eminent Christian, Mr. Stevenson had won the love of all his students, and the esteem of the whole denomination. His resignation had been accepted with deep regret, and a desire was heartily expressed that the College might continue to share in his sympathy and counsel.

Arrangements were then made with the writer to fill the vacant post.

The Building Fund is doing a good work. Its capital now amounts to nearly £3,000, and its Committee have given timely notice that soon an effort will be asked for, by which the capital shall be raised to £5,000. A *New Hymn Book* is also contemplated. The *Magazine* grows in circulation, and its Editor in our esteem and confidence. The *Foreign Mission* has been highly favoured in a donation of £1,000 by Mr. Robert Eate, of Spalding, subject to a life interest; by most handsome legacies, and by increased contributions. The *Sunday School Conference* in a few years has become an established and valued institution. *Cases* from Conferences, Churches, and Individuals were not a few. *Resolutions* on Special Services, Bands of Hope, Open-air Services, Village Visitation, the Norwich Chapel, etc., etc., will be found in "The Year Book," together with resolutions on the Scotch Patronage Bill, and the Liberation Society.

The next Association will be held at Wisbech. President, Rev. J. Alcorn. Preachers, Rev. Giles Hester and Rev. E. H. Jackson; in case of failure, the Rev. T. Ryder and the Rev. N. H. Shaw respectively. The Circular Letter, on "The Evangelist," by the Rev. J. H. Atkinson.

The work of the week so increases, that the Association determined to include the Friday morning in the time allowed for the transaction of business.

Best thanks were rendered to all to whom we felt indebted; and a timely exhortation from the President, with singing and prayer, brought the 105th Association to a close about eight o'clock on the Thursday evening, there not being time for the usual Free Conference.

C. CLARKE, *Secretary.*

THE DOCTRINE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

BY REV. W. UNDERWOOD, D.D.

CONNECTED with the Lord's supper there is both a ritual and a doctrine—an outward service and a system of substantial, positive truth. The ritual, as appealing to the bodily senses, has attracted most attention, and been the occasion of the greatest controversy. That is a kind of strife not belonging to our best interests to-day, and with it I shall not meddle. I prefer to speak on what has been too much forgotten by all sacramental combatants, and by most of their quiescent observers, viz., the *doctrine* of the sacred supper—its *theological* rather than its *ritual* aspects. I regard it as symbolical and representative of great theological verities—of truths so vital and essential that, apart therefrom, the whole institution dwindles into the voidest of empty forms, and into the most shadowy of outward shows.

I. The first of these great verities is that which, for want of a better word, we call the INCARNATION—the literal equivalent of the Greek term, ensarkosis, used by the early Christian church. The incarnation was neither a conversion of God into man, nor a conversion of man into God: neither a humanizing of the Divine, nor a deifying of the human. Nor was it only a momentary conjunction of the Divine and the human, but an abiding fellowship of the two in one personal life. And this, as Martensen says, “is the fundamental miracle of Christianity.”

The pre-existence of our Lord is implied in it. He did not first begin to be when He was born of the virgin. “He was in the beginning with God.” “He was before all things.” The body which the only begotten Son assumed was composed of the same substance as that which forms the bodies of other men. “The Word was made flesh.” Some early heretics attributed to Him a mere phantom-body, or at the most regarded His visible form as one of the theophanies or Divine appearances, such as we read of in the Old Testament. But to Thomas, who doubted the truth of His resurrection in a real body, He said, “Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands: and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing.” While to those who were terrified and afraid, and supposed they had seen a spirit, He said, “Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have.”

Together with a real human body, He had a complete human nature, consisting of a mind and soul as well as of a corporeal form. If the animating principle of Christ's body had been the Divine nature only, He would not have been, as we know He was, “the man Christ Jesus.” While He had a true body which increased in “stature,” He had a human mind which “increased in wisdom.” The *Divine* nature cannot suffer, according to our knowledge of the nature of suffering; but the soul of Christ was “exceeding sorrowful.” The Divine nature cannot die; but Christ died, and His decease was like the death of those who were crucified with Him. When in the act of expiring, He said, “Father, into Thy hand I commit My spirit: and having said this He yielded up the ghost.” The complete human nature possessed by our Lord was

* The Address delivered at the Association Communion Service.

impeccable—free from moral stain : and so, while dwelling among men, he was “holy, harmless, undefiled—separate from sinners.” His severest censors could not convict Him of sin. These facts concerning the nature of our Lord are necessary to be known in order to a right interpretation of the Scriptures which testify of Him, and to a correct understanding of His life in the flesh. Those who ignore these necessary truths, or who pronounce them no better than scholastic subtleties and theological speculations, have much to learn, and “have need that one should teach them which be the first principles of the oracles of God.” When man fell, human nature was depraved and disgraced : but when Christ came in the likeness of it, that nature was dignified and honoured, and became, as Barrow says, “adorable as the true Shekinah, the palace of the supreme majesty, wherein the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily.”

II. But while the supper of our Lord, by presenting to us the symbols of His body—his flesh and blood, impressively recalls to us the fact of His incarnation, *it forcibly represents to us His sufferings and death.* At the institution of the supper, Christ did not simply say of the bread, This is My body : and of the cup, This is my blood. But He spoke of the one as “given and broken,” and of the other as “shed” for them. Thus the breaking of the bread and the pouring out of the wine symbolize the important truth that He “suffered for us in the flesh.” The sufferings of His body were intense and severe. The death of the cross, as it is called, crucifixion, is believed to be one of the most painful modes of bodily torture which was ever invented and employed. But the sufferings of His soul were the soul of His sufferings. And those began earlier than the sufferings of His body, and are related in the familiar phraseology of Matthew and Mark. “He began to be sorrowful.” “To be sore amazed.” “To be very heavy.” The full force of the three words in the Greek of the Evangelists is but feebly expressed in the English version ; but it is patiently shown by Pearson in one of his learned notes to his work on the Creed. And he pertinently observes that “if sorrows and agonies, if stripes and buffetings, if condemnation and crucifixion be suffering, Jesus suffered. If the infirmities of our nature, if the weight of our sins, if the malice of men, if the machinations of Satan, if the hand of God could make Him suffer, Jesus suffered.”

In adverting to the Saviour's suffering, it is not needful, perhaps it is not proper, to employ that style of description which some speakers and writers have used, and the effect of which has been to excite the emotions and harrow the feelings of the hearer or reader. These pathetic preachers and sensational authors have expatiated on the cold-blooded cruelty of those who sought to kill Him : on the perfidy of Judas, who betrayed Him : on the cowardice of the other disciples in deserting Him : on the weight of the cross which He was compelled to carry : on the torture inflicted by the crown of thorns as it was pressed on His brow : on the anguish which thrilled His frame when the nails pierced His hands and feet, and when the spear of the soldier perforated His very heart. But all these minute details can do no good at this distance from the time when the incidents occurred, and they are not countenanced by anything in the narratives furnished by the four Evangelists. Their

representations are brief and simple—not altogether devoid of graphic power—yet leaving on the reader the deep impression that the sufferings of Christ were indescribable and inconceivable.

III. Another and a higher truth is signified by the supper of our Lord. When, as He took the bread, He said, “This is My body, given for you :” and when, in taking the cup, He said, “This cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins ;” did He not convey the idea of an expiation such as the apostles more fully unfolded, and such as the Christian church has ever maintained ? “Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.” He “suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” Christ’s own words support this view of the design of His death, for they form a solemn assertion that the shedding of His blood was an expiatory sacrifice.

A God of infinite justice and mercy inflicts sufferings of unparalleled severity on One who was perfectly innocent. And in consideration of the sufferings so endured, He pardons the guilty who confess their deeds, and saves the lost who seek His favour. And does not this Divine procedure imply a transfer of guilt in the one case, and of merit in the other ? To say that the suffering life and the accursed death of the Son of God were intended merely to attest the divinity of His mission, and the value of His work, and to furnish an abiding example of certain passive virtues in the most trying circumstances, is to bear witness to only a part of the truth. The other part, and chief part, of it is that this willing and patient Sufferer stood in our stead, and that His death on the cross was vicarious and piacular, atoning for sins. This cardinal doctrine is not the gratuitous invention of an effete theology : nor is it the logical outcome of any particular train of human reasoning. It is revealed in Scripture with a plainness and fulness corresponding with its importance. And as an artist is said to have so fixed his name on the temple he designed that it was impossible to erase the one without destroying the other, so has God interwoven this doctrine of expiation by the sufferings and death of His Son with the whole contexture of revelation that it can never be dis severed from it. And so long as the Lord’s supper continues to be rightly observed in the churches—so long as the words of the institution are repeated, and the original symbols are retained—so long will there be a lively testimony of the fact that Jesus “loved us, and gave Himself for us, an offering and sacrifice to God.” Of all the testimonies which are borne in the sacred Scriptures to the doctrine of the atonement, this which is conveyed in the Lord’s supper is the most important ; because it not only presents the doctrine in the clearest light, but incorporates it with the highest act of religious worship, and preserves the memory of it in a monumental rite which is destined to continue to the end of time. “As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show”—or declare, solemnly announce as a momentous fact, and openly proclaim as a matter of belief—“His death until He come.”

IV. *The supper is a standing memento of our Lord’s departure out of this world, and of the fact that “the world seeth Him no more.”* Before He suffered in full measure, and before He died and departed, He appointed

this as His special memorial; and He told His disciples to do what the participation in it required "in remembrance of Him." Every successive generation of His followers must accept this memorial, that it may be preserved until His future and final advent. The high sacramentarians of the present day profess to see in the supper the signs of Christ's *real presence*. The established doctrine of the Roman church. Now a belief in the ubiquity of the Saviour as a *Divine* Person will cause us to anticipate His *spiritual* presence at the table, as in other places, or even more than in other places: for "wherever two or three meet together in His name, there He is in the midst of them." But, regarding the bread and wine as memorials of His body and blood, they imply *His real absence* rather than His real *human* or material presence. From the time of the Reformation, all the great luminaries of the church have agreed in denying a corporal feeding in the supper. As Hooker says, that the real presence of Christ's most blessed body and blood is not to be sought for in the elements of the supper, but in the worthy receiver of them. Every time we approach the table and partake of its provisions we are forcibly reminded that the *Lord Himself is not here*. For we are nowhere instructed to believe that the elements we see and receive *personate* Him. He is, in reality, "gone into heaven;" and the heaven to which He ascended "must retain Him until the times of universal renovation." But His presence in heaven is pregnant with good to us, for He is there completing the work which He commenced on earth. When the High Priest went into the tabernacle which was called the holiest of all, he was separated from the worshippers by an impenetrable vail; and the people could only know that he was actively officiating for them by the feeble sounds of the bells which were attached to his priestly garments. But while he remained invisible to them they prayed, they hoped, and waited, expecting that when he had accomplished the service he would re-appear, and bring with him the accustomed blessing.

Is it not even so with us? By His own blood our great High Priest "entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." We know that our Redeemer liveth: that He is at the right hand of God: that He also maketh intercession for us. And so, while our senses are furnished with these memorials of His sufferings and death on our behalf, our souls find fresh exercise for faith and hope, and the surest grounds for increasing joy.

"While He is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may live in heavenly light,
 And dwell for ever near His face."

"If our faith in God rests upon truth, then any new step in advance in the scientific knowledge of nature must give us a new argument for its justification, must confirm it, strengthen it, and illustrate it; for if there is a God, in the religious sense of the word, then nature is of necessity His first and oldest revelation."

H. UBRICI.

ILLUSTRATIVE TEACHING; ITS USE AND ABUSE.*

IN all our efforts to instruct and impress others, it is of considerable importance that our knowledge of the mental constitution should be tolerably accurate, if not very extensive.

Obviously, the Divine Creator has endowed human beings with the faculty of imagination, a faculty particularly vigorous in the case of the young, by virtue of which truth clothed in imagery has charms which cannot be claimed for the more recondite and abstract mode in which it is sometimes presented.

On this occasion it is unnecessary that I should even so much as define the various *kinds* of illustration that are available for your object, such as the simple simile, the parable, the metaphor, the allegory, the fable, or the anecdote. Perhaps it is fair to assume that the distinctive character of each is sufficiently well known for our present purpose, and that, as circumstances permit, you desire wisely and judiciously to interweave with your teaching one or other of these classes of illustration.

In starting on the topic before us we have a most striking *prima facie* evidence of the use of illustrative teaching in the fact, that He who is not only the all-sufficient Saviour, but the grand model Teacher, so extensively presented His instructions in the garb of parabolic language, that it was said of Him, "Without a parable spake He not unto them." Indeed, the Bible as a whole may be regarded as a vast accumulation of the most graphic and effective symbols. The leading *personages* under the old dispensation were, almost all of them, typical or illustrative of Him who was to come. Adam, Noah, Melchisedec, Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, David, Solomon, Jonah, and others, occupied this relationship. Then again, the tabernacle, the ark, the mercy seat, the altar, the burnt offering, the scape goat, the smitten rock, the passover, with their varied details, were all emblems or pictorial representations of some department or other of the Saviour's work.

If we pass on to the ordinary style of Scripture we find the same general plan adopted. Our God is a Sun and Shield, a strong Tower, a Refuge, a Habitation, a Portion, a consuming fire, a Hiding Place. The Lord Jesus is a Bridegroom, a Physician, a Lion, a Lamb, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valleys, a Way, a Door, the Bread of Life, the Sun of Righteousness, a Sure Foundation, a Corner Stone. Again, the Holy Spirit is compared to the Wind, to Fire, to a River, to the Dove. The Word of God is Heat, Light, a Mirror, a Hammer, a Sword, Good Seed, Rain—"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, and distil as the dew."

Illustrations of this kind we might extend almost indefinitely. The church of God is a city, hope an anchor, faith a shield, righteousness a breast-plate, affliction a furnace, sin a debt, the world a field, human life a weaver's shuttle, heaven a crown of life, hell a furnace of fire.

Thus, in the Bible we find creation ransacked to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar—"a garland woven for the brow of Jesus, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of the universe."

It is not necessary that I should dwell longer on this point, suffice it

* Being a Paper read to Sunday school teachers at the Annual Association at Loughborough, on Wednesday, June 24th.

to say, that the fact of illustrative teaching being employed so extensively by the Divine Being furnishes conclusive proof of its adaptation and utility. And I apprehend that the

First and, perhaps, chief advantage of this mode of tuition is that truths of the most profound character are by this means rendered much simpler and easier of comprehension.

Illustrations, viewed as a vehicle for the conveyance of truth, have been not inaptly compared to that toy of our childhood, the kite, which Franklin used for the purpose of bringing down electricity from the clouds. An abstract argument may be perfectly sound and convincing to some minds, but totally inappreciable by children, and indeed by many others who are not children.

Being human, and surrounded by materialism, we cannot see truth with the ease of purely spiritual beings, and therefore want material images to assist us in our conceptions.

In our Lord's teaching, doctrines the most sublime—"heavenly things," "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven"—were brought within the reach of the common people, who heard Him gladly, through the medium of parabolic representation. And my own impression, from a somewhat careful examination of the subject, is the parables of Jesus were almost, if not quite, invariably employed for the purpose of simplicity, and not for concealment or obscurity. I know that many take a different view of the matter, basing their conclusion on the language, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables, *that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.*" From the above and similar passages, there are persons who think that the Saviour, "the Light of the world," intended to *darken* truth by His illustrations; but such an inference is, as it seems to me, quite untenable. Probably a better translation of the passage would be as follows:—"Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables, because, seeing they would not see, and hearing they would not understand." That is, the Jews, in consequence of their prejudices, did not understand the mysteries of the gospel, and therefore our Lord, out of compassion to them, adapted His instructions to their circumstances by the simple parabolic form of teaching: "if peradventure they might be converted, and their sins be forgiven."

Second. The second use of illustration is to arrest the attention, and produce vivacity and interest in our teaching. Lay it down as a first principle that to be of any service you must interest your class. I knew a preacher once who took that passage, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me," etc.; and his leading ideas were (1.) that the children must *come*, they must be brought together somehow; and (2.) they must *hearken*. The first moment that they cease to hearken, as soon as ever the interest unmistakably flags, the best thing for you to do is either to give up at once, or adopt some different tactics. One of the chief causes of our lack of interest is our dry, unimaginative mode of teaching. A little boy was once asked the following question:—"When did the Ethiopian eunuch go on his way rejoicing?" to which he replied, "When Philip left off preaching." One cannot be much surprised at the answer; and depend upon it that our Sunday scholars,

old and young, often go on their way rejoicing as soon as we leave off preaching. But this ought not to be the case. We *can* be interesting, we *must* be interesting. Every one knows from observation and experience how the mind wakes up from its dreamy dulness by the well told, appropriate anecdote, or the introduction of the striking simile. Some of us remember to this day the tales and pictures of our childhood, and in connexion with them, the truths they were intended to convey. And let it not be supposed that this method of teaching necessarily involves the neglect of an appeal to reason. By no means; it is only reasoning in another way; reasoning in the natural language of the child. Supposing, for instance, I want to show the necessity of a spirit of penitence for the enjoyment of salvation, the following incident may be related:—"A certain prince was once visiting the arsenal at Toulon, and was told that in compliment to his rank he might set free one of the galley slaves. Anxious to use his privilege well, and to liberate the one who was most deserving, he spoke to many of them, and asked the cause of their punishment. All declared it unjust, and were loud in their protestations of innocence, till he came to one who bitterly confessed his sin, acknowledged that he deserved all he was suffering; nay, more, that he deserved to be broken upon the wheel. The prince exclaimed, This is the man I wish to be released." The above anecdote proves by pictorial representation the reasonableness of associating forgiveness of sin with repentance; and the teacher might go on to show that just as the guilty, unsubdued, hardened prisoner would, if set at liberty, be a bane to society, so even were it possible for the impenitent sinner to enter the abode of the blest in heaven, he would only create discord and misery there, without himself receiving any real blessing.

Third. The third use of illustration is to assist the memory.

The teacher wishes his pupils not only to comprehend his meaning and listen to him attentively while speaking, but to *retain* what is said. A good old minister, I think Mr. Jay, remarked that those who have to instruct others should say things that will *strike* and *stick*. Yes, dear fellow-labourers, let us aim so to present truth that it will "*strike*" and "*stick*." Now we know that whatever is forgotten, as a rule the illustrations, the tales, the anecdotes, etc., are remembered, and with them something more, namely, the principles for the sake of which they were introduced. Some of you know perfectly well that the whole theory of mnemonics is based on this plan of associating ideas with external objects. For special objects I have occasionally adopted it with great success, and marvellous feats of memory may sometimes be witnessed by the use of this process. Some years ago I gave an address to Sunday school children, taking for my text the two words, "Jesus Christ," and for my divisions the first three letters of the alphabet.

I. (A.) Jesus Christ is (1.) the *Ark*, or place of safety divinely appointed, and perfectly secure amidst all storms. (2.) *Advocate*. We have an Advocate with the Father, etc. (3.) *Atonement*, or At-one-ment. (4.) *Alpha and Omega*, or A and Z, the first and the last.

II. (B.) Jesus Christ is here typified by (1.) the *Brazen Serpent*. (2.) The *Bright and Morning Star*. (3.) The *Bread of Life*. On each of which topics there is ample field for simple and profitable illustration.

III. (C.) Jesus Christ is (1.) the *Captain of Salvation*. (2.) The *Corner Stone*. (3.) The *Creator*. Of course nothing is easier than to draw out the parallelism on all the above points; and one of the greatest advantages is, that the whole substance of the address is most easily remembered. I believe a similar mode has been adopted by other lecturers to children with very considerable advantage.

Fourth. The fourth use of illustrative teaching is, that it tends to show the beautiful harmony between the natural and spiritual world. Truth is one, God is one; and depend upon it as we advance in our knowledge of the external world around us, and as we rise to a fuller knowledge of revelation, the more complete and exquisite will this harmony appear. If we knew nature perfectly, and knew the Bible perfectly, so far from any incongruity presenting itself between them, we should find each to be the complement of the other, or rather, the one like a picture book intended to explain the other. "The whole empire of nature is an image of the empire of grace, and the laws of nature are reflections of the laws of grace."

One of the most wonderful works ever introduced to the world is "Butler's Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature," a work which was issued to meet the growing scepticism of the age, and one which, so far as I am aware, no infidel has even *attempted* to answer. Notwithstanding the severity of the bishop's logic, it must be remembered that the whole force and value of the "Analogy" consist in its illustrative character. Take for example the doctrine of a future life, as taught by revelation. The infidel denies this doctrine. Well, says Butler, you admit a God of nature. Let us see whether there is not something in the constitution of Nature which favours the idea; at any rate, something which shows that there is nothing so very absurd in it. "Do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence; insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun; seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Yea, more. Are not all my bodily organs mere *instruments* employed by *myself as the agent*? Is not the eye an optical instrument, the hand a vice, the arm a lever, the leg a crutch, the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of exquisite instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agent that wields them? What though the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern; still, may not the immortal agent himself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which he came? What though the approach of death seems by degrees to enfeeble and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of Nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of *sleep* does the same?"

Or, take the doctrine of salvation through a Mediator. Why, says the sceptic, cannot we come *directly* to God, without a roundabout scheme like this? "Well," replies our author, if not in these words, yet in substance, "do we not see the principle of mediatorship all around us?" Is it not through the mediatorship of others that we live, and

move, and have our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us which others have not in some measure contributed to procure? Very frequently when punishment would follow vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape, through the mediation of others? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice and breaking his bones, but up steps a sober man as mediator, and rescues him from his peril. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and accordingly down he goes and fractures a limb. But now comes another mediator, the surgeon, and snatches him from the ill effects of the accident. Or, the man is lame, and incapable of earning his daily bread, and if abandoned must after all perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, and thus he is saved from death.

Or, again, take the fact of *mysteries* in connection with a written revelation. But will the Deist assert that there are no mysteries in the constitution of Nature? Will he kindly explain how it is that the same grass will make hair on the back of one animal, and wool on the back of another? The external world is full of mysteries, and for a man to reject a written revelation because of the inexplicable, is only one of the many proofs of the shallowness of infidelity.

Thus, we think, the position is substantiated that illustrative teaching is valuable as tending to show the harmony between the natural and spiritual world.

The fifth use of illustration in teaching is that it has been extensively blessed by the Spirit of God as instrumental in awakening the conscience and converting the soul.

Whatever *adaptation* may exist in the methods which we employ, we must ever keep in mind that nothing short of a Divine power can effectually and savingly train the heart; but, seeing that this adaptation does exist, knowing also that the Holy Spirit has in all ages been teaching man by metaphors, parables, allegories, etc., we have a right to assume that He will bless our prayerful efforts in the direction indicated by this address; an assumption which derives additional warrant from the success by which we know it has been attended. You will, we believe, find that, other things being equal, they are the most powerful and effective Sunday school teachers whose illustrations of truth are most pointed, striking, and appropriate.

We say, try to be eminently illustrative. Be continually drawing pictures before the minds of the young. Copy the perfect model presented by the Prince of teachers, who not only told His hearers what certain were, but what they were *like*. Your resources are exhaustless. Scripture history, Biography, the Arts, the Sciences, all that you see and hear in daily life, may be contributory to efficiency in your grand work.

And, above all, be yourselves the best illustrations. Let your youthful charge see *in* you the holy, earnest, living, Christ-like character which cannot fail to arrest the attention, convince the judgment, and impress the heart. Be assured that this is the true secret of power.

The second part of the subject (*viz.*, the abuse of illustration we hope to furnish in the next number of our Magazine.

J. C. JONES.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. VII. — *Royal Hospital for Incurables.*

THE bright side of London has few more obvious or more pleasing illustrations than the Royal Hospital for Incurables at West Hill, Putney Heath. The building itself is as palatial in style as a ducal residence, as commodious in size as a baronial mansion, and is in every way fitted for the benign purpose to which it is consecrated. The scenery that surrounds it is positively exquisite. It seems indeed placed just where one could wish all hospitals for the sick and weary to be. Not in the dull, dreary, and dingy streets of a huge city, ever resounding with the din of a multitudinous traffic, far away from the cheering songs of birds, the rustling leaves of trees, the fragrance and beauty of flowers, the bright green of the grass-sward, and the ever-changing beauty of a lovely landscape; not where, in fact, all the healing influences of Nature, of shining sun and dappled sky, of busy life and ceaseless growth, are shut out with sedulous and incurable unwisdom, as is the case with so many hospitals: but away in a charming locality like Putney Heath, with its green lanes winding hard by, its abounding leafy shades and extended ranges of view over the fields of Surrey, revealing the infinite variety of Nature, now soothing the pained spirit with its calm, and now rousing to forgetfulness of self with its storm; and always speaking to the willing ear of that great Physician of whose power and mercy there is no exhausting. Better place for an "incurable" than the Putney Hospital there is not this side of heaven. Such at least was our deliberate and grateful judgment as we drove home after our last visit.

And if for any such facilities should be provided by the hearts and hands of Christian charity, surely for those who have passed into that saddest regiment of the great army of human sufferers, the "incurables." The very word excludes hope, that quickest healer "of the mind that is diseased;" and best ally of all physicians who minister to the diseased body. That medicine they cannot take. That which brings the "merry heart," and heals more surely than physic, and sustains the sufferer through acutest pains, is for ever denied them; and they can only look with wistful eyes along the vistas of life on to the grave for the hour of relief and release: is it not fitting that their journey to the bourne from whence no traveller returns should be made as pleasant and as cheerful as their incessant pains or depressing weakness will allow? Poor creatures! some of them have suffered from diseases of the spine for ten, twenty, and thirty years, and for all those long months have been face to face with the mystery of felt pain; others are twisted, wasted, gnarled, and knotted in limb, from the agonies of rheumatic gout; here is a paralytic who never felt the fresh sweet pulses of painless health; and there one with heart disease, that makes life an unbroken weariness, and exertion a lasting dread; some, like the woman of the gospels, have spent their all and are nothing better, but much worse; and others have waited for healing at every famous pool, like the man at Bethesda, till every door of hope has been closed against them: and surely if the enthusiasm of sympathetic good-doing inspired by our Lord

has not virtue in its very robes to heal all who touch them, yet it can carry the "incurable" into the presence of scenes that shall relieve the heavy pressure of pain, and diffuse a bright and glad atmosphere around.

At Putney this is done, and thoroughly done! Sunshine fills every room of the Hospital, notwithstanding the abounding pain and weakness. The spirit of the Home is one of sustained gratefulness. Never have we listened to such real and forcible comments on the words of Paul, "In everything give thanks, for such is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." The eagerness with which epileptics, cripples, and others, all invalids in very deed, pitched upon the brighter features in their lot, and retailed, not their sufferings, but the many alleviating influences they enjoyed in the midst of their afflictions, did special honour to Him who is the Source and Giver of every grace. One dear friend, known to us for many years, seemed fairly to exult in directing the attention of her visitors to the charms and comforts of her condition, to the conveniences in the rooms, as wardrobes, book shelves, pictures, to the facilities for united worship, and to the patience, gladness, and Christian hope of her fellow-sufferers. If part of the reward of doing good be the sight of the grace of gratitude in the recipients of our beneficence, and of the advantages conferred on the needy and deserving, then let the supporters of the Royal Hospital for Incurables go and see for themselves, and we promise them an ample and luxurious feast for their most munificent contributions.

On the occasion of our last visit we saw one of the governors, himself an invalid, being conveyed from room to room. He has been a warm and constant friend of the institution from the beginning, and is well-known and much-beloved by its inmates for his deep and kindly interest in their welfare. Everywhere his visit was heartily welcomed. His presence seemed to diffuse gladness, and he himself was doubly blessed in the joy his generosity and sympathy imparted. Could any investment yield better returns?

One hundred and fifty men and women are now enjoying the rest, comfort, and partial healing of this Hospital; and over three hundred out-pensioners, who are able to obtain the benefits of nursing and medicine at home, are receiving £20 a year. More than a third of the patients are prisoners. They are confined to their bed rooms, if not to their beds. Some few cannot help themselves at all, and require the constant attention of a nurse: but nearly all, as far as pain and disease will let them, force pleasure from such gentle arts as making wool-mats, antimacassars, nets, and the like, knitting socks, and dressing dolls, for the Hospital bazaar. Some are able to walk on the velvet lawn in agreeable weather, and others are wheeled about the extensive grounds in chairs kindly provided by the institution. One of the male patients looks after a lending library, which is pretty freely used. A large sitting room affords a common meeting place for such as are able to get into it, and it is furnished with a piano and with books, and is used for Divine worship on Sundays.

The utmost catholicity marked all the products of the heart and brain from whence this Society proceeded. Its doors are open irrespective of creed or locality. It is a national institution, offering a welcome to all, as well as asking help from all. An exception is rightly made for

paupers, who are justly left to the poor-rates: but barring that class all others find a place according to the number of votes. Half-a-guinea subscription annually creates a governor and entitles to a vote; and eager, of course, is the competition for these votes on the part of the unknown candidates anxious to obtain admission. Would that some less costly and less disappointing mode of ingress could be devised to the benefits of so valuable an institution!

Nowhere is patient waiting and calm trust in God more needed, and nowhere are there more beautiful exemplifications of it. The "earnest" of the heavenly rest seems to be already enjoyed. The very certainty of death, the removal of the ordinary occupations and fascinations of life, the presence of pain and weakness, these urge attention to and provide facilities for the growth of those passive graces of faith and hope, of calm expectation, and meek submissiveness, so characteristic of those who have learnt to sing or say with Toplady—

"When langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

"Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home."

But good as is this work, and much as it is needed, it is quite of recent origin. Not twenty years have yet elapsed since the foundation was laid of this organization at Carshalton, in Surrey, in the most unpretentious way, and with accommodation for not more than half a dozen. Though long in the world, Christian charity has but lately multiplied her hands so as to apply her supporting and comforting influences in this direction. Ingenuity in devising new methods, and in making fresh applications of Christian power, does not seem the most marked endowment of the Christian church.

Gratefully enshrined in the memories of thousands upon thousands of this generation, therefore, ought to be the name of that large-hearted, quick-brained minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Andrew Reed. Labouring away there in the East End of London, pastor of an Independent church, he had the eyes to see, the tact to adopt, and the energy to carry out, no less than *three* homes for orphans, *two* asylums for idiots, and then to take under his care the host of "incurables." He could not do much at first; but he had the courage to do his little, and he did it right well, and it has grown to its present magnificent proportions. If Christianity had only made Andrew Reed and given him to England, it were worth far more to have had it than the philosophy of Aristotle, the tragedies of Sophocles, the art of Pericles, and the laws of Justinian!

Quitting after a few years its Carshalton starting-place, it was fortunate enough to secure Melrose Hall, West Hill, Putney, once the residence of the late Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. That large house has been greatly enlarged, and yet the candidates for admission are numbered by hundreds, whilst those admitted from year to year do not go beyond the teens.

But the way is marked out; and when you have seen a thing done

it is easy to do it, every lad knows. At Clapham Rise, in 1863, the *British Home for Incurables* was opened for the "purpose of alleviating the terrible sufferings of the hopelessly incurable," on the same plan as the Royal, and extends its benefits to over two hundred persons, more than eighty of whom reside at Clapham Rise.

The Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, Red Hill, works in part in the same direction; for though all cases are admitted for five years at first, it is with the option of re-election for another term of five years, or for life. Six hundred now receive the benefit of this Institution. Moreover, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic in Queen's Square has a pension fund for the incurable, and in this way spends nearly £1,000 a year.

Thus the seed sown by Andrew Reed, though the smallest of seeds, has sprung up and is becoming a mighty tree, extending its protection over some of the most needy sons and daughters of affliction.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

FAITH'S HAPPY SONG.

Translated from No. 160 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

No, nothing in myself
Of love can worthy be;
Alone be that esteemed
Which Jesus gives to me:
My righteousness is Christ,
My glory and my spring;
His love and smile are mine—
I all can do by Him.

The gladness of my soul
Is undisputed here;
Of deep destruction's flame
I never feel a fear;
The Lord, the righteous Judge,
Is my most tender friend;
His heart a refuge is
My weakness to defend.

A temple is my heart;
His Spirit there resides;
My Tutor and my Guard,
He counsels me and guides;
Not knowing how to pray,
He forms my deep desires;
Ineffable the sighs
He through my soul inspires.

This spirit who consoles
Speaks to my burdened mind
With this sweet word of power—
"I all thy wounds will bind;
There is a holy place
Where happy lights are poured,
There, with no veil between,
Thine eyes shall see the Lord."

He in this holy place
My home has well assured;
And thus, what time I die,
My heaven is secured.
Am I in sorrow now?
He sweetens all my tears;
His angel presence comes
To banish all my fears.

Yes, spite of every storm
The Saviour, whose I am,
Will safely keep His own,
That hurt me nothing can.
I ought, for His dear sake,
To part with all below;
No others can I wish to be,
Or from His side to go.

If this vain world present
To eye or heart of mine
Seducing pomps and show,
I look to the Divine;
And though an angel sought
To tempt, with reasons fair,
My soul from Jesus' breast,
He'd fail and leave me there.

While thrills of holy joy
Transport my happy soul,
I forward march with faith,
And clearly see the goal;
For Jesus shines on me,
My Lord, my Life, my Light;
He shines, sweet morning star,
And scatters all the night.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. III.—*Training for the Ministry.*

THE only creed books to which I had access gave me no help. Of the clergyman of whom I formerly spoke as being very civil to me I borrowed the Articles of the Church of England, and found therein, alas! no deliverance from the Calvinistic prison in which I was grinding. It told me, Article 17th, that God had, before the foundation of the world, chosen in Christ out of mankind certain persons to be saved, and causes them unspeakable comfort in it who feel in themselves the working of the Spirit, etc.; and the catechism also taught me that the Spirit sanctified the elect. The Assembly's catechism did me no better service. It taught me, in answer to the twentieth question, that God, having out of love or mere good pleasure from all eternity destined some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace to deliver them from a state of sin and misery, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer.

Finding both the Established Church of Great Britain, north and south, as well as the Dissenters, both Independents and Baptists, to be all believing in this love of God only for a few, I had no doubt of it. I began to commit myself to it, and to find in it, or rather in spite of it, as much happiness as it could afford. Others whom I regarded as my friends encouraged me. I opened my mind to some of them whom I considered to be very pious people. I told them of my dull, dark, selfish, unfeeling state of heart, and they comforted me by assuring me they all felt the same.

To my dear young friend, Richard Cecil, I opened the doleful state of my soul; but he being possibly himself as much as I under the pitiable influence of Calvinistic sentiments, instead of helping me, said, that if I continued uttering nothing but these miserable complaints, he would be obliged to leave my company. There were, indeed, a few good people among my Methodist friends who attempted to show me their opinion, but I fear I manifested some contempt for their ignorance; and so, seeing me quite satisfied with the superior correctness of my own notions, they were obliged to leave me to myself. How I was emancipated from this dark and unwholesome dungeon will be afterwards related. But this happy part of my history did not transpire for at least twelve years, and could not, therefore, with propriety be introduced here. It must appear strange to you, dear friends, that any one in so gloomy a state should ever think of becoming a minister. It seems strange to myself. I had no sense of a present salvation, but I supposed that this was the kind of thing which would issue in salvation ultimately. Though in my daily searchings for evidences of sanctification within I could not but find very great and alarming evidences of a depraved nature, and more proof of unbelief than of the "faith which worketh by love;" still I had a prevailing impression that if I had not been one of God's elect I should not have had given me such feelings as I possessed. And then, friends persuaded me that I was fitted for the ministry, and said there could be no doubt of it. My parents, strange to say, though it was a great disappointment to them that I should relinquish a business which had already cost them so much money to teach me, to become a minister among dissenters, a thing extremely averse from their assured habits and tastes, never opposed any obstacle. As soon as I wrote to them on the subject, they considered it was all settled, wrote for me to

come home, and kindly promised to do the best they could for me. Thus, far more rapidly than I at all expected, I found myself divorced from the world's pleasures, and went to college at Rotherham.

At that institution I spent four years. Having had the advantage of some acquaintance with Latin, Greek, French, and German, and Natural Philosophy, I had more leisure to attend to other branches of knowledge, and I fancy I made something like an average use of my opportunities. But, as to my inner life, I have not much to record at this time. At first, I was so carried away by unrestrained intercourse with twenty-six young men of various characters, as to lose much of my spirituality. There was a very weak-minded man among the students, who became a butt of ridicule to many, and I regret to say that I myself carried it out to a sinful extreme. He was rejected by the committee, and when he was gone I thought of my wickedness, and turned my feet to the statutes of God.

Three of us entered into a covenant to pray for and with one another, and to watch over one another's conduct when in temptation with our fellow-students. The remembrance of this brotherly intercourse is very sweet.

At a short distance from college, in the woods belonging to Earl Fitz William, there was a place in the park where stood a noble oak tree. There we three frequently on a Saturday afternoon knelt down and committed ourselves and one another to the living God and Saviour. This tree, that we might never forget it, we called "*Remembrance*." In addition to this, I may mention that, owing to my unhappy theological opinions, my spirit had no permanent rest in God. This I sought for by spending an unusual length of time on my knees with the Bible before me, generally at least three hours a day, or longer. My object being to excite in myself feelings of devotion, and, if possible, ascetic raptures, so that I might thus gain daily evidences of my acceptance in the beloved, and of my having been eternally elected. It was very selfish and very mistaken, but it has taught me many most important lessons, both of the Scriptures and of experience. Well do I know the heart of a Calvinist. There was no one there to give me any deliverance. The tutors, especially the theological tutor, were decidedly Calvinistic, consequently the other teachers were so. And though many of the students were not so much tinged by his Calvinistic tone as myself, still I know they regarded me as of the orthodox faith. I remember once feeling a sort of envy towards one of them who is still living (1869), who told me he had been preparing a sermon on the text, "God is love." I was convinced that I could do no such thing. Yet I look back with something like fond and loving regret to my college days. I visited the place a few years ago, and heard still the echo of the very words said to me and by me. The Bible I then prayed over I still use every day. Many a mark is there, made in times of deep spiritual trouble, and some indication of thorough joy and transport. It is my own particular Bible.* Before my college term was fairly run out I was sent to minister to a congregation of English settlers at Hamburg. I was, as you may readily judge, extremely unfit for the work. I was not happy in God. I was serious and conscientious, but I was not at peace with God. I preached what I believed to be true, but it was not the outpouring of an enlightened and loving heart; and besides that, notwithstanding the considerable

* This Bible alone Mr. M. read through fifty-three times consecutively.—J. J.

advantages I had in the way of education, I was but very insufficiently furnished with the various knowledge required for the continued instruction of the same congregation.

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. V.—*Lucerne and Basle.*

ONE of the principal objects of attention in Lucerne is the *Löwendenkmal*, or Lion Memorial. A majestic lion in a lying posture, with an arrow fastened in his heart, is cut into the living rock, and is intended to commemorate a noble instance of fidelity and valour of Swiss soldiers, who lost their lives in the service of one of the French kings.

The lake, on the lower margin of which the city stands, is certainly one of the most remarkable in all Switzerland. It is worthy of close attention and inspection. The scenery has a special character. It is grand, wild, and strictly sublime. Rugged and precipitous mountains, covered with snow, rise abruptly out of the waters. One of the most accessible of these mountains, and one most visited, is the Rigi. A railway now conveys passengers to the top. Two hotels are to be seen nearly at the summit. It is said that twenty thousand travellers visit these hotels during the summer and autumn months. I did not visit them, but I am told that a notice is posted up in the bed-rooms to the effect that the blankets and bed-clothes are not to be removed from the bed-rooms by the visitors. In the early morning an Alpine horn blows, and travellers suddenly roused, and waking under the influence of mental excitement, rush out to see the sun rise, and instead of putting on their own clothes, as they ought certainly to do, they rather unceremoniously wrap themselves round with the blankets and other coverings, greatly to the annoyance of the proprietors of the hotels.

But that which makes the lake of Lucerne additionally interesting and worthy of special attention is the fact that Tell's history is so closely identified with it. Having one wet day while staying at Lucerne, I procured a copy of Schiller's *William Tell*, and read it on the spot. The drama is full of power and interest. William Tell, the illustrious Swiss patriot, is said to have been born at Bürglen, a village down among the mountains. The inhabitants of the valley in which the village is situated are described as the finest in appearance in all Switzerland. Many spots around the lake of Lucerne are connected with the history of Tell. Altdorf, or Atof, the capital of canton Uri, is situated about a mile from the head of the lake. The scenery around Altdorf is wild and savage in the extreme. Here, it is said, Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. I spent about two hours in the place. Here you see a large statue of Tell, made of plaster, and on the outside walls of some of the public buildings are rude frescoes celebrating Tell's exploits. On the left side of the lake, between Lucerne and Altdorf, is a small chapel, marking the spot where Tell leaped from Gessler's boat during the raging of a storm; and at Küssnacht is another chapel, marking the spot where he shot the tyrant and oppressor of his country. Tell's history may have been magnified by accretions of fable, but there can be no doubt that it has its origin in fact. He lived about the time that Chaucer was composing his *Canterbury Tales*. His name and exploits

embody the natural love of freedom. While the nations around were oppressed with tyranny, the Swiss fostered and maintained the principle of civil liberty. Tell is the hero of this principle, and you find memorials of his daring and courage in many parts of the country. The principle so honoured in the history of Tell ought to be dear to us. Liberty is the main-spring of a noble life, and the only safeguard of a nation's permanent prosperity.

While at Lucerne the young Jews left us, and a short time afterward the clergyman who had been such a pleasant companion felt it necessary to hasten on, and I was again left alone. In this state of solitude I travelled from Lucerne to Basle. I had all along the way specially desired to see this city and have a Sunday there. I arrived here in the evening, and had my first view of the Rhine. The hotel at which I stayed had the sign of the Three Kings, and stands close on the margin of the river. The large dining room, fitted up with antique furniture, comprising choice specimens of old china, commands a fine view of the Rhine. The proprietor is an elderly gentleman, with grey hair cropped rather short, who generally takes his place at the *table d' hote*, and enjoys the ringing of glasses and other signs of convivial friendship.

Basle cannot be called a brilliant, but is on the whole a pleasant and agreeable city. The streets are not particularly fine, but the suburbs are picturesque and pleasant. The cemeteries, one on each side of the city, deserve to be visited. They are laid out with great taste, and kept up with praiseworthy care.

The cathedral is the most conspicuous object within the city. It is built of red sandstone, and is in a good state of repair. The quaint specimens of ancient sculpture on the outside arrest attention.

Basle is closely connected with the history of the Reformation. Erasmus lived many years and died here. In Basle I spent the first Sunday in June. It was Whit-Sunday. In the morning I went to the cathedral, but found it closed, as service was then going on. The doorkeeper resolutely opposed our entrance. I found that generally service on the continent begins much earlier than in England. In the afternoon I got admittance, and heard a sermon on the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I was struck with the orderly behaviour and reverential attention of the worshippers. After the service I went in quest of the monument of Erasmus. I found it at the back of one of the pillars of the church. It is a large flat stone, of the colour of rose granite. The letters are inlaid with gold leaf. The inscription, in Latin, is very long, and commemorates the virtues and learning of the celebrated Dutchman.

The name of Erasmus does not stand out in such public prominence as those of some of his contemporaries. He was the scholar of the Reformation rather than an actor. He had not the bold resolution and the outspoken manliness of Luther, nor the severe religious conviction and organizing faculty of Calvin, nor the stormy vehemence and terrific eloquence of Knox, nor the homely force and fearless honesty of Latimer; but in subtle perception of mind and shrewdness of wit, and in profound and critical scholarship, he was, perhaps, abreast if not at the head of all the Reformers. His memory is worthy of a monument. As a nation we are under obligations to Erasmus. He published at Basle his Greek Testament with a Latin inscription. This became the vital root and moving force of the Reformation in England.

G. HESTER.

PAPERS ON PREACHING.

SECOND SERIES.— No. II.—*At College.*

To College or not, that's the question. Shall the student-preacher get his mental drill from actual life and experience, from personal thinking, feeling, and doing, looking with his own eyes, and carving his way with his own tools, without the aid of College machinery; or forthwith subject himself to two, three, six, or even ten years to the sharp discipline of all the instruments for intellectual culture afforded by these institutions? The soldier goes to the drill-sergeant direct, as a matter of course; the engineer apprentices himself to a practised master in his science; the actor visits the professor of elocution; the doctor attends medical lectures, and walks the hospital wards; the lawyer "eats his terms," and trains for the bar in the solicitor's office or the barrister's rooms; and the preacher, if he carries any sense at all, and has opportunity, gets into College as soon as he can, and into the best College he can, and makes the most he can of its various advantages while he is there. Wherever men try to do any good and abiding work they seek training of trained men. The prophet is inspired; but his inspiration need not suffer because he goes to "school" to Elijah and Elisha.

Colleges are drilling machines. They are much more; but they are always and in every case drilling machines. They are more; for when at their best they make men as well as receive them. They inspire. They breathe new life. They create epochs in the experiences of men. That grand gift of God, a tutor to "the manner born" or bred, trains character, develops manhood, magnetizes the men near him by his strength, penetrates them with his own force, so that they leave his presence proud of him and thankful for their work, ashamed of indolent thoughts, as of stealing; fierce haters of scamping and cram, and fired with unquenchable zeal for the most consecrated service to their Master. He is charged to the full with mental, moral, and religious force. Contact is inspiration. Poor men, despairing of success, are made conscious of exhaustless wealth. Looking over their scant stock of ideas, they bemoan the moment that brings the advent of public work; but lifting up their eyes to his face, they feel that if they can only "toil terribly," as Cecil said of Raleigh, God will never forget them, and they will always have some bread to give to the hungry. Half an hour of Chalmers' "blood earnestness" was worth more than a ton of books. A morning spent with Joseph Wallis in one of his finest moods carried with it wider and better issues than a month's drill. The "one thing needful" for a College is a great, rich-natured leader, ever transfusing his moral and intellectual energies into the men about him. That beggars all the endowments in the world. Higher service no College renders.

The College is also, as we know it, the meeting place of sympathetic minds, beating quick with one ambition, eager for a common service, and devoted to a common ideal. It is a little world of scholars, and has all the variety of interest, conflict of thought, war of speech, that go on ceaselessly in the larger world of human life. Each student is tutor to his fellow. Every man is a lens, through which his neighbour sees himself. He knows his own heart, its folly, its weakness, its deceptions, its corruptions, its aspirations, more perfectly from the daily revelations made within the College walls. His mind, its hidden force, its cloaked feebleness, its crudities, its convictions, its haze, its brightness, shines out before him as in a highly polished mirror. Activity is catching. Students working together help one another in unknown and indescribable ways. The strength of each is more, because it is constantly reinforced by the strength of all. Conceit is rebuked, vanity is punished, the inflated wind-bag of overweening assumption is pricked, and the whole man is goaded or attracted to a higher level, and at a swifter and surer pace. Friction abounds and blesses. Often more real power is acquired, and more service rendered, by the long debates, the free talk at the tea-table, the country strolls, the rapid and daily interchange of ideas, than by any number of interviews with some cold-blooded, cautious, calculating pedagogue, who is always balancing probabilities and deferring to the proprieties, never troubled with a solitary fixed conviction, and never soaring towards greatness of passion or of deed, and as unlikely to make men, real men, as a pyramid of ice cut with all the regularity and accuracy of a crystal.

Next, and only next, comes the drilling strictly so called. The student is perforce a scholar; and Emerson defines the scholar as "*man thinking*." Not man reading till he becomes a crawling book-worm, incapable of the erect and independent position; not man talking and parrot-like, articulating nothing more than the last thing heard; not man grubbing up Hebrew roots, till, like a root, his life is nearly all underground; nor yet man storing his memory with the creeds of Christendom: but man *thinking*; thinking when he reads, thinking as he talks, thinking when he declines a noun or conjugates a verb, thinking always, and thinking intently; such is the scholar.

That thinking is the hardest work we have to do. It is the Alpha and Omega of College activity. It is life, power, usefulness, to the man who does it, and according to the character and degree of his doing it. Education is learning how to think, and all the drill of College contemplates that result. We leave the world so that we may learn how to look at it with our eyes, see its facts for ourselves, classify them, interrogate them, make them teach us, and teach others. Newton said that he only differed from other men in the power of fixing his attention. Just so; but that is everything. He who has conquered that difficulty has crossed the rubicon. Nothing can keep him from the imperial purple. He must rule. Not one man in a thousand has acquired that sovereignty. It is like the search for the Holy Grail. We go out on our richly-caparisoned steed, and hie away over hill and dale, and reach out our hand to a sceptre that crumbles to dust as we touch it. Like a horse that refuses to be caught, the mind leaps and prances over a hundred fields and will not be bridled. We yoke ourselves to a book, and the fancy carries us a hundred miles away. We go out and think the silence of nature will aid us. We are as far off as ever. On go the yokes again, and still we fail. We fail? No! each painful effort is itself a success. Newton's prize is coming within reach.

And beware of books. No sooner do you pass the College gate than you meet the lovely, all-charming maiden, laden with exhaustless treasure, and eloquent with promise of every good—literature. Mind. Fall down and worship her, and you are destroyed for ever. Accept her aid and use it temperately, and as always remembering that "he for God only, she for God in him," was formed, his fair large front and eye sublime declared absolute rule, and her society will bring refreshing and strength in untold measures. Everything at College tempts a man to make too much of books and too little of the power of personal thinking. It is his chief danger. All the talk is of books. Books are his daily tools. The first thing he sees when he wakes is a book; at meals, in walks, in class, in visits, books are the engrossing subject; and he returns to rest at night with a book under his pillow, and visions of books, books haunting his sleep. Books help him. Books cheer him. Books give ideas. Books fill up gaps. His College world is under the dominion of books; and if he is not deeply impressed with the fact that he is not a sack, but a living, digesting stomach, he will soon have books on the brain, and, for all useful purposes, will die a martyr to his idolatry to books. Says one of the freshest thinkers of our time, "I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attractions clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system."

The effect of this slavery to books shows itself in many ways. "He went to College, and they spoilt him," is the criticism that has been passed on not a few men. I could recite some egregious blunders, in reasoning and in practise, made by great men who never saw the inside of a College; blunders from which they would have certainly been saved by a little academic drill. But two blacks do not make a white. Therefore, let that pass. It is a fact men have been "spoilt" by going to College; they have acquired accuracy and lost fire; they have learnt Greek and Hebrew, and forgotten their soul-winning enthusiasm; they have become adepts in scientific and philosophic literature, and saturated their minds with book essence till they have no eyes for life, no power of direct, every-day speech, no plain, pungent appeal. Here is the secret. The man is buried in his books. He talks "book." He echoes his reading. He repeats to weary, care-worn, sin-battling men the ideas of others, without any tincture of living experience, without anything to show that he himself has a heart, and feels and thinks. Students, "keep yourselves from idols." A living soul is infinitely more than a dead book.

Does a man expect to learn mineralogy without putting his knife into limestone and quartz, and using the blow-pipe? Will books make a botanist or a

geologist without any study in the field? No? and yet, forsooth, a man shall preach to living men about life, teach its duties, pourtray its dangers, unfold its possibilities, who has never lived it for himself, but only seen it in the books of others. Professor Blackie says, with equal wisdom and beauty, books* "are not creative powers in any sense; they are merely helps, instruments, tools, and even as tools they are only artificial tools, superadded to those with which the wise provisions of Nature has equipped us, like telescopes and microscopes, whose assistance in many researches reveals unimagined wonders, but the use of which should never tempt us to undervalue or to neglect the exercise of our own eyes."

"The parchment roll is that the holy river
From which one draught shall slake the thirst for ever?
The quickening power of science only he
Can know, from whose own soul it gushes free."

At College, then, seek for power, for life, for mental and spiritual life; not for a stock of sermons; not for a bushel of theological articles; not even for the materials needed to be used in your future ministry. Get tools; languages, sciences; and in all your getting, get power to use, freely and forcibly and to the wisest ends, your tools: get clearer vision, heartier devotion to the truth, more of the character of Christ, and your academic training will justify itself in the widened range and higher quality of your ever increasing usefulness.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

CHARNWOOD FOREST.

AFTER the hard work of our Association week, with its numerable company of meetings from seven o'clock in the morning till nine or half-past at night, what could be more welcome than the romantic scenery and invigorating breezes of the Forest of Charnwood? Pleasant were the hearty greetings of familiar friends, refreshing the discursive gossip, and stimulating the united song of that day of Picnic; and the more so because of the rugged beauty, wild grandeur, and far extending scenes afforded us from the summit of dear old Beacon. Nor less, because before us and about us were the mementoes of the far-gone past, the stern and weather-beaten witnesses of the play of great Titanic forces that did their work in the remotest ages of our globe's history; witnesses of an antiquity that makes our brief life seem immeasurably less than the moment occupied by "the dewdrop on its perilous way from a tree's summit;" and that would persist in telling their tale to all who, with open ear, listen to what the everlasting Father has to say by his first and oldest revelation.

This ridge of hills! what is it? The glory of the Midlands! the pride of Leicestershire; the ornament of the three surrounding towns, Leicester, Loughborough, and Ashby! What is it? A small block seemingly struck off the flanks of Snowdon, and pitched on to that wide and fertile plain of red sandstone that extends through the counties of Nottingham, Leicester, southern part of Derby, Warwick, Worcester, Stafford, north of Shropshire, and part of Cheshire. What is it? A series of miniature mountains, from whose loftiest summits, near nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, the tourist may command a view of half a dozen counties!

All that, and more, may be said as to what it *seems*: but what *is* this ridge of hills? Why is it a ridge at all? How came Beacon to be so much higher than Barrow? Whence this wildness in the midst of such luxuriance? Why does Bardon Hill soar seven hundred feet above the level of the river in the vale below? Can any one lay bare the secrets of Charnwood Forest's physical history?

Look at that brook. How it hies away from the top of the ridge towards the Soar on the side nearest Quorndon, whilst from the Bardon side the Sence and the Anker flow in an opposite direction and make for the Trent; just as the descending rains are parted by the roof of a house, one portion going on one side, and one on the other. Clearly this Forest is not a table-land, flat as a deal board, but is more like a huge letter V turned upside down.

And yet not precisely like that. For every one to whom Charnwood is known remembers that the hills are traversed by a valley, or more accurately speaking

* Self-culture, § 1.

by two valleys, about midway from either side. Starting from Newton Linford you enter a lovely and fertile vale that passes Ulverscroft Abbey, interesting to archaeologists, and at length reach Baldwin Lodge. At this central point of the Forest the valley disappears, only to break forth in a more decided course by way of the Oaks Chapel, under Ives Head on one side and High Sharpley on the other. That valley is exactly where we should have expected the top of the upside down V., *i.e.*, it runs along the very centre of the ridge.

Keeping these things in mind, now weigh the following facts. Here is a piece of rock taken from a quarry near Beaumanor Park. It is a bluish coarse-grained slate, very inferior to its relatives from Penrhyn and Llanberis or Festiniog, but still obviously and undeniably a slate. Across it are "stripes" of a reddish brown colour, at distances of about three quarters of an inch apart, very distinctly showing alternations of finer and coarser material, and indicating the lines along which the mud out of which the slate was made, was originally laid down. In that quarry the "stripe" is never horizontal; never runs like the covers of a pile of books laid one upon another on a level table, but is always bent or inclined in a certain direction, just as the covers of the books would be if they were allowed to lean on one another against a wall, the first one being placed an inch or so from it. Professor Jukes, who was a great geologist, says a similar thing is seen at the Swithland quarries, and that the amount of inclination, or bend, is about thirty degrees, or like that of a somewhat low pitched roof. At Nan Pantam and Whittle Hills the dip is greater; and is after the manner of a high pitched roof. It is still more at Woodhouse Eaves, and it is always *one* way at all these places, like the roofs of a long row of houses: but when you get towards Old John there are signs of change, and the slates cease to dip north-east, and go right round to the south, and when we reach Groby and Markfield the dip is exactly opposite to that at Woodhouse and Nan Pantam, *i.e.*, is south-west. Imagine a terrace of houses running N.N.W. and S.S.E. Let the end house in each case be semicircular and set with its back to the house next it, and the roof be made in a semicircular form to match the house. The extended line at which the slates meet represents the Charnwood ridge, from end to end, and the slanting slates the dip of the rocks towards the centre of the earth, and the two semicircular roofs at the ends roughly figure the bending and arching round of the strata about Old John, and at the opposite end of the Forest. So that if we could cut the Forest right across from Mountsorrel to Markfield, we should first come on Mountsorrel granite, then some red sandstone, followed by Swithland slate dipping down from Roeclyffe in a north-easterly direction; and next to similar slates but dipping in the *opposite* direction at Benscliffe right away till we reach the syenite of Markfield Knowl.

It is certain these rocks were not deposited in that way. That could never be. They were once soft mud at the bottom of the ocean. They could not be made anywhere else, nor of anything else, for all slates have been manufactured under water far away from the shores of the sea. Large stones, carried forward by brooks and rivers to the ocean, are, as everybody knows, the first to fall, and form the pebble and shingle banks not far in the sea; beyond them the smaller stones and sand fall, and still further fine almost impalpable silt or mud out of which slates are made. That which falls to the bottom last, and furthest from existing land, is the slate stuff. Having been deposited, it hardens; then it is baked and compressed; and after awhile thrown up in the way we find it now. What could have so upheared these gigantic rock-masses except that prodigious powerful force which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, engulfed Lisbon, created Etna and Vesuvius and their hundreds of companions, sent forth the hot springs of Iceland, and in ten thousand ways continuously counter-works the ever destructive power of the waves of the sea, the rains and rivers, the frost and winds?

Yes, but if the Fire-giant lifted up these hills, why should there be a valley just along the central line of the ridge?

Think for one moment, and the answer will come.

"You don't see it?" Then take a piece of tough stick and break it, but so as not to separate it into two distinct portions. Next bring the ends nearer and nearer to each other, and as you observe the increasing gape at the point of fracture, you will see why there is a valley at the centre of a ridge like Charnwood Forest. Moreover if the upthrow of the slate took place under water, you can easily imagine how that fierce destroyer, water, would play his energies along that line of breakage, and soon cut a tremendous dyke from end

to end of it. So that the valley itself is a record left of the action of the earthquake force in some far distant period; and tells the same tale as the slates everywhere dipping from the ridge on either side. The evidence is positively so strong and convincing that one can almost see it being done.

But that is not all. Fire-made rocks abound on the Forest like fish in the sea. Mountsorrel granite has travelled north and south and east and west. In one or other of its varieties it is used for footpaths, crossings, stable-yards, street paving, railway yards, yard and kerb stones, and as a road metal carries the palm. The syenites (a rock composed of felspar, one of the three elements in granite, and hornblende, a greenish black opaque rock,) of Groby, Bardon Hill, Markfield and Sheepshed, are quarried to a very large extent for similar purposes. Porphyry, a mineral characteristic of volcanic formations, containing distinct crystals scattered through its base, is found at Bardon Hill, Green Hill, High Towers, and many other spots. In the Whitwick colliery the coal has been burnt and turned into coke by a volcanic rock called trap, and differing little in its nature from porphyry. That Charnwood Forest was once a volcanic region is sufficiently evident. Beds of lava are found in with the slate, and actually enclose bits of the slate that they have broken off in passing, as witnesses that the slate was already there, made out of the sea-mud, baked, compressed, and ready to be cleaved, when the intense heat was doing its work.

We cite only one other fact to testify to the presence of mightily disturbing agents in the old Forest. In the Moira Coal Field there is what geologists call a "fault," extending for a distance of five miles, and separating beds of coal that were once as certainly one as this page is, by a distance of four hundred and twenty feet. Imagine forty-six rows of bricks piled one on another, each row numbered and each brick marked with the figure of the row to which it belongs. Cut the rows in two from top to bottom, and let one half of the rows be sunk into the earth till you get the uppermost row in the sunken half at the level of the twenty-third row in the stationary half. That is exactly how you find the beds of coal in this field. The surface does not show this, because it has been washed off; but if you travel along the main seam of coal, which is fourteen feet thick, you suddenly and abruptly come to the end of it; it breaks off like the end of a house, and you have to descend four hundred and twenty feet before you find it again. The immense amount of disturbance attending such an enormous downthrow it is impossible to imagine; but it is proof enough, along with those before-cited, that the neighbourhood of Charnwood Forest has been subjected to repeated and fearful attacks of the devastating, destructive, and recreative forces of fire.

Will those forces play again along the old lines of vent? Are they preparing themselves for the terrible conflict now? Clearly they have not been restricted to one period. Is it likely they may return? If so, when? It is impossible to say: but the physical history of the Forest suggests that the heat-energies have employed their engines with diminishing intensity, and that as it is an incredibly long time since they did let loose their fury, we may hope they have found other quarters. For this is one of the oldest patches of this old, old globe. Dr. Holl, one of the highest authorities on rocks of this character, puts this Forest as near to that dateless period "in the beginning" as any rocks that have been observed. We must go to the Laurentian rocks of the river St. Lawrence, in Canada, or of Scotland, or the Isle of Anglesea, or the Malverns for their contemporaries. But even at that early period the igneous forces had pushed up beds of porphyry in amongst the beds of slate, and the whole region, though under water, was as fully alive with volcanoes as the western shores of Central America are to-day. Raised up out of the sea, these slates, syenites, and porphyries, formed an island when Bredon Hill and the limestones of Grace-dieu were being formed in the adjacent ocean, and then a little later the tree ferns, of which the coal is made, grew where Ashby, and Coleorton, and Whitwick, now are. Following this there came a tremendous thrust that sent the slates higher, that even set the limestone of Bredon and Osgathorpe and Ticknall on end, and cracked and broke up the coal measures from one end to the other. Once again the sea began its work and deposited the sandstone on which Loughborough stands, and through which the Soar runs near Mountsorrel, and the gypsum of Burton Bandals and Gotham and Thrumpton ("perhaps derived from the bursting out of hot springs"). But we must stop. Of these, and of Barrow lias lime, and much besides, we may "gossip" geologically by and bye.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

DREAMING AND DOING.

FOR THE YOUNG.

AMY was a dear little girl in many things; but she had one bad habit; she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

In the village where she lived Mr. Thornton kept a small shop, where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season.

One day he said to Amy, "Would you like to make some money?"

"Of course I should!" said Amy; "for my dear mother has often to deprive herself of things she needs, so that she may buy shoes or clothes for me."

"Well, Amy, I noticed some fine ripe blackberries along by the stone wall in Mr. Green's five-acre lot; and he said that I or anybody else was welcome to them. Now, if you will pick the ripest and best, I will pay you eightpence a quart for them."

Amy was delighted at the thought, and ran home and got her basket, and called her little dog Quilp, with the intention of going at once to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to find out, with the aid of her slate and pencil, how much money she would make if she were to pick five quarts. She found she should make three shillings and fourpence—almost enough to buy a new calico dress.

"But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts; how much should I earn then?" So she stopped and figured that out. "Dear me! It would come to eight shillings."

Amy then wanted to know how much fifty, a hundred, two hundred quarts would give her; and then how much she could get if she were to put it in the savings' bank, and receive six per cent. interest on it.

Quilp grew impatient, but Amy did not heed his barking; and when she was at last ready to start, she found it was so near dinner-time that she must put off her enterprize till the afternoon. As soon as dinner was over she took her basket, and hurried to the five-acre lot; but a whole troop of boys from the public school were there before her. It was Saturday afternoon. School did not keep, and they went with their baskets.

Amy soon found that all the large, ripe berries had been gathered. Not enough to make up a single quart could she find. The boys had swept the bushes clean. All Amy's grand dreams of making a fortune by picking blackberries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she made her way home, recalling on her way the words of her teacher, who said to her, "One doer is better than a hundred dreamers."

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE ASSOCIATION—MORE TIME FOR BUSINESS!—We have received another letter on this important subject. It is answered by the distinct resolution passed at Loughborough. Friday morning is to be appropriated to Association work. This will relieve us from that painful and weakening sense of pressure and hurry so keenly felt for years past; will afford more time for deliberation and for other work, evangelistic or otherwise, that we may wish to prosecute. It has been an "understanding" for a long time, now it is a *rule*, that Friday morning is to be used for business.

II. THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN AND BULWELL BAPTISTS.—Verily Dr. Wordsworth is the "Ishmael" amongst the Bishops. He has been quarrelling with the Wesleyans for some time, and still has the conflict on hand; but the doughty champion of "mass in masquerade," and

of middle age superstition generally, now challenges the Baptists of Bulwell to the fight on the subject of "Infant Baptism." His letter is full of weak points. He misquotes and misapplies, and misinterprets Scripture, as Mr. W. J. Dawson has well shown. Speaking of John iii. 5, he renders it in a way that will be fresh to some of our readers—*whoever is not born of water*, whether infants or adults, etc., and says, "There is no other appointed way of salvation—no other door to the kingdom of heaven, but Baptism." And so he takes a word which was meant for Nicodemus, and for those like him, to whom the open confession of Christ is absolutely indispensable as the condition of the enjoyment of Christ, and exalts it into a universal law for babe and for adult, with a blind disregard of the "analogy of faith." But what is to be expected from a bishop who thinks that

the doctrine of the Resurrection is bound up with the practise of the present system of burial, and regards all grace as shut up within the four walls of his church?

III. "ECCLESIASTICS."—Parliament has done with the "licensed victuallers," and is now addressing itself, notwithstanding tropical heat, to the faults, etc., of the "licensed clergy." The Scotch Patronage Bill makes the National Church of Scotland a sect out and out, and endows that one sect with all the church property of the nation. If we had done it, it would be "robbery, confiscation," etc., but Disraeli has done it, and therefore it is the highest virtue. The Bishops Bill has created no little excitement. Gladstone opposed it, as he did the Scotch Patronage Bill, and Disraeli appeared as the heaven born defender of Patronage and Protestantism. Let them go on. Bring the Church into Parliament; it is the best way to secure disestablishment and disendowment; but as for stopping "Ritualism" they might as well try to stop the Thames by calling upon Whalley to sing.

IV. THE RETURN JOURNEY.—Lord Sandon has brought in his little Bill for effectually excluding all dissenters from taking any part in the government of the Endowed Schools of the nation. This is the Tory policy proper, and we are not sorry that they are permitting us to see

their true character. They mean war with Nonconformists. They will suppress us wherever they can, and as soon as they can. Since 1832 they have not been able to start on the "return journey" to the land of intolerance and privilege. Now is their time, and their banner is hoisted at once. They will not tolerate our demand for equality. In the name of the Church of England, that chief patroness of a thousand indignities inflicted on our forefathers, they will do any injustice. But the spirit of our forefathers is in us. We can fight. We can hope. We can endure defeat. But we cannot go back.

V. SLIPS.—Advertising "slips," stating the contents of the Magazine, are published each month, for posting on notice boards at chapels and in schools, and may be had of our publishers in London or Leicester, or of the Editor. Please send for them if they do not reach you.

VI. NETHERTON SCHOOLS, near Dudley.—Additional accommodation for Sabbath school teaching is extremely urgent here. With many young men and women, and crowds of children, surely some place better than the chapel and vestry should speedily be provided. Sunday school work cannot be well done without fitting rooms. Our friends have done well at their bazaar, and are working right heartily, but need £150. Who will help in this good work?

Reviews.

CLEARER LIGHT. By a Layman. *Stock.*

THERE are many questions on which "laymen" could throw much light; whether the teachings of the Bible respecting the creation, the original inhabitants of the earth, and the diversities of the race of man, is one of them is not so certain. Clearer light is wanted; and and from whatever quarter the rays come we are prepared to hail them with joy; and if we had any preference at all it would be that they should come from the "lay" rather than the "clerical" mind.

Briefly put, the theories of "a layman" are (1.) that the opening chapters of the Bible describe at least two creations of man; one of white men and women, described in Gen. i., and another, in c. ii., of Adam and Eve, the progenitors of the copper-coloured, and through Cain of the black members of the race. This theory gives Cain a wife, and accounts for the diversities of race.

(2.) That in the centre of the universe there is an enormous globe of solid mat-

ter, and round it our sun with its planets revolves. That globe is "the council chamber of the Almighty"—is heaven. Science is quoted as the authority for this theory, and when accepted it gives a place for heaven, and localizes the interview between God and Satan in the book of Job.

(3.) That the duration of the world is divisible into four epochs. Of the first we know little. The second begins with Adam, and lasted two thousand years; the third with Isaac, and lasted two thousand; the fourth with Christ, and will last two thousand. This is neat in arrangement, and suggests that we are nearing change.

On such fertile themes as these little can be said here; and we incline to think that our notions upon them will have to be completely recast. Clearer biblical interpretation, based upon the original text, further research into the beginnings of nations, the progress of science, all these are preparing for us light that some mind

will by and bye focus on those questions : but the hour is not yet. This is an honest and thoughtful attempt, full of interest, but of much in it we are compelled to say, "Not proven."

SUNBEAM SUSSETTE. By Emma Leslie. *Sunday School Union.*

A most tender and pathetic story of the recent siege of Paris, describing in a winning style the usefulness of a little girl to her mother, and to many beside, in those troublous times. Animated with a strong and simple faith in God's loving care, and seeking to do a little girl's work towards saving Paris, she finds her reward in her labour and its issues. It is a touching memorial of the sad time, full of life and power, and altogether a capital story for girls.

TALES BY THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

The Weaver of Naumburg; or, a City saved by Children, is a historical story of special interest, referring to the times of John Huss, and describing the career and influence of that brave and true disciple of Christ, Andreas Wolf, and the marvel-

lous deliverance he achieved by his dexterity and devotion for Naumburg. The tale thrills with incident, and is rich in the purest power. *Alice Deane's Life Work* is a tale of the ways and habits of fisher folk in part, but mainly a touching record of the death-blow inflicted by unjust suspicion on a pure, Christ-loving girl, whose good work lived long after she was gone. *Saved from the Wreck* thrills like Robinson Crusoe. The character of the lads are drawn with great power, and the plot is conceived and worked out with signal ability. *The History of Little Peter the Shipboy*, by W. H. G. Kingston, is another sea-faring tale, setting forth the usefulness of Peter, a poor orphan, as a witness for Christ. His courage, his tact and goodness, and his chequered experience, will make him a favourite with boys. *Tales of Village School Boys*: by Miss Parrott—*Striving for the Mastery*—*The Divided Money*; *Ethel Ripon—Two ways to begin Life*: are all worthy of the warmest commendation to the attention of our young readers, to parents and teachers, for their children, and to the managers of Sunday school library.

Church Register.

SPECIAL CONVENTION.

A Conference of the Southern Churches was held at Berkhampton on Wednesday, July 8, for the promotion of the religious life. Many friends were present; over sixty from Borough Road alone. Rev. J. Harcourt presided. An address was given by Rev. J. Henson, on "Revivals" at the morning meeting. At the afternoon gathering a paper was read by Rev. J. Thomas on "How to conduct Evangelistic Services," and Rev. G. W. McCree followed with an address on the same theme. "One lesson from past and present revivals" was the subject of a paper by J. Clifford. Brethren J. Underwood, A. Towers, J. W. Chapman, J. H. Atkinson, etc., took part in the conferences upon the papers. Two open-air services were held successively, one in a meadow and another in the town, and addressed by J. Harrison, J. Harcourt, G. W. McCree, and J. Clifford.

CHAPELS.

MANSFIELD.—On Whit-Tuesday, May 26, the above place was re-opened, having been closed for extensive alterations. In the afternoon the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of

London, delivered an eloquent sermon, and in the evening gave his popular lecture on "Dr. Guthrie," when the chair was taken by R. M. Watson, Esq. On the following Sunday, May 31, sermons were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Underwood; and on June 7, discourses were enjoyed from the Rev. W. Higgins, of London. The re-opening services were concluded, June 14, by sermons from the pastor of the church, the Rev. H. Marsden, under whose ministry the cause has greatly revived. The sum of £120 was realized by the services.

NORWICH.—The following monies received on behalf of the St. Clements Chapel are acknowledged with many thanks—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. R. Wherry	5	0	0
Mr. W. B. Bembridge	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Barwick, Nottingham—			
Mrs. Bishop	1	0	0
Mr. F. Baker	1	0	0
Mr. H. Sulley	1	0	0
Mr. W. Booker	1	0	0
Mr. F. Acton	1	0	0
Mr. F. Booker	0	10	0
Mr. R. Booker	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mallett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	10	0
Mr. G. Freaman	0	10	0
Mr. T. McCraith	0	10	0
Mr. L. Clarke	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Attwood	0	10	0
Mr. Scharman	0	10	0
Miss Underwood	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Rev. E. Rott	1	0	0
Mr. H. Jelly	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	0	0
Mr. Scott, Sutterton	2	0	0
Mr. Bayley, Barnett	2	0	0
Rev. I. Stubbins	2	0	0
R. Johnson, Esq., (second donation)	2	0	0
Mr. Jarrom, Leicester	2	0	0
Mr. Lamb	2	0	0
Rev. J. Burns, D.D.	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Winks	1	0	0
Mr. Bennett, Derby	1	0	0
Mr. Spencer	1	0	0
Rev. T. Barrass	1	0	0
Rev. H. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Marshall	1	0	0
Mr. Jarman, Hull	1	0	0
J. O. H. Taylor, Esq., Norwich	5	5	0

Further contributions are earnestly solicited. G. TAYLOR, Holly Cottage, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich.

RHYL.—Dr. Burns will supply the Baptist pulpit, Rhyl, the first three Sundays in August.

SHEFFIELD, Cemetery Road.—Planting of Two Mission Stations.—During the last twelve months several friends connected with the church and school have been labouring in a densely populous part of the town, called Duke Street Park, and also at Heeley, a suburb of Sheffield. Their labours have met with considerable success. More than a hundred children have been gathered in the Park, and about half that number at Heeley. On the last Sunday in June, anniversary services were held at the former place, when £6 were collected. The greatest drawback to the work here is the inconvenient room where the children meet; but we hope soon either to hire, buy, or build a more commodious place. So far, these places have been worked as experiments, the brethren labouring have had the sanction and good wishes of their fellow members, but the places themselves have not been formally connected with the church till now. At our last church meeting the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—I. "The church having heard, with feelings of deep satisfaction, of the self-denying and successful efforts of the brethren who have been labouring for some time in the Park, has pleasure in recognizing the infant cause there as a mission station, and pledges itself to render all assistance within its power for the carrying on of the work of God in that locality." II. "The nucleus of a Sunday school having been formed at Heeley, chiefly through the efforts of friends connected with the school at Cemetery Road, and feeling that it is very desirable that

a Baptist cause should be planted in that neighbourhood, the church deems it expedient that two of its members, viz., Messrs. B. Nicholson and F. Eberlin, be appointed to look out, with a view of securing more eligible and permanent premises for that district."—After passing the above resolutions our minister, the Rev. Giles Hester, was kindly asked to leave the room, and our friend and senior deacon, Mr. C. Atkinson, to take the chair, after which a unanimous vote was passed to give Mr. Hester £20 to enable him to take his holidays, in the hope that he may be restored to better health.

SCHOOLS.

BERKHAMSTEAD, which is one of the oldest towns in Hertfordshire, was first supplied with a Sunday school by the General Baptists, then meeting in Water Lane chapel. The anniversary services were held on June 21, and were conducted by the Rev. J. Harcourt. Large congregations, and liberal collections were made. Several of the scholars have joined the church during the year. The school treat it was arranged should be held on the Bank Holiday, August 3, in the Old Castle Grounds, when a general festival will be held.

BOURN.—Interesting services were held on June 28 and following two days in commemoration of the reorganization of the General Baptist school at Bourn on May 9th, 1824. Rev. S. S. Allsop (once a teacher in the school) preached, and about 200 bibles, each bearing a suitable inscription in gold letters on the cover, were presented to the teachers and scholars. The children had their usual treat on Monday; and on Tuesday a tea meeting was held which had some features of special interest. A considerable number of old scholars were present, several of whom were enrolled on the day the school was re-opened. Most of the speakers had been teachers or scholars in the school, and the superintendent, who had entered every name with his own hand during half a century, presided over the meeting. The Rev. W. Orton, the pastor, read a brief history of the school, in which it was stated that the church was originally formed in 1803, and many facts were given illustrative of the value of Sunday school work. A handsome Bible, with the jubilee mark and an illuminated inscription was presented to Mr. W. Wherry, in the name of the scholars, teachers, and friends, in appreciation of his services as superintendent during fifty years, by Mr. Charles

Roberts, who had been associated with him in the church and school about forty years. Appropriate addresses were then delivered by Revs. J. Little and M. Lucas, ministers of the town, and also by Messrs. Allsop, John Wherry, William Swift, and W. R. Whorry, all of whom were from the school. A large number of persons were present at these services, and many heartily rejoiced on the celebration of this jubilee.

BURNLEY, Enon.—The annual school sermons in connection with this chapel were preached on Sunday, June 21, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of London. The congregations were large, and the collections over £100.

LONGFORD, Union Place.—On Sunday, June 7, the annual sermons were preached by Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A. At the close of the evening service twelve of the scholars were presented with a copy of the word of God. Collections, £8 14s.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Wood Gate.—On Lord's-day evening, June 21, a considerable number of our senior scholars received honourable dismissal, were presented with a handsome Bible, and suitably addressed individually by Mr. Alcorn. Number thus dismissed, 24; average age, males, 19 years; average age, females, 20 years; average time in school, males, seven years; ditto, females, 10½ years. Eighteen are members of the church, viz., seven males and eleven females. Our school sermons were preached on June 28, by J. Clifford, to crowded congregations. Collections, £51 5s. 6d.

NETHERTON.—Anniversary sermons were preached June 28, morning and evening by Mr. J. Belcher, M.R.C.P., and in the afternoon by the Rev. T. Stonely. Chapel crowded. Collections, £28.

OLD BASFORD.—Sermons, June 29. Preacher, Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A. Tea party on Monday, June 30. Speakers, Revs. J. C. Jones, T. Williams, J. T. Almy, and W. Dyson. Amount contributed, about £36.

SWADLINCOTE.—Anniversary services were celebrated, June 28, by sermons in the Market Hall, by the Rev. T. Ryder. Mr. Ryder addressed the children and teachers in the morning. Congregations large. Collections, etc., over £24.

TODMORDEN.—Anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, June 28, by the Rev. E. K. Everett. Congregations overflowing. Collections, £46 7s. 11d.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—Annual sermons were preached, July 12, by the Rev. T. G. Swindill, of Worcester. The collections were liberal, and the congregations good.

BAPTISMS.

BARTON FABIS.—July 5, one.
BOSTON.—July 5, one.
BURNLEY, Enon.—July 1, one.
CLAYTON.—April 19, eight; July 20, two, by J. A. Andrews.
LENTON.—July 5, five, by S. Tagg.
OLD BASFORD.—July 5, four, by W. Dyson.
RIPLEY.—June 28, three.
SHEFFIELD.—July 12, two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCOTLAND—Colvend, near Dalbeattie.—An open-air service was held in the garden adjoining the residence of J. M. Brown, Esq., New Barns Colvend, on Sunday, July 12, when the Rev. W. E. Winks, of Wisbech, preached from the words, "Good hope." The service was very kindly announced at the Kirk in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Fraser, minister of the parish, and a goodly number of visitors, cottagers, fishermen, and others, attended the service. It was very interesting to see them wending their way over the moorland, and reminded one forcibly of the Covenanters, who had often used these moors and glens for "freedom to worship God."

MARRIAGES.

BARKER—STANSFIELD.—June 20, at Birchcliffe chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Robert Barker, to Miss Mary Stansfield, both of Todmorden.

HALSTEAD—CROSSLEY.—June 18, at the Baptist chapel, Shore, by the Rev. J. Maden, Mr. Louis Halstead, of Cornholme, to Miss Hannah Crossley, of Mount Pleasant.

SPOLTON—HAYES.—June 23, in the G. B. chapel, Kirkby, by Rev. J. Forth, Mr. John Spolton, to Miss Sarah Hayes, both of Kirkby.

SUTCLIFFE—SPEAK.—July 2, at Birchcliffe chapel, by Rev. W. Gray, Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, to Miss Harriet Speak, both of Hawksclough, Hebden Bridge.

WHITTAKER—CRABTREE.—July 8, at Enon chapel, Burnley, by the Rev. W. H. Allen, William, eldest son of Mr. Robert Whittaker, Cliviger, to Alice, second daughter of Mr. James Crabtree, of Hurstwood.

WHITTAKER—VARLEY.—July 8, at Enon chapel, Burnley, by the Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. Jonas Whittaker, to Miss Elizabeth Varley, both of Burnley.

WILCOX—TURNER.—July 13, at Sawley, by J. Stenson, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, to Elizabeth Turner, both of Sawley.

Obituaries.

COOKE.—Thomas Cooke was born at Loughborough, June 18, 1807. His parents were both pious, and members of the Woodgate Church. Placed under the care of the late Rev. Thos. Stevenson he received that instruction which not only enabled him to appreciate the wisdom of his tutor, but also became of considerable service in his after life. When he was about fourteen he was apprenticed to Messrs. T. and W. Archer, Leicester, grocer; and as proof of the successful way in which he fulfilled his duties as an apprentice, it is sufficient to state that on the day of his departure the senior partner presented him with a money-gift for his faithful services. In 1837, at Loughborough, he married Ann, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Balm, of Quorndon. Then, at Derby, he carried on business for himself; but owing to the anxiety inevitable in managing a large and prosperous business, and the destruction of much valuable property by the flood of 1846, he was overtaken by a serious and long illness, and after a somewhat slow recovery he gave up, on medical advice, the responsibilities of business, and became a traveller in connection with the eminent firm of Bryant and May. This change led him first to Lower Edmonton, next to Leicester, and finally, in 1870, to Quorndon. Throughout the greater part of this period he was a devoted Christian. In 1839 he was baptized by the Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby, in the Brook Street chapel, and remained to the end a Baptist from conviction of the scriptural truth of our principles. His piety was thorough. It had been chastened by sorrow, and elevated by the removal of his beloved eldest daughter in early life. He was "not ashamed of Jesus." Diligent in business and faithful as a steward, he also witnessed for Christ in the commercial room, in the railway carriage, abroad and at home. A devoted and attached husband, a loving, gentle, and kind father, a sincere and affectionate friend, he passed through his last illness without a murmur and with much gratitude, without sorrow and with a full assurance of hope. We sorrow, but as those who share the same hopes.

SUTCLIFFE.—June 22, Mary Ann Midgley Sutcliffe, the beloved wife of John Sutcliffe, of Slack House, Heptonstall, aged forty, and was interred in the General Baptist Cemetery Heptonstall

Slack, June 27, 1874. In the removal of our beloved sister our denomination has lost one of its truest and most deeply attached adherents, ministers a kind and appreciative friend, and the church at Slack one of its most devoted supporters. The sad news reached us at the opening of the Association at Loughborough, and deep was the sympathy, and fervent the prayers, for the bereaved husband and family.

TOWNSEND.—Mrs. Ann Townsend, wife of Thomas Townsend, of Burton-upon-Trent, died on the 4th of February last, after a short illness. She was born at Measham in the year 1839, and when quite young lost her mother. She afterwards came with her father and mother-in-law to reside at Burton-on-Trent, and was baptized in the old chapel at Bond End at about the age of fourteen by the Rev. R. Kenney. She soon became a teacher in the Sunday school, wherein she laboured for several years, and, as it is already known, not without success. She was a consistent member of the church now worshipping in Union Street until the day of her death. Being of a somewhat delicate constitution, and owing to an increasing family, she was not so often at the house of God as she otherwise would have been. This was to some extent a matter of regret with her. During her illness she was remarkably cheerful and patient; and when told that there were no hopes of her recovery she was not alarmed, as no doubts or fears disturbed her peace of mind. She knew in whom she had believed, and in Him she trusted, and by Him she was sustained. Not a week before she died her husband read to her the twenty-third Psalm, and after the words "I will fear no evil," she said, "No, I will not, 'for Thou art with me.'" She said, "He is." She was often quoting portions of that beautiful hymn, "Rock of ages." She leaves a husband and five children to mourn her loss. The testimony of the medical gentleman who attended her was, that he had seen many death-beds, but had seen few so happy and peaceful as hers. She was one of the best of wives, and one of the kindest of mothers. Her death was improved by the Rev. Thos. Pearson, March 8th; and at the same time that of our departed sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Norton.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

AUGUST, 1874.

THE ANNUAL MEETING AT LOUGHBOROUGH.

A VERY large congregation assembled in the Baxter Gate chapel on the evening of Wednesday, June 24th, for the annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society. The chair was ably filled by J. S. Wright, Esq., of Birmingham, who, in the course of his address, suggested as worthy of consideration whether Naples would not be a more important sphere than even Rome for the labours of our Evangelist, Grassi. It should, however, be remembered that our brother has only recently been emancipated from the yoke of priestly bondage, and that to remove him prematurely from the kindly influence and instructions of the Rev. Mr. Wall might prove a serious injury to himself, and so far a hindrance to his future usefulness; and although it is true that nearly all christian denominations are concentrating their efforts upon Rome, there is ample room for such men as Grassi to testify in the city where they were born and brought up, and where their former friends and acquaintances reside, the gospel of Jesus Christ. The key-note of the report was GRATITUDE, and the facts hastily referred to by the secretary in the brief abstract that he read showed that never in the history of the Society had there been greater occasion for devout and heartfelt thankfulness to God. The financial report of the treasurer was also full of encouragement. The expenses of the year had been heavy, but the contributions had come in more freely than heretofore, and thus all cause for anxiety on that head had been removed.

The Rev. Clement Bailhache, one of the secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, was the first speaker. He humourously remarked that why he was not a General Baptist he did not know. His first invitation to settle in the ministry was from a General Baptist church; he did not accept it, but instead chose for himself a wife from the same church, and the best he had ever known. He referred also to his acquaintance with our various missionary families, and to his having baptized two of the children of Mr. Miller; so that again, he said, it was a mystery to him why he was not one of them.

Mr. Bailhache then spoke upon the subject of self-sacrifice, and showed that while the contributions of the past year were larger than formerly, how easily they might still be doubled or trebled. Few educated men now said that missions were a failure. More had been done than the faith of the most enthusiastic missionary ever expected, and far more than the self-sacrifice of the church had given them any right to expect. Our Mission was a very old one, for it commenced before it began; it was one of Carey's creations, and so they started together. Eighty years ago there was a christian England without missionary conviction, now our country was full of it. The May Meetings, so called, began about the 20th of April, and went on to the middle of July. Home Missions were the children of Foreign Missions. The heathen at home were never thought of until foreign missionaries had been sent to the heathen. Those who talked about neglecting the heathen at home were wrong in their history. The world could never be sent back into the condition in which it was before modern missions commenced, because the Bible was in it, and the Bible could not be taken out of it. Eighty years ago the whole heathen world was without a Bible; now it had been translated into two hundred and six languages, ninety-six of which had to be formed before the translations could be made, and the rate of circulation was twelve copies for every minute spent in that chapel that night. Mr. Bailhache closed with desiring that God would give to our Mission a very happy year, and said that they were anticipating one for themselves.

The Rev. S. S. Allsop, of March, in a few earnest and stirring words, next addressed the meeting, and after him the Revs. Thos. Goadby and N. H. Shaw. The times for the departure of trains for Leicester and Derby and Nottingham caused considerable confusion and interruption to the speakers during the meeting. The subject was introduced at the Association the next day, and remitted to the committee, with a request that arrangements might be made to increase the comfort and efficiency of the annual meeting in future. One speaker complained of the "long and dry report" as an undesirable feature of the meetings, but the tables were quickly turned upon him, and he was obliged to confess that he did not hear it, for the unanimous testimony of all that did hear it was that the portions read were neither "long" nor "dry," and not a few considered that it was one of the best and most encouraging reports ever presented to the Society. In the primitive times the apostles were wont to gather the church together, to rehearse all that God had done with them, and to tell of the doors of usefulness He had opened to them. It seems there are brethren who would grudge fifteen minutes a year for this object, while not scrupling to take up the time of a meeting by their own speeches of fifty or sixty minutes long. Whatever the cause, there certainly was much discomfort both to speakers and hearers; and it is hoped that steps may be taken to prevent a recurrence of it in future.

A PLEA FOR THE EVANGELISATION OF KHONDISTAN.

BY THE REV. T. GOADBY, B.A.

Those of you who were present at the Baptist Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall in April last, or who have read the report of that meeting, would notice a remarkable speech by a Norwegian, Mr. Skrefsrud. The story he told was full of interest. It was a new chapter of the modern Acts of the Apostles. It was the story of the triumphs of the gospel in Sonthalistan. The charm of the story lay in the telling of it as well as in its subject. Mr. Skrefsrud was a principal worker in the movement the incidents of which he narrated with modest simplicity and singular freshness. Those of you who heard or have read the story of what God has wrought by him and his colleague among the Sonthals will glorify God for His grace and cherish new hope for man! Strangers, at first, I believe, unsupported by any Missionary Society, ignorant of the language, manners, and customs of the Sonthals, these brave men went to reside amongst this semi-barbarous people with the determination to make known to them the gospel of Christ. It was a noble purpose, and nobly did they accomplish it. First they studied the language by mixing with the people, writing down what they heard and endeavouring to understand it. When some measure of progress was made, they endeavoured to speak in the Sonthal tongue. It was a difficult task. They had to study the movements of the mouth and tongue in a looking-glass, and practise before the glass those facial modifications necessary for the exact pronunciation of consonant, aspirate, and vowel. Moreover the language was found to be rich and redundant in tense formations, no less than twenty-seven distinct tenses being used; and all its mysteries had to be mastered. Still further the confidence of the people had to be gained. So they lived in their villages, went with them to their festivals, hunted with them, attended the services of their gods, joined in funeral and marriage celebrations, accepted their hospitality, ate rice with them, domiciled with them in rude huts among cows, and goats, and poultry and pigs; and so became conversant with their way of life, habits of mind and thought, and thus ingratiated themselves into their favour. The result was marvellous. In two years converts were made; in seven years churches were founded and christian disciples could be numbered by hundreds. The greatest wonder of all was that almost every convert became a missionary; and now in all Sonthalistan there is a general awakening from the darkness and slumber of heathenism, and a turning to the life and light of the gospel. The hand of the Lord has been with these brethren, and a great multitude of Sonthals is obedient to the faith.

As I listened to this narrative from the lips of Mr. Skrefsrud and thought of a kindred work begun in Orissa but now unhappily interrupted, I wished from my heart that he who was mainly instrumental in commencing it had lived to see its triumphs and could tell us with his own lips the story of the beginning of the gospel among the Khonds. But those lips are sealed in death, and will speak to us on earth no more. Yet "dead he speaks," and it is with the desire to say to you so far as I may be able what it seems to me he speaks that I would address you to night concerning that brief episode in the Orissa Mission, the first attempt to spread the gospel in Khondistan.

The Khonds, like the Santals, are an aboriginal tribe of Hindostan, simple, brave, hospitable, but addicted to cruel superstitions and in an especial manner to the vice of drunkenness. They are mountaineers, as their name signifies. Their country was formerly the whole state of Boad, and that state then extended both to the north and south of the Mahanuddy, about 150 or 200 miles up the river from Cuttack. They have been driven by successive invasions to the hills either from the lower Orissa country, or from central India, and now their villages cluster in the wild mountainous and jungly districts of Goomsur, in the Madras Presidency, and in Boad and adjacent states of the province of Orissa. They came under the notice of the British Government in 1835 when a rajah of Goomsur took refuge among them having fallen into arrears of tribute and then rebelled against the rule of the old East India Company. When the territories of this rajah fell into English hands, Khondistan being tributary came also under English supervision; and the responsibility of that supervision could not be assumed without some attempt to discharge its duties. The first duty the

government undertook was to put down human sacrifice. It was the custom of the Khonds to sacrifice children or youths to their earth-god, and either sprinkle the blood of the sacrifice on the earth or bury a piece of the flesh of the sacrifice in the fields that the earth might become fruitful. Their traditions say that the earth was originally a crude unstable mass, unfit for cultivation and for the convenient habitation of man. The earth-god said, "Let human blood be spilt before me," and a child was sacrificed. The soil became forthwith firm and productive, and the deity ordained that man should repeat the rite and live.* Gallant and heroic men engaged under government in the work of suppressing these human sacrifices. Rescued victims were placed in your schools at Berhampore; the attention of the missionaries was thus emphatically called to the needs of Khondistan. Often had they gazed on the blue mountain range that skirts the western boundary of Orissa and sighed for the day when Khondistan should be united to the mission-field and its wild people taught the word of God. At length one among the number of your missionaries, young, zealous, imaginative, enthusiastic, every inch a missionary, burned with a fervent desire to become an apostle to the Khonds. The way opened. The assent of the brethren abroad was given, and of the committee at home. With an earnest and sincere "God-speed" from all sides he entered upon his task. The language of the Khonds was learned. The labours of Captain Frye, a noble and philanthropic man, had prepared the way by the compilation of grammar and dictionary. A station was found at Russell Condah which might serve as head quarters. A co-adjutor was sent out. The work was really begun.

I wish I could describe it as *he* would have done whose voice we hear no more on earth. Your missionary, John Orissa Goadby, threw himself heart and soul into the enterprise. He went into villages where the face of the white man had seldom or never been seen, traversed mountain-path and jungle-track where foot of white man had never or rarely trod. He delivered his message, a message never heard before on the wild hills of Khondistan. How was that message received? Sometimes at first as he entered a village all shrank from him and hid themselves, but he would call down the street in kindly tones, "O, Khond brothers, why are you frightened? Come out of your houses and let us look at your faces!" Reassured they would come out, first the women, then the men, and listen to the gospel with wonder and surprise and ask, "How comes it this Sahib can speak Khond? He has never been here before. Panoo (God) must have taught him." Elsewhere they clapped their hands with glee as they heard him speak in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, and once kneeling at his feet they rendered him the homage due only to her Majesty's representative.

At other times gathering round the camp-fire at night he would converse with visitors, become familiar with their daily thought and life, speak by the way of Christ and His salvation, the only interruption being the roar of the tiger from the jungle. Or else he would dispense medicine to the sick, and give advice to Khond mothers about their children; and so marvellously do his simple remedies work sometimes that once the villagers, frightened to see the white man pitch his tent near a sacred shrine, certain the god would depart offended at the intrusion, said afterward that if the god had departed he had taken up his abode in the missionary. Thus he found opportunity as Paul and Barnabas found at Lystra to declare he is but a brother man, and to exhort the people to turn from the vanities of idolatry unto the living God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that is therein, and has spoken to us by His Son.

Everywhere he goes his message is well received, and he is urged to come again. In tours now with a government official, now with native preachers only, he traverses new regions enjoying that high privilege even Paul cherished—preaching Christ in "regions beyond" to those who had never heard His name, opening the message of the gospel where it had never been opened before! In one tour he walked one hundred and eighty miles, in another two hundred; this in a district of India, where you know the thermometer is reported by your missionary to stand at 98° at ten at night, and 100° at twelve! Neither heat, nor fatigue, nor fever, nor wild beasts, daunted this intrepid messenger of Christ. It is impossible to read his descriptions of the tours he took, of the scenery he passed through, without noticing how freshly and buoyantly he went

* Hunter's Orissa, ii, 95.

about his work. *He was in sympathy with all surrounding nature.* The mountain, the jungle, the secluded valley, the hill-top where far as the eye could reach one vast assemblage of bare and rocky, or forest-crowned, or cloud-capped mountains might be beheld—the wild thunder-storms, when streams of fire ran down the mountain-sides, and “from peak to peak the rattling crags among leaped the live thunder,” and every mountain found an eloquent tongue—all seemed inviting and attractive to him. The very poetry of Khondistan entered into his soul. “I always seem light-hearted,” he says, “when I get above the ghauts the air is so pure and exhilarating.”

Moreover, *the language of the people was musical in his ear.* He speaks of it with enthusiasm. I have no manner of doubt that it is a most barbarous tongue. I have no manner of doubt that it would almost frighten us to hear it spoken, as we are frightened by those Oriya characters printed in Oriya books, and looking for all the world like human skulls with worms creeping out of them. But to his ear the Khond language was a pleasant and attractive speech. He says, “The Khond appears when speaking seldom to use his lips; the majority of sounds are uttered by the tongue, the throat, and the teeth; and by the gnashing of the teeth he punctuates his sentence when completed.” Only think of that—punctuating a sentence by gnashing the teeth! In America I saw a speech punctuated by rockets, Roman candles, and blue and green lights; but to punctuate a sentence by gnashing the teeth! Why you have only to add weeping and wailing, and you get the outer darkness itself! In addition to this he tells us that in the Khond language there is a clicking, harsh, heavy pronunciation peculiar to all barbarous tongues. Yet he speaks of the tongue as “soft and musical,” and when he gets into the interior of Khondistan and hears pure Khond without any admixture of Oriya words, he is enraptured with the beauty of the language, “charmed with its sweet musical pronunciation.” All this shows the idealizing of a fervid and enthusiastic mind.

Their modes of travel, too, and all the incidents of travel have a freshness and a charm for him. The elephant is the best beast of burden, the best travelling companion in the jungle and over the mountain. The bullock will lie down with his load on a steep hill, or in the middle of a stream, stupid and tired, and will go no further. But the elephant will bend even his knees to his work, will feel his way with his trunk, will dash aside the stones, will tear down branches of trees, and so open his path through the forest and over the hills, and occasionally raising his trunk aloft to sniff the cool air of the mountains will blow a blast that makes the welkin ring. Your missionary always wrote with a kindly interest about these elephants, and had a strong affection for them. Once a tethered elephant charged at him and broke his line; the offender was punished by being put upon short commons and being made to salaam the missionary every morning. He does it, he says, “with a wicked leer in his eye;” no doubt meaning by that, “I do it because I am compelled, not because I regret charging at you the other day.” It is said there is a great deal of human nature in most people—there is something like human nature even in elephants.

Of the people he always speaks in high terms. He deprecates their darkness and superstition. He says, “The heart that beats within a Khond is dark and ignorant, a very wilderness, like the trackless waste in which he hunts his game.” He is grieved at their habits of intemperance. Like the Sonthals, their one idea of festivity and enjoyment is intoxication. He mourns over these degrading vices. But he ever speaks of the Khonds themselves with kindly affection. He admires their frankness, their simplicity, their valour, their fidelity, their independence. *He sees a war-dance and a mimic fight.* He describes their martial manœuvres with Homeric simplicity, how they advance sideways to the attack at the blowing of a horn, how they let fly their arrows from their left shoulder, how they turn their backs on the approaching shafts of the enemy, receiving them harmlessly in the loose blanket, or squatting on their heels protect their legs and allow the arrows to escape over their heads; and how, as the opponent comes near they spring suddenly to their feet with the bound of an antelope, and, battle-axe in hand, rush whooping to the fray. *He dwells with hopefulness on their religious sentiments.* The leaf-wearing Jowangs of another state have no idea of God, of heaven, of a future state. But the Khond is far more intelligent and religious. To him there is an upper and a lower world. The upper world is Sandar, the abode of Buree Pennoo, the god of light, and is a reproduction

of all that is beautiful in nature. In Sandar, amid gorgeous forests, the thoughtful Khond expects to find luxuriant hunting-grounds where, without weariness, he will enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and be united again with his long departed ancestors. All who fail to reach this perfect state fall into the lower world, Nada, and forever sink deeper and deeper into the waters of oblivion.* *Even their cruel sacrifices afford him hope.* They will be the more prepared to hear of Him who, once in the end of the world, appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

It is plain, indeed, that these wild children of nature had won his heart as he was winning theirs. He never returns from their midst but he is gladdened at the remembrance of the favour God had given to him in the eyes of the heathen, and at the readiness with which they listen to his message. He finds everywhere among them what he calls a genuine Khond welcome.

The more I know of these Khonds the more I believe he was right in his impressions about them, and thoroughly sincere in his enthusiasm for their conversion. They are represented as in many respects superior to the supple, crafty, polite, and deceptive Hindoo. Their common boasts, says Dr. Hunter, are that they reverence their fathers and mothers; that they are men of *one* word; and that they are one race—what Mr. Disraeli would call a pure unmixed race. They show great taste in selecting the site of their habitations; they love nature and the hills; and build their huts in the leafy grove or at the foot of finely wooded mountains, or at the top of the green knoll of a valley well raised above the flood level. They are very brave; Spartans in their superiority to physical pain. They never ask for quarter, and adorn themselves for battle as for a feast. "Above the average height of the Hindoo," says Dr. Hunter, "his clean and boldly developed muscles, fleet foot, expanded forehead, and full but not thick lips, present a type of strength, intelligence, and determination, blended with good humour, which make the Khond an agreeable companion in peace, and a formidable enemy in war." They are also like other remarkable people, at once both radical and conservative. In building a house they will not use a stick of an old one, from a superstitious fear of previously used material. They will not pronounce their own names nor the names of any deceased ancestors, in the latter case fearing their return. On the other hand, "once a year the clans assemble, and with copious outpouring of blood upon a lofty mountain they implore the gods that they may remain exactly in the state of their forefathers, and that their children after them may live exactly as themselves." Such were the people amongst whom your missionary laboured.

LETTER FROM THE REV. W. HILL.

SODA SEBO.—DISASTROUS STORM AT GOPALPORE.

Berhampore, Ganjam, India, June 2nd, 1874.

I AM happy to inform you that SODA SEBO, the young Pooree brahmin of whose baptism I gave you an account a few weeks ago, is going on his way rejoicing. Neither before nor after his baptism does he appear to have had the slightest misgiving as to the course he was pursuing, and I hope most sincerely that he may follow on to know the Lord. Two or three weeks ago his father came to see whether he had really embraced christianity or not. The first question he asked him was, whether he had acted of his own accord, or whether he had been over-persuaded. Sebo replied that it was *entirely* of his own free will; that he was convinced that heathenism was false and christianity true; and that, therefore, he had renounced the one and embraced the other. He also said he was able to judge for himself, and that if he had not been fully satisfied in his own mind nobody would have induced him to change his religion. Hereupon the father burst into tears, and wept bitterly: told his son how he had laboured and begged for his education; how he hoped he would be the joy of his life, and the support of his age; and how, by his becoming a christian, he had brought unspeakable disgrace on his family. Sebo spoke to his father very respectfully and kindly, and said that though his ancestors had been worshippers of idols, and gone to destruction, that was no reason why he should; and

* Report, 1868, p. 27.

that as he had obtained a wisdom which they never knew, it was his duty to pursue it. He then appealed to his father, and asked whether he would become one of Christ's disciples. Hallo! said the father, here is a strange thing, the son has become the father's teacher. He then appealed to Sebo, and said that if he would return with him to Pooree he would spend two or three hundred rupees, and try to get him restored to caste. Sebo replied that he could not think of such a thing; that he had renounced idols for ever. The father then said, Well, if you become a preacher, I have one request to make, and that is, that you will never show your face in Pooree. That, said Sebo, I can never promise. The probability is that, if I become a preacher, I shall come to Pooree to tell the people how great things the Lord hath done for me, and to urge them to take refuge in Christ. If ever you come to Pooree, said the father, I shall beat you most severely. Daniel Mahanty (the worthy deacon of the church, who has taken an interest in Sebo from the beginning, and supported him and found him a home since his baptism) and several others joined in the conversation, and urged the father to escape hell and make for heaven. *Here* is hell, and *here* is heaven, said the man; if we are well off, we have heaven; and if badly off, hell: there is nothing beyond or besides. He admitted that all he hoped for from his religion was in this life; and that he observed simply as a livelihood. After remaining a day or two, the father returned; his last words being to request his son not to come to Pooree. Thus they separated. Henceforth, Sebo must be an exile from his father's house—disowned by his parents, his brother, his sister, and friends. So far as his kindred are concerned, he has to count all loss for Christ. The advantages, however, of birth, rank, and education, he throws overboard. In their stead may he win Christ. It seems rather remarkable that the first Pooree brahmin should be baptized at Berhampore, where Bampton, forty-seven years before, baptized Erun, the first baptized convert in connection with the Mission. It seems remarkable, also, that so long a time should have passed away before a Pooree brahmin was led to confess Christ in baptism. Referring to this circumstance, one of our old native christians said, in one of his prayers a week or two ago, "O Lord, by Thy favour, Bampton sahib came to this country and made known Christ. Many years ago he laboured, died, and was buried at Pooree: and now, out of his bones, this shoot springs forth. For this we thank thee, and pray that he may be firm and flourishing." To this I am sure that all the true friends of the Mission will say, amen!

To another brahmin, who has long declared himself a christian *in heart*, I heard the same old man say—and he scarcely ever opens his mouth except in parables—"Come out, then! come out as the tusks of an elephant come out, manifestly and firmly; and not like the tortoise, which comes out fearfully and hesitatingly, and shrinks back again as soon as, or even before, it is touched." And the action of the old man was suited to the words.

In a former letter I mentioned that we were going to Gopalpore for a change during the very hot weather. We, *i. e.*, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and ourselves, remained there for three weeks, and felt the beneficial effects of the sea-breeze. The small bungalow we occupied is situated on the top of a hill, one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands a fine view of the surrounding neighbourhood. Our visit, however, was brought suddenly to an end by the most terrific storm I have ever known, and which occurred about seven o'clock on Whit-Thursday evening. Up to within a few minutes of its commencement, there was nothing to indicate what was about to occur. About five o'clock there had been some clouds in the east, and a few drops of rain fell, but we thought all had blown over. For a short time there was a lull in the breeze, when, all of a sudden, the clouds gathered and there were strong gusts of wind. We at once closed the doors, and prepared, as well as we could, for the storm. It was not long, however, before the doors in the middle room were sent flying open, and the lamp on the tea-table was blown over and broken. Mrs. Hill and I were trying to keep our bed-room doors closed, though in doing so we had to stand and let the water pour down upon us from the roof of the house. On leaving her for an instant, to see what the smash was in the middle room, she was overpowered, and the doors were forced open by the wind. In the darkness and confusion she lost our little boy, who had gone into the next room and taken refuge with Mrs. Smith. As the rain was sweeping through the bed-room, I tried again and again to close the doors, but the wind was too powerful for me, and I had to abandon the room to its fate. To hold the doors in the middle room was all the servants could do. As we were drenched from head to foot, and were unable to get a change of clothes while the squall was on, we covered ourselves with rugs and took shelter, as well as we could, in the verandah on the lee side of the house. During this time—about an hour

—the storm was most terrible, and it seemed as if the wind and rain, the thunder and lightning, were having a fierce contest with each other. Moreover, we were not free from anxiety as to whether the house would be able to stand out the storm. Providentially it lasted only for about an hour, or the consequences would have been more serious. As it was, almost everything that lay about was saturated. The plates or dishes containing meat, bread, butter, etc., were filled with water. Our beds, clothes, books, boots, and other things, were soaking wet. Indeed, our bed-room was all of a swim with water. Fortunately we had some good strong boxes, which contained a change of clothes, into which the water did not penetrate. A small room at the end of the house was the only dry place, and in this, on a native mat or in a chair, we had to spend the night. To reach the little room, through the bed-room we had to go over shoe-tops in water. Happily Mr. and Mrs. Smith did not fare quite so badly as ourselves, and were very pleased that the storm did not occur on the previous night, when we were in Berhampore.

The Berhampore doctor and his wife were staying in a small bungalow lower down the hill, he having come for a change, and being very unwell. In the midst of the darkness and storm they had to flee to an out-house, as the house they occupied was partly blown down, and they feared it would fall altogether. It is now too far gone to be repaired, and will have to be rebuilt before it can be occupied again. Bad, however, as things were, we all felt that it was a great mercy they were no worse. Not wishing to encounter another storm like it, especially with the house in its damaged state, we returned to Berhampore the next evening. Along the road we saw abundant evidence of its effects, and some of our elderly native christians say they had never seen the like before. It is generally thought to be the commencement of the *monsoon*, but if so, it is fifteen or twenty days earlier than usual. Rain, however, was very much required, as scarcely any has fallen since last October. If the Lord's will, I trust both early and latter rains may be vouchsafed, and that there may be an abundant harvest. In consequence of the famine in Bengal, so much rice has been sent out of this district that a failure in the crop would be most disastrous. From Gopalpore alone about 300,000 bags of rice, of one and a half cwt. each, have been shipped during the past season. Though almost unknown as a port a few years ago, not less than one hundred and forty-two ships touched there during the past year. What with British ships, railways, and other enterprise, it is really surprising how the dormant hindoos are being quickened into life, and how the customs of ages are rapidly giving way. May all these changes tend to "prepare the way of the Lord," and then all will be well.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—On Sunday and Monday, June 21 and 22, missionary services were conducted by the Rev. W. Bailey. The collections rather exceeded former years.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, June 2.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, June 6.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
June 18th to July 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Ashby and Packington	15	15	0	Hucknall Torkard	8	18	10
London, <i>Borough Road</i>	15	17	0	Knipton	10	0	0
NOTE.—The above were accidentally omitted last month.				Leadbury	1	0	0
Burnley Lane	1	1	0	Leicester, <i>Friar Lane</i>	7	11	7
Crowle	1	0	0	— <i>Dover Street</i>	1	0	0
Derby—for Rome	1	0	0	London	7	7	0
Fleet and Holbeach	12	3	8	Loughborough, <i>Baxter Gate</i> , Collec- tion at Association	29	6	6
Halifax	12	17	10	Ditto at Sacramental Service—for W. & O.	17	0	0
Hathern	1	2	0	Nottingham, <i>Stoney Street</i> —for Romo	1	0	0
Hose	8	18	3	Rev. T. Ryder's Bible Class	8	3	2

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

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE TO ROME.

BY REV. T. B. STEVENSON.

NOTHING requires more care than controversy. An earnest pastor will love other things better. Far pleasanter is it to lead the flock of Christ to green pastures and still waters than to use the rod and the staff against robbers and wild beasts. Both, however, are needful. Are the sheep hungry and athirst? Find them food and drink: the rod and the staff are out of place. Are they threatened by a common foe? Then flourish bravely the weapons of defence: green pastures and still waters are for another season. Controversy, we admit, does but a limited amount of good: nevertheless, it is useful and necessary. So Paul thought. Much of his writing is controversial. He sometimes imagines that he has an objector before him, puts words into his mouth, and forthwith proceeds to reply. You have a familiar and fine instance of this in one of his Corinthian letters: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" He then goes on to answer the cavil: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." Nor can it be questioned that such argumentative epistles have been a valuable gift to the church. May not reference likewise be made to more recent discussions as productive of advantageous results? That of St. Augustine with Paganism, that of Athanasius with Arianism, and that of Luther with Romanism, are cases in point. Ecclesiastical life is largely benefitted by them. These facts are our justification of the remarks which follow.

One of the most palpable "signs of the times" is the revival of Ritualism. Never was the "half-way house to Rome" so much resorted to. As a venerable dignitary of the Episcopal church has observed, at the very period when continental nations are finding out the evils of Popery and clipping the wings of priest-craft, our land is relapsing into superstitious error, and "visited by a swarm of priests who are catching unwary souls." Baptismal regeneration and the real presence, confession and absolution, penance and apostolical succession, are openly taught by hundreds of clergymen. What is far more to be deplored is this—they are favourably regarded by vast multitudes. Ritualism is the popular religion of the hour. "The people love to have it so." These things demand earnest and conscientious consideration. To

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ignore them is cowardly and faithless. How ought we, as Protestant Dissenters, to act? Some of the sentiments appropriate to the present crisis we would with all deference but earnestness offer our readers.

I. LET US NOT BE ASTONISHED AT THE REVIVAL OF RITUALISM.

That ceremonialism should have been not dead but only sleeping should not surprise a thoughtful man. It is easily accounted for. Several facts will explain it. We rapidly refer to three of these.

For one thing, *there are strong tendencies to Ritualism in our fallen nature.* Are there not? Can any one deny it? It is easier to go through a ceremony than to conquer a sin, therefore such a course is tempting to frail, depraved humanity. Men have always shown a leaning toward the deadly heresy of making outward observances a substitute for inward holiness. Hand-religion is not hard, heart religion is: hence the former is more popular. When has not God had to warn His creatures of this? As early as the days of Samuel we find such counsel as the following: "To obey is better than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of lambs." Think of David's psalms: how they attest the same fact: "the sacrifices of God are a broken heart." Read over that eloquent appeal contained in the first chapter of Isaiah, in which the rites of the Jews, because unaccompanied by soul-purity, were vehemently and indignantly repudiated by Jehovah. What does all this show? It proves the fatal proneness of our race to Ritualism. Were further proof needed, it could be easily and amply adduced from the New Testament. Several of the epistles were composed mainly to check the evil in question. The letters to the Hebrews and to the Galatians are memorable examples of this. If, then, at all times there has been a disposition on the part of men to fall into ceremonialism, ought its recent developments to astound us? It is but what we might have expected.

Take another fact: *one extreme usually leads to another.* May we borrow a striking instance of this from biography? Thomas à Becket was once a complete Sybarite. He loved luxury and show. "Purple and fine linen" were his attire: his table groaned with dainties: his cellar was stored with wines of the choicest vintage: his retinue was princely. What followed? Before his life ended, the pendulum of this notorious man's experience rebounded to the opposite side. He wore common and dirty clothes, he ate black bread, and he washed the feet of beggars. So true is it that "extremes meet." As much may be said of matters theological. Here "too far east is west" sooner or later. For example, some years ago the danger of the church was neological. A spirit of scepticism threatened it. Believing too little was the peculiar peril of many. The Teutonic genius of the eminent but heterodox Strauss was felt to be a power in many a clerical study. Its influence reached the pulpit. Later still, the notorious "Essays and Reviews" made their appearance. These were followed by a prodigiously strange phenomenon: no less than that of a missionary bishop partly converted by "an intelligent Zulu," instead of the heathen being won over by the missionary! More recently, Mr. Voysey has added his quota to the stock in trade of these modern Sadducees. Behold to-day the reaction! Wise and observant men knew that it would come, and come it has; with a vengeance. From believing too little, we see the other extreme of believing too much. Rationalism has led to Ritualism.

Moreover, *Ritualism is in unison with the Materialism of the age.* The material rather than the spiritual is the favourite of to-day. Is not this seen in science? Would that it were not. One of our hygone poets said,

“An undevout astronomer is mad;”

but what would he have said had he lived to read the writings of our pundits? He would have gazed with astonishment and grief at these learned men. What do Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall tell us? That evolution is the answer to life's sphynx-like riddle. We quote the very words of Tyndall at the British Association of 1870: “Not alone the more ignoble forms of animalculæ or animal life; not alone the nobler forms of the horse or the lion; not alone the exquisite mechanism of the human body: but *the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—were once latent in a fiery cloud.*” In other language, our souls and bodies alike proceed from matter. Mourn, O my heart, over misguided genius: mourn exceedingly that, with the keenness of scientific vision, the high-priests of modern thought should be so blind to religious truth! Yet further, is there not much social as well as scientific materialism abroad? There is. The body is absorbing more attention than it ought to do. Making “provision for the flesh” is one of the characteristic vices of the times. Physical luxuries are in increasing request. To what purpose, for instance, do the colliers of the north apply their enormously augmented wages? To mental improvement and domestic comforts? Nothing of the kind. Gluttony and intemperance are the degrading fruits of pecuniary prosperity. The same devotion to material gratification permeates, more or less, all classes. Must we, then, marvel if this prevailing materialism finds its way into the domains of religion? Assuredly not. Ritualism is ecclesiastical materialism. It gives to outward and material things, such as the baptismal water, the eucharistic wine, and the sacramental bread, an importance to which they have no right. On these grounds the resurrection of Ritualism may be clearly accounted for.

II. LET US AVOID BOTH INDIFFERENCE AND FEAR IN REFERENCE TO RITUALISM.

There are some who cry, “Never mind. Don't trouble. Ritualism will have its day, and then die. Truth must eventually prevail.” No doubt of it: but is that a reason for allowing error to lead men astray? Are we to make no efforts by which to destroy it? Ritualism will die, you say. Of course. Falsehood must, sooner or later, expire. But mark this well: before it expires, it may do an immense amount of harm! Ere its “day” is over, it may be woefully injurious to thousands. On that ground we should relentlessly assail it. A murderer or a burglar will only have his “day;” he must die: but before he die he may, if unchecked, take many lives and purloin much property. Suppose you saw a horse which had slipped his halter, or escaped his driver, galloping down the street at a furious and altogether perilous pace, should you say, “Never mind him. Horses can't run on for ever. He must stop some time?” You would never reason so foolishly. “Catch him,” you would exclaim; knowing that before he tired himself out he might, unless stopped, damage limb or property, or take life. Be the same common sense applied to Ritualism.

Before it gives up the ghost, it will be baneful and accursed in its effects. On that account we should bestir ourselves. To recur to the title of this paper: Ritualism has often been called "the half-way house to Rome." It is such. The grand and mighty river of Protestantism has interposed between the people of Britain and the oracle of the Vatican, but lo! Ritualism has erected a bridge, and is busy plying all manner of ferries across. Is this, we ask, a thing lightly to be passed over? Not if we are to be faithful to the truth. History tells us that when an army of Crusaders was on its way to Palestine, the commander wished to rest and recruit his men in a certain city that lay in the route. He was refused his request. Again he made it, but with no better result. Finally, he begged that only the invalids of his forces might be permitted to take up their abode there for a time. A wish so apparently reasonable was gratified. But sorely did those who acceded to the desire rue it; for by and by the sick soldiers crept from their beds and opened the city gates to their comrades outside. Ritualism is an invalid: a poor, weekly, hysterical creature: it has no bloom on its cheek, no muscle of limb, no light in the eye: albeit, when admitted into the church it is not too feeble to go to the door and admit his holiness of the seven hills. Away with sentimentality! It will never do to talk of letting Ritualism alone. If we are right in our beliefs, then Ritualism is a deadly, dreadful error, and we ought to oppose it. Either the simple application of the soul to Jesus Christ is sufficient for salvation, or it is not: if it is, then the high church portion of the community are preaching frightful heresy when they insist upon baptismal regeneration and sacramental efficacy.

At the same time it is not for us to be forgetful of the glorious fact that "the Lord reigneth." Do not let us in our recoil from indifference go into the vicious extreme of religious nervousness. We must not, in these days of theological and ecclesiastical revolution, lose our faith in Providence. Let us combat Ritualism as wisely and bravely as we can, and then rest calmly in the assurance that He who makes the very "wrath of men to praise" Him will never forsake England, and leave it to the tender mercies of an arrogant priestly superstition. Truth shall yet conquer. "He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." The day will dawn when the miserable errors which we now lament will cease.

III. LET US OPPOSE RITUALISM BY AN APPEAL TO THE BIBLE.

We must give good heed to this. If we make anything else our court of appeal, we shall be worsted. Be this our constant, uncompromising maxim, "To the law and to the testimony." If a man comes to me and defends certain doctrines and practices by referring to the fathers or the creeds, the counsels or the prayer book, my answer is this, "Are the fathers inspired? Are the creeds inspired? Are the counsels and prayer book inspired?" That is the question. If they are not, they are no standard whatever for me. What I demand is, not the opinions of men, but the declarations of God. Such declarations we have in the sacred Scriptures, and to them, and them alone, we must refer all disputed points. The people of Berea were called "more noble than they of Thessalonica:" for what reason? Because when the gospel was preached they went not to men and their creeds, but

"searched the Scriptures whether these things were so." One chapter of God's word is worth all the dogmas that learned doctors and great rabbis have manufactured. We once heard of a representation of justice which was very admirable. She stood with covered eyes, and holding in one hand the conventional sword, while in the other were the equally well-known balances. In one scale, however, were men's dogmas, and in the other a single Bible. The latter far outweighed the former! Yes: to the word of God must our appeal be made. It is said by our Ritualistic friends that counsels, fathers, articles, and prayer book ought to be received by us, inasmuch as they are all "founded on God's word." We ask, what do you mean by "founded on God's word?" If you mean that they only contain what God's word does, then they are simply superfluous: we can do without them. As a standard of appeal they are quite useless, whether true or false: for, if true, we have already all the truth in the Bible; if false, then the sooner we and everybody fling them away the better. Either way they are not authoritative.

Moreover, let us do all that in us lies to induce our fellow-countrymen to read the Bible. Attempts are being made to discourage its private and individual perusal. That smart, telling writer on the other side of the Atlantic, Oliver Wendell Holmes, puts the matter cleverly: "Protestantism says, 'Help yourself: here's a clean plate, a knife and fork of your own, and plenty of fresh dishes to choose from.' The Old Mother (Rome) says, 'Give me your ticket, my dear, and I'll feed you with my gold spoon off these beautiful old wooden trenchers. You shall have such nice bits as those good old gentlemen (the fathers, etc.) have left you!'" This is irresistibly comic, but is it not true? It hits the nail on the head precisely. Yes: men are being told with increasing emphasis that they must look at the Scriptures through the spectacles of a priest. Our reply must be prompt: who says so? Does God? Where? Let us ingrain into the popular mind the right of private judgment and private perusal of holy writ. The Jews were strictly commanded to read the Scriptures to their children and make them familiar with them. Are we to do less? Are we to be prohibited what Israel was permitted? If so, we live under a less favoured dispensation. It cannot be. "Things that are revealed are for us;" not for a sacerdotal clique merely. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear:" and who hath not "ears" spiritually? All men have capacity for understanding the truth. Nay, only think of this: the most difficult book in the whole of the New Testament is thrown open to *all*. We refer, of course, to the book of the Revelation. It is confessedly obscure and mystical. Had any part of God's word been made an exception to the rule, and its perusal restricted to a certain class, surely it would have been this. Is it? Listen: again and again we find the impressive declaration, "Hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Mark, it is to the "churches;" not to priests, or elders, or officials. No: even this puzzling and vague apocalypse is the property of all, the monopoly of none.

IV. LET US, ABOVE ALL, OPPOSE RITUALISM BY PREACHING CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

This is how Paul acted. Read verse the twelfth of Galatians the sixth, and then look at the fourteenth. Here is a lesson for us indeed.

When men glory in circumcision or any other ceremonial, let us "glory in the cross of Christ Jesus our Lord." Preaching Christ is the prime antidote of all error, Ritualism included. May we illustrate? Suppose a person were to spend much time in gazing at the likeness of an absent and beloved friend, looking fondly at it when she should be more usefully employed. What would be the best way of correcting her? Not mere talk. Reason is often ineffectual in cases of heart difficulty. It is of small profit to argue. What, then, is the best thing to be done? Bring to her the original. Send for the one whose portrait is so much prized. Depend upon it, that would settle the matter. With the original to look at, she would not often glance at the mere representation. The application of this is, we trust, obvious. Ritualism makes men look too much at the mere sign, the bread which is but the symbol of Christ's body, and the wine which is but the picture of His blood. Get them to look more at the glorious Original, and they will not be such slaves to the mere picture. To put the matter in another way: if you wanted all the gas-lamps in London streets to be extinguished, you would have considerable difficulty in accomplishing it. A petition to the authorities would prove abortive. Should you attempt it by main force, you would soon be subjected to the attention of certain useful public functionaries clad in dark blue. But there is a method in which it is done, quickly done and quietly done. Let the sun arise, and out goes the gas. In like manner, when "the Sun of Righteousness" rises more fully on men's souls, it will extinguish the needless and flickering lights of Ritualism. The Lord hasten it!

KNIGHTED ON THE FIELD.

CALM ever found the battle-field
 Strewn with the lifeless brave,
 Who, even dying, scorned to yield
 Or fill a coward's grave.
 Fierce had the contest been that day,
 But Agincourt was won;
 And now the victor took his way
 Across the field alone.
 Among the dying and the dead,
 Scarce conscious where he lay,
 A fallen hero bowed his head
 When Henry came that way.
 Off in the thickest of the fight
 The royal eye had seen
 That prostrate soldier do the right,
 For he had faithful been.
 Hopes were raised, and fears dispelled,
 And England's prowess tried,
 While faithful David Camm upheld
 Her banner, all his pride.
 Now that pennon's guardian bold
 Hath laid him down to rest;
 But even dying, he will hold
 And clasp it to his breast.
 Right gracefully the royal plume
 Bends o'er the servant now,
 And smiles the dying eyes illumed,
 And triumph wreathes the brow.
 Brave Henry grasps the hilted sword,
 And knighted where he lies,
 Listening to the royal word
 The standard-bearer dies.
 Christian, on life's battle-field,
 Be faithful in the fight,

And do thy duty, never yield
 Till conquest crowns the right.
 Thy foes are many, subtle, strong,
 But more of strength is thine,
 And thou shalt win the day ere'long,
 For Jesus is divine.
 Thy graces must be fully tried,
 The trial may seem long,
 But faithful unto death abide,
 And sing the victor's song.
 It surely is worth while to fight
 Beneath the royal eye;
 Thy Captain sees thee do the right,
 For He is always nigh.
 Then whether high or low thy place,
 Or front or rear be thine,
 Still do thy duty, shun disgrace,
 And win the smile Divine.
 Wherever Jesus leads thee, go;
 Obey His every word;
 And at His bidding sheath, or draw,
 Thy consecrated sword.
 O! spend thy life in lifting high
 The standard of the cross;
 And at the post of duty die,
 Nor danger fear, nor loss.
 And when the sun's declining ray
 Goes o'er the western hill,
 Thy foes will all be fled away,
 And Jesus with thee still.
 And list'ning to His loving word,
 And leaning on His breast,
 The faithful servant of the Lord
 Shall enter into rest.

A. F.

ILLUSTRATIVE TEACHING; ITS USE AND ABUSE.

No. II.—*Its Abuse*.*

I. Illustration is abused *when it is employed to compensate for mental barrenness and lack of careful preparation*. "When I cannot talk sense," says Curran, "I talk metaphor." We have occasionally heard persons so exclusively illustrative, that they are nothing else. Tale follows tale, figure succeeds to figure, until one is reminded of sitting down to a banquet of roses, lilies, and carnations. To a teacher of this kind we might not inappropriately apply the language with which Shakespeare describes one of his characters. "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all the day ere you find them, and when you have found them they are not worth the search." Seek to have some downright, earnest, solid *substratum of thought* at the basis of every illustration. Remember that an illustration is used to show forth, or elucidate something else. Be sure that you have something else to elucidate.

II. Illustration is abused *when it is made a channel for teaching erroneous doctrine*. This is a danger to which we are very liable, and, indeed, into which we are almost certain to fall unless great caution be exercised. Of course different opinions exist as to what is erroneous doctrine, but nothing can be plainer than that illustrative teaching of all kinds is especially open to the abuse just mentioned. Let me show this by an example or two which have come under my own observation. Not very long since I was on a Sunday school platform, when one of the speakers compared the teacher to a sculptor, contending, at least by implication, that just as the beautiful chaste statue does already exist in the rough unhewn stone, and all that the artist has to do is to cut away the rubbish from it, and to shape and polish it; so the living, breathing Christian, is dug out of the quarry of nature, and that the work of the teacher is simply to chisel and carve and elaborate, that the desired image may be brought out. Now an illustration like this might, perhaps, do very well for Socinians, or for those who look upon Christianity as nothing more than ordinary human nature, refined, and elevated, and moralized; but, surely, not for those of us who insist on the doctrine of innate human depravity, and the absolute necessity of the new birth. "If any man be in Christ he is a *new creature*, old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

On another occasion, a person was urging Sunday school teachers to inculcate a reverence for the dictates of conscience; comparing conscience to the accurately adjusted sun-dial, which, as the speaker alleged, is *uniformly correct and truthful*, whatever variation may exist in our clocks and watches. Now, very obviously, the above illustration is calculated to instil the notion that to act conscientiously is necessarily to act rightly, a notion which is not only erroneous but calculated to produce disastrous consequences.

We have frequently heard the mind of the infant compared to a *sheet of clean white paper*, on which any kind of mark or impression can be made with equal ease; but, if this be so, if the mind be the *tabula*

* Continued from page 297.

rasa morally as well as intellectually, how comes it to pass as a fact, corroborated by observation and experience, that evil impressions can be made upon the child's mind with far greater facility than good ones. We submit that the illustration is a bad one, and should be discarded. True, the irresponsible infant is free from the taint of *actual sin*, but we think that its mental nature might rather be compared to a white clean sheet of *photographic paper*, which, by a certain process, has been rendered delicately sensitive to a certain kind of impression. Demonstrably, the *tendency* is towards *sin*, and not towards *holiness*.

A certain preacher of considerable position and eloquence, in descanting upon the passage, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins," insisted on the idea that man in his natural state, although dead, is "*not dead as a stone, but dead as an egg*;" implying, of course, that in fallen human nature there is, after all, the *germ* of spiritual vitality, which simply requires the warm incubation of favourable circumstances for the development and manifestation of such vitality. Here, again, we have the employment of a figure which is not only clearly faulty, but in direct contradiction to the matchless imagery of inspiration, "I will take away the *stony heart*, and give you a heart of flesh."

III. Something similar to the above exists *when an illustration, although good in itself, is pressed too far in its application*. The infidel denies the doctrine of the resurrection of the body and scoffs at it. Now, while we can have no manner of sympathy with persons of his class, we confess that, as it seems to us, they have sometimes been met by a group of illustrations which, although exceedingly beautiful, are absolutely valueless as proof even of the possibility of such an event. Since the contents of this paper were given at the Association, we have had the pleasure of reading some remarks on the subject from the late Robertson, of Brighton, who says, "In this strange world of perpetual change we are met by many resemblances to a resurrection. Without much exaggeration, we may call them resurrections. There is the resurrection of the moth from the grave of the chrysalis. For many ages the sculptured butterfly was the type and emblem of immortality. Because it passes into a state of torpor or deadness, and because from that it emerges by a kind of resurrection—the same, yet not same—in all the radiance of a fresh and beautiful youth, never again to be supported by the coarse substance of earth, but destined henceforth to nourish its etherealized existence on the nectar of flowers—the ancients saw in that transformation a something added to their hopes of immortality. It was their beautiful symbol of the soul's indestructibility.

Again, there is a kind of resurrection when the spring brings vigour and motion back to the frozen pulse of the winter world. Let any one go into the fields at the spring season of the year. Let him mark the busy preparations of life which are going on. Life is at work in every emerald bud, in the bursting bark of every polished bough, in the green tints of every brown hill side. And yet all this, valuable as it is in the way of suggestiveness, is *worth nothing* in the way of proof. These are no resurrections after all. The chrysalis only *seemed* dead; the tree in winter only *seemed* to have lost its vitality. Show us a butterfly which

has been dried and crushed, fluttering its brilliant wings next year again. Show us a tree plucked up by the roots and seasoned by exposure, the vital force really killed out, putting forth its leaves again, then we should have a real parallel to a resurrection. But nature does not show us that. So that all we have got in the butterfly and the spring are illustrations exquisitely in point *after* immortality is proved, but in themselves no proofs at all."

IV. Illustrative teaching is abused *when it is inappropriate, or when calculated to produce ludicrous associations*. I once heard a man gravely pleading in defence of the practice of war by urging, as illustration, the *military language of the New Testament*. Poor soul! he evidently thought that, inasmuch as we are enjoined to take "the sword of the Spirit," it could not be wrong to brandish the sword of ordinary carnal warfare.

A staunch supporter of Republicanism was on one occasion eloquently vindicating his favourite form of government, in opposition to that of monarchy, on the ground that the Divine Being gave to Israel their first king in anger. The speaker forgot that the previous form of government amongst the Israelites was not *republican* but *theocratic*.

A Sunday school teacher tried to illustrate to her scholars the nature of faith. Seeing a boat in the river, she said to her class, "Now, supposing I were secretly to put a mutton pie in that boat, and then were to come and tell you this, and you believed me, that would be faith." The next Sunday, among other questions proposed, she asked, "What is faith," and, of course, the simultaneous reply was, "A mutton pie in a boat." Now all this is degrading rather than elevating and instructive, and ought to be scrupulously avoided.

"A little child went home from Sunday school in great tribulation. On arriving, she ran to her mother, and, putting her head on her lap, sobbed bitterly, and for some time refused to be comforted. Yielding at last to her mother's urgent request to know the cause of her grief, she said, "Why, ma, there was a man that talked to us this afternoon, and he said that we were all stones, and we were going to be built into a big house, and we had to be chopped off to fit each other, and that God was going to chip us off in little bits with a hammer, just like they chip off the big stones round here at the stone-yard, and he was going to make us fit. And then he said, God was going to polish us off just like the top of the marble table there. Oh ma, I don't want to be chipped in little bits with a big hammer. Oh ma, do you think He'll do it?" Poor child, the orator of the day had been picturing to the youngsters of the infant class how God's children "as lively stones are built up a spiritual house." The idea was a good enough foundation for an address, but his method of treating it was most infelicitous.

V. Abuse exists *when Scriptural illustrations are either misapplied or applied too widely and minutely*. It seems to us that Swedenborgianism and Plymouth brethernism are fitted to call forth the derision of all thoughtful men by their fanciful and absurd application of Scripture, reminding us very forcibly of the old commentator who thought that the lily work around the bellies of the pillars of the temple, 1 Kings vii. 20—22, signified that, "if ministers would do their duty, and be pillars in the church, the Lord would take care of their

bellies." Fellow teachers, the sacred word of God is not to be thus handled and tossed about in the sport of a wild fancy, and I would here lay it down as a rule, that we have no right to attach a figurative interpretation to any passage of Scripture without the distinct warrant of the Holy Spirit, at whose divine dictation it was written.

But we must also exercise care in the interpretation of passages that are manifestly figurative in their character—such, for instance, as the parable. Our object should not be to spiritualize every distinct item and minute circumstance, or we shall abuse instead of use the parable; but to seize on the one great leading thought, and press that home to the heart. There is very much which may not inappropriately be termed the *drapery* of a parable; and to attach spiritual significance to every separate portion would in some instances lead to error.

Take, for example, the parable of the Ten Virgins; *five* of whom were wise, and *five* were foolish. Now, from this representation we are not to infer, as some have inferred, that as many will be lost as saved. The one point taught in the parable is the necessity for watchfulness and preparation for the coming of the Lord.

Thus, beloved brethren, have I endeavoured to show the use and abuse of illustrative teaching, with especial reference to Sunday school work. Let me reiterate the intreaty—*be yourselves* the living illustrations. The argument may be most conclusive, and the imagery perfect, but without this your influence on the class will be comparatively feeble.

Rely not on anything short of Divine influence for success. Go forth in the strength of the Lord, and when the genius of the poet, and the pride of the philosopher, and the sagacity of the statesman shall fade away in everlasting oblivion, undying honours shall be yours; and the voice of the Master be heard, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." J. C. JONES.

"JE SUIS A TOI."

Translated from No. 113 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

I AM Thine! all glory to Thy name supreme:
My Saviour! humble to Thy law divine,
I am Thine; adoring, loving Thee, I sing,
I am Thine, I am Thine!

I wandered, lost amid the paths of doubt;
An empty heart and death alone were mine,
When Thou didst come resplendent on my route—
I am Thine, I am Thine!

Erewhile beneath the world's dominion ground,
Now, Saviour, doth Thy sceptre o'er me shine;
Thy yoke is sweet, and Thy sweet peace profound—
I am Thine, I am Thine!

The open arms, the eyes with tenderness o'er-run,
In Thee, good Christ, to welcome me combine;
In haste so eager to Thy side I come—
I am Thine, I am Thine!

I everything have found in finding Thee;
By faith I know this happiness is mine;
Thy bosom is repose and peace for me—
I am Thine, I am Thine!

And nothing shall erase me from Thy book,
And nothing make me from Thy law decline;
Our life or death is in Thy holy book—
I am Thine, I am Thine!

While here on earth I dwell, my heart delights
To say, My God, my Saviour, I am Thine!
And then in heaven, where Thy grace invites,
Once more Thine, always Thine!

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE
CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. VIII.—*Cripples' Homes.*

THE West End of London is not so widely noted for its generosity and beneficence, as for superfluous wealth, extravagant gaiety, long terraces of magnificent mansions, and absorbing devotion to fashion. Still it deserves the credit of inventing, and supporting with some measure of enthusiasm, the only Homes for Cripples that exist in the metropolis, if not the only ones in the nation. Three different institutions may be visited between the Marylebone Road and High Street, Kensington, whose object is to minister comfort and health, knowledge and gladness, to those poor children who are crippled in limb, and therefore in hope and in endeavour, and so shut off from some of the best chances of obtaining the means of a sufficient subsistence. The first started in much meekness and modesty in Hill Street, Dorset Square, more than twenty years ago, and was intended to shelter and assist none but girls; and of those only such as had reached the age of twelve. The next was a long time in following it; but at length the Industrial Home for Crippled Boys was founded in the High Street, Kensington; and a subsidiary Nursery sprang into being in Old Quebec Street for little cripples of both sexes between the ages of three and twelve.

This work for cripples, like that for incurables, is very young. Indeed, one of the chief marvels of this age is the prolific inventiveness of Christian benevolence. No chapter in the history of the church is more brilliantly illuminated with originative generosity than that which contains the annals of this last quarter of a century. Science has scarcely been more successful in discovery than Love. No form of human suffering has failed to stir sympathy and excite action. Man's *whole* welfare—his body as well as his soul—has become the care of Christian hearts; and modern social life, like that of the first ages of the church, sees the successors of Christ going about doing good, and alleviating or healing all manner of sickness and disease amongst the people. Returning afresh to the Lord Jesus for inspiration, the church, which had degraded itself into a society for proving the reasonableness of religion, has demonstrated that she has a heart to sympathize with every kind of woe, and a hand to help in bearing every burden. The facts of Christian good-doing recorded in this present-day gospel are no feebler witness to the divinity of Christian deed than the old but thrilling incidents of the gospels of Matthew and John.

In 1862 the CRIPPLES' NURSERY took its rise, born doubtless of that ingenuity of love which suggested that the age of twelve was sufficiently late, to begin the sheltering care and invigorating discipline and strengthening sympathy, the poor, deformed, and emaciated creatures need. It has premises in Old Quebec Street, Hyde Park, which are capable of giving house-room for thirty-two little sufferers; but makes the number of the recipients of its aid up to fifty by a branch establishment at Eaton Road, Margate, which is so utilized as to supply each one with the incomparable advantages of sea-breezes and sea-bathing, and of a thorough change. Taken so early as three, it is not much of education,

so called, that they are capable of receiving; but the kind, gentle, instructive, and Christian influences that are brought to bear from day to day on their young hearts contribute at once to make their lives happy, their characters good, and to fit them for making the most of the industrial facilities provided at the other and more advanced Homes. Blessed refuge! messenger of light and love and help to so many tiny creatures afflicted with weakness and deformity, may the Lover of *all* the little ones richly prosper thy good work!

The birth of this good work for cripples was on this wise. In Hill Street, Dorset Square, twenty-three years ago, there was a Female Refuge and Public Laundry, where orphan girls, or the children of vicious and drunken parents, were received, educated, and taught household and laundry work, under the supervision and direction of well qualified matrons. To these girls it was a refuge from the temptations of the streets of London; a school where they were taught the saving truths of the gospel; and a work-shop in which they acquired at least one means of earning a livelihood. Into this place were brought two girls, noted in Marylebone for their deformity of body and importunity of begging. They could not wash. Scrubbing was evidently beyond them. Ironing they were not fit for. Their place was certainly not the laundry. What could they do? They must be taught something, for Satan finds some mischief still "for idle folks to do," be they cripples or not. "Why," suggested one of the ladies interested in this Refuge, "why not get some straw and tapes, and teach them how to make mats?" It was done. Success crowned the effort; and the CRIPPLES' HOME was born: or, speaking nearer the facts, the Female Refuge became practically changed into an Institution for Cripples, taking in only a sufficient number of orphan and outcast girls to attend on those who could not look after themselves. For twelve years the Home remained in its humble birth-place, and then its size justified its taking possession of Northumberland House, Marylebone Road, where it now shelters seventy-three cripples and twenty-seven refuge girls.

We shall never forget our first sight of this Institution, nor the astonishment that took possession of us as we gazed on the singularly painful and yet deeply pleasant procession that wended its devious way along the Marylebone Road one morning as we were hasting to class at University College. Never before, not even in London, which yields some of the strangest sights that mortals see, not even here had we beheld a scene like it. A regiment of crippled girls on the march! Sixty or seventy girls, some in single, some in double file; here a bath-chair, containing a girl to whom crutches were of little use, there one with crutches; here a perambulator pushed by one of the Refuge girls, and there one, two, or three stumping the pavement with their wooden substitutes, some hobbling along in the most cork-screw style, others distorted and twisted sadly, though walking with ease; and yet all meeting the morning air with brisk cheerfulness, abundant talk, and merry laughter. Not even the skill of Professor de Morgan lecturing on mathematics could keep back the vision. It haunted us for weeks!

But it was not till last week we saw the cripples at home and at work: and a very refreshing and pleasant visit it was. Bright faces with beaming eyes were lifted as we entered the work-room: and busy

fingers were still plying briskly at the manufacture of straw hats, bonnets, baskets, mats, dresses, etc. In the laundry all the washing and ironing of the Institution is done. And the work is so successfully conducted that the girls make good servants, competent laundry maids, and useful milliners. During the past year nine girls have been sent out to domestic service, and five cripples have been placed in houses of business. The Government Inspector says, "I have made my annual inspection of the Home this day, and find all going on steadily and in good working order; the children look as healthy as their condition of circumstances will permit; the industrial girls especially look strong and healthy, and well used to work. I am glad to find the education of the girls sufficiently attended to. I have examined all the classes, and find satisfactory progress throughout the school, according to the standard of previous attainments. The cheerful and natural tone which pervades the Institution is satisfactory and encouraging. I know of no other Institution where a higher tone of character is exercised from day to day."

But for range and variety of interest, and for thoroughness and completeness of adaptation, the BOYS' INDUSTRIAL HOME AT KENSINGTON seems in a fair way to surpass its parent and predecessor. It is at present on a very small scale, only accommodating about forty boys; but it is the perfection of compactness, and when its projected alterations and improvements are effected, it will be a model of Christian tact, sympathy, and success. It is mainly industrial. In no respect is it to be regarded as a hospital or a school; for though four evenings in the week are used for strictly educational purposes, yet the days, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, are devoted to business. It is a Christian Home and a work-shop: a work-shop, however, where five or six different businesses are carried on. Die-stamping, crests, monograms, addresses, and engraving occupy one shop containing six stamping machines. The carpenters' department supplies every description of plain furniture in deal, mahogany, maple, etc.; and includes knife-boxes, plate-racks, picture frames, chests of drawers, wardrobes, etc. In the tailors' shop you may get a suit of superfine black cloth at a cost of £4 4s., or repairs executed at the shortest notice.

In this its chief purpose it has achieved distinguished success. All these apprentices, weak and unfit for hard work and prolonged application as some of them are, have been trained without encroaching on the funds of the Institution. Here is the trade account for the year 1873.

Dr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wages of Carpen-								Proceeds of Work:							
penter, &c. ...	117	7	11					Carpentering ...	307	14	5				
Materials ...	196	19	1					Work for "Home" ...	12	10	0				
					314	7	0					320	4	5	
Wages of Stampers	104	0	0					Stamping ...	369	15	1				
Materials ...	277	4	11					Work for "Home" ...	18	14	3				
					381	4	11					388	9	4	
Wages of Tailor	104	0	0					Tailoring Dep.	190	1	9				
Materials ...	96	2	6					Work for "Home" ...	28	19	3				
					200	2	6					219	1	0	
Balance to Cash Account in favour of Trades ...				32	0	4									
Total ...					£927	14	9	Total ...					£927	14	9

But that is far from being the best part of the gains of this Home. From the die-stampers alone, at least a dozen cases could be quoted of lads who, instead of being dependent on others, and passing a miserable if not a criminal existence, have made their mark as successful workmen. One little fellow, ragged, ill-fed, and weak, as well as crippled, the child of a drunken father (for alas! drunkenness is one prolific parent of the subjects of crippledom), was brought into the Institution, and received its training in the art of die-stamping. He has left. His father is dead; and the whilom dependent cripple is now supporting himself and *his mother!* Two others, having saved £50 between them, have recently set up business on their own account at Cambridge. Mephibosheth had a tender and grateful spirit, though it dwelt in a lame body. Æsop's deformity did not cripple his genius. The father of the great Alexander, Philip of Macedon, was a distinguished general, notwithstanding his physical defects. Walter Scott was deformed, but he obtained high rank amongst the greatest. Man is not the slave of his body. He does not live by muscle and bone alone; and none can tell to what fine issues these poor crippled ones may be raised by the generous and wise help afforded in such a Home as this.

Signs of life and progress are abundant in the Kensington Home. The ground is admirably adapted for the extensive alterations and improvements proposed. It covers more than an acre. It is freehold, and has cost £6,000, every penny of which is paid; and an effort is now being made to obtain £4,000 more for the changes now in progress. More than seventy candidates are waiting at this moment for the next vacant place. And no wonder! For these Homes are national: open to the whole country; and the whole country has a floating population of not less than 100,000 cripples of both sexes. Think of it! Three Homes, affording accommodation to about one hundred and fifty, for a crowd of maimed and halt equal to the population of Leicester. "What are these amongst so many?" Verily it is time for English benevolence to bid these organizations extend their borders, and multiply a hundredfold the facilities for their important and very necessary work.

Read this as a sample of England's stock of maimed ones:—

"T. McK.—The father is paralysed, and can do no work. The mother is not a very satisfactory person (a good many mothers are like that). Family consists of eight: the eldest, a boy of twenty, who does odd jobs when he can get them; the cripple; a boy who works, and gets five shillings; another boy, who sells lights in the city: and there are four little girls at home beside. The cripple is in a very wretched state from want of food; but he has the use of his hands."

Multiply that by 100,000. Put into the figures all the life you can. Let them speak of the misery and wretchedness, the vice and weakness, the helplessness and despair, aye, and even the crimes that are so overwhelmingly associated with them; and as you imagine the crippled host in procession before you, will you not be grateful for the work already done, and lend a hand forthwith, that the like may be multiplied a thousandfold?

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. IV.—*Hamburg.*

AT the close of the war, in 1815, when the continent was more opened to the enterprising, to the visits of merchants and to the pleasure-seeking tourists of this country, crowds of people from England and Scotland, men of commerce and men of pleasure, rushed to all parts of it. Many brought with them the produce of our various manufactories, and found a ready sale for it, especially at Hamburg, the greatest mercantile city of Germany. Among these, of course, were many religious people, who, not finding in the German preachers, nor in the ministry conducted by the chaplain to the British Consul, the spiritual food they had been accustomed to enjoy at home, took council together how to supply themselves with what was so much to be desired.

Among them were some preachers; but they had no place of meeting, nor could they, according to the existing laws, assemble for the worship of God without obtaining the sanction of the senate. To this venerable body they presented a memorial, which was answered by the grant of a concession to the so-called "English Reformed Church:" a document which to us, accustomed to religious freedom, many came to regard with curiosity enough, and on some it had almost a comic effect; however these religious people rented the use of a saloon for a part of Sunday. It was in a rather remote part of the city, seldom trodden by the English settlers, but was known as the French Reformed Church, and in the forenoon of every Sunday it was edified by the ministration of Merle d'Aubigne, then held in great esteem, and afterwards celebrated throughout the religious world of all Europe. It was a privilege and an honour to be introduced to the acquaintance and friendship of this very excellent man.

The congregation I found there was composed of various denominations; Wesleyans and Independents had taken the lead, and had invited young men of their own denominations to come and preach. One young man of considerable promise had settled among them (Mr. Mudie), but for some reason they had become dissatisfied with him, and he left. The congregation was accustomed to meet only once a week, on Sunday at noon, after the French congregation had left. With this state of things I was by no means satisfied. I instituted a prayer meeting on Monday evening, and preaching on Wednesday evening, both of which were held in a private house. We also began to hold public worship in the French Reformed Church on Sunday evenings at six p.m. This little assembling, strange to say, was soon interfered with, and I received a summons to appear in person at the police office. I there found I had to wait my turn among drunkards, thieves, and other evil-doers, and was told that I was not come to their city to do as I liked, and should not be allowed to hold religious meetings on Sunday evenings. On application to the Senate, however, leave was granted. Subsequently, for months and years, I suffered similar inconveniences on account of week-night meetings, preachings, or aboard ships, and for establishing a Sunday school, which Sunday school I believe to have been the first of the sort that had ever been held on the continent.

Several friends desired to have the Lord's supper. I found some conscientious difficulties in the way. It was a church ordinance. It meant a distinct profession of obedience to Christ. It was a badge of a family who recognized each other as brethren and sisters in Christ, and would engage to assist and aid one another to walk in holy conversation in the sight of God. I preached on the nature of a Christian church, and disturbed the professions of conversion and resolution in many minds. There was no one who had a right to admit thereto or refuse. I called on all those who were desirous of being recognised, and of recognising one another, as disciples of Jesus Christ, to come forward and enrol themselves in the fellowship of a Christian church. To this call nine persons, only nine, responded. I had prepared a book in which the names of these brethren were written. We determined to take the Holy Scriptures as the only rule of our faith and practice; and solemnly enrolled ourselves together as a church of Jesus Christ. It was wonderful that the rest of the congregation calmly acquiesced in this arrangement, as all persons would have to receive the approbation of a meeting of this little church before they could become members. The church thus formed became, ere long, a little larger, and with the tacit consent of the congregation invited me to become their pastor, and I was ordained at Hamburg on the 18th of August, 1822, on my twenty-fourth birthday.

It is not my design to relate the little incidents of my external life and ministry; they were all common place enough, and though of course interesting to myself, are not likely to be of any importance to others; and my internal history, alas! was dim as well as monotonous. It is true I continued to spend much time in private prayer; and sometimes I had seasons of transport in the contemplation of God and His love to my own soul from all eternity, as I sometimes fancied I had a right to infer. But I found that these delightful feelings, many and many a time, were all gone before the morning. Like the stone of Sisyphus that had rolled down to the foot of the hill, the entire work had to be done over again. David Brainard's melancholy experience inclined me to believe that this was the case with all Christians. Indeed I have, since then, met with many earnest souls who, under the influence of similar Calvinistic views, had an experience precisely similar. Joy was felt overnight, but dull doubts awaiting it in the morning. One incident I must tell, the effects of which occurred years after. It produced on my spirit effects of the most important nature—effects which no doubt will endure throughout all time. One Sunday morning there appeared among our congregation a gentleman who had a sort of military air about him, very grave for his years; he seemed to be between thirty and forty. He remained after the rest had gone and spoke to me; asked after the state of religion in the city and among ourselves. He seemed to be a person of singular spirituality of mind. He came again to the meeting in the evening. He came to see us at our own house, and to the prayer meeting on Monday evening. He spoke with earnestness, intelligence, and spirituality in prayer. To us who were strangers, he said it was common for people to speak of their going over by death into eternity, but that for himself he felt that this eternity had begun already—and he really acted as if it were so. He spoke of God with a reverence and a confidence that was most

winning and impressive. He gave to us some views of the Divine character which differed somewhat from the theology to which we had been accustomed; but it had an unction and impressiveness which rendered it irresistible and unforgettable. That visit left permanent effects. A correspondence was maintained, though very infrequent, for three years. Soon after that time we met with him in Edinburgh, and at his invitation spent several days with him at his house near Dundee. Then the impressions of his heavenly-mindedness were deepened. His extensive and profound knowledge of the Scriptures astonished and edified us. His criticisms on the Bible, founded on his knowledge of Hebrew, and especially of Greek, furthered by an experimental application of them to his own heart and to ours, made us feel that he was one whom God's truth had made free, who was born again of the word of God, and testified to others what he had himself known and felt and handled of the word of life.

Time rolled on. After a weary time spent in painfully collecting funds for the erection of a suitable place of worship for the English Reformed Church, as our congregation was called at Hamburg, and seeing indeed that much of the work accomplished, I came for a visit to my parents in the summer of 1828. There was also visiting my parents at this time a dear sister of mine, much older than myself, who shortly after she had been left a widow in 1815, had become very devout and religious, but who, like myself, had been brought under the influence of Calvinistic teaching, and who was always looking into her own heart for such evidences of practical piety as should assure her that she was an object of God's peculiar special love; in short, that she was one of an elect few whom God had, from all eternity, chosen out of the rest of mankind to redeem them by Christ, to call them with an effectual calling, to justify them, and then receive them for ever to glory. She sought for these evidences in herself, but found them not. She found sinfulness instead of holiness—hardness instead of tenderness—dullness instead of zeal—more unbelief than faith—and every day's self-examination found her with miserable doubts as to whether she really loved God or not, and consequently whether God loved her or not. Day after day she came to pour out her heart full of doubts and discomfort. I, though very much in the same state of ignorance and error, not knowing the impartial and universal love of God in the work and suffering of the Lord Jesus Christ as designed for the salvation of all men, I tried, but tried in vain to impart some loving consolation to her weary spirit. I have known this to be her state, as indeed it had been my own, for nine dreary years. I happened to see in a bookseller's shop in Newcastle a work by my excellent Hamburg friend, of whom I have spoken before, Thomas Erskine, Esquire. It was entitled the "Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel." At once I bought it; greedily and seriously read it; and though not quite sure that all its statements were correct, yet my whole soul was impressed with the conviction that his views of the character of God, and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, were the very things that my dear sister required. I presented it, therefore, to her, with strong commendation of the excellent Christian character of its author. She read it, approved of it, only observed that it differed from the kind of thing to which she had been accustomed.

My time for returning to Hamburg approached. I purchased another

copy of this important work, and resumed my ministrations in Hamburg. One Friday evening I was engaged in preparing for the approaching Sunday a sermon on Justification by Faith. I recollected that this point was treated of in my friend's book above-named. It was impressed on my mind that I ought to read it. I began—I was interested—I was affected—I was awe-struck—I was amazed. Opposite feelings struggled within me. I was gladdened, yet alarmed. There was the outline of what I intended to preach; and here was Mr. Erskine's representation of the subject. That was very diverse, nay, opposite. If my views were right, my venerated friend was greatly in error. If this book contained the truth, then I had never known it. If this were true, then I had never in my life preached the gospel. If God loved all mankind, then all ought to believe it; therefore all ought to be informed of it. I had never informed them of it, because I had never known it, never believed it. If Christ had died for all men, then that was the thing that ought to be preached, and there was no room for doubt. All was clear; and however much my notions opposed it, this was what the Bible asserted—and to believe the Bible was the duty of every one, because it was true; and if they believed it, it would change all their thoughts of God, and make them right hearted, and thus they were justified by faith. I felt a dreadful conflict. I was in great distress in my inmost soul. I cried to God, the living God, the God of my heart, of my salvation. I knew not what to do. Would God only tell me. Would God only save me from all error He should guide me with His counsel, and save me from misleading the souls of my hearers. The evening was spent in prayer—in seeking God. I could make no more preparation. I could preach no more till I obtained some deliverance. At morn my perplexity continued; but the light which the evening before had dazzled and confounded me began to appear very sweet and holy. My heart welcomed it, my conscience responded to it. Yes, surely the book must be right, and I had all my life been in error. How can I preach? Remarkable, therefore, it was that that very afternoon there called on me an Irish gentleman, Mr. O'Neill, who was designed to become a clergyman, and I told him my mind was greatly agitated and perplexed, and if he would take my duties for me it would be a favour and a relief. He kindly consented.

OUR WORK IN THE VILLAGES.—The following circular speaks for itself, and deserves a generous response from all interested in the welfare of our village churches. "Stapleford is a thriving village a few miles from Nottingham. For more than a quarter of a century General Baptists from Ilkeston, Beeston, and Nottingham, have been at work amongst the people there, not without many difficulties, nor without much real courage and faith. So much success has attended the labours of the friends in their 'hired house,' and so great is the need for better accommodation that they recently purchased a site, in an admirable position, for £150. £600 are wanted before beginning to build. The members at Stapleford, who form part of the church at Ilkeston, though willing and earnest workers are not wealthy, and therefore they appeal for help to all Christians anxious for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Aid will be thankfully received by the following, Rev. J. Wild, pastor, Ilkeston; Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., Nottingham; Mr. W. Smith, Market Place, Ilkeston, and Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Francis Fletcher, Stapleford."—"*Scraps.*"

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. VI.—*Zurich, Strasburg, etc.*

OUTSIDE the Cathedral, on the opposite side of the road, is a statue of Ecolampadius, who promoted the Reformation at Basle. The church in which he used to preach is still standing. He, with two other Reformers, is buried in the precincts of the Cathedral, and the spot is marked by memorial tablets. The family of the Buxtorfs, celebrated in Hebrew scholarship, are also interred in the cloisters of the cathedral.

Basle may be called emphatically a Protestant city. It is also noted for its missionary institutions. One of these I visited, under the guidance of Mr. Moseley, Professor of English, in the institution.

At Basle I met with some new acquaintances. A clergyman in charge of a young gentleman from England whom he was conducting through Switzerland, manifested a very friendly spirit. He was well acquainted with a clergyman who was once a Baptist minister, with whom he had worked, and my knowledge of this minister seemed to form a bond of connection between us. An elderly lady, of very agreeable manners, who had the control of a niece and nephew, was sometimes present at our conversations in the reading room. Another travelling clergyman from the midland counties came to the hotel. It so happened that he had been a fellow student with the former one. We seven formed a travelling party and visited the falls of the Rhine together. This may be regarded as one of the most delightful localities in Switzerland. The panorama of the Alps, as seen from this place, is wonderful in its magnificence. The Falls of the Rhine cannot be described in language or pictured in colours. The perpetual thunder of the waterfall is at first trying, especially at night, when you wish to get to sleep.

Here we spent two delightful days, and then went on to Zurich. This city for years had been in my memory, and I should have been greatly disappointed if I had not seen it. It is most pleasantly situated at the head of the lake called by the same name. One of the most distinguished of the Reformers lived and laboured here. Zwingle was among the greatest of that noble and illustrious band who shook to its centre the power of Rome, and restored the Word of God to its rightful position in the church. Zwingle got farther away from the superstitions of the papacy than even Luther, his great German brother. He had a hero's heart, and a martyr's spirit, and he nobly died in the defence of the principles of the gospel. If men are to be ranged according to their worth Zwingle will stand in the front rank of the "noble army of martyrs."

The old Cathedral where he used to preach is worthy of inspection. There is a statue of *Karl der Gross*, Charlemagne, of ancient date. In other respects the Cathedral is remarkably free from ornamental embellishments.

The museum is especially interesting. There are many valuable paintings in it. Several letters written by Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, a Swiss Reformer, are to be seen under a glass case. These letters are in the Latin language, and are written in a very clear and legible hand. Lavater lived and laboured at Zurich, and here Fichte the philosopher found his excellent wife.

The lake is a delightful place for boating and other aquatic exercises. Villages and pleasant residences are to be seen on all sides of the lake. Several manufactures are also carried on in the city and neighbourhood.

Here, very reluctantly, I left my friends, and alone hastened back to Basle. Basle is one of the gates of Switzerland. At this outlet I left the beautiful country. I did not quit the continent at once, but lingered a little in Germany. This part of my journey I must pass over in the most cursory and rapid manner possible. If providence should open my way I hope at some future time to make Germany the principal field of a holiday ramble, and then, should I put my thoughts on paper, it shall have the chief place.

From Basle I passed on to Strasburg. All along the line there are glimpses of the Rhine. You leave the main line at Appenweiler, and enter Strasburg by way of Kehl. It was late in the evening when I arrived in the city. I made my way to the Red House in the large open square. On the following morning the first thing was to visit the Cathedral. Mass was being performed, and many persons in various parts were engaged in their devotions. The wonderful clock has often been described, and is certainly a great curiosity. The elaborate sculpture done by Sabina, daughter of Erwin, of Steinbach, the architect, is especially worthy of minute inspection. Statues of her and her father are seen outside the Cathedral.

From Strasburg I proceeded to Heidelberg, leaving Baden Baden to the right. Take Heidelberg with all its fine natural surroundings it must be described as a very pleasant place. The town itself is not so attractive as some less noted places. It consists principally of one very long main street. The Ritter Hotel is about the centre of the town, and is one of the oldest houses. It is ornamented with quaint figures. The ruins of the ancient castle are doubtless wonderful. The building is of red stone, and the back ground, made up of the mountain and trees, show it to the best effect. It is the finest ruin in Germany. You get a fine view of it from the banks of the Neckar, which flows past, and is crossed by a fine stone bridge. *Wunderbar schön, wunderbar schön*, was the description given to the ruin by a young lady as she looked at it apparently for the first time. I had the pleasure of going through the University Library, and was specially pleased with the classified arrangement of the books.

The Protestant Church, lately restored, has striking likenesses of the Reformers in stained glass in two of the windows.

From Heidelberg I took train for Mainz, calling at Worms in my way. Worms has lost much of its ancient grandeur. In the sixteenth century it was one of the largest and most distinguished cities in Germany. Royalty had a residence there. The Cathedral, the finest of its kind in Europe, is still worthy of close attention. It has lately undergone restoration. A charge is made to see the interior. Worms is celebrated as the place where Luther displayed great moral heroism and Christian courage. The place where he made his stand is now a garden, but thrown open to visitors. Luther's Denkmal, or monument, is an impressive and imposing work of art. No sight so took hold of my feelings and stirred my soul as this. It consists of many figures—Wycliffe, Savonarola, Huss, and all the principal Reformers. These are all as large as life. Above them all, in moral majesty, stands Luther with a Bible in his left hand, and his right raised as if he were speaking. His countenance is wonderfully expressive, indicative of resolution and firmness. The woman on the spot who sells photographs and speaks enough English for her business is under the protection of the State.

G. HESTER.

SHORT SERMONS FROM A RAILWAY STATION.

“*Up or down, Sir?*”

“We may find . . . sermons in stones,
and good in everything.”

If this be true, then the very streets are full of instruction. The very walls, and doors, and windows abound with sober teaching. And there are sermons in walls, and discourses on doors. “No admittance except on business.” “Removed to over the way.” “Hands wanted.” “To be let unfurnished.” “Mind the paint.” “Beware of the dog.” “Trespassers will be prosecuted.” These are the street preachers which, it seems to me, are ever preaching to the wise and foolish passer-by. But lessons are to be learned everywhere, and not the least instructive place in the world is a railway station. No thoughtful person can take his stand on the platform of an important railway junction and watch the movements of the passengers—their hurry and bustle, their anxiety and care, their joyful greetings and sad farewells; no one can listen to the cries of the officials as they see to the comfort of the travellers, and the despatch of the trains without being both impressed and instructed. As I entered a busy railway station the other day, where two trains were waiting to start, the one for the north, and the other for the south, an active official called out to me, “UP OR DOWN, SIR?” It was an important question, and it was important that it should be answered correctly, or I might have found myself at York when I expected to be in London, or at London when I expected to be in York. What a very solemn and important question this to put to travellers on the railway of life. Are *you going up or down?* It is said there are many ways in life, but in reality there are only two, for there are only two termini, and all the ways of life lead to one or the other. One way is best described by the word *upward*. It is on the “up line.” It is upward from vice to virtue; upward from sin to holiness; upward from the shame, and misery, and wretchedness of a heart defiled by sin, into the dignity and blessedness of those whose hearts are washed by the blood of the Lamb; upward from the bondage and thralldom of lusts and passions, which held us willing slaves to Satan, to the glorious liberty and heavenly rapture enjoyed by the freedmen of the Lord; upward from grace to glory; upward, ever upward, even after the river of death is crossed, for “with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” “The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” This is the inspiring announcement concerning the Christian life. There is no limit to the height of excellence set before us as our ideal, for Christ is our model, and we are never to rest on our upward journey until we are altogether like our Lord.

But life may run on another line. It is best described by the word *downward*, for there is a downward life as well as an upward one—a life, in which thought, feeling, and purpose are lowered and debased every day. A life which is on an inclined plane, for this life is downward to the neglect of secret prayer, and to the disregard of the Bible; downward into worldly-mindedness, into covetousness, into intemperance, into secret, and into outward sin; down, down, till the conscience is

seared, and the heart is hardened, and the image of God is effaced, and a man is past feeling, down into scoffing and infidelity, and then, with fearful velocity, still down to an awful death and final perdition. Up or down, Sir? Let each one put to himself the question of the railway official, and if any one should find that he is on the downward line, then let him stop and change. Change he may, for God still waits to be gracious. "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." J. H. ATKINSON.

PAPERS ON PREACHING.

SECOND SERIES. No. III.—*The Ministerial "Goose-Step."*

HOLMES was a young student. He had finished his first year at Bradwell College; stood well in Latin and Greek, was fair at mathematics, and had read a creditable sermon on "Justification by Faith" before the Examiners; so that he approached his vacation with some slight self-gratulation, but also with a more intense ambition to gain a high place amongst the useful preachers of the gospel of Christ.

Dropping in for a cup of tea the other day, neither home politics, such as we are permitted to have in these days of Tory rule, nor foreign complications, nor local incidents, could long detain the stream of talk from the theme so dear to us both—"College life and Pulpit work."

"I admit," said Holmes, "everything you urge as to the need for the most thoroughgoing culture of the mind; and will even allow that books may possibly be made too much of: but the great difficulty is *how to get this culture!* One's efforts seem so often wasted."

"Wait a bit; not too fast! Never mind the waste just now. One thing at a time, friend Holmes. It is a difficulty, I admit, a serious difficulty: but like all other difficulties, it is merely something to be overcome. You know many have conquered it, and so will you, if you set yourself to work with as much wit and will, tact and thoroughness, as mark real victors in any department of life."

"Yes! but *how?*"

"Well, books abound in scores telling *how* it may be done; and examples, which are themselves lessons, are numberless."

"But you object to books!"

"No! I don't. I believe in them with all my heart, love them as I love my best friends; but I never wish to be bound hand and foot to them, as if I were a slave. We must use books as we use food. *No man* lives to eat, and no true student lives to read; but reads to live and work."

"Just so. What, then, do the books say is the first thing to be done: the student's or minister's goose-step, eh?" said Holmes, his eye twinkling with mischief and fun at the idea of borrowing this figure, so capable of a double meaning, from his "Volunteer" drilling days.

"Briefly, it is this: Look on all things with your own eyes, not with borrowed ones, however good they may be."

"That, then, is rule one. I'll put it down."

"And it is of much graver moment in mental discipline than in its simplicity and brevity it seems. Some men may be content to see nothing; and like moles burrowing underground, feel their way feeding on roots, and leaving here and there a gold heap to mark their pilgrimage: but a preacher's eyes should be open always, seeing always. Other men will not grievously suffer if they never see excepting through the eyes of their neighbours; he must look for himself, see all that can be seen, see it fully and accurately, see it in its bearings and results, and report upon it accordingly. I verily believe, Holmes, that in the life-long training of our nature for usefulness the drill of the eyes in the act and habit of careful and thorough observation is of prime if not of supreme importance to the preacher of the word."

"You mean the eyes of the soul, as well as those of the sense, don't you?"

"I mean all the eyes he's got; every power of seeing men and things, thoughts and words, time and eternity, he enjoys. Every true preacher is a Seer."

"A what?"

"A Seer; a man whose strong and clear sight brings him face to face with the realities of things. I like that old prophetic word "seer." It describes the character of the real, soul-helping, man-saving minister exactly. He sees. His eye does not fail, though it may be sorely pained in the presence of the scorching heats that glare out of the furnaces of evil; nor close before the glistening snow-heights of purity and mystery: but his calm, steady, disciplined gaze proves him to be anointed from on high. Countless seemings will not mask the truth from him. Numberless disguises are torn through as though they were the thinnest gauze. He lays hold with clenched fist on fact—hard, actual fact—and will not release it till he knows something of its 'how' and 'why.' His eyes are open to seeing, as much in the market as in the study, in the street as in the pulpit, the ethics of buds and leaves, flowers and fruits, as well as the more obvious morals of hopes and despairs, sorrows and joys. He is, so to speak, a master of the art of using his eyes, and has graduated in that widest and cheapest university, the university of life, where the first and last lessons are a practical answer to the momentous enquiry—how to observe."

"But how would that tell on a man's preaching power? In what way would the sermons of your seer differ from one who is not a seer?"

"Mainly in freshness and individuality. The seer never mimics. He sees too well and too far for that. He is an individual, and dares to be himself. He preaches facts: what he has seen and felt and handled of the word of life. He reaches and moves men's souls because he knows his own soul. Vagueness he hates. Definiteness of purpose and statement; point; richness of illustration, made not out of book anecdotes, but of life-experiences, are his delight. He is positive without arrogance, dogmatic without intolerance, broad without being cold, intense without being narrow, old and yet always new, new and yet always true, calm from conviction not conceit, self-possessed from faith not vanity, authoritative from humility and prayer and life, and not from official badge or empty pride. His sermons are as fresh as a spring morning when the breezes are charged with balmy breath, and the air carries life and energy to the founts of being with every new inspiration."

"Oh, much coveted power! What would I not give for it! Do you really think that the proper use of such a simple tool as observation will produce results like those? Begin with the habit of seeing things with your own eyes, and end in all that! Is it likely? I can hardly believe it!"

"Why not? Wer'nt you telling the people last Sunday that the reason they failed to obtain light and life was because they would foolishly persist in trying to do 'some great thing,' instead of taking God's simple prescription. Depend upon it, if some of us could be content to do a few very simple things well and thoroughly, we should be immensely enriched by our humility."

"No doubt: but this certainly seems too large a demand to make on so simple a machine."

"The demand is not on the machine, but on him who works it; and the proof of its power, when well worked, is afforded by all the most effective teachers of present and modern times. Our great Pattern, who spake as never man spake, notably gathered His similes from nature, and His inimitable parables from human experience. The prophets and psalmists drew from the same refreshing springs, and never found the wells dry. Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and the glorious company of the poets, revel in the infinite variety of the appearances of nature, and the inexhaustible newness of life. Wordsworth says,

'The earth
And common face of nature spake to him
Rememberable things;'

and he has put into his poems more facts and fancies fresh and direct from nature than any other suiger. Ruskin sees so much with his trained and gifted sight, that the reader half suspects him of creating the cloud and tree forms he so graphically describes. Beecher's sermons are as full of nineteenth century life as a newspaper, and yet, as you said a few minutes ago, as spiritual as a book of devotion. And so I might go on adding illustration to illustration of the seer's power as a teacher: but I claim that it does more than this."

"More!" exclaimed Holmes with some astonishment.

"Yes, more: for it is salvation from church squabbles, as well as life and force in the pulpit."

"How so?"

"The seer is not a man who governs the church with a carpenter's rule, or tries to guide men with a lawyer's red tape. He reads character, sees what is in men, as well as what is in himself, and adapts his words and deeds to their condition. He makes men by the way he rules them. He has unerring tact: knows when to put his foot down, and when to yield: is never the first to quarrel, but always the first with 'coals of fire' to warm the head of an opponent: and so the church is not a body of dependents, with nothing to do but wrangle, and sure to get into broils the moment he is out of sight, but a self-managing society, of which he is the sagacious director in chief."

"It'd be a capital thing, both for churches and pastors, if we had more of these 'sagacious directors in chief;' and as I want to be one, just be so kind as to put in a few plain words how I shall go to work with my eyes forthwith."

"Begin, then, remembering that the world exists for the education of all men, and specially for those who would be educators of others. Nature spreads wide open her doors, and invites everybody to her ministry without money and without price. Learn to see what Nature is doing. Her domains are full of ethics; 'the moral law lies at the centre of Nature, and radiates to the circumference.' Have a science that deals with things, and makes it necessary for you to go out and observe. Botanize. Take flowers, pick them to pieces; note their differences, likenesses, relations, etc. Or geologize, and the earth will show what otherwise you would fail to see. Or get a rabbit and cut it open, and see how it and you are made. Do something or other that makes it necessary to see where the *untrained* eye does not see."

"Books would help in such work, would not they? They contain descriptions of what others have seen."

"Yes, you must have them; but take care to see things for yourself. You have as good eyes as any body else. Use them. Don't take descriptions on credit if you can help it. If iron pyrites is described as harder than copper pyrites, get your knife out and try it. Believe the book if you will, but prove it."

"But there is such a host to see, and life is so brief and so busy."

"Doubtless, and therefore it is necessary to look specially at type-facts, and to hold them with an intelligent and firm grasp. Nature is built on types. There are many kinds of iron; know iron well, and you will easily pass from the knowledge of one kind to the other. The Greek verbs were easy after you had mastered *tupto*. Knowing the typical verbs and typical nouns, you stormed the stronghold of Greek grammar. So it is in seeing. Make houses out of the same stone, and label them. Arrange things together that are alike. Pigeon-hole your facts. Store them according to their fellowships with one another. In a word, classify the immense variety of things by their likenesses and differences, and though they will still be a host, yet it will be one well ordered and easily managed."

"Does the same rule apply to human life and experience?"

"Exactly. We should learn to dissect men as the student of anatomy dissects a body; should find out where every moral muscle is, and how it acts; where the veins are, and what course they take. Acts should be tracked to their motives. The subterfuges and self-delusions that men will use should be apparent to us. We have to work on the principles of human nature, and must know what they are. The world lives to-day, has a life as full and as fresh as it ever had. We need not grope among the dry bones of the past. We have to catch men living now, and must understand them and their ways if we are to do it."

"Tennyson, I recollect, says in *Ænonc*,

'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.'

And no doubt a knowledge of self is an immense help in the effort to know and do good to others."

"One of the very best. The mind is a world whose phenomena should be observed with as much care and regularity as the astronomer watches the changes of the starry sky. We are retrospective; we build the sepulchres of the fathers, and read biography, and often leave a book near to us, written

within and without with lessons of the highest wisdom, with all its pages uncut. We can only know men well through daring to see and know the most of ourselves. It was a true oracle that said, 'Man, know thyself;' for whilst all knowledge is a tool that may be of signal service, knowledge of self has the promise of largest reward."

"And for this one must go to the Bible."

"Yes: but in the same way. We must not be content to look at its teachings only through the spectacles of commentators. Take a text as you do a mineral chipped off the everlasting hills. Submit it to all the tests you have, blow-pipe, acids, gravity, etc., and tell what it is you find: but remember it is a test chipped from the hills, and must be set in its place and seen in its manifold relations if it is to be fully understood."

"You would record the results of your investigation then?"

"Always. Copy books are cheap, and writing is an admirable exercise. Write out what you see. Write the rigid fact, all the fact; but no more. Be severely true. Don't colour. Don't invent, and dub your invention with the name of fact. Emulate Faraday as an observer and recorder of fact, who said, 'The thing I am proudest of is that I have never been found to be wrong;' and of whom A. de la Rive wrote, 'I do not think that Faraday has once been caught in a mistake, so precise and conscientious was his mode of experimenting and observing.'"

JOHN CLIFFORD.

BARROW LIMESTONES: A GEOLOGICAL GOSSIP.

WHAT traveller along the Midland Railway between Leicester and Derby has not vivid, not to say unpleasant recollections of Barrow lime? For a mile or so the air of the Soar valley is often thick with the clouds of lime dust and smoke proceeding from the numerous and extensive works carried on close to the line in the manufacture of hydraulic cement, making the modern pilgrim thankful for the rapidity with which he is whisked to his destination. But "most haste" least knowledge, if the reader will pardon a new rendering of the Latin proverb.

Since boyhood we had known these pits with such a knowledge: had heard of Barrow lias lime: of strange things, "thunder-bolts," and I know not what, brought to light out of the depths of the earth by the quarrymen: but not till the week after our Loughborough Association were we privileged to make a detour round the pleasant village, look at the church, at the birth-place of good Bishop Beveridge, at our chapel (soon, we rejoice to know, to give place to a new one), to inspect these limestone quarries, and to carry home several prizes as souvenirs at once of our pleasant geological pilgrimage and of the abundant and singular life that myriads of ages ago swam in the liassic seas that washed the shores of old Charnwood. Thanks, a thousand thanks, to those kind and generous friends who made the day a "red letter" one in our experience!

But why "liassic" seas?

Well, the word "lias" is only a Gloucestershire corruption for "layers;" and William Smith, the father of English geology, made some of his first discoveries in geology in that county, and he took the term to describe this special set of rocks, which is well developed in its lower portions at Barrow, and stretches right across the centre of England, from Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire in a northerly easterly direction as far as Whitby on the coast of Yorkshire, and can be more readily recognized by its "layers" of limestone and its fossils than you can be by the postman when he brings a letter to you with your name and address upon it.

Imagine you are with us as usual, "constant reader," as we retrace our steps over this bit of instructive ground. There are several pits worked now, some of which are many feet deep, and expose admirable sections of the crust of the earth. You see before you a bluish grey clay that is unctious to the touch, interstratified with a succession of layers of hard, light blue or grey limestone. In one of the quarries you may count thirteen successive bands, giving the cutting a striped or riband-like appearance. If the pit has been opened long, and the limestone is weathered, it has a light brown colour. Think of a large book-case, with light brown shelves arranged at different distances from one another, some one foot apart, some two, and so on; fill the shelves with blue

covered books: then let the books represent the clay, and the shelves the limestone, and you may get a rough notion of the scene. Since we were at Barrow we have seen at Frethern along the river Severn in Gloucestershire a very fine exposure of similar strata, presenting just the same ribbed appearance, and in every respect precisely identical with this, but ranging to a height of sixty-six feet, and extending for more than three-quarters of a mile.

But why are they getting and working this stone?

Everybody knows that any limestone will make mortar. Lime-kilns are common. Burning away the carbonic acid in the limestone, lime is left, which being mixed with sand (or silica) and water a gradual combination of lime and sand occurs, so "that they twain become one" stone. Now the Barrow quarries yield a limestone that differs from that at Crich and other places in having clay in it, and perhaps a little magnesia (known to some of us as a medicine). It is the presence of this clay, which you may easily detect by moistening the stone slightly and applying your nasal organ, that gives such value to the Barrow lime. Only clay! nothing but clay, and yet because it is there the stone makes not the common, everyday mortar, but a hydraulic mortar, *i.e.*, a mortar that "sets" or hardens under water. This impure lime is carefully heated, ground to powder, and thoroughly mixed; and then the sand, clay, and lime, when moistened with water, become *one* stone, known to chemists as a compound silicate of lime and alumina (clay), and valued very highly because it is not destroyed by water.

See, what is that singular appearance in the rocks there?

That, sir, is what we call "*horse-backs*," sir, says the quarryman.

"Horse-backs" in a quarry! pray what are they?

At a glance you see that the bands of limestone that ran so straight in the former pits, or dipped gently, *i.e.*, bent slightly towards the centre of the earth in a south-easterly direction, are here disturbed and form a kind of ridge, as though they had been slowly pushed up, or else the other parts of the bands had been slowly let down. The book-shelves are not straight, but form a sort of swell or ridge. Who has been at work here? What agent has caused this? No doubt as these limestones and clays rest on the red sandstone rocks that crop up on the other side of the Soar and at Quorndon and Mountsorrel, there has been a sinking of the earth in some parts, owing to the washing away of the salt that these red rocks contain, and which in Cheshire is washed away so abundantly as to produce land-slips.* These horse-backs are also known to coal-miners; but it is thought that in such cases they are due to the action of currents in the old coal swamps.

"And do you say there was life once in the seas that made these rocks?"

"Well, look for yourself. What say you to this? What undertaker ever put such a thing as this into so deep a grave?"

"But what is it?"

It is what geologists call a fossil, *i.e.*, says Lyell, "any body, or the traces of the existence of any body, whether animal or vegetable, which has been buried in the earth by natural causes," and not by any modern undertaker. This is clearly the tail and part of the fins and a considerable portion of the body of a fish. It rejoices in the learned name of *Dapedius Monilifer*, or necklace-bearing *Dapedius*, and is found exclusively in such rocks as these; so that when you find it you know geologically "where you are" as certainly as you know your geographical whereabouts when the porter calls out Loughborough. It is a broad-bodied fish, flattened out like a plaice, but is covered with scales very different in shape and composition from most of those protecting the fishes that swim in the rivers and seas now. These scales, instead of being horny, thin, and flexible, like those of salmon and cod, etc., consist of two layers, the first of bone, and the second above it of hard, polished enamel. They are also larger and thicker, not circular or elliptical in shape as is the case with our fish, but each scale has four sides, two of which are longer than the other: and instead of the scales overlapping as the ordinary scales do, they are set edge to edge, and joined together by little projections. In many other respects it differed from modern fish, and only the bony pike or gar pike (*Lepidosteus*) of the North American rivers is left of all its lineal descendants.

"Whatever have you got there? How beautiful?"

* Cf. Mag., Cheshire Salt, p. 186, 1874.

A paddle! yea, verily a swimming paddle; not of a whale, indeed, but of a creature that seems to have been made up of detached pieces of several animals. He had the snout of a porpoise; the sharp, conical, and striated teeth of a crocodile; the ugly head of a lizard; eyes of enormous size, and protected by a series of thin bony plates, like a golden eagle's; the collar and breast bones of the Ornithorhynchus, or duck-mole of Australia; the back bone of a fish; the swimming paddles of a whale; and a tail that was used as a powerful fin. Its long, fish-like body, without any distinct neck, often twenty and even thirty feet long, covered with a wrinkled skin; its strong and well-developed swimming apparatus; its wide mouth, long jaws, and pointed teeth; its powerful and protected vision eminently fitted it for the cavernous depths of stormy seas. Named the Fish-lizard, or Ichtyosaurus, it remains one of the most marvellous of all the creatures entombed in these liassic seas.

"What was the Barrow world in which these creatures lived?"

Obviously such a sea-lizard as that which moved itself by this paddle must have had a plentiful store of food somewhere to satisfy his wants. No slight dinner would content a creature with a body like his. Nor did he suffer, for fishes, oysters, cuttle-fish, pectens, ammonites, stone lilies, and corals, abounded in the depths to which he dived: and when he came to the beach of the neighbouring island, as probably he did, he might see cone-bearing trees growing in tropical luxuriance, and perhaps hear the beetle croak as it crawled in the thick underwood of large tree ferns.

"It is certain the trees and beetles were there, and that he was not far off: more we are not sure of."

"Might, perhaps. It isn't certain, then?"

What an old and wondrous world this is! How truly must He be past finding out who has built every inch of it!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE YEAR BOOK, 1874.—Like all else belonging to us, it is growing in size, in quantity of information, and in interest. We call special attention (1.) to the rules for *Personal Membership*, p. 9, and trust we shall have a large batch of members for 1875: (2.) to the suggested scheme for Home Mission work on p. 22, and ask for it the earnest attention of all our brethren: (3.) to the reports, and suggest that some of them might be abbreviated with advantage, e.g., the liturgical portion of the reports might be regarded as for the secretary's benefit solely, and therefore not sent as "copy" for the printer. We rejoice to see the steady increase in the fund for Association expenses; but, beyond all, recognize with thankfulness the numerous signs of deepening spiritual life and devoted activity, made known in the statistics and in the reports of the churches. This Year Book should be read by all our church members. The address of the Chairman and the letter of Mr. Pike deserve devout and soul-searching consideration.

II. ASSOCIATION NOT REPORTED.—So says a Yorkshire correspondent. Not a line about our Loughborough meetings in the Leeds or Manchester papers. The fault is not in the papers, but in the Association. The writer says, "We who

can't attend are there in spirit, and desire that our anxiety should in future be relieved. Our officials should have 'a ready writer' to supply the correspondent of the public press." Certainly this ought to be done, must be done, can be done, and *shall* be done. Still, it should be said that the meetings were reported in the Midlands: but my correspondent will say, "What avails that to those in the north and south?" Nothing. With all our "ready writers," one will readily be found to undertake this work, and to do it well.

III. DAY OF PRAYER.—By resolution of our recent Association the *first Sunday* in October is set apart for special simultaneous prayer for the revival and spread of spiritual life in our home churches. This should not issue merely in additional meetings for prayer. Why may not the public services of the day give such prominence to praise, confession, petition, soul-searching, and pleading, as to make *October the 4th* memorable as a day of real and successful prayer. The pastor's is surely not in all cases, if in any, the only voice that should be heard on such an occasion pleading with God. Men of prayer, and men of work, the time is opportune. Let us pour out our hearts before God, and verily He will bless us.

Reviews.

THE KING OF LOVE. By the Author of "How to enter into Rest." *Isbister, 56, Ludgate Hill.*

THIS is a devotional work intended to develop a warmer love for and a more patient hope in the living and loving God. Its key-note is, God is love; love is God; and very sweet and helpful strains of heavenly music are set to this note. The effect of listening to its melodies will be to fill the listener with what St. Bernard speaks of when, referring to our love for Christ, he says,

"Oh thirst for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content;"

and to suffuse with the wonder expressed by Faber in the lines—

"Oh, wonderful, that Thou should'st let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine."

In the sick-room it will be a Barnabas; in the pilgrim journey, sunshine and brightness and joy; in morning and evening devotion, a welcome inspiration; in service, fresh fuel to the fires of consecrated zeal; for life, a joy; and for heaven, a preparation.

THE TEMPERANCE WORKER AND BAND OF HOPE CONDUCTOR. Edited by Rev. F. Wagstaff.

OFTEN asked for information as to the best method of conducting "Bands of Hope" and other meetings connected with the Temperance Reformation, we are glad to be able to commend a monthly (in which our friend Mr. McCree has a large share of interest and responsibility) exactly fitted to answer all such questions, and to give most valuable assistance to all engaged in the various departments of teetotal work. It is vigorous, sprightly, instructive, and effective.

THE CROWNS OF JESUS. By James Maden. *Marlborough. Winks & Son.*

WE receive with much pleasure, printed in a neat and attractive form, the eloquent sermon preached by our brother at the Association. It takes high rank as a sermon, and does great credit both to the preacher's head and heart. We bespeak for it at least a place in every General Baptist home, and wish it, as it deserves, a much wider range.

COMPANION TO THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By Samuel Burn. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

AND a companion at once pleasant, agreeable, and helpful. It consists of a series of addresses on the Author, the Pilgrim-

age, the Pilgrims, etc., etc., conceived in a happy spirit, expressed with great simplicity of style and speech, arranged with attractive neatness, and pervaded with the spirit of the "immortal dreamer." It is a fitting companion for Bunyan's book, and we mean that for high praise, for it requires considerable skill to create an associate worthy of such exalted rank. We congratulate Mr. Burn on his success, and with his book a wide and rapid sale.

PRIESTHOOD: TRUE AND FALSE. By John Harris. *Stock.*

A VEHEMENT protest against ritualism, based on Scripture, and pointing out the true remedy in urging the disestablishment and disendowment of the state church, and the deepening of the spiritual life: but overdone with scathing denunciation and fervid appeal.

SKETCHES OF INSECT LIFE, by Mr. J. E. Kirby, *Religious Tract Society,*

Is a book well suited for the summer months, and affords one of the best introductions to the insect world we know. Boys who hunt butterflies over the heaths, feed and watch silkworms at home as they go through their changes, and delight in putting the claws of spiders under microscopes, should get this friendly adviser at once. It is well illustrated, and written with the clearness, fulness, and simple directness that such a work requires.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOOKS.

Tom Perry's Venture, by Emma Leslie, tells how two boys helped one another in life. A boy is supposed to be "daft" who is only slow, is always treated with suspicion, and led to believe that he can do nothing, till by the "faith" another lad has in him he wakes into newness of life. Out of this revival of hope great consequences came, which are described in a manner to win the attention and carry the sympathies and inform the minds of boys. *Children's Penny Hymnal, with Tunes*, is a marvel of cheapness, suitability, and merit. Hymns and tunes are both well chosen. Neither home nor school need be without every facility for sacred and gladdening hymns when books like these are published. *The Pictorial Lesson Papers; Notes for Scripture Lessons; Sunday School Teacher; and Biblical Treasury*, continue their efficiency, and form invaluable auxiliaries to all workers in Sabbath schools.

Church Register.

MIDLAND BAPTIST UNION.

The annual meeting of this society will be held in *Leicester* on Tuesday, Sept. 14. The morning meeting will be held at half-past ten in Friar Lane chapel. The Rev. W. Woods, president elect, will deliver an address. After dinner the Union business will be transacted in the same chapel. The Rev. H. Platten will preach in Belvoir Street chapel at half-six. Friends desiring accommodation for Monday or Tuesday night are requested to apply to the Rev. J. C. Pike, Leicester, not later than Sept. 8.

W. R. STEVENSON, *Sec. pro. tem.*

CONFERENCES.

The next LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Lydgate on Wednesday, Sept. 30. The preacher will be the Rev. J. J. Dalton.

J. MADEN, *Secretary.*

The Autumn Meeting of the LONDON CONFERENCE of Southern Churches will be held at Commercial Road Chapel, London, on Thursday, Oct. 1. Business meeting in the afternoon to commence at 2.30 p.m. Services will be held in the evening in connection with the recognition of the Rev. J. Fletcher as pastor of the church meeting in the above named chapel. J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, *Sec.*

DERBY AND DERBYSHIRE BAPTIST PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE half-yearly Conference was held, June 22, at Windley. The business commenced at two o'clock, and there was a good attendance of local brethren, and two were proposed on probation for six months. Over three hundred sat down to tea, after which addresses were delivered by Mr. John Newbury, subject, "The Atonement; Mr. T. Cooper, "Revelation and Modern Thought;" Mr. C. Smith, "What can be done to make our preaching more effective;" all of which were thoroughly enjoyed by the friends. The next Conference to be held at Watson Street, Derby. H. A. BLOUNT, *Sec.*

LEICESTER AND LEICESTERSHIRE BAPTIST PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE annual Conference was held at Sileby, July 20, Mr. F. Mantlo, President of the Association, in the chair. Messrs. J. Pick, T. Hunt, and J. S. Lacey, prayed. A cordial vote of welcome was accorded to the strangers and friends by Messrs. G. Burden and W. Robinson. The Secretary reported 83 members, 21 of whom

had sent in their reports of the past year's labours: 88 churches visited, 1,424 sermons preached; and 14,067 miles travelled. A vote of condolence was passed to Mr. and Mrs. G. Payne on the recent loss of their two children. Mr. T. Hunt, on behalf of the friends, invited the Association to Mountsorrel for 1875, which was cordially accepted. The President read a paper on the "Nature of the relationship of Lay Preachers and Village Churches." A brief discussion followed. Mr. Mantle was thanked for his able and important paper. The meeting after tea was presided over by Rev. W. Evans. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hill, Lacey, Colver, and Payne. Votes of thanks were passed to the Sileby friends of the tea committee and of the choir, and to the chairman, for their efficient services. J. SHEPARD, *Sec.*

NORWICH.

Holly Cottage, St. Clement's Hill,

Norwich, Aug. 15, 1874.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Since my last I have seen collectively eight of the Trustees of our endowment, and rejoice to tell you that all are perfectly willing, and even glad at the prospect of our improved position in Norwich; but INSIST, as a condition of their sanction to the transfer of the endowment, *that the new place be taken to FREE OF DEBT.* We still want £450. Will not those who are anxious for the extension of the kingdom of Christ by us as a denomination come to our aid forthwith? The money *must* be had, or what, under God, might be a glorious success, will prove at least a *partial* failure, and will involve us in considerable difficulty. Let but our friends place us fairly on the basis in question, and by Divine help we will try our utmost to raise them an edifice which shall be a credit to the denomination, and redound to the Master's glory.

The following sums are very gratefully acknowledged:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stafford, Leicester	1	0	0
Mr. W. Stevenson, Derby	1	0	0
Mr. A. A. Savage	1	1	0
Messrs. Piper & Theobald, Norwich ..	2	2	0
Miss Gibson	1	0	0
Rev. Thos. Horsfield	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wherry	5	0	0
Mr. E. Wherry	5	0	0
Mr. John Earp	10	0	0
Mr. H. Trevor, Norwich	10	0	0
Mr. G. C. Southwell	5	0	0

I am yours faithfully,

GEO. TAYLOR.

P.S.—In last month's Magazine Mr. Marshall's donation is given as £1, but should have been £1 ls.

CHAPELS.

BELPER.—A bazaar was held in the Baptist chapel in this town on July 6 and 7, and continued the following evenings, 8th and 9th, which was opened by the Rev. J. Wilshire, assisted by Rev. C. Leigh. There was a rich display of useful and fancy goods. The object for which the bazaar was intended was realized. Great praise is due to the ladies for their untiring zeal and energy in prosecuting the work to so successful an issue.

HITCHIN.—We thankfully record that the sum promised to our building project has increased during the month £220, which brings the whole amount to £1,036 9s. 11d.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—On Thursday, July 23rd, a tea was given by Mrs. Mettam, a member of the church, in aid of the building fund. A goodly number attended. Subsequently a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. T. Holmes, of Bulwell, when speeches were delivered by the Revs. W. Dyson, of Bassetford, J. T. Almy, pastor of the church, and Messrs. G. Harrison, W. Burton, and W. Calladine. The proceeds amounted to £11.

LONGTON.—Our bazaar has yielded the net result of about £200. At a special meeting of the church and congregation it was resolved that our best thanks be given to the friends throughout the denomination who have sent us contributions either in money or goods. I am happy to report that we have paid for the land, and secured its legal transfer in trust for the General Baptist connexion. The purchase money is £300. The plot of ground is pronounced by all parties as one of the best sites in Longton. Dear Mr. Editor, allow me, through your columns, to make an earnest appeal to the churches for help in our great undertaking. If God bless me with health and strength I shall be both ready and willing to preach, lecture, or make house to house visitation, in order to raise funds for the erection of a new Baptist chapel in this populous town. We want £2,000.

C. SPRINGTHORPE.

RYDE.—A bazaar just held on behalf of the Park Road chapel (pastor, Rev. J. Harrison,) has been a gratifying success. Seven stalls were plentifully supplied, beautifully decorated, and well patronized.

SCHOOLS.

BROADSTONE.—Anniversary sermons were preached, July 19, by the Rev. E. K. Everett, and an address was given in the morning by Mr. D. Dearden. Collections, £30 8s. 4½d.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—The necessity of further Sunday school accommodation having been felt for a long time past, a large school and lecture room is now in course of erection on the ground behind the chapel, at a cost of about £600. A bazaar will be held in September. Help is earnestly solicited. Goods may be sent to Mr. Bannister, Orchard Street.

ENGESIDE.—Sermons were preached by the Rev. E. K. Everett, July 26. Collections, £34.

KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—The annual sermons were preached, July 19, by the Rev. J. T. Almy. Collections, £12 7s.

LEE MOUNT, Halifax.—The day school at this place has now been open over twelve months, and the Halifax School Board have now decided to take it over on condition that an infant school is built on the adjoining ground. This is now being pushed forward, when accommodation will be made for 140 infants; the other school holds 300, so that together a very fair sized school can be conducted, and the ground secured for a chapel in the future serves for a playground. The Board agree to rent the premises for £75 per annum, the Trustees doing the cleaning, warming, and lighting.

POYNTON, Cheshire.—Two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. March, of Stoke-on-Trent. Collections, £11 4s. 6d.

QUEENSBURY.—School sermons were preached, July 19, by the Rev. E. W. Cantrell. Collections, £66 5s. 6d.

MINISTERIAL.

CLARKE, Rev. C.—A special church meeting was held on 6th of August, when the pastor stated the engagement into which he had entered at Chilwell College, and also the overtures which had been made to him by the friends of a neighbouring church. A resolution was cordially adopted expressing continued confidence in the pastor, and pledging sympathy and co-operation in his work in Ashby. The sentiment of the Ashby and Packington friends being that if the College should require Mr. Clarke's entire services they must say, Serve the Institution; but if he must divide his time and serve a church as well, they heartily desire to have his continued ministrations. J. G. A.

MARSDEN.—The Rev. H. Maraden was recognised as pastor of the church at Mansfield, Aug. 3. Two hundred took tea together. The chapel has been renovated, new and comfortable pews taking the place of the old ones; a platform has displaced the pulpit, and the interior is cleaned and beautifully decorated. Mr. J. S. Lacey, of Loughborough, presided.

Mr. Robinson, deacon, stated the call of the church, and Mr. Marsden replied. Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., the charge to the church; and addresses were given by Revs. J. T. Almy, E. J. Silvorton, C. E. Capell, and W. Rose.

PIKE, Rev. J. C.—A tea meeting was held August 11 to present a testimonial to Rev. J. C. Pike from the church and congregation. After tea a crowded meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Jarrom, who called upon Mr. W. Ashby to make the presentation, who in doing so said that "the committee and subscribers wish you to regard it simply as a token of their sincere Christian love; that underlying this present there is a deep-rooted attachment and prayerful solicitude for your highest welfare, and by it they would show their desire to strengthen your hands in the work of the ministry, and encourage you in the arduous duties you have to perform. It is not as a mere compliment; they feel it is well earned and well deserved. We have about us the monument of your indomitable perseverance—the beautiful house which we have builded and these school-rooms testify to your untiring energy and Christian zeal. I hesitate not to say that the noble frontage we now possess is mainly due to your perseverance, and therefore, next to the Giver of all good, we have to thank you for it. I am glad to think that the occasion of this testimonial is not because you are going to leave us. We shall still have you in our midst, and hope we shall for many years to come. It will be gratifying to you to know how cheerfully this money was subscribed. Our appeal was responded to with a readiness and warmth of feeling that was really refreshing, and was worth more than the money itself, as indicating the feelings of the church and congregation towards you. This purse (made by the late Miss Winks), which I now present to you in the name of the subscribers, contains £77 8s. 1d.; and I can only add, in the language of the Psalmist, 'The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord.'" The Rev. J. C. Pike, after tendering his very hearty thanks to all the friends who had so kindly and generously contributed to the testimonial, remarked that it was rather more than fifteen years since he commenced his labours in connection with that church. They had been eventful and anxious years; but thus far the Lord had helped them, and the results, as seen in the noble pile of buildings

which formed their chapel and school-rooms, were such as to excite the liveliest emotions of thankfulness to God. Referring to the spiritual results of the same period, Mr. Pike observed that in one view they might seem to be a failure, since the number of the members of the church was only a few more than at the end of the first year of the series. There had, however, been added by baptism two hundred and sixty-two, and received by letter and restoration two hundred and eleven. This gave an average of nearly seventeen and a half baptized yearly, and fourteen received; or a total yearly increase of thirty-one. So far their labours had not been in vain. More than a hundred of their friends had been removed by death from the fellowship of the church on earth to that of the church in heaven; these were not lost, but gone before. On the whole, they had every reason for encouragement; but he trusted that they were not going to be satisfied and self-complacent; so far from this, forgetting the things that were behind, let them aim still higher and higher. Then with the blessing of the Head of the church and their own united prayers and efforts they might expect that the ratio of progress during the next fifteen years would be much larger than in the past. Addresses were also given by the Rev. I. Stubbins, Messrs. G. Stafford, J. Miller, I. Lunn, J. Pochin, T. Moss, W. H. Argyle, T. Thornelow, E. Squires, and J. Mee.

PRESTON.—On August 3 a promenade tea was served in North Parade school, Halifax, which was largely attended by the congregation, after which a richly embroidered purse was presented to Rev. Isaac Preston, which contained twenty-five sovereigns, as a token of regard and appreciation of his services. Being about to leave for the sea-side, such a gift, it was thought, would be useful. This was purely a voluntary offering, there having been no soliciting to raise the fund. The presentation was made in suitable terms by Mr. John Green Noble and Mr. Daniel Wilson. Mr. Joseph Holt occupied the chair. Other friends spoke; and the choir and organist "discoursed excellent music."

SMITH.—The Rev. W. Smith, of Chilwell College, has kindly accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist church, Allerton, and will commence his labours the first Sunday in January, 1875.

THOMAS.—The Rev. T. Thomas was recognized as pastor of the church at Wenover July 28. On the Sunday previous the Rev. T. Humphreys, of Aberdare,

preached to large congregations in the morning and evening. On the Tuesday the Rev. J. H. Atkinson preached on "The need of Spiritual Life;" after which a good company sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. S. B. Rees. The speakers were the Revs. J. St. G. Baskin, W. J. Inglis, T. Humphreys, J. H. Atkinson, G. J. Phillips, E. Roberts, F. Benskin, T. Thomas, the pastor, and Mr. W. Pearce, one of the deacons. The services were most interesting.

BAPTISMS.

HITCHIN.—July 26, two, by J. H. Atkinson.

LEEDS, *Wintown Street*.—Aug. 3, six, by R. Silby.

LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Aug. 5, four.

LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—July 26, ten, by J. Fletcher.

OLD BASFORD.—Aug. 2, one, by W. Dyson.

RYDE.—July 16, four; Aug. 13, four, by J. Harrison.

Total number baptized, as reported	
in third quarter, 1872	237
Do. do. 1873	290
Do. do. 1874	231

MARRIAGES.

HAYNES—OTTEWELL.—Aug. 18, at the Baptist chapel, Watson Street, Derby, by Mr. G. Slack, Mr. James Haynes, of Derby, to Miss Ottewell, of South Wingfield. A handsome Bible and hymn book were presented to the newly married pair, it being the first marriage in the above place of worship.

SMITH—BURTON.—July 28, at Northgate chapel, Louth, by the Rev. W. Chapman, of Vale, Todmorden, assisted by Rev. W. Orton, of Bourne, Thomas Smith, draper, Leicester, youngest son of Mr. D. Smith, Branston (late of Telegraph Farm, Scivelisly), to Betsy, youngest daughter of Mr. G. Burton, Louth.

THE LATE MR. W. CROFT.

LIKE that of the Rev. J. Knight, the name of Mr. W. Croft will long be identified with the history of Wolvey. His stately appearance, social position, intellectual acquirements, and unblemished character, gave him a prominent place among the inhabitants. Besides being secretary to the local branch of the Bible Society, he managed a female benefit society, which has greatly prospered, and accumulated a large amount of stock. Mr. Croft's connection with Wolvey Baptist chapel was honourable and long, extending over nearly fifty years. In 1831 he was admitted into the church, and in 1840 he became a deacon. Abandoning pleasures and amusements, which, in common with others of his own station, he enjoyed, he gave himself to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. He took a great interest in the Sabbath school, and for many years was its superintendent; sometimes composed the hymns to be sung by the children at their anniversary; rendered valuable help in the pulpit in years gone by; and, in later times, in conducting the Sunday evening and week evening meetings, and in entertaining ministers who officiate on special occasions. He was, moreover, a liberal supporter of the cause, and contributed well in aid of the varied efforts made at different times to enlarge and beautify the house of God; whilst his example and judicious advice have been eminently useful in all the chequered experiences through which the cause has

been called to pass. By many Mr. Croft was known as the possessor of a fine collection of plants and shrubs, which he was always pleased to show; and which, no doubt, served in some measure to elevate and refine the tastes of those who beheld them, and inspire the heart with feelings of reverence and gratitude to Him whose handiwork they are. From the nature of his affliction, Mr. Croft was unable to converse with, or even to see friends, as he wished; but on several occasions he spoke wise and solemn words, like the following, to neighbours and friends:—"I am resting on the finished work of Christ;" "My prayer is that of Simeon, Now Lord," etc.; "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." At eleven o'clock, on Sunday evening, June 7, the greatly-desired summons came, and he softly breathed his last, in his seventy-second year. "Thou shalt go thy way in peace, and be buried in a good old age." The whole church and congregation are conscious of the great loss they have sustained, still they would exercise faith in the wisdom and love of God, who when He takes one servant, can raise up another, or even many more, to carry on His work. On Sunday evening, June 14, the Rev. Thomas Stevenson, of Leicester, improved the death of our beloved brother. There was a very large congregation, and Mr. Stevenson delivered a solemn and powerful discourse from the first part of the 15th verse of Psalm xxxi., "My times are in Thy hand."

THE MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

CHINA.

THE following information concerning Missions in China, from the reports of the Wesleyan Methodist and London Missionary societies, will be interesting to our readers :—

EXTENT OF THE FIELD, AND PORTIONS OCCUPIED BY MISSIONARIES.

Next to the Russian empire, the Chinese empire, including Manchuria, Mongolia, and Thibet, is in extent of territory the largest in the world. China itself is one-third the size of Europe, seven times the size of France, and is equal to eleven Great Britains and Irelands. The population is estimated at 400,000,000. We cannot say that this amazing population and vast territory have been altogether neglected by the Christian people of Europe and America. For some years the London Missionary Society, hoping against hope, and exhibiting a perseverance worthy of all imitation, sustained the only Mission in China, begun by the honoured Morrison in 1807. Providential circumstances have, within the last thirty years, opened China to missionary enterprise, and there are now about 30 missionary societies (of which 11 are American and 4 German) labouring in China. About 196 European and American missionaries, 28 native ministers, and 648 agents of all ranks and conditions (natives), are employed by these societies, and report about 9,000 church members. This at first sight appears a large supply of missionary labour; but when we look at the extent of territory and the amount of population, the feeling is, "What are these among so many?"

The missionaries are, with one exception, labouring on the eastern seaboard, or within a moderate distance, beginning at Kalgan, in Manchuria, on the frontier, the most northerly point, to Canton, the most southerly. The principal inland Mission is at Hankow. The populous inland provinces are thus left without any Protestant Mission. Nine out of the eighteen provinces, with a population of 180 millions! We all remember the prayers which were offered years ago, that China might be opened, and are thankful that this unexpected change has taken place, and that so many missionary societies have entered in. But the supply is far short of the necessity of the case, and the nature and extent of the claims of China. It is not an island, or a single populous kingdom, but a large portion of a continent; inhabited by one-third of the human family. The field is the largest portion of the world yet occupied by any Christian Mission.—*Wesleyan Report.*

STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

The London Missionary Society has 8 principal stations in China, and 44 out-stations; 19 English missionaries, 6 native ordained ministers, 52 native preachers, 1,790 church members, 3,155 native adherents, 18 schools for boys, and 368 scholars, 4 schools for girls and 48 scholars.

The Wesleyan Society has 6 principal stations or circuits, 5 chapels, 8 other preaching places, 12 missionaries, 12 catechists, 17 day school teachers, 233 members, 164 on trial, 504 scholars, and 608 attendants on public worship.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The history of the past year is that of quiet work, undisturbed by violent outbursts of either official or popular opposition. As the great wall cannot exclude western breezes, so a rigid but false conservatism, relating to political, social, and religious questions, is powerless to withstand a more true and healthful conservatism rolling in with its mighty wave, both from the west and east. Great Britain and America, mother and daughter, united by natural and spiritual ties, have gone hand in hand in christian enterprise in this, so-called, celestial empire, carrying with them the only power which can make the empire truly, what it now falsely claims to be. Sons and daughters from these and other Christian lands, kindred in heart, and one in aim, have now for many years tested the power of the gospel to bless China, and, God helping them, not without very definite success.

The diplomatic circle of foreign governments may point to an advance made during the past year in an audience of the young Emperor, having, after many delays and evasions, been conceded. This society is now content with seeking and gaining an audience of the *people*, for the message of life and peace to all nations; being convinced that the throne will be most effectively approached and influenced for God, either by the quiet eloquence of a consistent christian life in the palace, or by the firm and clear voice of an intelligent Chinese christian public opinion.

Native officials and literati continue to oppose, and to their own loss to reject the offer of life; but this is only a modern illustration of principles working eighteen centuries ago, when the wise and prudent fatally closed their eyes to the light, which was a blessing to babes in teachableness.

But the messengers of the Church of God have deeply troubled the stagnant water of Chinese satisfaction with things as they are; and movements have shown themselves. They are movements in self-defence, but they are welcomed, because they appear to indicate secret misgivings as to the soundness and safety of the ancestral religious systems of the country, and because, in them, the aid, not of brute force, but of reason, is sought. In Canton, where sixty years ago, in secrecy and much difficulty, Dr. Morrison was doing hard foundation

work for China's future salvation, in that same city, new features now present themselves. The report of the Rev. J. Chalmers states that:—

The influential part of the community seemed to have changed their tactics entirely for the present. Instead of direct or violent opposition, they resort to works of benevolence and public preaching of their favourite doctrines, in imitation of us. They are establishing hospitals, and schools, and preaching-halls in the city and in the country. But the most remarkable fact is the public preaching, evidently in imitation and rivalry of Protestant missionaries. Their text-book is a small collection of moral maxims, consisting originally of only sixteen sentences, but amplified, and named the Sacred Edict. But, in addition to this, each preacher is expected to provide himself with a selection of moral tales, by the reciting of which most of the time is filled up, and on this chiefly he depends for securing the attention of the audience. I have frequently gone into these halls during the preaching, and invariably found, except at the very commencement, a story being told. This movement is, on the whole, very encouraging in regard to mission work. It shows that a deep impression has been produced by christian preaching; that a counter-movement is deemed absolutely necessary by our opponents; and that all they have to oppose us with is moral teaching—for *religion*, strictly so-called, is not included in their programme.

But, though new in Canton, such a movement appeared, twelve years ago, in the northern city of Hankow, and has continued to the present day; and, during the past year, has led to earnest and valuable counteraction on the part of the native christians in that neighbourhood. Referring to this public preaching in self-defence, the Rev. Griffith John writes in the report of the Hankow Mission:—

I have to thank it for one good result. In the month of July I attended one of these open-air meetings, held on the piece of ground occupied at present by our new hospital. Whilst standing there, in the midst of a large crowd of listeners, the duty of opening the chapels for night services forced itself upon my conscience. I had thought of it many a time before, but never felt it till now. At our next church meeting I spoke to the converts on the subject, and asked them if there were any among them who would volunteer their services. My appeal met with a prompt and hearty response; and, within two or three weeks, seven or eight of our best men were to be seen, night after night, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation according to their ability. . . . Then some of the converts in Hanyang expressed themselves as inclined to try the experiment there, and it was resolved at once that the doors of that chapel should be thrown open three nights in the week. The congregations are often very large, and most of the hearers are men who either cannot or will not attend in the day time. The volunteers are deeply interested in the work, and evidently deriving much reflex benefit from it. The whole church is more or less stimulated and ennobled by it. It is also producing a favourable impression on the heathen around. The preachers are able to tell those who call the christian religion the "Rice-eating religion," that the charge is a libel, and that, so far from depending on the church for their sustenance, they are giving their services gratuitously, and that the very oil and candles which light up the chapels are paid for by themselves. The heathen are beginning to see this, and it is certain that the tendency of what they see is to remove their prejudices, and to give them a more exalted view of christianity and of the christian church.

Many of the people, however, encouraged by the favouring aspect of native officials, adopt, not reasoning, but lower modes of meeting and resisting the influence which christianity is steadily exerting upon the mass of the community. The enemies of the Cross of Christ, by false accusation, by acts of violence, by reaping their corn, or by plundering their crops, by discontinuing employ, or by interfering with their means of livelihood, seek to obstruct the path of the native converts. Not a few, through a fear of such persecution and trouble, have been deterred from acting on their conviction of the truth and claims of christianity. Yet, in numerous cases, the force of conviction

is so strong that, in the face of threats and difficulty, they stand forward as the followers of Christ, ready to endure affliction for His name. Evidence of this is found in the Amoy mission. The Rev. John Stronach, referring to villages under his care, writes :—

There is no inducement of a worldly nature to tempt these villagers to become christians; they are, in effect, under the ban of universal dislike, and, in some cases, of serious injury. One man, by trade a tiler, if employed to roof a house, whose owner is not aware that he is a christian, is contemptuously dismissed as soon as that fact is known. Those who have shops have their business injured by having to shut them on the Sabbath, and no one will employ a christian or member of a christian family, who wished to be exempted from work on the Lord's-day. Thus abundant are Satan's devices to stay the progress of the gospel; and yet, in spite of them all, there is a regular and decided profession of Christianity by many, who, in this life, have nothing to hope for from this profession, but everything to fear; and, during my last visit, I examined thirty-five candidates for baptism, who were regarded by the preachers and the members as fit for admission into the church, and who, if they continue steadfast, may be baptized on the next visit.

The power of christianity in China is also seen in another interesting form—in the voluntary and earnest efforts made, in ordinary daily life, by many native christians, to extend the kingdom of Christ among their neighbours. Not leaving evangelistic work to the missionary, or to a paid agency, they feel it to be their duty, in simple modes, to spread a knowledge of Him, by whom they have found a new life. The Rev. Joseph Edkins, writing from Peking, bears brief, but very valuable testimony on this point, in the following words :—“I may mention that among our converts about half were first affected with a desire for salvation through Christ by the influence of other converts.”

In the report of the Hankow Mission, Mr. John furnishes a very remarkable illustration of a like nature :—

Not many Sundays ago I noticed a stranger in the chapel. He had his New Testament and hymn-book, and seemed very attentive and devout. At the close of the service he made himself known to me as a convert of one of our converts. He told me that his name was Liao, and I had no difficulty in identifying him with the Liao mentioned in the “China Inland Mission Paper,” January, 1872. The following is the story of his conversion :—“One Lord's-day, a man called at Mr. Judd's, in Yang-Chow, and said he was a boatman, by name Páng, and a member of Mr. John's church in Hankow, passing through to Tsing-Kiang-Pu with a mandarin on board. They had stopped that day at Yang-Chow, and, remembering it was Sunday, he had inquired his way to the chapel, and came to attend the services. One day, on his boat, his master threatened to turn him away if he would not follow custom, and worship their gods, and observe their ceremonies, for he had refused to do so. A boatman on a neighbouring boat, named Liao, called Páng, and asked him why it was he refused to do as others did. Páng then told him, and, preaching to him the gospel, exhorted him to believe. Liao heard the word gladly, for he had been seeking to obtain merit by abstaining from eating meat, as vegetarianism is considered meritorious in most parts of China. He then accompanied Páng to this chapel, and learned the truth from Kú Sien-Seng, attending also the services. Subsequently he had to leave for Su-Chow, and asked Kú to baptize him. Kú said he must wait, till he could prove him, some little time. “Oh,” said he, “I cannot wait; I am starting in two days for Su-Chow, so there is no time.” Kú then acceded, and baptized him. Liao then made arrangements with Páng to join him on his boat. They met at Yang-Chow, and have now gone off together.” Such is the story, and a most interesting and encouraging one it is, I think. I remember Páng very well. He is a simple-minded, warm-hearted Christian; and Liao seemed to me to be such another. It would have been very delightful to have kept a good man like Páng always with us; but it is highly probable that Liao, in that case, would never have been seen in our chapel, or in any other chapel, with his Bible and hymn-book in his hands.—*London Missionary Society's Report.*

A PLEA FOR THE EVANGELISATION OF KHONDISTAN.

No. II.

THE beginning of the gospel among the Khonds was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. Famine, accepted by some of the Khonds as a mark of the anger of the earth-god because human sacrifices had ceased, the illness of missionaries in Orissa, the diminished staff of labourers at other stations, called away this evangelist from the Khond hills. He had projected a tour embracing forty villages when a telegram from England called him to Piplee, and his cherished plans had to be given up just when the fruit of his labour was beginning to appear. "With a heavy heart," he tells us, he obeyed the summons. "But," he says, "my earnest hope and fervent prayer are that, my life being spared, a few more years will find me again pursuing my labours among the Khonds under more auspicious circumstances. My heart is and ever must be with them. . . . Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He can find the men and dispose the hearts of others to give the money; and glad and thankful shall I be to hail the day when, not alone, I can return to publish the glad tidings of peace to these hardy mountaineers."*

He was not permitted to realize his hope. He succumbed at last. His dust mingles with the soil of the land he loved, and not far from the waters of the Mahanuddy, every murmur of which as it flows by must speak of the distant hills of Boad, whence in part its streams come, and of the dark and trusty Khond for whose salvation he longed and toiled. Some of you will distinctly remember his ordination in this town, and how his father, in giving the charge, told the story of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, who, when badly decimated, were urged to ask quarter. "The reply was," said the speaker (who little knew what fearful import his words had), "the reply was, 'The Imperial Guard never ask quarter—they DIE.' Let but the same heroism be displayed by you in a christian sense, and your name living or dead shall be held in honour by your brethren." He has done so. The year before his death, a furlough was due; retirement for a while was open; but he could not leave the Mission in its then enfeebled condition; he could not retire, he could not ask quarter—he DIED.

I do not mention this because I claim for my brother any exceptional heroism. There are other graves of missionaries in Orissa besides his; there are other graves all round the world. Since he went to India, in 1857, the flower of the youth of England, of America, of Germany, of Italy, of France, have risked their lives or fallen on the field of battle in the cause of fatherland. Shall men fight for their country more bravely than they will fight for the Lord? Shall men be ready to risk from patriotic impulse more than they will risk for love of the Saviour and the souls of men? No, no. I speak of this to-night because I have felt that there is reason to fear the Khond Mission may be abandoned, nay, is almost abandoned already; and yet we cannot honourably withdraw from this enterprise. All has not been in vain. The echoes of the gospel still linger in the Khond hills; the memory of the white man who spoke of the new religion is still fresh and fragrant; the desire is expressed that he should come again into their midst. In the Report, part of which has just been read, we are told that a government officer, whose duties take him into the Khond hills, writes that he meets repeatedly with indications that the labours of the Khond Mission have not been without results. He says, "The Khonds cherish a pleasing recollection of Mr. Goadby and his work amongst them; and they often ask, '*When will the teacher from Russell Condah come again?*'" He adds, "I have been under the necessity of informing them that their friend, the Rev. J. O. Goadby, had gone to his rest, and would speak to them no more, and that at present there was no missionary likely to visit them." He promises a handsome subscription yearly for the purpose of assisting an agent to distribute books and tracts in the district.

We cannot honourably abandon this Mission. You remember its commencement. Thirteen years ago the Chairman of the Association for that year, our respected friend, Mr. Stubbins, made it the theme of his address, giving nine weighty reasons why we should undertake this Mission. At the same time the late Commissioner of Cuttack, G. F. Cockburn, Esq., who was Chairman of the

* Report, 1867, p. 22.

Annual Missionary Meeting of that year, urged upon us the importance of this Khond Mission; and all the missionaries joined in commending the enterprise. Dr. Buckley, Mr. W. Bailey, Mr. W. Hill, gave strong testimonies of a hopeful and encouraging kind. Moreover, the sympathy and liberal aid of Englishmen in India were secured. Major-General Browne, Sir A. Cotton, Alex. Christian, Esq., and others, became subscribers; one gentleman, too, undertook out of his own resources to sustain a native teacher. So the enterprise was started. It was favoured on all sides—soldiers, civilians, missionaries, brethren at home and abroad said, "Let it prosper." The school-master was already in the hills, the soldier had been there; the missionary must not be behind educational and military enterprise. But now he is dead who led it. Shall the Mission die too? I stand and appeal to the churches from that grave. Is their to be no successor? I use his own words—"Having stepped forward in the presence of friends of Missions in India, whose sympathy and aid have been secured, and having undertaken the responsibility of this work—shall we suffer it to drop?" Mr. Clifford spoke in stirring words at the meeting at Leicester, when this Mission was resolved upon, about Curtius leaping into the gulf to save the Roman Republic. Curtius has leaped into the gulf—our Mission in Orissa is saved. Shall the Khond Mission die? Shall the call that comes to-day from the Khond hills be unheeded—When will the teacher from Russell Condah come again? I am happy to say that the probability is that should a new missionary candidate be forthcoming, the funds of the Society would be adequate to sustain him. I rejoice in the increasing resources of the Mission. Shall LABOUREERS now be wanting?

I appeal to you, young men. Here is a work worthy of your energy, your courage, your ambition, your devotion, your life. Talk of new pleasures! What greater joy can there be than to be a preacher of Christ to those who have never heard His name? Talk of apostolic succession! They are the true successors of the apostles who go forth to preach Christ where Christ has not been named! Talk of heroism! The heroic age is never past so long as anything may be sacrificed or hazarded for the kingdom of the Lord. "Surely," says Dr. Hunter, "so long as India remains to us, and so long as the records of Lieutenant Macpherson's work among the Khonds in the suppression of human sacrifice survive, no young Englishman need despair of being able to do some good work in the world." "I fear these trips to the jungles will shorten your days," said his friends to Captain Frye, the zealous philanthropist, who first prepared a grammar of the Khond language. "Be it so," he replied; "I would much rather have a short life and do something than a long one and do nothing for humanity." In a few days after he passed away. *Young men of our Baptist churches*, who glow with love to Christ and to perishing souls, be worthy of your noble ancestry—of Bampton, Lacey, Sutton, Cropper. Here is a field for toil unoccupied, where the gospel *does not run to waste*, but is not proclaimed by one solitary tongue. Arise, gird yourselves for the toil in the name of the Lord, and go forth! Some one of you go to the Khond hills—preach Christ where His name and His gospel are unknown; set up the Lord's kingdom where superstition holds unchallenged sway. Life will rise to heroism in the work; honours greater than war, science, learning, art can give will be won; pleasures purer than luxury, wealth, or ease can impart will thrill the soul; the heroic apostolic age will be revived, and should you fall—

"In unattended agony beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift your dying eyes
From India's burning sands, it will be sweet
That you have toiled for other worlds than this."

T. GOADBY.

THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY.

BY THE PASTOR, DAS ANTHRAVADY.

THE Telegoo Baptist church in the 41st Madras Sepoy Regiment under the pastoral care of Das Anthravady, now in Cuttack. It has two elders, fifty-five members communicants, and thirty-five children; two services on the Lord's-day; two week-day prayer meetings, alternately at member's houses in the regiment lines, conducted by nearly all the members by turns; the sisters also

have a turn of prayer in every prayer meeting. The gospel is preached every day to the heathen Sepoys, etc., not only by the pastor, but nearly all the christian Sepoys, the members of the church, as their bounden duty and with earnestness.

Thirty-nine persons, male and female, added to the church during the last five years' stay in Cuttack.

Two mission preaching tours been made, one to Purlakimmedy, and one to Pooree; about ten of Sepoy converted christians followed the pastor on these two occasions, and brother Ch. Poorooshottum accompanied in both these tours. The Lord has blessed these the means in every way; and two of the high caste men of the Purlakimmedy, who heard the Lord's word for some time back from a native christian who resides there; and one year after the visit made by Anthravady and christians, they both came most wonderfully all the way, more than two hundred miles, in the month of May last, and were baptized by Anthravady, on the first of July, in the river Mahanuddy. They both had a pleasant fellowship with the church in the regiment for nearly three months, and went away to their country with rejoicing heart to tell the good news to their wives, relatives, and to their fellow-men.

Another tour the Lord has also blessed. The word of grace was preached at the city of Pooree, and a Telegoo constable, who had been an inquirer for some time, was baptized in the river Moosa at Pooree; the first christian baptism that ever took place in that city of great Juggernath. Brother Poorooshottum preached in Oriya on the occasion, and the pastor gave an address suitable to the audience. There attended nearly five hundred brahmins and other castes on the occasion; and on the same night we broke bread with the newly baptized brother, Janekeramiah, and returning from Pooree next morning on their way came passing through Piplee, where the christians of the Oriya church and the whole of Telegoo christians gave them a hearty welcome during their stay with them, and spent the following Sunday with them.

The church has only five additions by baptism last year (1873), two from the regiment, and three from out-stations.

The church administers the Lord's supper once in the month; and on the same night the whole of the members of the church and all children unite to gather at the love-feast, with a plain meal, in a happy manner; the expense is met by each member subscribing one anna six pice each: all children and other friends are free.

On every occasion of a baptism the whole church, children, and many christian and other inquiring friends, all unite at the love-feast at the pastor's house, and keep up in prayer and praise till twelve o'clock, or sometimes later, singing hymns, both males, females, and children, by turns.

Once a year the whole church, children, and many other christian friends of sister churches, cross the river by boats to Mundapadda to the Mission bungalow of the Baptist church of Cuttack, by the kind permission of the missionaries, and spend the missionary picnic, to give a treat and change to the Sepoys' families, who live always in lines in small huts. All such indulgence does more good to the christian families, and induces other inquirers to learn the love and unity which christians have, and removes many obstacles, and sometimes heavy hearts get relieved.

The church in the regiment has been so much blessed that there are three branch churches open by the help of the Lord; one at Poonanully, one at Coconada, one at Purlakimmedy; these churches are now, by the grace of God, doing well, the members of this church are the preachers and pastors of it. There is a good work going on at Coconada. Mr. Gabriel, since his conversion and baptism, has laboured very hard, and the Lord has blessed his work. He has about two hundred and sixty in congregation, and he has baptized fifty persons last year. We learn that the Rev. J. McLaurin, of the Nellore American Baptist Telegoo Mission, has gone to Coconada to take charge of the Mission, and employ brother Gabriel in the Mission to work as missionary with this European missionary. I hope the work will extend more towards Kristna district, etc.

Two persons in a family, and a husband and wife in another family, in the Hindoo Sepoys' houses were religiously awakened in the last part of January

last; but Satan has also set his army against the inquirers, and has done much injury to those poor souls by mingled persuasion and threats, and has for the present gained the day in part: but since one is recovered, one in hopes of recovery, the other two are drawn back; but we are not in despair respecting their souls' salvation—the Lord will not leave them.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XIV.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

FEMALES in India—as indeed in all lands without the Bible—are regarded and treated as an inferior part of creation. So far from being looked upon as man's equal in the sight of God, they have been excluded from public life and from the social circle. Until a few years ago, not a single female seminary existed among the Hindoos. According to the shastres, woman has nothing to do with learning, and the most terrible calamities are denounced against those who shall attempt to read or write. It is supposed that at the commencement of the missionary enterprise not one female in a million enjoyed the advantages of the merest rudimentary education. Moreover, for a woman to walk with her husband, to eat with him, or even to pronounce his name, was, and indeed is, considered a shame and a disgrace. When the food is prepared the husband must always partake *first*; and if the two should have to proceed on a journey, whether long or short, the husband must always go first, and the wife follow a few paces behind. "When young," it is said, "the female ought to be subject to her parents; when married, to her husband; and when old, to her children." Indeed, from birth to death her lot has been one of ignorance, of inferiority, and of drudgery. And now, if infanticide, with all its horrors, has been suppressed; if the fires of the suttee, or burning of widows, have been extinguished; and if the exposure of old women on the banks of the Ganges, and their destruction by its so-called sacred waters, has been prohibited; NO THANKS TO HINDOOISM! Left to itself, female infants by thousands would still have been murdered, and widows, young and old, would have been cast into the burning flame, or carried away by the destructive stream. Whilst recognizing, as we most thankfully do, a change for the better in the condition of the female sex in India, let it be remembered that this change is owing, directly or indirectly, to the benign influences of christianity.

How important, then, and precious is the gospel! All other religions do make and maintain distinctions as regards birth, learning, rank, and sex. But in christianity, *as regards salvation, all are on the same level*; there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither barbarian nor Scythian, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; "but CHRIST is all, and in all," inspiring all with the same life, entitling all to the same privileges, and preparing all for the same home. Let females, then, especially prize and spread the gospel. *This is the charter of woman's rights.*

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Hill, June 24; July 1, 9.
CUTTACK.—W. Brooks, June 27.

CUTTACK.—W. Miller, June 27.
" J. G. Pike, June 20; July 9.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from July 18th to August 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
COALVILLE—Mr. J. Gutteridge for Rome	1	1	0
MORCOTT & BARROWDEN	4	2	2
SHEFFIELD—Collected by Miss Beatrice Hiller for Rome	2	10	0

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

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 OCTOBER, 1874.

THE MEMORIAL.

BY THE REV. S. COX:

Author of "Expositor's Note Book," etc., etc.

"This do in remembrance of Me."—Luke xxii. 19; and 1 Cor. xi. 24.

If the Lord Jesus were to shew Himself in any Christian congregation to-night, and ask a favour, I suppose hardly any one member of that congregation would refuse to grant it. For, whatever our creed may be, we all feel that we owe much to Him, more to Him, perhaps, than to any man who ever lived. We may not openly and avowedly sit at His feet; yet we confess that we have learned much of Him which no one else cared to teach us, or was able to teach us. We may not trust in Him to the full as our Saviour from all evil; yet where is the man who will not gladly acknowledge that, through the influence of the Lord Jesus on human society, he has been saved from many social and moral evils into which he would otherwise have fallen? Who will not gladly acknowledge that, in this sense at least, Christ is the Saviour of *all* men, as well as of those who believe? We may not regard Him as our personal intimate Friend, and feel that He is always with us, to guide and console us amid the sorrowful perplexities of life; yet who will not admit that of all men *He* had the most humane and friendly heart, and was most willing to do good, hoping for nothing again?

Is there even *one* person present who is not happy to confess that, at least to this limited extent, the Man Christ Jesus is his Friend, his Saviour, his Benefactor? If not, there is no one here who, were Jesus to come in, to shew us the bruised marred body of His humiliation, and the Divine glory of love shining from the eyes that so often wept over human guilt and misery:—if He were to come thus, and ask some simple favour at our hands, and ask it because it would be good for us to grant it rather than because it would enrich Him to receive it, there is no one of us who would have the heart to refuse it. We should all be glad and proud to do even some great thing for Him who has done so much for us.

Alas, then, for the slowness of our hearts and the weakness of our faith! For Christ *is* with us. He stands here to-night, as He has often stood before. He shews us as much as we can see of the glory of that love for which even death and hell had no terrors, so that He might redeem us unto God. And while, faintly sensible of His spiritual

presence, our hearts are turned toward truth and goodness, He makes His appeal, He asks us to do Him a favour, and a favour in doing which we shall both see and receive yet more largely of the redeeming energy of His love.

Do you inquire, "What is the favour He asks of us?" I can give you the answer in His own words. He says, "This do in remembrance of Me." He says, "If you have any love for Me, meet together now and then in My name, round My table; eat and drink with Me, O ye My friends! I *will* be with you. I will break bread with you. I will pledge you in the wine-cup. And while you do this in remembrance of Me, and in communion with Me, you shall grow into My likeness; you shall both be strengthened for My service and prepared for My glory."

I have spoken for Christ, brethren; for, unworthy as I am, I am yet His minister; and now I must speak for you, for I am your minister also. And *what* shall I say for you? Will you grant Him the favour He asks? Shall I, speaking for you and for myself, say? "O Teacher, O Friend, O Saviour of men, we come, we come! We know but little of Thee, and we are not worthy to come to Thee; but what we know we love, and would fain know more. We try to do Thy will, and are fain both to do more and to do it more happily. And though we are not worthy to come, Thou hast invited us, and Thou knowest us altogether. Not because we deem ourselves worthy, but because Thou hast invited us and canst make us worthy, we *will* come, come to learn more of Thee, and to receive more of Thy spirit and grace."

May I say that for you, my brethren? and say it for you *all*? Alas, I fear I must not say it for *all*—not because any of you are uninvited, but because some of you do not care to come, or because you feel that you dare not come. Your faith has eyes which see not, or see but dimly and uncertainly. If, indeed, Christ were here in *bodily* presence, if you could *see* Him, you would hardly refuse Him; you might even be eager to take the bread from His life-giving hand, and to taste of the cup from which He had drunk. But because He is only *spiritually* present with us; because you can only see Him by faith; because the words, "Do this in remembrance of Me," though they once really fell from His lips, are spoken by no living voice, but come to you through long ages, and their echoes are easily lost, you are conscious of no strong victorious compulsions urging you to do that which He asks of you and to grant the favour which He solicits.

Now what can we, who know that He is with us, do for you who do not see Him, although He is here? Shall we cry, "Lord, open these men's eyes?" Yes; we will make that our prayer for you; for if we do so with any sincerity, *we* shall forthwith try to open your eyes, in the hope that the Lord will work with us and through us. Let all good Christian people, then, who see and feel that Christ is with them, pray for their neighbours, "Lord, open these men's eyes!" And do you, Christian people, who are not so good, or whose eyes are not so clear, do you pray, "Lord, open Thou *our* eyes that, seeing, we may see, and know that Thou art near!" Pray thus, and pray with earnest sincerity, and your prayer will in large measure answer itself.

But can we give you no further counsel, no further help? Perhaps we may if we a little consider your case. If we are to help you, we

must know what it is that prevents you from accepting the invitation of Christ. You know very well that He does invite men to His kingdom and table: and even though you cannot see Him, or hear Him speak, yet if you *know* that He says, "Do this," you might well do it, in the hope that, though for the present your eyes are holden, He would make Himself known to you in the breaking of the bread. You might well enter His kingdom and sit down at His table *as a duty* at first, and find the duty grow into a privilege as dear as it was binding. If you do not act thus, it surely must be because you have some strong reason for not acting thus, or at least some reason that seems strong to you. Now I have no disposition, as certainly I have no right, to suppose that you neglect any duty which you acknowledge to be a duty, and, still less, that you neglect it for any trivial or unworthy motive. I am bound to think, and do think, better of you than that. Judging from experience, I think it probable that you do not enter the communion of the Church, that you do not respond to the invitation of Christ, for one of the three following reasons: either you do not believe that you are included in the invitation; or, you feel sure that you are not worthy to accept it; or, at the very lowest, you feel that you are under no obligation to accept it. Let us then reason together on each of these points.

First of all, then, Are you, or are you not, included in the invitation of Christ? Were *you* in His thoughts when He said, "This do in remembrance of Me?" You may sincerely think that you were not. You may say, "The invitation was only addressed to His personal disciples, or, at most, to the recognized members of His church. I am neither. He did not mean me." Are you not His disciple then? Have you learned nothing of Him? Do you never sit at His feet? A man need not be a perfect man to be a disciple of Christ; he is a disciple that he may become perfect. Of the first twelve men who brake bread with Him, one was "a devil," another denied Him, and all of them lost all faith in Him. Are you more doubtful than Thomas, more impetuous and self-willed than Peter, more base and sordid than Iscariot? Are you more ignorant, perverse, feeble, and unfaithful than the twelve were before they communed with Christ, and His Spirit clothed them with power from on high? Yet all these were included in the first invitation, the invitation given by the lips of Him who knew what was in man and in men!

Moreover, the invitation addressed by Christ to the Twelve was repeated by St. Paul to his Corinthian converts. And *they* had their doubts about the resurrection; they were, some of them at least, litigious, schismatic, immoral, and turned the very sacrament itself into an occasion of gluttony and drunkenness. Have not *you* learned more of Christ than they had? Can you be excluded from the invitation which was open to them?

You *are* disciples of Christ if you are disposed to trust Him, if you have learned anything of Him and are still willing to learn.

But perhaps you are not members of any organized Christian community! If you are not, what then? Do you suppose that the grace of Christ is confined within our organizations and their technical rules? You very much mistake Him, if you do; for He is good to all them that call upon Him, whether they are members of our churches or are not.

But why should you not become a member of the Church? If you are not unworthy of fellowship with Christ, can you be unworthy of "the communion of saints?" Christ invites you to fellowship with *Him*: must He not then also call you to fellowship with them that are His? We who serve Him *here* think it would be well that you should enter the Church; our communion is open to you and to all who believe in Christ and seek to grow like Him. We are sure that, if you are His disciple, it would be well for you to obey His command—for the invitation of a king is a command—"This do in remembrance of Me:" and therefore we invite *you*, in common with all Christian men, to the table of the Lord, even though you are not a member of our church or of any church: and we do this in the hope that if you walk with us so far as you are agreed with us, God Himself will teach you more fully what His will is, and lead you from the table, and by the table, into the brotherhood of them that believe. We say, "Join with us in *one* act, in *any* act, of Christian fellowship: and thus, perhaps, your fellowship with us will grow wider and more complete." In short, we extend to you the very invitation which the Lord Jesus gave to the twelve men who went from His table to "seek their own things" instead of His, and to leave Him alone before His enemies; we urge upon you the very invitation which St. Paul repeated to the men of Corinth, though beyond most they were weak in faith, and defective in life. What though *your* faith is weak, and your life defective! If your faith is sincere, and you sincerely aim to bring the Spirit of Christ into your life, you can claim all that we claim for ourselves, and have as full a right to all the ordinances of the Church.

Some of you, however, may not feel that you are under any *obligation* to enter the Christian fellowship, or to break bread with Christ. You may think, as many do think, that you can be just as good Christians without. "The Lord's supper," you may say, "is, after all, only a form. And if, by faith and charity, I am a member of the true spiritual Church, it cannot matter whether or not I enter any organized Christian society: so long as I am right in spirit, what can it matter whether or not I observe certain external forms?" But, consider: can you very well be of one spirit with Christ while you hold any means of grace appointed by Him to be a mere form? Can you be just as good Christians as you might be, while you neglect any commandment which you confess to be His, and do not even try to do what you know to be His will? *Need* the ordinance which commemorates His death for sin be a mere form? *Can* it be a mere form? So long as it is a mere form, it is not a Christian ordinance: for the ordinances of Christ are spirit and life, not form and letter. Do you doubt that Christ said, and says to you, "This do in remembrance of Me?" And if not, how can you suppose that you are as good a Christian while you refuse to obey His pathetic request as you would be if you complied with it? What is it to be a Christian, if not to listen to His teaching and do His will? And yet you say you can be a good Christian while you do not listen and obey! You do not argue thus in any other relation of life. You do not say, "I shall be just as good a servant although I disobey this order of my master's:" or, "I shall be just as good a wife if I do not comply with my husband's reasonable request:" or, "I shall be just as honest a man if I do tell this lie or make that overcharge." And why should you

argue thus of your relation to Christ? What argument can be more preposterous and self-confuting than this: "A Christian is a man who does Christ's will: I don't intend to do His will in this or that respect: but I shall be just as good a Christian as if I did." If any of us have ventured to use this argument—and surely there are not many with whom it carries much weight, though one often hears it—we shall do well to suspect ourselves of some secret insincerity, some inward bias, some foregone conclusion, which clouds our reason and deflects our will: for how should any man be deceived by an argument so worthless, unless he wished to be deceived?

But, finally, you may admit that the Lord Jesus has invited you to His fellowship. You may admit that you cannot serve Him as well as you might so long as you neglect His invitation or disobey any one of His commandments. You may even desire to enter His church, to sit at His table, to eat and drink with Him. But nevertheless you may join no church and take no sacrament because, with shame and regret, you pronounce yourselves unworthy of communion with Him. The thought of your heart may be, "He is so good, and I am so imperfect, I see so clearly what I ought to be and how far I fall short of what I ought to be, that though I should like to reckon myself among His friends, I dare not; though I should like to sit at His table, I dare not; I am not fit: I am not worthy." There is no obstacle so great as this, no feeling which keeps so many we should be glad to have with us away from the Christian communion and outside the pale of the Church. How shall we meet it? We cannot say that you *are* worthy. We grant that you are *not* worthy. But, then, *who is?* You are *not* worthy; but how will you ever become worthy, unless you begin to do what you see to be Christ's will? The longer you put off obedience, the more unworthy you will grow. And the Church and the Supper are not for the worthy alone, and still less for those who think themselves worthy. Indeed, no man is so unfit for the kingdom of Christ as he who feels himself fit for it; and none so fit as he who feels himself wholly unfit to enter it. The Church is the school of Christ; and children when they enter school are not worthy to take their place among the educated; they enter that they may become worthy. Ah, how shall I persuade you of this, you who have resisted the force of so many arguments, so many appeals! Will you believe the Lord Jesus Himself? Well, He Himself tells us that the kingdom of heaven is like a great supper made by a certain Oriental "lord" or "king." To this supper many worthy and honourable persons were invited. No one of the guests who were bidden felt himself at all unfit to come. They thought themselves so fit, indeed, and had been so often invited, that they "made light" of the invitation, and even declined it with some slight excuse of previous engagement or unexpected business. Was the supper, therefore, put off, or unfurnished with guests? No: the wealthy and rich and noble having declined, the "lord" sent out invitations to the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind. Nay, more; because there was still room, he sent his servants out into the highways, bidding them "compel" the wayfarer and the stranger and the homeless into his house, that house and table might both be full. What does the parable mean? It can only mean that the Lord Jesus invites to His house and table, to His church and supper, those who think themselves too poor in spiritual

gifts to come, those who feel their service to be maimed and imperfect, those whose obedience halts and is often weary, those who are so blind that they cannot see Him as He is. All these—and are not you of these?—are invited to come in to His house, to sit down at His table: and if they accept His invitation with cordial sincerity, the poor are made rich, the maimed are made whole, the halt walk and even run, the eyes of the blind are opened. Nor can you say that this parable is an exception to the pervading spirit of the Gospel, that you therefore fear to accept the hope it suggests. It is rather an illustration of that spirit. Throughout the Gospel we find the last put before the first, the lost before the found, sinners before just men who need no repentance, the publican before the Pharisee, the prodigal before the elder brother who had never at any time transgressed his father's commandment, *and knew it*. In nothing is the grace of Christ more conspicuous than in this, that He everywhere shews the tenderest solicitude for those who most need His care; and most urgently presses Himself, His services, and His gifts, on those who feel themselves most unworthy of Him and of them.

Once more, then, the Lord stands in our midst; once more He cries, "Come unto Me—come to My church—come to My table,—all ye that are weary and heavy-laden:" and once more I have to answer on your behalf. What shall I say for you? Shall I say, "Master, they all begin to make excuse. One has no wealth of spirit, and will not come to Thee to be made rich; and another is so maimed of evil that he cannot bear to let Thee see his wounds, though only Thou canst heal them: one halts in lame and difficult obedience to Thy commandments, and another has no clear insight into Thy truth and will. They are so unworthy, they will not come." *Is that your message, brethren? God forbid, lest He lift up His hand and swear, "None of those men who were bidden shall taste of my supper."* Rather let me say, "Lord, they *will* come, though they are poor and halt and blind. They will come because, though they are unworthy, Thou canst make them worthy. They will come, the poor to be made rich, the lame that they may walk, the blind that they may receive their sight."

THE VICTORIES OF JESUS.

Translated from No. 183 of the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

CHRISTIANS, see our Jesus' splendour,
King of kings, and Lord on high;
'O what fruits His victories render!
How His glories strike the eye!

Cloud-borne to His heavens ascending
Makes He now His greatness plain;
Conquered death, and Satan bending,
Captive follow in His train.

Chariot angels go before Him,
O'er His wondrous deeds rejoice,
Fill the air with rapt adoring,
Heavenward lift their mighty voice—

"Open wide ye gates of glory!
That within you hence may dwell
Christ, the loved of God, the holy,
Conqueror of earth and hell!"

There is now our Friend and Brother,
He who won the heavens thus;
Hope so bright we need no other—
O what happiness for us!

And He there prepares our places,
Shares with us His joys above,
Shedding forth His Spirit's graces,
Outcome of His tender love.

Hearts! no more be earthward falling;
Love! awake to follow where
This sweet Saviour each is calling;
All our wealth is hidden there.

Till He comes from glory reigning
As the Judge with judgments just,
And His final victory gaining,
Claims our bodies from the dust.

Correction.—Page 334, "*Je suis à toi*," verse six, last word of third line, read *look* instead of *look*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. V.—*The Righteousness of Christ.*

THE question of the righteousness of Jesus Christ being imputed to a man as soon as he believes, and because he believes, and not till he believes, was, I perceived, a very vital point. But, was it true? It was clear that righteousness was imputed to a believer. But did that certainly mean that the personal righteousness of one person was really regarded by God as the righteousness of another; and that the wickedness of some persons was regarded as having been done by another, who had not done it: that God really regarded some that had broken the law as innocent as if they had never broken it in thought, word, or deed, and one who was in every respect innocent and righteous, as being responsible for the sins of all human beings who ever had committed sin? Also, I was wonderfully at a loss to know how God should come to regard this interchange of guilt and innocence from the innocent to the guilty, and from the guilty to the innocent, at one time rather than another. I had been taught to consider Christ as bearing the guilt of these elect few in His own body on the tree; and that then, at the time of His suffering the just for the unjust, that their guilt was really expiated, atoned for and removed, in that one great day of atonement, so that then and there the sins of the elect were imputed to Christ; and then and there, of course, the righteousness of Christ was imputed to them, and they appeared quite free of guilt in the sight of God—as far as a debtor is free from his creditors when some other one pays his debts for him.

Such had been my creed, my theology; and I seemed to glory in it, and I preached about it long and frequently. But it never sunk into my conscience and my heart. I used to tell God that I felt myself a sinner. I used to confess my guilt, so that, however God might look on me as perfectly innocent, with a divine righteousness imputed to me, He would be informed by my prayers and my confessions that it really was no such thing, and that He who searches the heart and trieth the reins knew very well that I was sinful and guilty. My perplexity was extreme when my former teachers asserted that this imputation of my sins to Christ, and of His infinitely *meritorious* righteousness to me, did not take place till I believed. How was it, then, that Christ should suffer for my sins, if they were not imputed to Him; and how could they be imputed to Him, and at the same time be imputed to me also; as must be the case if He really suffered under the imputation of my guilt, and I remained under the imputation of my sins till I believed. How could the believing of a thing make it true? Either Christ had died for me, or He had not; and believing could not alter that fact, so as to make it either true or false. Also, I was wholly at a loss to know what that truth was that I was required to believe, on account of which God would put my sins to Christ's account, and put Christ's righteousness to my account. I would willingly believe anything which it was possible for me to regard as being true. But what truth was I required to believe? the belief of which was to be followed by this transfer of guilt and righteousness, and on account of which God should look on me as having fulfilled the whole law, and never as having offended in

one point. I wondered that I had never been earnestly inquisitive before to find out that soul-saving proposition, the belief of which by man produced such wonders, even on the mind of God himself.

During the distraction produced by my old college, and these new, ideas, I remember with what an eager grasp my mind laid hold (as a drowning man snatches at a straw) on the merits of Christ, of which I had heard so often, read so much, and so constantly, so confidently, so exultingly about. These infinite merits, by which it was represented He had purchased righteousness, and the Holy Ghost and heaven, for the elect and for all who believed that mysterious something. These infinite merits, on account of which God was, out of simple justice and equity, to forgive sins, and which, indeed, entitled people to heaven—a heaven which they could not purchase by their own good works, but which Christ purchased for them. I took my Bible to turn to the passages in which the merits of Christ are spoken of; I could not recall them. How strange that my memory should thus fail me. I thought again. No, I could not remember any; but there must be several such passages. A doctrine of such incomparable importance. The very centre and heart of what I had been taught to be revelation. The very essence of the glorious Gospel. The word must be somewhere. Cruden would help me; I looked and searched. I turned his invaluable pages backwards and forwards, but the word was not to be found in “Cruden’s Concordance.” This is extraordinary. This is inconceivable, I thought, that he should have entirely overlooked this word. It must, however, be in the Bible somewhere; but neither my memory nor Cruden, nor all my reading of Holy Scripture *ever since* has revealed to me the missing word.

But, even if the word be not there, the thing meant by it must be. Why, it is the very essence of the gospel, which I have been hearing and speaking of these so many years. Surely all the religious people, both Catholics and Protestants, cannot have been inventing this word. Yet, where is it? I thought I had discovered it. Merit, indeed, was a word not distinctly employed, but “purchased blessing” still was. I looked in Cruden to see what were the things which Christ had *purchased* for us. The flock of God I found was purchased, Acts xx., by His own blood, but that passage did not tell of any belief purchased for the flock. The redemption of the purchased possession, Eph. i. 14, I found, but that “possession” was the church itself; it did not disclose anything purchased for the church. *We* were bought with a price, but nothing is specified as having been bought *for* us. I found abundantly that God gives liberty, but not once that he sells anything. Indeed, I found that he spared not His only begotten Son, but delivered Him up for us all; and that, with Him, He freely gives us all things.

I thus found I had something to unlearn. The creed of my *heart* helped me. The deep convictions I had had from childhood of God helped me. How could a Being of infinite knowledge be under any misapprehension as to the real nature of things. How could He search me, and know my every thought, every word; with all their motives, and all their consequences; and, at the same time, perceive a heart that was found to be perfectly humble, and a conduct that was wrong, to be divinely right, merely because the person believed certain things.

Besides, all the joy I had ever had in religion was joy in the presence of God. Every sincerest heart-prayer I had ever cherished and uttered was for a pure heart and a right spirit. I had no wish at all to be hidden from God, to have a cloak thrown about me, so that God could not see me as I really was, or, as my old books and religious friends expressed it, to be hidden under the robe of Christ's righteousness. Moreover, I perceived that, to wish that, had been to further out the thought of the imputed righteousness of one person to another, and arose from a distorted view of the moral character, as well as the natural perfection of the infinite God. It was taken for granted that God was not of himself infinitely good, gracious, merciful, and forgiving, but wanted some one to induce him to become such. The violent poetical imagery of Watts (Hymn 108 of Book II.) expresses the real deliberate theology of many preachers, and of their applauding hearers.

Once it was a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame;
 Our God appeared consuming fire,
 And vengeance was His name.
 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood,
 That calm'd His frowning face:
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turned the wrath to grace.

From such a character as this imaginary one of what God had formerly been, it might be very desirable to escape by any means. But, why wish to be hidden from Him now? If He be still the same as He was, how could we confide in Him, delight in Him, or hope to experience in His presence fulness of joy, and find at His right hand pleasures for evermore? If He have not undergone the change then imputed to Him, where is the atonement? If He have been thus altered, how can I respect Him? How can I confide in this changeable God? For, if by some means He has been changed from a bad state of mind to a good one, what should hinder Him from being again moved from a good state to a bad one? No, no! "He is of one mind, and who can turn him?" "Thus saith the Lord, I am the Lord, I change not, therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." So deep-seated are these grievous misconceptions of God, that it was, and I dare say still is, very common for religious people to think they are quite scriptural in saying, that God out of Christ is a consuming fire. How much more true it would be to say that our God is essentially and eternally a consuming fire. As it is written of Christ, the Son of God, "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like fine brass."—Rev. ii. 18; Hebrews xii. 29.

RECIPE.—*How to be happy when you are miserable.*—Disbelieve thoroughly the assertion that straws show which way the wind blows. Every man's life has a direction on the whole which he cannot gather from the events of this day, or this month, or even this year. Painful events and vexatious hindrance are but eddy-winds, driving our thoughts and hopes hither and thither, threatening to carry us we know not where; and yet the spirit of every Christian man is borne onward by God's providence towards a haven of peace, as by a steady wind of heaven.

"To be taken by the fireside, or in the fields, or where you please."

T. T. LYNCH.

SIX WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

No. VII.—*Mainz, Cologne, and Home.*

LEAVING Worms in the afternoon, I arrived at Mainz in the evening. The majestic railway bridge, spanning the Rhine, arrested my attention. Mainz is a city of considerable size, situated on the Rhine; it is very ancient. The cathedral is a noble building. One of its first bishops was an Englishman, and a wheelwright by trade. Boniface was called the Apostle of Germany. On the following day I crossed the Rhine by the bridge of boats, and spent a few hours very pleasantly at Weisbaden. This place may be called the Leamington or Cheltenham of Germany. Formerly it was celebrated for its gambling tables, which are now happily closed. Its waters are noted all over Europe. I went to the Hochbrunnen, and saw the hot waters bubbling up, and giving off their vapour. They are too hot to be drunk alone. They are tempered with cold water. The Shah and his suite were at Weisbaden the day I was there, and at night a grand display of fireworks was given in honour of the visit of his Oriental Majesty.

Returning to Mainz in the evening, I left on the following day. At nine in the morning I got on the steamboat lying in the Rhine. In a few minutes we were in motion. The distance to Cologne is about one hundred miles. You pass in review all the most lovely scenery and the most romantic places on the famous river. To describe them would require more time and genius than I at present possess. We arrived at Cologne in the evening of the day.

Everybody almost has heard of the cathedral at Cologne. It is certainly a marvellous building. Popery here appears to be very strong. Not feeling smitten with the attractions of Cologne, I retraced my course by rail, and paid a visit to Ems, passing through Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven; Coblenz, the home of Baedaker; catching a glimpse of Stoltzenfels, Ehrenbreitstein, and other noted places. Ems is a sweet place. The river Lahn runs through it, spanned by a bridge, which was gaily decorated in honour of the Emperor of Russia, who was then visiting there. Returning to Cologne in the evening, I left the Rhineland the next morning, and came as far as Aachen on my way to Antwerp. Aachen—Aix-la-Chapelle—may be regarded as the historic centre of ancient Europe. Charlemagne was born here, and here his remains lie. I visited the noble old cathedral. Popery here puts on her gorgeous splendours. Many so-called valuable relics are preserved in the cathedral, which are shown at fixed periods. I saw the marble throne on which the Emperor was sitting when they opened his tomb, several centuries after he had been buried. A large flat stone, with the words *Carlo Magno*, marks the place where he was buried.

From Aachen I came on through Belgium, leaving Brussels to the left; the hands of the clock were near twelve when I entered the Hotel de la Paix, at Antwerp. I found every comfort here. I spent my last Sunday on the Continent at Antwerp. In the morning I went to the cathedral. It was a grand *fête* day. The ceremonies and processions were well described in the *Christian World* the following Friday by some one who was in the cathedral at the same time as myself. Antwerp, religiously, is pretty much given up to Rome. Rubens and

his paintings shall have a few words another day. On the following Tuesday, June 17, I went on steamboat about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had a delightful passage across the water. As we turned our eyes towards the city we were leaving we had a fine view of the tower of the Gothic cathedral, said to be the finest in Europe. The sea was as calm as a sleeping child. One of the sights, never to be forgotten, in the voyage, was the blood-red sun rising out of the sea. We arrived at Harwich about four o'clock in the morning. Many of the passengers took their train at once, expecting to be in London by six o'clock. My train was not due for some time, so I was able to get breakfast. I came on then to Peterborough, where I arrived about four in the afternoon. Knowing one of the station officials, he kindly took me home to tea. In the quiet evening of the same day, I came on to Sheffield, and about nine o'clock found myself, through a merciful Providence, in my own home at 4, Sharrow Head.

It cannot be denied that there are many things to please the eye, gratify the ear, and delight the senses on the Continent. Objects of taste and beauty are to be seen everywhere; Nature can be observed in her grandest moods. But one thing is painful to an observing and reflecting mind, namely, the absence in many parts of scriptural religion. Popery abounds almost everywhere. The morning light brings with it the sounding bell, calling people to worship. Popery gratifies the senses, and stirs the imagination, but it starves the soul. It keeps back the truth, and gives a shadow in its stead. Popery, in some places, appears to me to be gathering augmented strength, and there are signs that a great European struggle is drawing nigh, between the powers of the Papacy on the one hand, and the principles of spiritual religion on the other. The next conflict between the Teuton and the Gaul may be around the chair of St. Peter.

In the presence of growing and abounding superstition an imperative duty is incumbent on us in this country. As Englishmen, and as Christians, we must show ourselves true to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and to all the claims of the Word of God and the kingdom of heaven. The Bible is the foundation of Protestantism, and the Bible, in all its integrity, must be upheld. Let the young men of our churches, especially, while they give a becoming attention to literary and scientific studies, not forget the binding claims of that word which liveth and abideth for ever. Amidst the changes taking place all around us, and the wide-spread influence of a corrupting superstition, our only hope is the cultivation of a deep spiritual religion. Our power and ultimate success lie here. The empty and showy forms of Ritualism, developing with amazing rapidity in the Established Church of our own country, must be met and counteracted by that living christianity which has Christ as its centre and model, and the spirit of God for its life and energy. There must be no truce or compromise, but a firm and resolute stand for the faith once delivered to the saints. In this battle we are assured that the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

As we think of the claims of Him who died for us, let us lay aside the weakness which springs from confidence in our corrupt nature; let us cherish a becoming sense of our own sinfulness, and cultivate deep humility of heart.

And, finally, let us, who profess the name of Christ, seek a closer personal communion with God, pray for a daily increase of spiritual power, and thus, by an augmented earnestness and vitality in our personal piety, and a more steadfast devotion in our Master's service, our success in promoting the cause of truth is certain, and the final victory of that spiritual kingdom, with which it is our privilege to be identified, is placed beyond a reasonable doubt.

GILES HESTER.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. IX.—*Another Ray of Light.*

ONE of the most exhilarating pleasures we have recently experienced was afforded us the other day in the company of some forty orphan girls out for a holiday on a bright Saturday afternoon. By the generosity of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cayford, an invitation had been sent to the orphan girls dwelling in the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, Russell Hill, Caterham Junction, Surrey, to pay them a visit at their pleasantly situated abode on the western slopes of the lovely Caterham Valley. For some days the prospective pleasure was the theme of much talk amongst the girls; and when we met the neatly clad, bright eyed, and joyous group at the station, it was evident that they came intending to enjoy to the full this welcome break in the monotony of orphanage life.

The day was all that could be desired. The bright clear sky and warm sun matched well with and seemed to increase the exuberant life and festivity of the occasion. Nothing was wanting on the part of the hosts to promote and complete the pleasure of their guests. Provision for fun and frolic was abundant. There was no danger of tameness or insipidity. Sympathetic and sensible friends were tolerably numerous; and, by the confession of both teachers and orphans, it was a very happy, and, it is hoped, a very profitable occasion.

First, we met in the drawing-room to listen to sweet songs sweetly sung by the children; then away we bounded to the croquet lawn, and clambered up the steep hill side, both of which were speedily alive with movement. The rocking-horse was a great favourite, and was in urgent demand for a long time. Skipping-ropes, too, were in the ascendant; swung with assiduous rapidity, the girls leaping along in teams with marvellous agility without being caught. Battledoor and shuttlecock in the old style, and also on new and improved principles, were supplied to exercise the skill and ingenuity of others; and hill-climbing, or what being more risky was more enjoyed, hill-descending, was practised by most with much merriment, and little or no hurt. Then came the signal for tea, the quick robing in the brown holland pinafore, the singing of Milton's hymn—

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies our need,

and the enjoyment of a refreshing and abundant repast. The sight of a family of forty at a tea-table one would imagine would be enough to make even a Hebrew think his quiver was full. Certainly it was no

common pleasure to the friends who waited on and watched them to see the unmistakable happiness of this company of fatherless children, seated, with appetites quickened by play to enjoy this meal.

Tea being ended, the children betook themselves again to their games with increased zest; and in this freedom and fun they and the visitors with them luxuriated in their freedom and fun till half-past seven. Then we had a very pleasant children's service; cheerful singing of appropriate hymns, and counsel from two or three, urging the orphans to make a real friend of the Lord Jesus, to trust Him, and love him now, and to rest and rejoice in His certain love for them. Not a few of the young and tender hearts were affected. Early sorrows open the hearts to sympathetic words; and whilst the Saviour's name and spirit and love are precious to all who know them, yet they are most precious to such as have felt the loneliness of life, the pangs of bereavement, the keen grief of separation, the weariness and sadness of necessity, and the painful blank of a fatherless life. It was an unspeakable joy, not only to assure these young spirits of the certain help and love of Christ, but also to be assured by some of them that they already delighted in His pardon and were gladdened with His joy. May the gracious Saviour keep them steadfast in their love and hope to the end!

The time of separation came, and away they went, amid many signs of grateful pleasure, to their home, but not without a pleasant remembrance of the day. A book for each one, with each one's *own name written in*, was given by our friend Mr. Towers. Happy thought to give the book: happier still to write that name! In the school they go by numbers. Bonnets are numbered, pinafores are numbered, dresses are numbered. There it is necessary. But they are pleased to tell their names, and to be called by them. It is not strange it should be so, for we know how the ugliest name is filled with charm by being *our very own*. It seems to be a part of us, and to have our life in it. Those books, prized for what they are, will be more prized because written by another hand, the old home name appears within.

That Saturday afternoon is a bright episode in memory's treasures. We felt a deepened gratitude for the care and benevolence that provides for the orphan and destitute children of the almost numberless company of clerks, warehousemen, and agents of wholesale houses and manufactories in the United Kingdom, without distinction of sex or religion. We heard the story of the work being done for eighty boys and forty girls, at Caterham Junction, from the lips of Miss Bowen, the superintendent, with real pleasure; we were glad that the orphan's lot had been thus sweetened for a few hours by practical sunshiny Christian sympathy; that ours had been the privilege of parental guidance and care till it was no longer needed; that still we were spared to minister direction and help to the children that are about us; and that amongst the joys of Christian service is that of caring for Christ's "little ones." That day a few more rays shot forth from hearts that get all their light and brightness from Christ to make brighter the "bright side of London."

Reader, if that same Sun of Righteousness shines with healing in His wings for you, are you making any one life the brighter, any one heart the gladder, for your being? If not, do it at once; do it this very day.

J. CLIFFORD AND J. COLEBROOK.

PRAYER; WORK; SUCCESS.

BY REV. DR. S. I. PRIME.

Is it of any use to pray? is the principal question of the times; and as facts are better than theories, and example more than argument, I give you one instance out of hundreds that might be cited from personal observation.

Early in the spring of 1862, I received the following note from a man who had been a contributor to the *New York Observer*, a writer of poetry and prose, and his translations of Latin verse had been prominently published over his real name. He wrote:—

New York, March 6.

DEAR SIR—You have doubtless heard of the disgrace I have brought upon myself by the sin and folly into which I have fallen, and I am ashamed to come to you. But seeing in the *Tribune* an advertisement of a book by you on prayer, I was reminded of the kindness of your manner to me in former days, and I was led to ask if it were not possible for me to be saved by prayer. Will you pray for me, a ruined man?

Your unworthy servant,

J. B. L.

I recognized his name at once as that of an old acquaintance, of whom I had lost sight for several years. But I had heard nothing of the sin and shame of which he spoke in his letter, and was shocked to hear of it, especially from his own confession. As the letter was dated from his place of business down town, I thought it would be more agreeable to him not to have me call upon him there, and I wrote him a few lines upon the instant, as follows:—

March 6.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I never heard until this moment that you were in trouble of any kind. But come and see me; the worse you are, the more welcome you will be when you come to me. I want to see you, and with the help of God, serve you. Come as soon as you can; the sooner the better. Of course I will pray for you, and will be always

Your friend and brother.

The next day at noon he entered my room, a bloated, blear-eyed, trembling drunkard; wreck, ruin, shame, all over his wretched face. I took him by the hand with a cordial welcome, and he said, "You see!" "Yes," I replied, "it speaks for itself; there's no need to ask what's the matter. But tell me all about it; how long has it been so, and why can't you get out of it?"

He sat down, and with tears running down his face, and shaking as if an ague-fit were on him, he told me his story. I can give it from memory, and very nearly in his own words:—

"This thing has been going on from bad to worse for several years. The passion has grown upon me until it is impossible to break it up. I took your letter home last night as the first thing that I had laid hold on, and my wife and I wept over it, and my daughters put their arms around my neck, and said, 'Now we will try and get over it,' and we all prayed; they prayed for me; and my wife and I got up in the night and prayed, and this morning I prayed for help, and promised them not to taste a drop till I had seen you; and I drank three times on the way down, and am utterly unable to resist the appetite that eats my

life like a canker. I have thought that God might help me, if you will pray for me; but I don't know; I guess it's all up with me, and if I were dead it would be better for all of us."

I talked as hopefully to him as possible, promised to pray for him, as the least and the most that I could do for him; but I confess that the sight of the man so changed, his visage so marred, the blood-shot eyes, the sickening countenance, the shaking limbs of a man of forty-five, said "no hope" so plainly that I was on the verge of despair. I exacted no promise from him; pledges from such a man were not as strong as straws; but I did say some things about home, and love, and hope, that are too sacred to be repeated, though they were poured upon his dulled ear as if God were bidding me to speak to a man dead to come back to life and joy and heaven. He left me with expressions of gratitude, and almost of hope; and I said, as he went out, "I will come to you at noon to-morrow."

Twenty-four hours went by; I went into his office in Pine Street, and I declare he positively looked better. He said, "I have not tasted a drop since I saw you; not a drop. I told my wife of the talk we had, and after supper we spent the evening singing and talking, and they prayed with me. It looks better, don't it?"

What I said to him is of no account, for words are nothing in the way of help to a drowning man; he wants a rope, an arm, a life-boat; and words are breath only, with no power to save. This was on Saturday. As I was walking up Broadway on Sunday, I was joined by a Christian gentleman belonging to the Methodist church, who put his arm into mine, and at once said, "I have been reading that book of yours about prayer;" and as I began to tell him that I had a case on my heart and mind that would interest him, a Unitarian minister crossed the street and joined us, saying, playfully, "If a man is known by the company he keeps, I shall be a gainer by joining you;" and then, taking an arm of mine, he said, strangely enough, the very same thing that my Methodist friend had said; and added, "I believe it, every word of it; there is power in prayer; I know it, for I have tried it and proved it."

Then I related to them both the facts of my poor lost friend, and of my resolution to seek his rescue by prayer. The minister said: "It is as near hopeless as a case can be; when an intelligent, educated man becomes a sot, he is lost. I never knew one to be saved so far gone as that."

We had now reached the corner of Fourteen Street and Broadway, and where to part. As we were shaking hands, we pledged ourselves to one another, Methodist, Unitarian, and Presbyterian, to pray for that man, and so separated. Next day I called on him again, and he met me with a smile of joy. Forty-eight hours since I had seen him, and he was yet firm, not having tasted of the cup of woe. He told me of the Sabbath, of his sitting with his wife and daughters in the church, "clothed and in his right mind." Day after day, and then, with longer intervals, I saw him at his office and marked the progress of his deliverance from a thralldom the darkest, dreadfulest, and most hopeless into which poor mortal man is ever reduced. By and by he was welcomed into the number of church members. His health was re-established. He was

happy in his family and useful in the community. I am pained to say that he fell several times. I did not think any the worse of him for that: for he was weak, and the old appetite, like a lurking devil, was always tempting him. But when he fell, he rose again. And he fought it out, and died in faith. I trust that he drinks now of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

That is the case. When I make another book on the subject, this may go into it as a simple instance of what is the Christian idea of prayer. To the Tyndalians it is all Greek or nonsense. To us who believe, it is the philosophy of the Christian religion. So far as I know, there were no other agencies employed to save this drunkard than those recorded in this paper. In his besotted state, he saw an advertisement in a daily newspaper of a book on prayer by one who was once his friend. "There," he said, "is my only hope." He followed the star. He told me that he was touched by the words in my note to him: "The worse you are, the more welcome you will be when you come to me." The only new help he got by coming to me was the prayer of friends to whom I made known his pitiable state. If his life from that day was a better life; if his wife had her tears and sorrow wiped away by the hand of Infinite Love; if his daughters, grown-up young ladies, once more held up their fair faces covered with smiles of peace and joy; if the household, after years of darkness and anguish, was now daily vocal with gratitude and praise; if my poor drunken friend was brought up from a horrible pit and miry clay, and had a new song put in his mouth, and is now among those whose sins are washed away—it is all, all the power of prayer.

A WORD FOR THE WANDERERS.

"You seem to have a word for everybody but the backsliders," was the rebuke uttered by a sad-hearted and desponding spirit to a minister of the gospel a few weeks back. Is not the rebuke deserved both by the ministry and by the Church? Are we not eager, with an obvious and ostentatious eagerness, to welcome the penitent who for the first time seeks peace and joy in Christ; but very forgetful of the wanderers who have strayed from the fold, and are thinking much and often of coming back again if only they knew how? An elder called the other day on one who for months had been adrift from his church moorings, wounded and stricken by his sin, and whose name had lost its place on the roll of the saints. The visit was as that of an angel; like a message from the heart of the patient, ever-seeking Shepherd, it revived faith and hope and joy. It was the re-entrance of light into a long darkened soul; and now the wanderer sings with a fulness of feeling only possible to such, "He *restoreth* my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

"*This battle is lost,*" said one of Napoleon's marshals to him in the middle of a disastrous day, "but," he added, "*there is time enough before sundown to fight another and win it.*" Not yet has the evening closed in on the defeated soldier. Degraded from the ranks, his very sword

rebukes him, his regimental robes fill him with shame; he has put off his armour; his heart is bleeding with a bitter and almost inconsolable grief; he feels he cannot fight again. Haste to him in the spirit of courage and meekness, tenderness and love. Cheer the dispirited and wounded soldier. Show him Peter, sinning on Thursday night, weeping bitterly on the Friday morning, and on the Sunday morning hearing the message of forgiveness and restoration from his risen Lord. Get him to put on the armour afresh; it is not sundown yet; there is time to fight another battle and win it before the night falls.

But why doesn't the soldier come back? He knows where the regiment is stationed. Why doesn't the wanderer return to the fold without fetching? Is he not aware that he would be welcome if he were sufficiently penitent and really desired to "fill his place as usual?" Why! Simply because he *is* a wanderer, and knows it, and has lost self-respect, and faith in Christ and in you by his very wanderings. He thinks you would chide him for his fault, and he is wretched enough about it already. He thinks you care far more for the ninety and nine respectable sheep that never look over the fence, and behave in every way as good sheep should do, than for this silly wandering sheep that has lost its way and seems only to travel further from it. With nine pieces of silver safe in the purse, why should they trouble about that which is hid away in the dust and dirt of the world?

And are not his thoughts too true? Do we not feel a little relieved of responsibility, and of trouble, when such sheep are out of sight, and do we not readily erase his name, and leave him to droop and die as if no one cared for his soul? Are we not harsh in our judgments upon his fault, and severe in our treatment, instead of being pitiful, tender-hearted, and sympathetic? Or do we not leave him outside the fold—not far from it, may be—but still outside, and never show that loving restlessness that goes out and seeks, and seeks *until* the wanderer is brought back with rejoicings? And even if we do not betray such indifference, yet is it not our privilege to restore such an one in the spirit of meekness considering our own too frequent backslidings of heart, coldness of affection, and selfishness of service? Did Christ leave us to seek Him out? Did He wait till we returned with broken-hearted grief for our sin to crave His pardon? No! He came from above. He sought us that He might save us. Let the same sinner-seeking, wanderer-restoring *mind* be in us. Let us go after those erased from our church lists three, four, five years ago. We know not how the Lord has been dealing with them, chastening them for their wanderings, and making them yearn for Christian sympathy and fellowship. Leave the ninety and nine that are safely folded and go after the lost one; you may find it in some ravine, bruised and wounded, and piteously crying for help. Light the candle, sweep diligently into the darkest, dankest corners of the world, the silver piece, stamped with the image and superscription, may again be found and put into God's treasury.

My dear, backsliding friend, do you know and believe this, that whether the church comes for you or not, God does not forget you; His love is seeking you still; do not doubt it; return to Him, your Shepherd and Bishop. There is time to fight another battle and WIN IT BEFORE SUNDOWN.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. VII.—*Les Huguenots.*

I AM an old man. My eye is dim and my hand is feeble. I am well nigh alone in the world. The friends of my youth are all gone. One by one they have departed from me; one by one they passed through the valley of shadows. Saddened by old memories, yet gladdened with joyous anticipation, I look patiently for the end. All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change cometh.

Before me, bound together with faded green ribbon, lies a bundle of yellow time-stained papers. Loving hands that once clasped mine in the plighted troth of marriage folded and arranged them. And though those hands have long since mouldered into dust, I again feel their warm and gentle pressure. As I untie the knotted ribbon I seem again to hear that voice, silent, alas, by day, but which often thrills me in the night watches, as it whispers of eternal re-union in the mansions of the blessed. I spread the papers before me on the open flap of the bureau, from the secret recesses of which I have drawn them. As I do so the voice ceases and the vision fades. I look up at the old bureau, with its leather bound, gilt backed volumes, shut in by its lozenged glass doors. I look down at the letters and manuscripts lying before me; and memory, with swift wing, has carried me back to the old, old days. Once more I am a child. Once more I stand at my mother's knee wondering at the stories of fair and sunny France, which she tells to us in the fog and gloom of our home in a strange land. And I see her lip tremble and her eyes overflow as she speaks of the suffering Huguenot Church—proscribed and hunted, tortured and slain, for the truth as it is in Jesus. And then at the sound of the familiar knock, we forget all the sorrow, and troop away, half a dozen merry children to welcome the grandfather. How we swarm upon him, seize his hands and lay hold of the lappets of his coat; how we wonder what he has brought for us in those pockets, and how we carry off that gold-headed staff in triumph as he bends gravely down to kiss us. Dressed in black is he, with stately white cravat—his grey hair gathered neatly behind into a queue, with its bow of black ribbon. And grandfather is to us the embodiment of all love and majesty. But once again the scene fades, and the voices sink into silence. Before me is the old bureau, and upon its opened flap lie the yellow time-stained letters. The writers have passed away, and their very language has become almost a foreign tongue to their descendants. Yet there, in the speech of their forefathers, the dead ones relate their sorrows, their wants and their fears. They plead with earnest entreaty or grow urgent with passion, they sob with anguish or sigh in prayer. And through the yellow paper and the quaint old-fashioned writing—dead though they be—they speak to me again. And that others may share with me the lessons of hope and endurance, of courage and faith, I give to the world some extracts from these worn and faded manuscripts.

Here is one, carefully folded, and endorsed in the handwriting of the grandfather, "Some account of the great massacre, written for my grandchildren." What memories are recalled as I look upon it! He was, for more than half a century, pastor of a congregation of French

Refugees, assembling in the Artillery Church in Spitalfields. He bewailed the falling away of the younger members of his congregation, who gradually adopted the habits, modes of thought, and language of the people among whom their lot was cast. And that we might be strengthened in the old ways, the sturdy old Huguenot wrote this brief narrative. Well do I remember the breathless silence in which we listened to its first reading. Such was the impression produced upon my mind by its dread recital, that I looked constantly for the answer to its closing prayer. And when the tempest of fire and blood and wrath burst over France in the ninety-three, I felt a grim satisfaction in the judgment that overtook the grandson of that cold-blooded, magnificent scoundrel, who revoked the edict of Nantes and ordered the Dragonnades. Louis XVI. appealing on the scaffold to a yelling crowd for a hearing, and silenced by the roll of drums, was to me God's answer to the barbarity which had so often drowned the voice of the Huguenot martyrs, and silenced their dying confession by the same unholy means.

Here then, with some abbreviation, and some omission of personal matters—regrets mainly at the decadence of the French Churches in London—is the rendering of my grandfather's manuscript.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

“And so the plot thickened. The Reformed Faith was being girt round with a ring of fire and steel. The Inquisition was set up in the Low Countries, and thousands, forsaking all, fled before the relentless persecutions of the bloody-minded Duke of Alva. Rich and prosperous towns were desolated. The country was reduced to a desert.

“Nor were things much more promising in France. By the assassination of the duke of Guise the supreme control of the young king had fallen into the hands of the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medicis. Marshal de Retz, into whose charge his education was committed, was one of the vilest characters of the age. His speech was constantly interlarded with the most horrible blasphemies. Swearing and lying were held by him to be accomplishments. The influence of the Duke of Guise had been bad enough, but it was not without its redeeming qualities. The Butcher of Vassy was an ignorant soldier, but where the Romish Faith was not concerned he was an honourable man. Under his management the whole power of the Government and the whole influence of the priesthood, had been employed to crush the heretics. Hence a series of bloody wars, in which the Huguenot party had risen despairingly against their persecutors. So great was the slaughter in some of the battles, that we are told by an eyewitness of the engagement in which the Huguenot leader, Prince de Condé, was taken and murdered after the fight, that an old Huguenot noble, overborne by numbers, fell, with five and twenty of his grandsons, in one dreadful heap of slain.

If peace was concluded it was treacherously violated by the Catholics. Guise himself had earned his nickname by the slaughter of a Protestant congregation assembled for worship in a large barn at Vassy. While his followers were murdering and pillaging, the duke, who had just come from

mass, looked on with cold-blooded indifference. A Bible was brought to him. 'See brother,' said he to the Cardinal of Lorraine, 'here is one of the accursed Huguenots books.' 'There is not much harm in that,' said the cardinal, 'it is Holy Scripture.' 'How,' cried the duke in a fury, 'Holy Scripture? 'tis fifteen-hundred years since that was written, and this book is not one year old!'

The example of the 'Butcher of Vassy' was followed all over the country. At Senlis, three days were spent in slaughter, and for three days the cathedral bell tolled continuously to keep the murderers at their work. At Toulouse, three-hundred wretched Huguenots were shut up for several days without food, and then, tied in couples, were led out to a common slaughter-house and knocked down in the shambles like bullocks. At Amiens, at Meaux, at Mans, at Angers, at Blois; in the capital, and elsewhere, the same lust for murder prevailed. The rivers were dotted with the corpses of those of the Religion who were slain by the Papists. It is said that Charles IX., walking by the banks of the Seine, saw the body of one of these martyrs floating by and asked what it was. 'Tis only one of your Majesty's subjects coming to demand justice,' was the reply.

"Unhappily this persecution, dreadful as it was, but faintly foreshadowed that which was to come. Again the Huguenots rose in frantic and half-despairing war, and again another hollow peace was concluded at St. Germain. Against its terms Admiral Coligny, Theodore Beza, and others, protested in vain. The treaty restricted the rights of the Huguenots, and limited the number of their places of worship.

"The Queen mother used the intervals of peace to concert measures for the extermination of the heretics, and in this she was seconded by the Doctors of the Sorbonne and the Catholic hierarchy throughout the land. At Bayonne she held conference with the Queen of Spain and the infamous Duke of Alva. Their meetings took place by night in a private gallery of the Palace. A Spanish army was offered to assist in the destruction of the Huguenots. Catherine, however, feared to drive the Reformed Party to extremity, and sought to effect by craft what she dared not attempt by open force. A secret society of Roman Catholics was formed under the title of 'The Brotherhood of the Holy Ghost,' the members of which were under the most fearful oaths never to divulge its purpose.

"Meanwhile measures were taken to lull the suspicions of the Protestants. The Admiral was made welcome at court. When Coligny knelt to the King, Charles raised him up and with diabolical hypocrisy called him his father, and declared that it was the happiest moment of his life. Such was the favour with which the Huguenots were received, that some made suspicious by the overacted farce, and withdrew in distrust of the intentions of the Popish party.

"A marriage was arranged between Henry of Navarre and the King's sister Margaret. This it was urged would consolidate the peace. If the chief of the Huguenot party and the Royal Family of France were allied by marriage, the feuds between the parties would be forever buried, and all would be concord and harmony. It is true the Pope refused to grant a dispensation for the purpose, but Catherine caused one to be forged in the name of the Pontiff, which answered her purpose

just as well. Her design was to entrap the heads of the Protestant party and destroy them at a blow. The young duke of Guise and his party also were burning for vengeance. He declared that his father had been assassinated at the instigation of Admiral Coligny—an accusation, it need only be said, made to shroud deeper designs. But all this was covered by the most devilish dissimulation. With a craft and subtlety born of the bottomless pit, and worthy alone of the Romish Church, the fears of the Huguenots were sought to be laid asleep.

“The Admiral trusted the King and refused to leave Paris, though repeatedly warned. Others, more astute and far-seeing, made haste to withdraw, and declared that ‘the wedding favours of Navarre would be crimson.’

“The nuptials however were celebrated on the 18th of August, 1572, with great rejoicing in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, amid the splendid ceremonial of the Romish Church. Feasts and revels, masques and shows were provided with prodigal bounty. In the midst of these, Coligny bespoke of the King some favour for his Protestant fellow subjects. The answer of Charles was characteristic. ‘Father,’ said he, ‘give me a few days to enjoy myself, and then on the faith of a King I pledge myself that you and all those of your religion shall be satisfied.’ Two days after the King’s assassin received orders to kill the Admiral, and was promised a large reward if he succeeded. Maurevel fired at him as he returned from the Palace of the Louvre, and perceiving that the wound was not mortal, instantly fled. Coligny’s right arm was amputated by the King’s physician, who was himself a Huguenot. Shortly after Charles visited the wounded Admiral and expressed his horror of the deed and his determination to take vengeance on the assassin. He took vengeance by bestowing upon him 2,000 crowns and an order of knighthood!

“The Queen Mother, with the Guises and the Duke of Anjou, had held a council the day after the marriage, when the destruction of the Admiral and the immediate massacre of the Protestants was determined upon. The King, it is said, rose from his seat swearing horribly. ‘By God’s death,’ shouted he, ‘let the Admiral be slain, and not him only, but all the Huguenots, till not one be left alive to give us trouble.’ He then rushed from the Council Chamber. The Queen Mother and the rest of the conspirators remained in consultation during the greater part of the night and decided on the details of the massacre. Coligny was to be the first victim; Guise himself was to see him slaughtered. The Guards were told off for their bloody work, and companies of papist citizens with recognised signs and watchwords were appointed to assist in the massacre. The tolling of the great bell of St. Germain l’Auxerrois for early prayer, was to be the signal for commencement.

* * * * *

“The fatal time drew near. The last revellers had made their way homeward, and the city sank into profound silence. The moonbeams struggled through the faint haze of the sultry August night, and threw into sharp relief and deep shadow church and palace, tower and gable. Here and there, suspended by a rope across the dark and narrow streets, an oil lamp shed its feeble rays. The river, like a flood of molten steel,

rolled its double stream between the city island and the Quartier Latin on the left bank and the Ville on the right. Save the distant bark of a dog or the cry of the watch all was quiet, and the city seemed buried in slumber. It was the deceitful calm that preceded the storm.

"As the stars were paling in the heavens, and the faint grey of dawn was stealing over the sky, a window was opened in the Palace of the Louvre, and three forms stood darkly against the light within. It was the King. On either hand stood his guilty mother and the Duke of Anjou. As they stood looking forth into the night the first strokes of the cathedral bell boomed heavily on the air. *It was the signal of death!* Instantly a pistol shot rang out in the courtyard of the palace, and the darkened windows of the Louvre suddenly blazed with light. The Huguenot nobles and pages who accompanied Henry of Navarre were among the first victims. Some were slain in their beds or cut down as they sought to fly, others were dragged unarmed into the quadrangle, and butchered under the very eyes of the King.

"And the bell in the Cathedral tower still boomed on. The call to early prayer was now, alas! the tocsin of blood. The Royal Guard rushed forth from the palace gates with the cry, 'For God and the King!' The streets were ablaze with flambeaux. Gangs of ruffians, torch in hand, ran through the city, crying 'Blood! Blood! Blood! Death to the Heretics!' The houses of the Protestants were already marked. The assassins, among whom the vilest miscreants in Paris were enrolled, wore a white band on the left arm and a white cross in their hats.

"The Duke of Guise had already reached the hotel of the grey-headed Coligny. Lying in the agony of a wounded arm, the Admiral was roused from an uneasy slumber by the sound of pistol shots in the courtyard. The doors were burst open with axes and hammers. 'What is the matter?' asked the Admiral of his terrified attendant. 'My Lord, God calls us to himself,' was the reply. 'Save yourselves, my friends,' said the Admiral, 'all is over with me, I have long been ready to die.' He then staggered to an upper chamber, where the murderers burst in upon him. He stood leaning weak and defenceless against the wall. 'Art thou Coligny?' asked they. 'Truly, I am he,' answered the undaunted Huguenot martyr. He was instantly stabbed, and his palpitating body flung through the window into the courtyard below. Guise wiped the blood from the venerable face, and then spurned the corpse with his foot as he cried, 'I know him, venomous beast! it is he! Courage comrades! Now for the rest, the King commands it!' And the band swept forth into the carnival of blood, shrieking, as they went, 'Kill! Kill! Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill! Kill! Kill!'

"Men, women and children were indiscriminately slaughtered. Nothing was heard but the frantic yells and oaths of the murderers, mingled with the shrieks and groans of their victims. The clash of steel and the report of firearms filled the air. The marked doors were burst open, the houses of the Huguenots sacked and robbed, and the inmates massacred. The dead were thrown from the windows, mutilated, insulted, and dragged along the streets with hideous howlings. The King himself fired upon the fugitives from the windows of his

palace. Corpses lay in hundreds upon the streets and blocked the very doorways. The blood stood in clotting pools, or ran down the kennels in torrents. Carts, loaded with mangled bodies went by, to cast their dreadful burden into the river, whose waters ran crimson with carnage and were choked with the slain.

“For three days this hell upon earth continued. Few Protestants escaped slaughter. On the fourth day Paris wore the appearance of a city taken by storm and given up to pillage. And the massacre became general throughout France—north and south, east and west; wherever there were Protestants, orders were sent for their extermination. The horrors of the capital were repeated at Lyons, at Meaux, at Havre, Rouen, at Dieppe, and all the principal cities. It is computed that *more than one hundred thousand Protestants* fell victims to priestly hate in this most diabolical massacre.

AND THIS IS ROMAN CATHOLICISM !

“Saint Bartholomew ought to be inscribed over the doors of every Protestant temple and engraved on every Protestant heart !

“The Queen Mother wrote exultingly to Alva and to Philip of Spain. A Royal Messenger was despatched with the news in all haste to Rome. His tidings caused the wildest enthusiasm in the Holy City. It was hailed with firing of cannon and ringing of bells. The Pope, with the Cardinals and Bishops, went in public procession to give God thanks for the slaughter of the heretics. A Picture of the event was ordered to be printed. A medal was struck to commemorate the downfall of Protestantism. On the one side it bore the head of Pope Gregory—on the reverse, the figure of an angel destroying the heretics, with the legend ‘UGONOTTORUM STRAGES, 1572.’ A special mission was sent to Paris, with Cardinal Orsini at its head, to congratulate the King. And the clergy in France determined to celebrate the massacre by an annual festival, and also struck a medal, with the inscription, ‘PIETY HAS AWAKENED JUSTICE.’

* * * * *

“Less than two years afterwards Charles IX. expired in the most horrible torture. Bloody faces were around him. The air was full of hideous sounds. Blood issued from his ears, eyes, and nose, and streamed from every pore. Sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots, with ghastly faces and weltering in blood, seemed ever present to his eyes. And he died, after all, tended by a Protestant physician and an old Protestant nurse, haunted by the terrible belief that his own mother had poisoned him !

“So, O Lord, let all thine enemies perish ! Hasten, we entreat Thee, the downfall of the accursed scarlet whore of Rome ! How long, O Lord, shall she be drunken with the blood of Thy saints ? Thy slain witnesses cry from under the Altar,

‘HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG ?’”

W. H. ALLEN.

BEECHER'S VINDICATION.

THE Committee of Investigation has completely exonerated Henry Ward Beecher from the crimes of which he was accused by a base conspiracy of the Free Love Cabal. As we believed and said from the beginning of this painful case, Mr. Beecher has been made to suffer, because more than any teacher of our time he has striven to make known, by deed as well as word, the sympathetic and sin-bearing aspects of the Gospel of Christ. Those who are familiar with his sermons will recollect passages in which he scathes the sins of New York with the hottest indignation; others, in which he shows the most intense pity for the lost, and a readiness to bear anything and everything rather than injure one of them. This view of the case is supported by a letter which we print with great pleasure, received by our friend and contributor, Rev. W. H. Allen, from Mrs. Stowe:—

Brooklyn, August 6, 1874.

Your letter to my dear brother in this season of trial is most cheering and most helpful. It is a true communion of saints, when, from across an ocean, the hand of Christian fellowship is stretched—and we feel that there is a real unity of all who love the Lord Jesus. It is my comfort so thoroughly to know that my brother is suffering for his very faithfulness to the spirit and teachings of his Master. The attack comes from the head of the so-called Free Love party, opposed to Christian marriage and the Bible. It has been a foul conspiracy of a nest of these people to entangle his feet, and to annihilate all that he has done for the cause of Christ. But I am happy to say that every mail comes laden with testimonials of sympathy and confidence from every part of our land. My brother is surrounded and upheld by a host of wise and powerful friends; his health is good, his courage unabated; and we hope that before this letter reaches you he will come out fully victorious over this vile slander. He desires through me to express his appreciation of your Christian sympathy.

Very truly yours,

H. B. STOWE.

The Committee censures him for going outside of his Christian brotherhood for counsel, and trusting to one of whose character he knew so little. It is not difficult to imagine why he did this. First of all, Moulton offered himself apparently as the friend of an injured man, and that was enough to stir the whole soul of a man like Beecher to the highest pitch of sympathetic tenderness. And then, secondly, Moulton has not till recently made manifest the horrible meanness and baseness of his character, but has played upon his victim's sympathies with merciless pertinacity.

The most pitiable thing connected with this case is, that men have been found "little" enough to attempt to make theological capital out of his "supposed guilt," and to mix their incense offered to other great names with the vile slander that a fiendish malignity has flung at the Brooklyn preacher. These things are as mean and despicable as the conspiracy.

Glad are we, beyond all power of expression, that the wicked conspiracy has not triumphed; and fervently will we pray that Mr. Beecher may live long to exert in the New and Old World that elevating and hallowing influence which for so many years has been associated with his beloved name.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

A PERIL TO YOUNG MEN.

Amongst the perils to which young men are exposed there is one which is not generally supposed to be dangerous. Evil often comes disguised. In this case the evil is a popular habit, practised by some with apparent impunity, although by others with great danger. It is especially perilous to young men; and we are constrained to put forth an effort to induce those who have already formed the habit to break it off, and also to prevent others from falling into the practice. The habit to which we refer is that of smoking.

Considering that the first effects of tobacco are the reverse of pleasant, it seems surprising that any one should be anxious to conquer their natural aversion to it. But this may be accounted for by the fact that smoking is regarded as a manly accomplishment, hence the young will undergo any amount of discomfort in order to acquire it. Charles Lamb, it is said, "toil'd after smoking as some men toil after virtue," probably with as much greater inconvenience as the reward was less, for "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness," which tobacco's are not, as any one knows who has toiled at the colouring of a meerschaum. Surely the effort can scarcely be called manly which enslaves the man with a constant, inveterate, and unnatural appetite, of which he alone in all creation could or would acquire.

Ordinarily, smoking is practised on account of the temporary pleasure which it affords; but, however pleasant to the senses it is perilous to health, as we shall endeavour to show. Tobacco, as all medical writers admit, is an acrid narcotic poison. Its essential principle, nicotine, is capable of destroying life sooner than any other known poison, except prussic acid. It is, therefore, quite impossible for any smoker to subject his body to repeated doses of such a powerful poison, without injuring himself. The weaker the constitution of course the greater the injury. Dr. Murray, of Newcastle, himself a lover of the weed, strongly deprecated smoking by youths, and asserts that it must end in their physical, mental, and even moral deterioration—physical, by its injuriousness to digestion, growth, and to their muscular power; mental, because the influence of tobacco on the immature brain is absolutely ruinous to its force and activity. Even the *Tobacco Trade Review* admits that "few things could be more pernicious for growing youths and persons of unformed constitution than the use of tobacco in any of its forms." Numerous other testimonies might be adduced, but the honest admission of those who are interested in the consumption of tobacco is sufficient evidence, if any were needed.

Tobacco is also injurious to the mind, for whatever enfeebls the blood necessarily weakens the activity of the brain. The personal observation of Dr. Murray, whom we have already quoted, is that among medical students, smokers have been found behind non-smokers in mental calibre. Another observer, M. Bertillon, of the Paris Ecole Polytechnique, divided the pupils into smokers and non-smokers; of 160 there were 102 smokers, who were found upon examination to be greatly inferior in intellect to the non-smokers. The testimony of a schoolmaster of fifteen years' experience, in a recent letter to *Public Opinion*, is equally decisive. He declares, that in the case of boys whom he had known, smoking sapped their bodily, mental, and moral vigour.

Smoking is also perilous to character. Habits of self-indulgence tend to blunt the moral character, to deaden the conscience, and to impair the acute sensibilities of the soul. The late Canon Stowell said that smoking blighted young men, and, judging from the moral wrecks which are to be seen everywhere, there can be no doubt that smoking has contributed to their ruin. Habits never go alone. One brings another of its kind, and smoking very often paves the way for drinking, as shown by the Good Templar statistics. According to a report, just issued, it appears that, where a statistical examination has been made, four-fifths of those who violate the obligation are smokers. Smoking not only leads to drinking, but to Sabbath-breaking. The fascination of the pipe is greater than that of the church and Sunday school. John Angell James declares that "the first cigar a young man puts into his mouth is often his first step in a career of vice." It induces habits of extravagance, which cannot always be gratified without recourse to questionable practices. We do not overstate the case when we say that hundreds of young men owe their ruin to habits and associations formed in smoking. Having thoughtlessly acquired

the habit, it has grown upon them until they have become wholly enslaved to it. No habit is more tyrannous than that of smoking. Sir Isaac Newton evidently thought so, for, when asked to take snuff or tobacco he declined, remarking, that he would make no necessities to himself. He was wiser than many young men of the present day, who, instead of minimising their wants, are multiplying them. We would remind young men that smoking is not necessary to life, health, or manly enjoyment. It is simply and truly a bad habit, not easily acquired, and, when acquired, not easily abandoned. Believing that prevention is better than cure, we desire to warn the young against putting on "mannish" indulgences, such as drinking and smoking, which, instead of ennobling, unman the man, making him the prey of evil. There are craven spirits enough in the world without increasing them. The natural appetites, needful in their places, require to be restrained, and this of itself is no light task. To acquire new appetites is to increase our responsibility, and involve us in an additional risk of becoming castaways. There is sound philosophy as well as pure morality in the injunction of the heroic apostle, "Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

In view of the danger to which young men are exposed by smoking, we venture to suggest to Christian men, and ministers especially, the desirability of counteracting the evil, both by example and precept. Those who are strong should bear the burdens of the weak, who are in danger of being ruined by the indulgence. "We are not our own, but bought with a price by Him who died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves."

Manchester.

A. A. READE.

CURRENT CAKE.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VERY tempting it was, to be sure; brown, and crisp, and sweet, creamy of tint, and luscious with many currants.

The morning-glories were looking in at the dining-room windows one July morning, when Marion hopped into her chair next her papa's.

"I'm glad we have currant cake," she said, as soon as the blessing was asked. Nobody doubted her statement, as piece after piece found its way into the little lady's mouth.

"No more, Marion," said her mother, as she asked for yet another. "Not this morning, dear. I am afraid you have eaten more than you ought, already."

Marion submitted quite cheerfully to her mother's opinion, and followed the family into the parlour, when breakfast was over. She was hardly seated, however, when "ding" rang the bell at the back door.

"It must be the butcher's boy," said Mr. Appleton. "Will you go to the door, Marion? Bridget has gone up stairs"

Out flew Marion, and, taking the parcel from the boy, laid it upon the kitchen table. On the way back to the parlour, however, she passed through the dining-room, though the shorter way lay through the back hall. In a second the little girl had thought ever so many things, and the last thought was, that she must have another piece of that splendid cake. It needed but about two minutes to divide one of the blocks yet remaining upon the plate, butter the halves, and lay them one upon the other. But what shall she do with her treat?

The little girl thinks very fast, and, running into the china-closet, she hides the spoil under the cover of a large dish.

"Marion!" calls her mother from the parlour.

"Yes'm, I'm coming right away!" and in she flies, her cheeks red with confusion and haste, and a strange, troubled look in her usually honest eyes, which makes her mother say: "Why, dear, what is the matter, and why were you gone so long?"

What should she say? Her eyes drooped, and if mamma had thought it possible that her dear little girl could tell a lie, she would have noticed that her voice trembled a little, as she said, with a slight hesitation:—"The butcher's boy asked me for a drink of water."

"Oh, very well," said mamma, "that was quite right, dear."

Was Marion a happy child, as she sat in her chair by her papa, while he read

in the Bible that morning, and then knelt at his side when he asked God's blessing upon the day? There was a tumult in her little soul. Her heart was beating quickly, and she felt a strange unwillingness to meet the eyes of her parents; but when she thought of the cake, safely hidden under that cover in the dining-room closet, then Marion couldn't help feeling glad. It was so good. What a grand lunch she would have by-and-by; and so, with all the miserable uneasiness, there was a small feeling of pleasure.

Prayers were over at last. They seemed very long to Marion this morning, for she was in a hurry to make sure of her lunch, and run down to a pretty place by the brook in the garden, where she might eat it and nobody see her. But it seemed as if she was to be disappointed; for as she was leaving the room, her mother said: "Marion!"

"What, ma'am?"

"I would like you to dust the parlours. You know this is Monday morning."

Marion's heart gave a great beat. Sure enough she had quite forgotten that this was washing-day, and she did the dusting Monday mornings.

"I am going right into the dining-room," continued Mrs. Appleton, "and here is the duster."

Marion took it silently. She had not a word to say, but a trembling took hold of her fingers as she began her work.

"What if mamma should find the currant cake? What would she think?" thought the little girl.

Marion did the dusting as well as her miserable feelings would allow her. Then she went to the dining-room door and listened to hear if her mother was there.

No, everything was quiet. She must be in the kitchen. Marion wondered whether she had yet been to the china-closet. She opened the closet door and quietly slipped in, lifted the cover, and there was the piece of cake, all safe!

The little girl drew a quick breath of relief, and hastily placing it in her pocket, ran into the back entry, caught her hat from its peg, and was off in a twinkling down the garden walk to the brook.

There was a pretty rustic seat under the shelter of some willows, where Marion used to come very often during the summer days. This morning, she dropped upon the seat quite out of breath with her hurry, and looked around everywhere to be perfectly sure that she was quite alone. That was something that Marion did not usually do when she came to her pretty seat.

Ah me! the little girl had taken guilt into her heart, and guilt always makes people suspicious and cowardly. Though Marion had no need to be fearful, for not a person was near her, she looked over her shoulder once or twice as she drew from her pocket the little treat that had already caused her so much miserable feeling. She took a large mouthful.

Yes—it was very, very good. For a moment she forgot everything but that. Then she took another bite, which was not quite so nice as the first, she thought.

"I am not hungry any longer," thought Marion. "I guess I'll give the rest to the fishes." So she broke the cake into crumbs, and scattered them upon the brook; then watched them as they floated down the stream. It was strange how utterly dull the day seemed to Marion, although the sun was shining brightly. The brook and the trees and the seat failed to interest her, and so she thought she would return to the house.

Ah! the memory of her falsehood and her disobedience was wide awake. They would not let her rest, and yet nobody knew about them but her own little self. Don't you see that it is the sin which punishes us, and not the discovery of the sin? Go where she might and do what she would, Marion could not be happy; and yet she had done exactly what she had wished to do, and had accomplished all the ends she had intended.

I need not tell you that Marion's heart grew heavier and heavier all that day. At night, when she had undressed, and her mamma went up stairs to hear her prayers, the little girl could bear her wretchedness alone no longer, and with tears she told mamma what a naughty girl Marion had been. "And so," said mamma, "my little girl has paid for her poor little pleasure with a whole day of guilt and trouble! How much we must suffer when we do wrong! They talked together; they prayed together that God would keep Marion in the future from putting herself into the way of temptation.

Now, boys and girls, when you are tempted to do wrong, don't forget Marion's cake, and how much it cost her!

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OCTOBER THE FOURTH is the day chosen by the Association for special simultaneous prayer on behalf of the work we are seeking to do for Christ and men in our home churches. What do the churches need? What are our chief defects? Is there not a lack of true brotherly fellowship? Is the "communion of saints" as real and as helpful in raising the tone and perfecting the life as it ought to be? May we not ask for a completer trust in our Lord and Leader? Is not courage in speaking for Christ to the souls of men at a low point? Have we led the children of our families to the Lord Jesus? May God search us and try us! May the spirit of believing prayer pervade all our churches, and make this day of special prayer one of power, of deepened devotedness, and of firmer hold of God! *Let us pray as the heart of one to Him who surely hears and answers the cries of His children.*

II. GENERAL BAPTIST LITERATURE.—Dear Sir,—In the *G. B. Mag.* for last April, I asked for the gift of some General Baptist Literature for our friends in the United States. I have received from the Rev. T. Barrass and Mr. G. F. Bayley, of Barnet, two copies of Dr. Ingham on "Subjects of Baptism;" from Mr. G. Colman, of Fleckney, a copy of "Wood's History;" and from Mr. John Stanger Smith, of March, a copy of Adam Taylor's "History." So far so good: and I tender best thanks for the same. But I should like another copy at least of both Taylor and Wood, and two copies of Dr. Ingham's work on "The Mode of Baptism." Will some kind good General Baptist friend send me these last named, that I may despatch my parcel of Literary Treasures. In a letter I received a few days ago from our friends over there they say, "We are not at present a literary people, but we are striving to become so." I would say, Mr. Editor, *let us strive to help them to become so.* My correspondent also asks for a copy of "Crosby's History" and Ivimey's." Any friend who will help me to procure these will have the sincere gratitude of, yours ever truly,

SOLOMON S. ALLSOP.

III. RETURNING HOME AND CIRCULATION OF "MAGAZINE."—The holidays are "thinning out" apace. The working season in our churches is at hand. In your work forget not your helper, the "Mag." We seek to guide and stimulate the activity of the churches. Lend it. Give it away the next three months, and so get subscribers for 1875. A high authority, himself an Editor of a popular Magazine, publicly and warmly commended our

"Mag," saying, amongst other things, of the last number, "There is not a dull or dry article in it." Do not wait till *January* before you help us! **HELP NOW.**

IV. HAVE YOU A MISSION STATION?—Every church that is not exactly a struggling or Home Mission church should have some work outside its own bounds—a branch school or schools, a hall for preaching the gospel—some labour distinctly contemplating the extension of Christ's kingdom. There is power in all our churches that only needs to be apprenticed, to be set to work, in order to achieve great good: and there is plenty of money rusting for want of use in that way. This is the time to begin! Young men, do not lose a week. Holidays are over. The winter is in sight. Fix upon a good place and begin. The Lord will give you power: and He will give you more the more you use what you already have.

V. THE LAST POPE.—All lazy people, who shirk thinking and yet delight in certainty, must and will have a pope of some kind or other. For centuries Christendom bowed the knee to the Pope of Rome. Protesting against that subjection, many Protestants soon fell prostrate before Pope Catechism. The last and newest Pope is Tyndal, with his Belfast gospel. He is to settle everything, religious as well as scientific. We love science passionately: we are unfeignedly grateful to Tyndale and his fellow-workers for all the light and stimulus they give us: but we do not think that a clever analyst of soils is necessarily an authority in the sphere of the spirit. A master bee-keeper is not perforce an unimpeachable theologian. Darwin never arrogates such power. He keeps to his own sphere. If Tyndal and physical science will papalize in religion, we fall back on our Protestantism, and resent the unwarrantable interference.

VI. DR. TODD'S MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL—Where is the student who is not indebted to Dr. John Todd? Who has not gained self-discipline, stimulus, and hope from his wise and sagacious advice? Few men have done more good with the pen than the author of the "Student's Guide," the "Sunday School Teacher," etc., etc. We therefore gladly join in the effort to perpetuate his memory and usefulness by erecting in the town in which he laboured, Pittsfield, Mass., U. S. A., a cottage hospital. It deserves to succeed. Goods for the bazaar to be held at Pittsfield, or contributions, may be sent to our friend, Mr. Thos. Cook, 59, Great Russell Street, W.C., or Ludgate Circus.

Reviews.

FLASHES OF THOUGHT. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Passmore and Alabaster.*

MEN who institute comparisons between literary and evangelical power in ministers, to the serious discredit of the former, would do well to correct their theorisings by recollecting that the most notable evangelical preacher of our day is also one of our most prolific literary men. These "Flashes of Thought" reveal the literary and evangelical power of Mr. Spurgeon at its best, and set before us one of the reasons of that marvellous and deepening hold he has upon the nation as a preacher of Jesus Christ. A thousand extracts, bright with the light of heaven, sparkling with wit, rich in imagery, beautiful in their setting, forcible in style, and devoutly stimulating in tone, make up a volume of unique merit. Mr. Spurgeon gives evidence of the highest order of minds in this book,—a mind quick as lightning in detecting analogies, in seeing where others do not see, hearing where others do not hear,—a mind dowered with an imperial fancy,—the sort of mind that made Goethe a poet and a discoverer, that gives to Ruskin such power to interpret Nature, that fills Beecher's sermons with illustrations. We have been surprised, and we believe our readers will be, at the way these pages teem with the fruits of fancy; and we are sure that instructors at home, in school, or sanctuary, will be grateful for this striking, suggestive, and useful selection.

TUNES FOR THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.
By S. D. Major. *Stock; Novello.*

THIS is a fair collection of 130 tunes; some of which are of considerable merit, as "Toulon," "Franconia," "Guido," "Spire," etc.; and others that will never find a place in our Congregational Psalmody. There are notices at the head of some of the tunes, partly historical, and partly explanatory of the different names by which tunes are current. C. G.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

FLOWERS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.
Another summer book: fit for the meditative girl who delights in getting under the shade of forest tree, and, while the warm breath of summer fans her cheek, roams of nature's favourites, the flowers; or for the sick girl that cannot get into her bit of garden, but loves to see and read about the rose, the daffodil, and

heartsease. Nor are the teachings prosy; they make the flowers more lovely.

FORTY-EIGHT BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN, all for a shilling; and exactly the books any one who takes pleasure in making children glad and wise should carry with him when ever he goes amongst the groups of merry knowledge-seeking little ones.

LEARN OF ME; is a book of brief expositions of the sayings of Jesus, given in short, apt words, and with pleasing illustrations, and printed in a large type suited to the aged.

EMILY ELLET'S JOURNAL; or steps towards a better life, is a timely reprint of an American, describing the inner life of a young Christian. There is nothing morbid about her self-anatomising, and much that is strengthening and helpful. It describes, in a very natural way, her difficulties, and how they were mastered; her crosses, and how she bore them; her home cares, and where she cast them; and so on throughout her life. We could write much on this book; suffice it if we say, it is the book we would like to be the constant companion of our dearest friend, the book we wish every Christian woman could read.

THE GRAFTON FAMILY, etc., by George E. Sarjeant, is a story showing the folly of men in prosperity, and the wisdom and goodness that are born of adversity. It has some plot, a few surprises, and numerous moralizings, and will leave behind it a salutary influence wherever it is read.

HOMES; HOMELY AND HAPPY. A homely book about homes; as certain to dispel sadness and dejection, where its teachings are received, as sunshine is to dissipate the night. Workers amongst working people may give or loan this book with great advantage.

SERMONS, ETC.

Infant Baptism, by W. R. Stevenson, M.A. (Stock), is an able and useful reply to Bishop Wordsworth, and deserves to be circulated all through the diocese. **The Future Life,** by W. Bailey, is a sermon on the death of the late Rev. J. Shore, M.A., well known by his conflict with the Bishop of Exeter. It is a thoughtful, tender, and consolatory discourse. **Shelter for the Lambs,** by G. W. McCree, states the necessity and gives directions for the management of Bands of Hope. Timely, wise, and full of useful hints to those who are now working Bands of Hope, or intend soon to commence them.

Church Register.

BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

President—REV. CHARLES STOVEL.

The Autumnal Session will be held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7th and 8th.

The Secretaries of the Local Committee are Rev. J. Mursell, Rev. G. D. Malins, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. John Pott.

E. STEANE, D.D. } Secs.
J. H. MILLARD, B.A. }

CONFERENCES.

The half-yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Audlem, on Tuesday, October 13. At 11 a.m., the Rev. J. Walker will read a paper "On the best means of conducting Home Mission Work." Preacher, in case of failure, Rev. I. Watts. Business at 2.30 p.m.

N.B. Conference is a week later, in consequence of the forthcoming Session of Baptist Union.

W. MARCH, Sec.

The WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE will hold its next meeting at Ebenezer chapel, Netherton, on MONDAY, October 26. Will members of the Conference kindly notice the alteration in the day of meeting—*Monday*, instead of *Tuesday*.

LL. H. PARSONS, Sec.

LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE.—The half-yearly Eastern Conference was held at Spalding on Thursday, Sept. 18th.

After reading and prayer by brother Taylor, of Norwich, a sermon was preached by brother Orton, from Eph. i. 22, 23.

It was reported that since the conference in April fifty-five persons had been baptized, twenty-four received, and that there were twenty candidates.

A grant of £75 was made to the church at Norwich, in addition to the £100 voted at the last conference.

A report was received from brother Barrass about the chapel property at St. Ives; and he was requested, with brother Allsop, to visit the place in order to see the property and make enquiries, and to take such steps as seem to them desirable.

It was agreed to *recommend and urge the churches to fill up the schedules asking for information about chapel property, etc., and also to express a general approval of the scheme for the unification of*

Home Missions, as proposed to the Association.

It was also agreed to express hearty sympathy with the church and pastor at NORTHGATE, LOUTH, in their present affliction, and affectionately to recommend the churches in this conference to send each their minister to supply the pulpit of brother Parkos for at least one Sunday before the close of the present year.

A brief paper was read by brother Jolly on "The best means of promoting the spiritual life of the churches;" and the writer was requested to send it for insertion in the Magazine.

The first Sunday in October having been named by the Association as a day for special prayer, it was agreed to recommend the churches to hold meetings for the same purpose during the evenings of the week ensuing.

The next conference is to be held at March, on Thursday, April 15th, and brother J. C. Jones is to be the preacher.

W. ORTON, Sec.

THE MIDLAND BAPTIST UNION

Held its annual meeting at Leicester, Sept. 15th. Rev. W. Woods presided, and read a paper on "Church life as the means of religious culture and furtherance of Christ's kingdom." Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., Sec. *pro tem.*, read the report. A paper on "The political economy of Christ: a need of the nation and of the hour," was read by Rev. E. H. Jackson. Resolutions were passed on the Endowed Schools Bill, and on the Public Worship Bill. Rev. J. C. Pike was chosen President, and Rev. W. Dyson, Old Basford, Secretary, for the ensuing year. Rev. H. Platten preached in the evening.

CHURCHES.

CARRINGTON.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held, Aug. 30th. The chapel was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens and fruit and corn. The services were conducted by Messrs. J. Bacon, J. Cockayne, and J. Lewis. Collections for school, £6 8s. 7d.

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.—On August 17, two experienced and intelligent brethren were baptized here by the Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall. One of these brethren has been an elder of the Free Church of Scotland, and the other a preacher for thirty years among the

Wesleyan Methodists. It is hoped this may be the beginning of a new Baptist church on the island.

MELBOURNE.—HOME MISSION.—£5 4s. should have been inserted in the list of contributions for Melbourne in this year's minutes. £5 19s. have been collected since, making £11 3s. for the year.

THRUSSINGTON.—The anniversary sermons were preached, September 6, by Mr. J. Clarke, evangelist, of Belgrave. Collections in excess of last year. On the following day, at 4.30 p.m., a public tea meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, when upwards of sixty friends sat down to tea. At 6.30 a public meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, presided over by Mr. J. Hawley, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Scott, J. Mee, and G. Burden. A gathering of this kind, so large and enthusiastic, has not been known in Thrussington for many years, and the friends look upon it as the beginning of a new era in the history of their spiritual and church life.

SCHOOLS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH. — *New Class Rooms.*—Two sermons were preached, Sept. 13, by the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D., on the occasion of the opening of new class rooms. The school, established in 1815, has about 220 scholars and 50 teachers. For the more efficient instruction of the senior classes, it has been found necessary to build classrooms, at a cost of £160. Collections, £25; the residue is to be obtained by a sale of useful and fancy goods in the beginning of December.

WEST RETFORD, *Notts.*—The anniversary sermons were preached by the pastor, J. T. Roberts. In the afternoon a special service was held for the parents of the scholars, when an address by the pastor and recitations by the scholars were given. On the Monday the annual children's treat took place, and a public meeting was held in the evening.

MINISTERIAL.

ALMY, REV. J. T.—At a church meeting, held a few days ago, the church presented £5 to their pastor, the Rev. J. T. Almy, of Hucknall, for the purpose of helping to defray the expenses of a holiday.

ROBERTS, REV. R. Y.—“Presented to the Rev. R. Younger Roberts by the congregation of Clarence Street Chapel, Landport, as a token of their esteem and appreciation of his labours—August 24, 1874,”

is the inscription on a valuable timepiece, presented to Mr. Roberts upon his return from his summer holidays. Mr. Alderman Ridout was in the chair, and referred to the efforts of the pastor in reducing the chapel debt, and in beautifying the building, with much praise. Mr. Roberts gratefully recognised both the spirit which prompted the gift and the prosperity with which God had crowned his labours.

STEVENSON, REV. T. R.—We learn that at the close of his sermon on Sunday evening last (Aug. 30), in the Baptist chapel, Southport Street, the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, the esteemed pastor, who has had charge of the church and congregation worshipping there for upwards of three years, intimated to his people his intention to resign his pastorate, as he had accepted an invitation to settle in Colombo, Ceylon, as minister of the English Baptist church in that place. This announcement was entirely unexpected by the rev. gentleman's congregation, many of whom will regret the severance of an intercourse which has been maintained with much peace and no little prosperity. Mr. Stevenson is not likely to leave for two or three months.—*North Devon Journal.*

WATKINSON, REV. T., late of Whittlesea, has received an unanimous invitation from the church at Fleet, Holbeach, and Gedney Broadgate, to become co-pastor with the Rev. F. Chamberlain, which he has accepted, and enters upon his stated labours the first Lord's-day in October.

BAPTISMS.

BOSTON.—Aug. 3, three; Sept. 5, five, by J. Jolly.

CONGLETON.—Aug. 13, three, by J. Walker.

EARL SHILTON.—Sept. 6, five, by F. Mantle.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—Aug. 26, five, by J. T. Almy.

KIRKBY.—Sept. 13, five, by F. J. Bird.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street.*—July 29, three; Aug. 26, three, by W. Evans.

LONDON, *Commercial Road.*—Aug. 23, six, by J. Fletcher (one being the niece of Wm. Knibb, the missionary).

NORWICH.—Sept., two, by G. Taylor.

OLD BASFORD.—Sept. 7, four, by W. Dyson.

PETERBORO'.—June 21, one; Aug. 30, four, by T. Barrass.

PORTSEA.—Sept. 3, six, by R. Y. Roberts.

QUORNDON.—Sept. 6, three, by W. J. Staynes.

RIPLEY.—Sept. 2, three, by E. H. Jackson.

MARRIAGES.

CLEMENT—COWARD.—Sept. 3, at the Baptist chapel, Crowle, by the Rev. J. Stutterd. Mr. John Clement, gardenor and seedsman, to Miss Selina Coward, both of Crowle.

OAKES—MELLOR.—Sept. 3, at the New Congregational church, Square Road, Halifax, by the father of the bride, John Oakes, of Holme Deno, Lightcliffe, to Rosalina, eldest daughter of the Rev. E. Mellor, D.D., of Shaw Royd, Halifax.

OBITUARIES.

ETHERINGTON.—July 4, 1874, aged 62, at Empingham, Rutland, Henry French Etherington, of Halifax. Away from home, taking the usual summer's interval of rest, this dear brother was cut down suddenly. He had only been remarking how well he felt, when, without a moment's warning, he was seized by the hand of death. Years ago he made his spiritual home at North Parade, Halifax, and laboured earnestly to promote the best interests of the church and school; he was head teacher in the latter at the time of his death. His life was one full of variety. Beginning as a printer, he took to reporting, and in days of Chartism and sedition his was no even task. Many were the occasions when he would relate his adventures in connection with the press. To the young he would tell of the temptations of his profession, and with what he had to contend in his youthful days. His profession brought him in contact with all conditions of men—at the public meeting, the banquet, the council chamber, the civil and criminal courts. He could relate transactions of all these institutions, and wrote of all events, from a visit of royalty to the now almost forgotten public execution. It will thus be seen that our friend, after many years of this kind of service, had become quite a public servant and a truly respected friend of all. His unmatched wit and humour, the constant run of puns and racy anecdotes, rendered him a favourite with all. The cause of temperance had in him a fast friend, and Bands of Hope were his special favourites, and at the meetings his voice of counsel and admonition will be missed, for amidst all his humour, which was inherent and irrepressible, there ran a vein of thoroughly substantial matter. His death was improved by Rev. I. Preston, in North Parade Chapel, from the words "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. The chapel was crammed in every part, his "confreres" of the *Halifax Guardian*, the Temperance Society, Band of Hope Union, and Good Templars mustering in force. Those who knew him best miss him most, and it may truly be said "we shall not look upon his like again."

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."—Mary Shaw, a member of the Baptist Church, Cemetery Road, Sheffield, died July 25, 1874,

aged seventy-five years. Mrs. Shaw was a native of Devonshire, and spent her early days at Hippleden, in the neighbourhood of Torquay. Her friends belonged to the Methodist body, and were distinguished for their simple piety. As there was no place of worship near the village her grandfather opened a room in his own house for the preaching of the gospel. John Wesley preached the first sermon in this room. It is just possible that the founder of Methodism saw little Mary Bovey as an infant in her grandfather's house. Mary Bovey, who ultimately took the name Mrs. Shaw, became a member of the Wesleyan society at the age of sixteen. She continued in communion with the Methodists for about forty years, when she was baptized by the Rev. H. Ashberry, and joined the church now meeting in Cemetery Road, Sheffield. When quite young she began to exercise self-denial. Three of her female companions joined with her in a private band for prayer, spending an hour once a week. These private prayer meetings were greatly blessed. In connection with these social meetings they had a box called "Tis but" box. In it were deposited little sums which would have been spent in articles of dress or other trinkets had it not been for the restraining principle of religion. It was a common custom among the gay damsels of the west to say when they saw articles of finery, "tis but" a shilling, or "tis but" fifteen pence, but this praying band, instead of yielding to the temptation, put their "tis but" pennies and sixpences into the box, and devoted the proceeds to the cause of Christian missions. Up to her dying day Mrs. Shaw, though a widow and dependent on her own earnings, devoted a portion of her income systematically to the cause of God. Her weekly offerings never failed. For a considerable time her health had been failing, but her end at last was very sudden. The words of her expiring breath were, "Lord help me," after uttering which she entered her heavenly rest.

HANNAH ARMITAGE, for many years a member of the same church, departed this life August 10, 1874, aged sixty-eight years. She bore her sufferings with Christian patience and meekness, and at last her end was peace.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

OCTOBER, 1874.

THE CAR FESTIVAL AT POOREE.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

DR. BUCKLEY started for Pooree on Saturday night, July 11th, spending Sunday with our friends at Piplee; and I, after taking the English service at Cuttack, started on Sunday night about ten o'clock, reaching Piplee about half-past six o'clock on Monday morning. I was glad of a rest; and also pleased to have an opportunity of seeing our work at Piplee. I had always considered it an important station; but from what I saw should say it is second to none. The schools are in excellent order. How well and faithfully Miss Packer and others have laboured there you know in part; but the great results will be seen yet more fully when all the sowers and all the reapers shall rejoice together in the presence of the Lord of the harvest.

In attempting to give a description of what I have seen and heard I am conscious that I am telling a thrice told tale; but then I remember there is always a generation growing up who are comparatively strangers to what has been written and spoken on the subject in former years. My remarks will, therefore, be directed to some extent in this letter, to the young.

There was nothing very remarkable in our journey. Perhaps some of my young friends would have been a little amused with the palky, the droning soporific song of the bearers, and with the torch-bearer. As I looked at the latter I wondered whether the wise and foolish virgins carried lamps like these; at any rate if they did one saw the necessity of "having oil in their vessels with their lamps." These lamps, or torches, are simply a quantity of tow or rag wrapped tightly together so as to form a wand about two feet long, and as thick as one's arm. One end is dipped in oil and lighted; and then every ten minutes or so oil is dropped upon it from a vessel with a very long spout. We passed on the way many pilgrims—some hundreds were sleeping on the rain-soddened ground. During the night we had heavy rains. What wonder if the poor creatures subjected to such exposure should fall easy victims to disease and death. The priests teach the people that death on the way to or in Pooree ensures a safe and speedy passage to glory. I asked my pundit whether it were not so; and he answered in the affirmative. I ventured to hint that it might be well if he went to Pooree. At this he only laughed, and wanted to know who I could get to read with me—it was evident HE did not want to die even at Pooree.

We entered Pooree about half-past four o'clock on Tuesday morning. A good number of pilgrims were entering at the same time, and consequently the excitement amongst the Pooree brahmins ran very high. A number followed the palky with their arms above their heads, crying at the top of their voices, "Juggernath swamike jāc," I suppose to impress one with the greatness of their god, as the Ephesians cried out in olden times, "Great is Diana." No one would imagine, without being told, that this god was great.

As soon as we had had a cup of coffee we started for the bazaar. There were nine native brethren, ministers and students, besides Dr. Buckley and the writer, and so we were able to divide into three or four preaching parties. I

went with the idea that we should meet with much opposition; but the Pooree brahmins seemed intent upon their work in the neighbourhood of the temple, and so there was not much interruption. The PEOPLE are inclined to hear the gospel. It seems to be "a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice," even if no more, to very many; and we believe it will be much more, a voice of liberty, pardon, and life, to some. I should like to say a good deal about our native brethren. Their gentleness and christian courtesy in dealing with the people struck me forcibly. I remarked to Dr. B., one requires to pray for grace to exhibit a like patience when subjected to the frivolous and irritating opposition of the brahmins. The work of the brethren who were first in the field is seen not only in such substantial results as the christian churches, villages, and schools, but also in the wide-spread influence they have exerted on the minds of the heathen. It frequently is almost unnecessary now to dwell upon the folly and wickedness of idolatry, that is admitted, and so our work in the coming years will be much simplified. We have not so much to contend against falsehood as to exhibit the truth; not so much to seek the overthrow of the gigantic temple of heathenism, the sappers and miners have been at work beneath it for many years, and now it totters to its fall; but our labour must be to erect the spiritual temple to the Lord; in short, to preach Christ.

We were told, on our arrival, that the cholera had broken out in the town. I saw one poor woman being carried away on a rude litter to some golgotha on the outskirts of the town, and another poor fellow lying dead in one of the narrow streets of the place. Three died from cholera at Piplee during the few hours we stayed there on our return; and those who returned last Saturday counted about thirty dead bodies by the wayside. When we reflect that many of the pilgrims come hundreds of miles, it is impossible to compute the number of those who will never reach their homes, the victims of this cruel system.

As this was my first visit to Pooree I thought it desirable to see as much as possible of the festival; accordingly, on the Wednesday, I went to see Juggernath brought out of his temple and ascend his car. In the bazaar I met with two Cuttack gentlemen, and we went together to secure a good place. We were within twenty yards of the principal car. The patience of the crowd was remarkable, considering that many of them had stood in one place for several hours. The decorations of the car were not completed until about eight o'clock; then I saw a brahmin break a cocoa-nut and pour the milk on a small image of the god towards the top of the car; and shortly afterwards the rajah of Pooree came up on his elephant, attended by five other elephants: the gates of the temple were then opened, and a number of priests came out, bearing the god's cushion and punkahs, with some umbrellas of different colours, and at last the lord of the world appeared; and surely the poor pilgrims who had come hundreds of miles to see a god were wretchedly disappointed. They had been told that the god would of his own will ascend the car; and this is how they were cajoled—a rope was attached to each of the idol's shoulders, and two more round his waist, and then, with a brahmin on each side to steady him, he was ignominiously dragged along. The brahmins would make a pretence of pulling for half an hour, but the god did not move—"of course not," say the priests, "because it is not his pleasure to move." Then they would really pull, and the god went bumping along in a most awkward and ludicrous manner. My only regret was that, owing to the crowd of brahmins, so few of the people could see their god move; if they had been able I think they would have assented to the remark of one of the students, that a pimpery (ant) was better than their god, for it could go by itself. But I must not forget to tell you that a sad accident befell his lordship of the world, for he fell over on the car. The police belonging to the temple were not able to drive the people off the car and from its base, so that the brahmins could not, for a time, set him up. In this predicament they applied for help from the government police; but our friend, Mr. Pool, replied in effect, that the orders of Government to the police had respect to men and women; they were to seek to prevent accident, and preserve life, but they did not embrace accidents to the god, so that if Juggernath had fallen down he must get up by himself. However, in awhile the brahmins set him up. I think there is a parable in this. Juggernath has fallen down in the estimation of the people, and it is only his priests, from mercenary motives, set him up for a little while, only to fall down again, and like Dagon before the ark be broken to

shivers. The cars themselves were decorated in a very tawdry fashion. The principal car had strips of yellow cloth with narrow red stripes, and red cloth with yellow stripes, hanging from the summit to the platform, which was about ten feet from the ground. The clumsy scaffolding, which is the car proper, was not hidden by the decorations.

The gods are intensely ugly—Juggernath especially so—nearly all head. He has had a new body this year. This he requires once in twelve years; but he requires new eyes ever year. These eyes are just daubs of white paint about the size of cheese plates, with no attempt at pupil or eyelash. Should there be unusually heavy rain the poor god's face presents a pitiable appearance, his eyes being "consumed" with weeping his white-lead tears.

We noticed of course, great numbers of the religious mendicants. They were a long way from being godly, if the old saying is true, for they were filthy in the extreme, with scarcely any clothing, their hair all matted and full of dirt, and their bodies and faces smeared over with mud, or with shades of yellow, red, and grey ochres. Some of them looked demonish. With most of the heathen bathing is a religious observance, and to cleanse the body is supposed to cleanse the soul; but these apparently proceed on the opposite supposition. But, alas! I fear the filth without is but too true an emblem of the filth within.

I met with two or three pilgrims who could speak English. One was a weather-beaten old man who had been in Spain and other continental countries, but not to England. I asked him why he came to Pooree. His answer was, to see the god. He appeared to think that christianity was very very far superior to hindooism—just as English civilization is far ahead of theirs—but that it would be very presumptuous for him to approach our God and our Saviour. He said he should call to have some talk with us at Cuttack, so it is just possible we may see him again. Whilst I could understand a good deal of what the pilgrims said (the Oriya pilgrims), I could only talk in broken language. I shall, indeed, be thankful when my tongue is loosened so that I can speak fluently.

We gave away a good many tracts, and also sold some gospels and picture tracts. In this work I was able to engage; and I always tested the applicant for a tract as to his ability to read.

From what little experience I have had of the people I look forward with great hope to the future. Much has been done; and the seed sown shall not be lost. The influences for good that have been set in motion will not be without results. Perhaps some will say I am sanguine. I hope that is not all. I would that our hope for the world's future should have a surer foundation than our temperament, even faith in the loving purposes and revealed will of God.

ON THE WAY TO POOREE—BAPTISM AT PIPELEE.

BY THE REV. T. BAILEY.

Piplee, near Cuttack, Aug. 5, 1874.

THE Car Festival is once again "over and gone." I regret that circumstances prevented my going to Pooree, but there was an excellent staff of workers there, both European and native, and I was enabled to see the aspects of the great gathering from a point of view differing from any I had occupied before. The pilgrims were so late this year that I began to suppose there would be a very small festival or none at all; but immense crowds flocked in during the last few days, raising the number to nearly an average with recent years. They were brought in thousands from Calcutta to Chaudbally by steamers specially advertised for the service, and travelled thence by foot or otherwise, according to their means, and as fast as the rain and slush and swollen state of the rivers would allow. There were indications, as they were travelling towards Pooree, that exhaustion and disease were telling their usual tale; but these indications were greatly increased as they passed by on their return. In the meantime I had written to the civil surgeon at Pooree for medicines and a native doctor; and what help could be rendered by him and by our own dresser was cheerfully given. In the first two days there were three deaths from cholera, and others occurred in rapid succession. The alarm this created in the bazaar and christian villages was very great; and I regret to say that we have since lost two of

our own people by the same terrible scourge, while the cases of diarrhœa and spurious cholera have been numerous, and have required the utmost attention. Notwithstanding the stringent orders issued in previous years I regret to say that the arrangements for disposing of the dead were very defective. One body was thrown into a hollow uncomfortably near our bungalow, and two others on to a spot not thirty yards from the main road, but this was at once remedied on application to the magistrate at Pooree.

I have no means of ascertaining the exact number of deaths that have occurred, but in Piplee alone there cannot have been less than ten or twelve, while at Pooree the estimate, which is probably too low, reaches 300; and a good authority informs me that these are still occurring at the rate of from ten to fifteen a day. The wave has now, however, so far as we are concerned, apparently spent its force, and the alarm and excitement have subsided. The native doctors have done their best, but have been sadly crippled by the absence of suitable premises for the accommodation of patients, and other needful appliances; and the lesson of this aspect of the subject is, that in a place like Piplee there ought to be a dispensary or hospital, where cases of the kind may be properly treated, and kept as much as possible out of the way of infecting the local population; and we do not cease to press this upon the attention of the proper authorities.

While caring thus for the bodies of the pilgrims, we were not unmindful of their souls. A youth was specially set apart for the sale and distribution of books, tracts, etc., and many interesting conversations were held with the pilgrims both on their way to and from Pooree.

The rains are now well advanced, and appear to me to be more than usually copious. For several days in succession they have been drenching and incessant. One corner of our house has been washed away, and the entire length of the boundary wall on one side of the girls' school premises has been thrown down. The store for rice has only been saved by protecting the end exposed to the rain by means of mats and sacking. The wells and tanks are full to the brim, and in many cases the young rice crop, now eight or ten inches high, is several feet under water. The fields at Bilepadda—one of our out-stations—have already been sown twice, and fears are entertained that the plants will again be destroyed.

On Sunday, notwithstanding the constant rain, we had a most pleasing and interesting day. At the close of the morning's service twelve young people were baptized in the tank, and were received into the church in the afternoon. One was a young man from Bilepadda, who has long been a christian in name only; seven others were also from Bilepadda, young women who were married from the girl's school in February. The remaining four were from the Orphanages, two from the boys and two from the girls. May all be kept holy and faithful to the end.

I am happy to inform you that my dear wife is making good progress in the Oriya. She is now reading "the tales of the thirty-two images," and for one who has been so short a time in the country, speaks with readiness.

JUGGERNATH PILGRIMS—ORPHANAGE AT PIPLEE.

BY MRS. T. BAILEY.

THE great Juggernath Annual Festival is now over, and though you will hear about it from my dear husband and others, still, as it is the first time I have had the opportunity of seeing anything of the kind myself, a few lines may not be unacceptable.

It has been a time of intense excitement to all, and to me of thrilling interest. Piplee is only twenty-seven miles from Pooree, and, as the great high road to the latter place is close upon our compound, we could always see the pilgrims going by; some of them had come from hundreds of miles away, and the varieties of physique and costume were very interesting. The women from the north and north-west were dressed in thick coarse cotton garments, very much resembling those of the Welsh peasantry; others had on the simple native cloths that have now become so familiar to us; some were ragged and wretched

in the extreme; some were laden with jewellery, and some again were rich enough to ride. But it is impossible to describe how sad it is to see these thousands of poor deluded men, women, and children, who have been pursuing their toilsome journey hour after hour, day after day, and in many cases month after month, all to see an ugly-shaped block of wood dragged out of its temple, and then returning to their homes, trusting that, in doing this, they will obtain salvation from sin, and an entrance into glory. These are, indeed, the dark places of the earth. How my heart bled for them, and how I longed to tell them of the true and living God and of a loving Saviour, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.

A great deal of thieving goes on at these times. The superintendent of police at Pooree told me that the wretches tear the nose rings by main force from the women, trusting to the great crush to escape apprehension; even on the car itself stealing goes on; one rich brahmin mounted the car to pay his respects to the idol; he was seized, his arms pinioned behind him, and his gold bangles or bracelets taken off. I believe that, in this instance, the thief was caught.

So many thousands of people travelling in the rainy season, sleeping by the road side on the wet ground, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, are not likely to keep free from disease; and so, this year, as usual, cholera and other diseases broke out, and the victims have perished by hundreds. The alarm at Piplee was very great, both amongst the christian and heathen population. Some of the pilgrims died in the bazaar; and some poor wretches threw themselves down in our compound, and seemed determined to die there. Dead bodies were thrown out near to the road-side, and more than once we saw the vultures and jackals busy at their horrid feast, gloating over their prey. But enough of this painful scene of sorrow and sin, there is a brighter side of the picture, viz., that the missionaries, with the native preachers, are always present at such times to tell the glad tidings of a crucified and risen Redeemer, who has died that we might live, and who says to all the sin-stricken ones, "Come to me, and I will give you rest." Thank God for this. My dear husband could not go this year; it was a great disappointment to him; but he told the way of life to many, as they were resting or slowly travelling on their way. May the bread cast upon the waters appear, though it be after many days.

My interest in the girls' school increases with my knowledge of the language; some of them I believe to be really good girls, who are seeking to walk in their Master's footsteps; many of them have put on Christ by baptism, and been received into the fellowship of the church; and several pleasing incidents have occurred showing that their hearts have really been renewed by the Holy Spirit. They have their own private prayer meetings, and at such times I like to stand in our verandah and listen to them singing the songs of Zion, thinking what they otherwise might have been; they are, indeed, as brands plucked from the burning. Some of them are very quick at their lessons; arithmetic is an especially favourite study, and in teaching the English classes I have been astonished to find how quickly they learn to calculate in our language. They do very beautiful fancy work; and, in the cold season, if spared, I hope to teach the elder ones the lace work; they are far readier with their fingers than some of their fairer and more favoured sisters suppose. To encourage them, they are allowed something for what they do; this is put to their account, and they are permitted to buy useful articles with it, or it is saved for them and paid over at the time of marriage; from these earnings, also, they give what they like to charitable and religious objects; to the new chapel they have given very liberally, amounting in all to 40 Rs., or £4. One child gave all she had, two pice; surely this was as acceptable in the sight of our Lord as the poor widow's mite. Another, a deaf and dumb girl, whose earnings are consequently very small, when asked by her monitor if she would give two pice, shook her head and held up *four* fingers, by a gesture giving them to understand that as it was for the Lord's work she wished to double the sum.

Perhaps all do not know that cotton is grown, to some extent, in the school garden; the boys tend and gather it, the girls prepare and spin it, the elder boys weave it; the girls mark the cloths when woven, and the boys wear them. Very interesting, is it not? No wonder that they sometimes "fall in love," and go to homes of their own to spin and weave there.

As "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we think the same proverb may fairly be applied to the girls, so sometimes we give them a treat by taking them out for the day, or for a run of two or three hours, as the case may be, at the same time making it a sort of missionary excursion, by distributing tracts, &c., as we pass through the heathen villages, and by talking to the people as opportunity offers. Last Tuesday afternoon we all went to see the Dayah river, which has been very high lately on account of the heavy falls of rain we have had, but we did not expect to find the roads so bad; my bearers stumbled two or three times, and I began to wonder what it would be like to have a fall in a palky, especially if it should happen in the middle of the water, but this fortunately had not to be experienced. The girls enjoyed it all thoroughly. It was quite refreshing to hear their merry peals of laughter as one or another came to grief. In some places the road was more than two feet under water; but they marched bravely on, the elder ones taking the little ones on their shoulders, and it was quite amusing to see the look of pleased alarm on the faces of these little ones as they sat perched up so securely; it was a truly native and characteristic scene. As they were passing through this mass of water, some before, some behind, some already safely over, and some only just stepping into the stream, I could not help thinking of another that Bunyan describes, and praying that we might each one arrive at the brink of this last stream as fearlessly, and pass over to the other side as joyfully as Bunyan's pilgrims did.

When we at last got to the river we found it had gone down considerably. Whilst Mr. Bailey went down to the water's edge to give some orders about the tiles that had come for our new chapel, the girls gathered round me, and while enjoying the lovely scenery we talked of the goodness and love of God in making such a beautiful place for us to live in; my Hindoo bearers listened attentively, and, with evident pleasure they asked afterwards if the "Missie Baba" (Miss Packer) had arrived in England, and when she was coming back, showing the interest that all the heathen population take in our proceedings.

On our return we passed through some of the same villages that we did in going, and I heard some of the girls who were running by my palky say, "Look, that man is reading the tract we gave him." Oh! that these silent messengers may be the means of bringing many to inquire after the truth. At last, after a happy and tiring, though short, excursion, we all returned safely home to thank God for having taken care of us on the road, and ready to begin, with renewed energy, our usual work on the morrow.

The country is lovely now; all the barren burnt-up places are again covered with fresh green grass and beautiful little flowers, which come up rapidly when once the rain falls, illustrating, in a striking manner, the words of holy writ, "Thou renewest the face of the earth."

FURTHER APPEAL FOR THE NEW CHAPEL AT PIPELEE.

THE work at our new chapel is progressing, though rather slowly at present on account of the rain. The foundations are laid all round, and a beginning has been made with the walls. It is to be a perfectly plain building, twenty-four feet by fifty inside, with verandahs on the two sides and in front. As the work progresses we feel more and more how incomplete the building will be without a small vestry at the back, which would serve also for a class and school-room, but this can only be added by raising the estimate from 3,300 Rs. to 4,500 Rs., and this necessitates a further appeal to our friends. It should be distinctly understood that we can proceed in this matter only so far as we are justified by actual contributions or promises towards the expense. The native church and congregation here, with no doubt some exceptions, have "done what they could," and for anything further we are thrown on the liberality of others. The entire sum, however, now pleaded for is not large, viz., 4,500 Rs., and towards it nearly 3,000 Rs. have been realized already. In the meantime, as soon as the rains abate the work will be pushed forward rapidly, and we would earnestly say to each of our friends, "What thou doest, do quickly."

Piplee, Aug. 5, 1874.

THOMAS BAILEY.

NOTE.—It will be seen from the above that about *one hundred and fifty pounds* more are required for this important work. Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. W. Bailey, 2, Crescent Buildings, Leicester, or by the Secretary.

THE ROMAN MISSION.

BY MR. THOMAS COOK.

Leicester, August 23, 1874.

It is now some months since I was in a position to give any information relative to the work of our Evangelist in Rome, and at the present moment I have but little to say.

Since April 18 I have spent fifty days on the Atlantic, and forty in the United States and Canada; and the only communications I have had from Mr. Wall relative to GRASSI were the statement of receipts and disbursements which I forwarded to you with an accompanying letter, and a note which now lies before me written by Mr. Wall at Stroud, where our dear brother is on a short visit to his friends. In this note Mr. W. says:—

“Grassi is in the new *locale*, and has for the moment the most numerous congregation in Rome. I have now had time to form my own opinion of the man and his work, and hope that you may be able to give him that help which he needs. A friend of his, a D.D. from the Vatican, has recently thrown up all and confessed Christ. He did not come to us because we are not in a position to make the use we ought of a man like Grassi.”

Indirect information has come from another source. Mr. JOHN GADSBY, the celebrated Eastern Traveller, and the Editor and Publisher of the *Gospel Standard*, was so interested with the account given of Grassi in the pamphlet “The Canon and the Cardinal,” that he went from Malta to Rome almost expressly to see him, and his visit has led to the realization of some pecuniary aid. Mr. Gadsby has received a letter from Grassi, which will most likely appear in the September number of the *Standard*.

In a few days I start for Rome, and expect to stay there three or four weeks, when I have no doubt I shall be able to communicate information that will interest the friends of the Rome Mission. The last words of Mr. Wall, quoted above, should quicken our friends to more vigorous efforts to sustain such men as Grassi, and the distinguished ecclesiastic who has followed his course of withdrawal from the Romish Church.

Paris, September 7, 1874.

Referring to a letter which I sent for the Magazine about the 20th ult., I now add a few words of explanation of a remark made by Mr. Wall, indicating the necessity for additional help for the Roman Mission. I have had an interview with Mr. Wall, from whom I learn that it has been found necessary to engage a larger preaching place for Grassi; and the room being part of a residence, has been rented at a cost of about £60 per annum. Mr. Wall has taken this responsibility upon himself for a limited time, but it cannot be expected that he should sustain it. I am now on my way to Rome, from whence I will report fully on the work of our evangelist, and I hope our friends will be ready to do what is requisite to sustain our share of the Rome Mission.

I referred in my letter to the interest shown by Mr. John Gadsby in the case of Grassi. I now see an intimation in the *Gospel Standard* that Mr. G. has sent £20, and a statement that an equal sum has been sent by another friend direct to Grassi. This assistance will strengthen the position of our evangelist, and may render unnecessary any further especial effort on his behalf, and it is to be hoped that he will soon be free to labour with increased earnestness and pleasure amidst the besetments of corrupt and deadly hostility.

My next letter will, I hope, be from Rome, where I purpose spending a month, affording ample time to see the operations and prospects of the work, on which I promise to our friends a faithful report.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY FROM THE REV. J. H. SMITH.

Berhampore, Ganjam, Aug. 5, 1874.

SINCERE thanks for the Memoir of Mr. Wherry; we read it with much interest, and regret that it had not been our privilege to know him personally. Thanks, too, for the Magazines and for your very interesting news letter from the Association, which we had looked for very eagerly, and anxiously too. We were inexpressibly delighted to find that the balance, large or small, was in favour of the Treasurer and not due to

him. Brother Hill and I had had a little friendly debate on the matter. I believed that, owing to a revived interest in our Mission and the prosperous state of trade, a balance would be found for the Treasury; but, brother Hill, by reference to former reports, produced a calculation not only showing that the Society would be in debt, but also how much deficiency there would be; I think we are equally glad, however, that the result is according to faith and not according to calculation. And we most sincerely hope that there may be a proportionately good report next year, for until we get two more brethren out it will be impracticable to think of occupying new ground. The Mission to Rome is certainly a grand fact; the Mission to the Khonds is at present little more than an idea. If all goes well it may yet be several years before the Orissa Mission is got into an efficient condition; and when we are really able to occupy new stations it may be worth while to consider whether a district which contains several thousand followers of a gooroo who teaches that idols are nothing, that caste is nothing, and enjoins the worship of the unseen God, together with temperance, honesty, truth, and chastity, may not prove as favourable a field for labour as Khondistan. Mr. Goadby had some talk with me about work amongst the Khonds before we left home, and I came out with the intention of sometime learning the Khond language and working amongst them, with the approval of the brethren, but I do not think that will be for some time to come; I take it that my work at present is to make myself acquainted with Oriya, and do the work which lies next to hand. I should not quite like to pretend to set up my judgment in the matter against those who are older and wiser, but it seems to me the thing most desirable to be done at home, is for all our brethren to bend their energies to bringing up the income of the Society to what, upon any reasonable computation, would be creditable to us as a body, and just to God; and then to make diligent search for suitable men who are willing to be sent: that done, I do not think there will be any difficulty about Khondistan. And I greatly question whether one district is so much to be preferred to another as a field of labour, believing, as I do, that success depends more upon the piety, ability, and prayerfulness of the missionary than upon external circumstances.

As for ourselves we are well and very happy. My dear wife and I read every day with Sebo, who is acting as our pundit. We have read the New Testament, Pilgrim's Progress, and some of the tracts, &c., translated some Latin Fables, and Watt's First Catechism into Oriya; I gave an address at the week night service the other week, which I fear was not very intelligible—amongst other things, I said "a great madman came against the ship," when I ought to have said a great storm arose; it was only a difference between Prachandabahya and Prachandabahyu. However, I hope to do better next week; and when I can make myself properly understood, I intend to go into the neighbouring villages with one of the native preachers; it will be quieter there than in the bazaar to begin with, and it will be sometime before I shall be able to converse freely and meet arguments. I shall have to prepare my little say before I go and get it corrected, &c., and leave the defence of it to my native brother. Was not able to do anything at the recent festival except converse with one or two English-speaking natives.

DEATH OF D. J. McNEILE, Esq.

THE public papers announce the death, by drowning, in this country, of D. J. McNeile, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service. The noble effort of the lamented gentleman, some six years ago, in behalf of the Orphanages at Cuttack, when the sum of £1,065 was forwarded to Dr. Buckley, has rendered his name familiar to the friends of the Mission, and will secure the tender sympathy of all for his bereaved and stricken family circle. It is understood that, after leaving the province, Mr. McNeile used to send our friends a contribution of 250 Rs., or £25 annually, thus testifying the catholicity of his spirit, and his unabated interest in the people of whose sufferings he had been an eyewitness during the terrible famine of 1866-7.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Received, with thanks, for new chapel, Cuttack, 10s. 6d., from Mr. G. Cheatle, Birmingham.—J. BUCKLEY.

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, Secretary, Leicester, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained. It will oblige if Post Office Orders for the Secretary be made payable at the "King Richard's Road" Office, Leicester.

GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

 NOVEMBER, 1874.

 HAS THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ANY SPECIAL DUTY
 WITH REGARD TO NATIONAL INTEMPERANCE? *

THE Baptist Total Abstinence Association, at whose request I write, has been formed for the purpose of bringing the immense influence of the two thousand Baptist churches of this country to bear, in the most direct and effective way possible, upon the painful and disastrous intemperance of our land. We are deeply convinced that the church of Christ has a special and growingly urgent duty with regard to this national evil. Nor are we alone in this belief. The same conviction is taking possession of nearly every section of the Christian church in Great Britain. Independents and Wesleyans, Presbyterians and Friends, Roman Catholics and English Churchmen, are coming to see that the hitherto flaccid and nerveless attitude of the church towards intemperance is a weakness and a disgrace, and that definite, direct, and wisely organised action is absolutely necessary; necessary for the highest welfare of the nation at large, and for the integrity, purity, and safety of the church. An object that engages the thought and labour of so many of our fellow-Christians can scarcely be regarded as altogether unworthy of the attention of the members and delegates of this Union.

Two things are obvious to all of us. First: the evil is real, widespread, ruinous, and terribly seductive. Second: the church of the Lord Jesus, *i. e.*, the Lord Jesus Himself through His church, is the only power sufficient to grapple with this fearful foe, with any well-assured promise of complete success.

The enormous magnitude of the evil is one of the common-places of our talk, repeated in every drawing-room, at every dining-table, and in every kitchen in the land. It is found in all our newspapers, admitted by all patriots, deplored by all Christians. By general confession, the drinking habit of the British people tends to deprave and degrade the nation, saps its manhood, thwarts the progress and minimises the gains of its industry, feeds its fires of debauchery and crime, and dries up its springs of joy. It is the devouring insect that infests and blights the harvest of home happiness. It robs the children of daily bread and wise training; brutalises the mother, and makes the father a fiend. More effectually than anything else it blocks the way of the Christian worker. Against large proportions of the children of the nation it bolts

* Read at a Conference of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, held during the Baptist Union meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 8, 1874.

the Sunday school door ; counterworks our influence on the majority of those that hear our words ; and whisks out of our grasp many of our "senior scholars," just at the moment we were hoping to fix their affections on God for ever. Our churches have no greater robber. It wastes our money, cripples our efforts, incapacitates some of our fellow-labourers, and deteriorates others, and sometimes, alas ! slays our leaders and princes. We know there are other foes in the field, but a more potent and ruthless enemy, we say in all soberness, we do not know.

Not long since the Right Hon. John Bright stated that he had been induced "to look very carefully to what is the mode in which this evil can be touched ;" and he affirms that "it will never be touched unless the thoughtful, serious men, beginning with the ministers of the gospel, and all those who go to places of worship for other reasons than fashion, should regard this question as one of the great evils they have to overcome. If the ministers of the churches drink, a good many of the congregation will favour this evil in consequence. Unless the religious portion of this country will take up this question there is no hope for it whatever. . . . It would be an advantage, no words in our language can describe, if those who wish to do anything for their fellows would try to bring about a current of national opinion in favour of abstinence from a source of so much evil." Nothing could be more true. Nothing is more necessary. It is the one thing needful in this prolonged war with intemperance.

For we all know that no evil has yet been rooted out of the field of the world without the agency of the church of Christ. Judaism never collapsed, though it betrayed signs of feebleness and decay for centuries, until it was smitten by the wounded hand of the Nazarene. Paganism rioted in its pollutions and oppressions until it was confronted by the power of the gospel. Only the purity and gentleness of Christianity cast out the impurities and cruelties of Rome. Slavery lived long after it was condemned as an accursed thing ; but it was struck with death as soon as the Christian conscience rose to the level of the gravity and enormity of the evil. Assuredly this unparalleled curse of intemperance will not be removed till the church of the Saviour comes up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

We have no other hope. If knowledge of physical laws were sufficient to secure obedience, we might look to that. If all the springs of action were in the intellect, we might be content to expound the conditions of health and disease, repeating with medical men of the highest authority—

(1.) That alcohol should be recognised as a drug for the ailing, but not as an article of food for the healthy.

(2.) That as a drug it is not to be prescribed without a grave sense of responsibility, and on no account is its use to be permitted when the necessity for its use has passed away ; and that—

(3.) Abstinence is the surest way to strength of muscle, clearness of brain, and serenity of mind.

But unfortunately, knowledge has been defeated on so many fields, that whilst we joyously welcome it as one of our most effective allies, we dare not leave it to suffer the stress of this conflict.

Will not intelligent self-interest suffice? Is not this the David, sent of God to slay the modern Goliath with the smooth pebbles from the ever-running brook of purest pleasure? Unfortunately, again, nothing is more common than the folly of the wise, and nothing more painful than the persistent perversity with which men with wide-opened eye will sin against themselves. No theory of life breaks down sooner and more flagrantly than that which casts everything upon the true interest of man.

No! Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and we cannot destroy them without Him. Victories over evil are not won without the cross. We believe in Him more than in all other leaders; and hope more from those He inspires with His self-sacrificing spirit than from all the world besides. God saves men vicariously. Self-sacrifice is the chief saving energy at work in the heart of society now, as it was ages back. Only those who are willing to go through the Gethsemane of self-denial and suffering will be satisfied and gladdened with the sight of wrong defeated and curse removed. Who is he that overcometh the world? It is he that believeth that Jesus is the Christ. Poor suffering and wronged humanity, bleeding at every pore, will be healed when the church is filled with the spirit and repeats the deeds of her redeeming Lord.

And if filled with His Spirit, we cannot be content with vague, ill-defined, and aimless action against a foe of such seductive strategy, relentless grip, and exhaustless resource as intemperance. Shooting at a venture is well enough for people in sport, but earnest and sensible men mean to hit, and therefore take steady aim. Compounding for all duties by sympathy will suit those who are beggared in character and bankrupt in fortune, but people with conscience and will believe that the best thing to be done with a duty is to do it, and to do it at once and wholly. Directness is power. Vagueness is weakness. Adaptation of means to wisely chosen ends is a mark of intelligence. The hit-or-miss policy is a sign of indifference or incapacity. When the church *means* to do her work, she invents special agencies, and works them in the best way she knows. She wants pastors and evangelists: and builds colleges. She contends with ignorance: and starts schools. She desires to bring the young to Christ: and adapts her Sunday schools to that end. She ministers to the poor: and forms Dorcas societies, orphanages, and asylums. She sends the gospel to the heathen: and gathers and energises the missionary enthusiasm by missionary societies. She has not "preached the gospel and left everything else alone." Alive to the gravity of the need, conscious of the help of her inspiring Leader, sympathy embodies itself in well-organised deed, and deed becomes victory.

In a threefold way all this special work is done—

By definite, clear, and emphatic teaching.

By truth-enforcing example.

By skillfully-adapted organisations.

And we contend that the church's special duty of suppressing intemperance will not be done till it is undertaken in the same spirit, and with the use of similar means.

We want three things—teaching, example, organised effort.

I. We must teach. Silence in the presence of such a national curse is a condemnation we dare not invite. Our testimony must be borne with distinctness, emphasis, and decision. But what shall we say?

That temperance is salvation? God forbid! we have not so learned Christ.

That abstinence is the whole duty of man—a sole and sufficient basis for the highest manhood? Nay verily, infinitely more must be found in him who desires to be a “perfect man in Christ Jesus.”

That no sin is so heinous as drunkenness? Not this either: for covetousness, envyings, and hypocrisies, and many other vices of the spirit, quite as effectually bar the door of the kingdom of heaven as intemperance.

Then what shall we say? “Moderation?” It has been practised for ages. It is still steadfastly and honestly believed by some as the one and only message for this age. Get men to be moderate, it is said, to use these drinks without abusing them, and the difficulty is mastered and the evil cured forthwith.

And is this the *best* message the church of the Saviour can give to a land that mourns by reason of drunkenness; to men and women that tell you of their slavery to the lust of drink, and to children that live in the midst of crowding temptations to sensuality and vice? Without controversy, such advice is not the *safest*; as, certainly, it is not the wisest; nor can it be given with the same keen sense of responsibility in advising, and joyous freedom from personal blame, as the counsel of total abstinence. *We* dare not teach men to go close to the perilous edge of an awful precipice, on which some walk with singular daring and apparent safety; but over which, alas! many of the wisest and noblest men have fallen and been lost for ever. Charged to watch for souls, we dare not elect to lead them so near destruction. “The light of the world” ought not to conduct near bogs and quagmires and pitfalls.

No! The church of Christ has a message different from all these. It is clear as the sun, emphatic as the word of a king, safe as heaven to be saved, and authoritative as the will of God.

“Abstain from every form of evil;” abstain always, totally. Be free of it; utterly and altogether free. “Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; but rather reprove them.”

That is definite, distinct, thorough-going. It enunciates a law of life, holy, just, and good. Abstinence means the same for everybody; “moderation” varies its meaning with the capacity and desire of those who use it. Abstinence cannot be misunderstood. Could the most learned assembly agree as to the interpretation of moderation? Abstinence is success. Are we ever quite free from risk whilst we linger in the doubtful confines of moderation? The trumpet of abstinence gives a clear, ringing, sharply defined note; that of moderation is cracked, and gives forth an uncertain sound. It is the privilege and joy of the church, the first teacher of morals, the guardian and expositor of the truth, to bear an unmistakeable witness against this evil, and to deliver it without “bated breath or whispering humbleness.”

The motive is as clear as the message. Paul, who has given the church its golden rule, has also described and exemplified in the most cogent and forcible way its imperial motive. Physiologists may deal

with the health of the body, economists with the purse, and patriots with the national weal, and each will find convincing arguments in defence of his position; but the principal motives we must urge for the practice of total abstinence from the use and enjoyment of things judged lawful, is found at the cross of our Lord, in the sacrifice He offered for men, and in the constraining love with which He inspires us to live not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again. We must not make our liberty another man's hurt. "It is good," said one who drank deeply into the spirit of Christ; "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

II. But "example is better than precept." It is vain to deliver such a message with the lips and deny it with the life. The practice of total abstinence is one of the best qualifications for the task of counselling the intemperate, reclaiming the wandering and ensnared, and guiding the young in the formation of good moral habits. "You must take this case; I can't," said one church officer to another, in conferring about a brother who had suddenly been overtaken in the fault of intemperance. It was a confession of incapacity. Well was it to make it; but it had been better if the confession had not been necessary.

III. Our special duty will not be performed unless we band ourselves together to multiply our strength and to utilise all our means for the recovery of the drunkard, for the perfecting of the characters of the reclaimed, for the guardianship and instruction of the young. Every church ought to be employing some of its power in this direction. A temperance department, with its meeting for adults, its Band of Hope for the young, its circulation of abstinence literature, ought to stand side by side with the Sunday school and Foreign Mission work, and some of the energy, inventiveness, zeal, prayer, and faith of the church should be put into it. Casual effort, desultory labour, give us no hope. Machinery is not life; but life runs to fearful waste if it is not wisely placed and skilfully directed. A living church will seek the best weapons it can find for defeating all its foes, and will wield them with the fullest vigour and skill it can command. Let us do something, and do it at once, in this cause. Worse than all is the folding of the hands and the mumbling of sympathy, as if the full-fed monster of national intemperance would die of inanition.

Certainly, on us, who are leaders of the churches, the responsibility is great. We set the pattern and style of the life of the church. We keep the guage of its conscience. We give the "set" to the current of the lives of the children about us. We mould the thoughts and habits of the young men and women, and determine the character of the hospitality of many homes. Weaker men feel safe in following our example. Some who are not sure-footed venture near the awful crevasse because they see us there. "He learnt that at my home, I am sorry to say," was the bitter and poignant lament of a deacon as he heard the story of a young man buried in a drunkard's grave; but, he added, "I will take care he is the last who learns such a lesson there." "Thank God, my table has never helped to blight any young life," was the joyous assertion of another, as he listened to a similar narrative, and recollected the suffering of the young widow and the fatherlessness of the children.

Christ has put us in front as leaders. He has chosen us and cast this grave responsibility upon us. He is our King. His example is our law. His life is our pattern. He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and as He was in the world so are we; here for the same purpose, charged to do the same work, even to *destroy* all the devil's works in the most direct, immediate, and thoroughgoing way we know how.

Sad it will be for the church of Christ if we fail in our duty. It is the misery of France that her social progress has been effected by men opposed to her churches and her religion. No more cruel fate befalls a people. Nothing so soon makes worship despicable, religion hated, God unreal. No scourge more effectually empties your sanctuaries of men. The *only* place of the church of the Lord Jesus is *first* in all self-denying reforms, first in all unselfish service, in the van of every battle with iniquity; first in everything that prevents the waste of manhood, diminishes vice, promotes national well-being, and saves the souls of men.

We do not censure. Not for a moment. The Lord is Judge. We insinuate no superior goodness of our own. We have neither claim nor desire of the kind. We depreciate no method that can show any success in this warfare, but rejoice in every victory. We merely plead for distinct, and real, and determined hostility against one of the worst foes of our Saviour, and of the souls for whom He died. We ask for prayer, for thoughtful, grave, and thorough consideration; give these, and with such honest, soul-winning, Christ-loving men as you are, we are content.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE HYMN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

Translated from the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

LORD, is it true that a child of the dust
 To th' feast of Thy love is invited by Thee?
 To plead any claim but my need were unjust;
 I have no rights but Thy kindness to me.
 God who has formed us, assurance how sweet,
 Has burdened Himself with our anguish and smart;
 And yet for such love and for sorrows so deep
 All that He asks is the gift of my heart.
 Here then I come, for Thy pardon athirst,
 These symbols so touching to take from Thy hand,
 Recalling a sacrifice bleeding accursed,
 Aye in children's remembrance to stand.
 Thou who hast loved me in washing my stain,
 With peace fill the heart that is troubled in me;
 O Jesus as bread from the heavens sustain
 Life in my soul to rise always to Thee.
 Lord from Thee only my life I would hold;
 Too long have I lived for the world and for sin;
 Thy sheep is so feeble, O open Thy fold!
 Hide me for ever Thy bosom within!

* This composition, called in the original "Cène Chrétienne," is here designated "THE Hymn of the Lord's Supper" because the book contains no other on the same subject, and is (notwithstanding the difficulty of recasting French poetry into English verse) a severely literal translation.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST:

AN EXPOSITION FOR THE TIMES.

WE are indebted mainly to the Epistle to the Hebrews for our knowledge of the Priesthood of Christ. Whatever uncertainty there may be about the authorship of this epistle, we are not left in any doubt about the people to whom it was written. From beginning to end the appeal is to Hebrews—men who knew the Hebrew Scriptures, and gloried in the traditions of their people and nation. It is equally clear that these men had received the testimony of the gospel, and had professed allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ; and that the main object of the epistle is to induce them to hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering. This object is manifest both in the warnings and encouragements with which the epistle abounds, and of which it chiefly consists. There is no epistle in the New Testament so stirring as this in its warnings against apostacy, and none more strengthening than is this in the influence of its facts and doctrines. And we find, by patient and reverent study, that all the truth asserted of Christ is used to prepare the way for and to strengthen the testimony concerning His "*Priesthood*;" and that underlying all the fervent appeals against apostacy there is the fact that our High Priest in the heavens is able to satisfy every aspiration of the heart, and to support us under every temptation.

Let us look at the epistle!

It opens with a declaration of the supreme dignity and glory of the Son of God, the last, and by far the greatest of God's witnesses—greater even than the angels, for whilst they are God's ministers He is God's Son, and the angels are commanded to worship Him.

In the second chapter He is set before us as the head of a redeemed race, to whom is promised universal dominion and perpetual communion with God—a race of men crowned with glory and honour, with all things under their feet. But we see not *yet* all things put under Him; but we see Jesus crowned with glory and honour. He, and we who are His, are all of ONE; children of one Father, for which cause He is not ashamed to call us *Brethren*. In order to this He took on Him the nature of Abraham. It behoved Him to be made in all things like His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. This is the main fact round which all the writing now gathers.

The commencement of the third chapter suggests this—"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, *consider* the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." There was no name amongst the Jewish prophets, priests, or kings, so great as Moses. In his name were gathered up all the glorious traditions of their deliverance from Egypt, and of the giving of the law. Even in the mouth of Jesus his name stood for the whole law of God. He said, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them."

Yet the Apostle and High Priest of our profession is as much greater than Moses as a son is greater than a servant. Under the leadership of Moses myriads through unbelief perished, and did not reach the earthly Canaan. We are, therefore, to fear lest we perish also by unbelief, and fail to reach our heavenly rest, for the word of God is powerful—every creature is manifest in His sight. He discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart. He is equally compassionate and ready and willing to

help us. "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Chap. iv. 14, 15.

In the fifth chapter we have the qualifications for the High Priest set forth—

- a. Must be a man taken from amongst men.
- b. Must have a human experience of sorrow and temptation.
- c. Must have a divine appointment.

Christ had all these qualifications, with the addition that He was constituted priest by God's word to Him as recorded in Psalm cx., "Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." Concerning this the writer tells us "he has many things to say which are difficult of comprehension;" and he is in this further difficulty, that these Hebrews themselves were "dull of apprehension." They had once been quick to hear, joyful in their profession of faith, happy to suffer for Christ's sake, but their ardour had cooled down and their faith had become weak. They were getting weary of isolation and persecution; and instead of desiring to know more of Christ they half regretted they had learned so much as they now knew, seeing it had cut them off from their people and the glorious traditions of their race. Like many half-hearted worldly Christians of our churches their consciousness of divine things was dulled, and when, considering the time they have been Christians they ought to be teachers, they have need to be taught again the first principles of the doctrines of Christ, and have need of milk when they ought to feed on strong meat; so that before he can enter upon any exposition of the truth of Christ's Priesthood "after the order of Melchisedec," he warns them of the utter apostacy to which their indifference and worldliness will lead unless they give more earnest attention to their salvation, and "be not slothful, but imitators of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

In compassion to our weakness God has condescended not only to ordain Christ Priest by His word, but to confirm the ordination by an oath, "that by two immutable things"—the word and the oath—"we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel." This hope is our anchor—it has passed through the waters of the super-celestial heavens, and has entered through the veil, and has its hold firmly and stedfastly there, "whither the *forerunner* is for us entered"—Jesus—constituted "High Priest *for ever* after the order of Melchisedec."

Chap. vii. This brings us to the promised exposition of Christ's priesthood after the order of Melchisedec.

Melchisedec was a prince and a priest of the Most High God. We know nothing of him save what is written in three verses in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, and the use here made of that record. His name interpreted is "king of righteousness." He was king of Salem, which is, "king of peace." All the rest mentioned of him has a typical and prophetic significance as applied to the manner in which he is mentioned in scripture. There is nothing written of his genealogy or of his decease. He has no father nor mother of any priestly race.

His royal dignity is to be regarded as a dignity purely personal, and not to be traced back to any circumstances of natural descent, "without beginning of days or end of life." An earthly image of Him who from eternal community of essence with the Father has, in very deed, neither beginning of days nor end of life. "Abideth a priest continually." His life, at both ends, is shrouded in the mystery of eternity." Chrysostem says, Wherein does the likeness consist? In this, we know of no beginning nor end of either: in the one case because we have found no record, in the other because they have no existence. The argument of the chapter is briefly this—1—3, His, *i.e.*, Melchisedec's, priesthood is eternal. 4—10, Greater than Levi, because Levi paid tithes to him in Abraham, and received a blessing from him. 11—24, Christ's priesthood after the order of Melchisedec, and not after the order of Levi.

a. He did not spring from the tribe of Levi, to whom pertained the priesthood—11 to 14.

b. He was constituted priest, not by virtue of any provision of the law, but by virtue of His own eternal personality, "not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life"—14 to 19.

c. He did not come into the priesthood in a natural order as the sons of Levi did, but was constituted by the word and oath of God. "The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever," &c.

d. Because He has an endless life He holds an unchangeable priesthood. "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to maketh intercession for them."

Remembering the social persecution of these Hebrews, and the sufferings they were now enduring for Christ's sake, and at the same time their lingering attachment to Moses and the law, we can imagine that such a declaration as the following would come upon them with great force and healing influence, "Now of the things we have spoken this is the main point, *We* have such a high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary and of the *true* tabernacle, which the Lord pitched and not man." We have here—

a. The fact, *we* have a High Priest.

b. Seated—fixed at God's right hand.

c. A minister or servant for us.

(a.) Of the holy place—that is the place of the Divine presence and throne.

(b.) Of the true tabernacle. The original, of which the earthly tabernacle is only a type.

(c.) He is there, not without an offering, but He bears the efficacy of His own blood, which He offered once for all for sins.

The earthly priests, the sons of Levi, serve to the *delineation* and *shadow* only of heavenly things, for every thing in the tabernacle was made after a pattern shewed to him in the mount.

From this we learn that the earthly tabernacle and holy place, and the Levitical priesthood, were types only of the actual sanctuary where God dwells, and of the Eternal High Priest who should minister for humanity, and so we read, "He hath obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much He is the Mediator of a better covenant, which is established upon better premises."

And now the argument is hastening on to a conclusion. In the ninth chapter he begins with a description of the provisions of the first covenant—a worldly sanctuary—the furniture of it, the priests who ministered at it, with an emphatic declaration that “the Holy Ghost signified by these things that the way into the holiest place, *i.e.*, to the presence and throne of God, was not manifest whilst there was a first tabernacle separating the priests from the second or holy place, and that this was a *figure* for the time—that in it were offered gifts and sacrifices that could not make the worshippers perfect as pertaining to the conscience, and that these things were imposed till the time of *reformation*. But—and here is the great truth to which we have been hastening on—Christ being come a high priest of the good things to come through (*dia*) a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building. Neither through (*i.e.*, in virtue of) the blood of goats and calves, but through His own blood He entered in once into the *holy place*, having obtained *eternal* redemption for us.

From this we learn that Christ, having made expiation for sins, bears with Him the efficacy of His own blood as the ransom of souls into the very presence of God, there to abide the High Priest of the true sanctuary. Here, associated with priesthood, we have *the fact of atonement*. This, indeed, has run on side by side with the assertion of Christ’s priesthood in several places in the epistle. As far back as the third verse of the first chapter we read, “When He had by Himself purged (or made purification for) our sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.” In ii. 17, “It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest to make reconciliation (or expiation) for the sins of the people.”

Again, in v. 1, Every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices, so Christ, verses 8, 9, though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things He *suffered*. “And being made *perfect*, He became the author of eternal salvation to all that obey Him.” So in vii. 27, “He needeth not daily to offer for sins, for this He did once (*ephapax*, once for all) when He offered up Himself.” This, too, is unquestionably the reference in viii. 3, “For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer.”

Now it is upon this that the efficacy of His priesthood rests, *viz.*, that He has perfected Himself for His high priesthood through suffering, and has borne with Him to the very throne and presence of God the virtue of His blood shed for sins; and it is this that gives validity to His ministry and mediation. How can it be otherwise unless words are used to hide instead of make plain the meaning of atonement. Coming back to the point in the ninth chapter whence we just started, we read, “For if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit *offered Himself* without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.” Then, anticipating the revolt of these latter days against atonement by blood, he shows that the whole Levitical system was pervaded by it. Even the book in which Moses wrote the covenant was sprinkled by him with blood after he had spoken all

the words of it to the people, and he adds, "almost all things are by the law purged with blood," *and without shedding of blood is no remission.*" Then comes the sublime declaration that should never be absent from our thought in prayer, and is full of abiding helpfulness, "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: nor yet that He should offer Himself often, as the high priest entered into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath He been manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." The *first* part of the tenth chapter is the actual climax of the argument. Its main point is this, that in order to make atonement Christ assumed a human body. He comes to do God's will; and as the Lord cared not for burnt offerings and offerings for sin made according to law, a body was prepared for Christ into which He might gather them all up, taking away the first and so establishing the second. "By the which will (*i.e.*, the will of Christ) we are sanctified through the offering of the *body of Christ* once for all. Verse 14, "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Then, to justify himself, the writer gives the clear testimony of scripture, and declares he has the authority of the Holy Ghost for all he has said, "Wherefore the Holy Ghost also is a witness for us: for after He had said before, This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; then He said, And their *sins and iniquities will I remember no more.* Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sins."

Many attempts have been made to tone down, and to weaken and to disprove, the doctrine of atonement by the blood-shedding or by the death of Jesus; but the testimony of this epistle is so strong that it seems impossible, by any fair interpretation, to evade it. It is the blood of Christ that purges the conscience. "He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "Christ was once for all offered to bear the sins of many." "We are sanctified through the offering of the *body of Christ* once for all." "After He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down," &c. "By *one offering* He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Our way to the throne is prepared by it, for we have boldness to enter "by the BLOOD of *Jesus.*"

And now, having explained the Priesthood of Christ, and the fact of atonement which gives efficacy to His priesthood as they are set before us in this epistle, let us see what practical use we can make of these great truths.

I think I do not exaggerate the general opinion of thoughtful Christians when I assert that there is very wide-spread dissatisfaction with the condition of our churches. The majority of professing Christians have little or no joy in their religious life. Their manner of life is scarcely to be distinguished from that of others who are of the world. A formal attendance on public worship is the sum and substance of their profession, and even that is reduced in many cases to one service a week. They live as though they themselves, their time, their money, their influence, were all their own. Conversions are few and far between,

and when they come the evidences are so weak as to excite doubt of their genuineness; and even if they are real they excite but little gratitude and joy in the church. Ministers are careful to prepare sensible expositions and applications of Divine truth. Rich gifts and acquirements are freely used for the service of the church, but the intellect oftener speaks than the heart. We are more careful to give a good sermon than to teach and rouse and bless the people. We do not honour their intelligence too much, but we regard their feelings too little. We appeal quite enough, usually, to the mind, but too little to the heart. And is it not true that our work is too often a burden and a care when it should be a glad and joyful service?

Now I think that all this would be altered if the great truths asserted in this Epistle to the Hebrews were clearly apprehended by the church in our time. It is a fact that from one cause or another they have not occupied the prominence in our public teaching which they deserve. I will briefly indicate a few of the most important lessons that arise out of the fact of Christ's priesthood.

1. The first, that all men may be saved, and that God desires them to be saved. He has *constituted Christ the brother of men*. "Because of this Christ took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the nature of Abraham." All who believe on Him are sanctified (*i.e.*, set apart) as His brethren, and children of the redeemed family of God; and because of this it is written, "He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all *of one*, for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." God has made Him the Mediator of the new covenant, the surety of it, and the forerunner of His saints in the heavenly places. He made Him High Priest for ever; and because of this He ever liveth to make intercession for us, and "for transgressors also." Christ still holds this position and work entrusted to Him after His resurrection. Unseen by mortal eyes He maintains all the agency needful to fulfil His office. Every soul that seeks God is known to Him. Every prayer of repentance enters His ear. Amidst the seething wickedness of this world every man oppressed with the burden of guilt and wanting deliverance may look with absolute assurance to Christ for deliverance and salvation.

2. By virtue of His own blood, the efficacy of which He bore with Him into the very presence and throne of God, all who believe in Him *are* saved. It is this enables Him to save them to the uttermost who come to God by Him. It is this offering which enables Him to perfect for ever them that are sanctified.

How very many professing Christians there are who only half believe this—who speak as though the scriptures held out only a chance of salvation, and they have committed themselves just to the chance of it. This is the unbelief against which we are warned in the epistle, or at most the half belief which is fast becoming unbelief, and will soon lead to trampling underfoot the blood of the covenant, and putting Christ to an open shame.

Either we *are* saved by Christ's death, or we are not. The Scripture says we *are*. If so, let us hold up the truth in all clearness, and rejoice in it. We are not of the world; we are justified, we have redemption, and we are a peculiar people unto God to show forth Christ's virtues, and to bring forth in our lives the fruits of righteousness.

3. That Christ—the Human—Divine Christ—who lived, suffered, was crucified, buried, and rose again, is now in the heavens. We read His word for doctrine, for instruction, for reproof, and rebuke, and comfort, but how little do we speak to Him personally. And yet we may speak to Him as really as to our dearest friend. He now knows our work, our life, our helps and hindrances. He watches our conflict with sin. He, having endured the contradiction of sinners, knows what we have to endure when we testify before an unsympathizing world of the grace of God. And He knows how to comfort us and to succour us. He can speak to us wiser words than our best and wisest earthly friends, and He can do what they are powerless to effect. He can strengthen us by His Spirit in the inner man. If it were our habit to live by faith on the Son of God, the living Almighty Saviour, what happy and joyful and useful lives might we not live?

4. That we may pray to God with absolute assurance that our prayers are heard and will prevail. Christ has removed the veil dividing the worshippers from the throne and presence of God. He ministers perpetually in the Most Holy place. He has passed through the heavens, and consecrated for us the way, and by virtue of this *we have a vested right to the very presence of God. This is very real*, and shames the unreality and febleness of most of us in our intercession with God. It is said of Stephen that, being full of the Holy Ghost, he looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. In the strength of that sight he braved the cruelty of his enemies, and died triumphantly. And if our faith take firm hold of the fact that our Lord is indeed sharing the glory of God, and sitting at the right hand of power, we, too, shall be strong and brave, and willing to serve Him even unto death.

Ryde, Isle of Wight.

J. HARRISON.

LINES COMMEMORATIVE OF A LATE VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

I've stood on rock
That seemed to mock
Old Time and billows dashing,
And seen the sun,
Ere day was done,
His rays o'er valleys flashing.

I've mounted high
Toward the sky,
Both craggy steeps and mountains;
Have heard the strain,
And sweet refrain,
Of silver rippling fountains.

I've gathered flowers
'Mid fairy bowers,
Where gentle streamlet floweth,
And I have stood
In pensive mood
Where wild fern ever groweth.

Yes, I have seen,
In emerald green,
Both sea and land together;

Leicester.

As well to feel,
On Laxey wheel,*
The breeze of summer weather.

From England's soil,
And "sea-girt isle,"
In pleasure I have wandered;
While o'er the scene
That lay between
My native land, I've pondered,—

Where round the shore
Continuous roar
Of busy life denoting;
While from the vales,
Borne by the gales
Upon the breeze came floating,

Sounds on mine ear
Full soft and clear
From Nature's grand commotion,
Like hymns of love
'Mid choirs above
Upswelled from dell and ocean.

GEORGE BURDEN.

* Laxey water-wheel, 72 feet high, said to be the largest in the world.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. X.—*Work for the Blind.*

“BORN blind.” Is any calamity more touching,—any privation more pathetic? “BORN blind.” Words of unutterable sadness when heard falling for the first time on the silent and joyous expectations of the family circle. The mother’s heart feels a new and keen pang piercing it through and through, as she wistfully looks for the signs of sight in those rolling orbs that look so decidedly as if they *ought* to see. The father experiences the pressure of a heavier burden, turning his joy into bitterness, and his gratitude into grief, as he thinks of the future of his afflicted babe. How they both cling to the hope of relief; hoping even against hope; and snatching eagerly at the faintest promise of cure. What sustained patience and heroic self-sacrifice, struggling persistently with the disease, are shown during the early years of the child. Painful, most painful, are these repeated witnesses to the acuteness of the sorrow with which the loss of sight is felt.

“Blind.” What does it mean. No one fully knows. Shut out from sharing half the joys of existence, with the avenues to the refining, cheering, and instructive pleasures of sight barred against the soul’s approach, is surely an unutterable sorrow. The rich and fascinating, gorgeous and beautiful in colour, the chaste and artistic, the exact and elegant in form; the charms of the rainbow, and the changing hues of the landscape, the sublimity of mountain scenery, and the quiet repose of sylvan dells; to say nothing of the constant and unconscious satisfaction of always seeing the way we take, the faces of the friends with whom we converse, the letters of the books we read, and the notes of the music we sing; all these spring-heads of rivers of refreshing and profit are dry for the blind. No wonder the tender heart of Jesus was touched by their sad lot, and His power stirred to their alleviation. No wonder either that He should place in the very front of the witnesses to the divinity of His mission and work the fact that “the blind received their sight.”

Hence, too, when a revived interest in man’s physical condition occurred at the close of the last century, the product of the deepened and widened sympathies with his spiritual lot, the blind were amongst the earliest to attract Christian regard and help. The Rev. W. Hetherington, a good-hearted clergyman, so early as 1774 enabled the governors of Christ’s Hospital to pay annuities of £10 and £5 to fifty blind persons: and this fund has grown so exceedingly that now nearly seven hundred persons find their sorrows alleviated and their comforts increased by the receipt of £10 per annum from this Charity.

Just as the century was dying, this sympathetic effort for the relief of the blind took a more practical and business-like shape in the establishment of a School for the Indigent Blind in St. George’s Fields, S.E., in which persons between the ages of ten and twenty are trained for about six years in the arts of reading and writing, and in the knowledge and practise of some trade, so that they may be fitted to help themselves. This valuable institution has now over one hundred and sixty pupils, and spends between £4,000 and £5,000 upon its truly beneficent work.

In 1834 another idea was developed and embodied in a Society. Of the thirty thousand blind in the United Kingdom, more than three

thousand are in the metropolis, and most of them have to bear, in addition to the malady of blindness, the sufferings of poverty and ignorance. Some of them are in the deepest distress, and experience sorrows and privations too sad to relate. They need help. They require friendly guidance. They want Christian sympathy and visitation at their own homes. All this is being done by the Society for the *Visitation and Relief and Education of the Blind Poor of London*. It distributes money with one hand, and New Testaments with the other: ministers at once to the poverty of the purse and of the mind: reads to them, and teaches how to read, and conducts to the house of God. Last year it visited frequently 638 cases, distributed over £2,300, and conducted temperance and educational work amongst them. Amongst the claimants upon Christian sympathy this surely takes high rank.

Two years after the Indigent Blind Visiting Society was set to work, Mr. Charles Day, of the well-known firm of Day and Martin, died, leaving £100,000 to be distributed amongst those who suffered from the same distressing affliction as he had done, viz., the deprivation of his sight. That fund now aids with £12 or £20 a year, between two and three hundred persons, and is known as the Blind Man's Friend.

About this time three London ladies, Lady Brodie, Mrs. Percival Johnson, and Mrs. Theophilus Thompson, were greatly interested in the welfare of the blind, and started in Queen's Square the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, and for training them in industrial occupations, which now has its centre of operations in Upper Avenue Road, Regent's Park. These premises, which are quite full, accommodate seventy pupils. In one room we found a number of girls busily employed in repairing with nimble fingers cane-bottomed chairs; others were engaged in worsted-work; others at knitting. They are also taught the business of brush-drawing, and acquire considerable expertness in the process. The Basket-room showed a number of blind youths putting the willows into shape for screens, waste-paper baskets, clothes baskets, etc. In the Printing department we saw the mysteries of producing the literature for the blind in Lucas's embossed stenographic characters, by which the fingers readily acquire the habit of performing the work of the incapable eye. Passing out of that room, we heard and *saw* one blind boy teaching another his alphabet; and a blind teacher engaged in hearing a class of youths read the seventh of Romans; and if our eyes had been closed we could have easily imagined we were listening to boys in our own school, so easily, accurately, and fluently did they decipher the meaning of the raised characters by means of their quick and educated touch. Relief maps and globes are used to acquire geographical knowledge; and a curious leaden slate, covered with square holes, into which cast figures are placed, is the apparatus for arithmetic. The report of the examiner in the educational department is very gratifying. "I have at various times tested both the boys and girls in arithmetic, reading, history, geography, English grammar. In arithmetic I found that the standard, although not high, was very *thorough*, every pupil being able to work out *correctly* examples in the several rules professed to be known. Some of the elder boys were able to simplify a complex fraction with accuracy, and with an amount of mental calculation that surprised me. The reading of the school is not only distinguished by accuracy and clearness, but also by correctness of

accentuation and emphasis. In history and geography the answers were readily given, and displayed considerable knowledge. English grammar does not seem quite so favourite a subject with the girls, who notwithstanding have a fair general knowledge. The boys' acquaintance with etymology is very satisfactory. On the whole, I may congratulate the committee on having, I feel sure, very conscientious and capable teachers, who are doing their work in a satisfactory and thorough manner.

Besides printing the Bible in Lucas's system, which occupies no fewer than thirty-six volumes, the blind can read in their own language the wonderful story of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" "Our Father's Care," by Mrs. Sewell; English grammar and English geography; and much other interesting and instructive literature. The Embossing establishment is in a state of great efficiency. During the past year the gospel of St. Mark, a volume of geography, and a selection of poetry, have been completed; and a spelling-book, a volume of sacred geography, a second volume of hymn tunes, and a volume of the Prayer Book Psalms, are in progress. It is intended also to have prepared a fount of type of Lucas's system in larger characters, and to issue an alphabet and a few books for ordinary use, for the accommodation of those who have become *blind at advanced age*, or *whose fingers have been hardened by manual labour*. It is specially gratifying to receive frequent expressions of the pleasure and comfort afforded to blind persons who purchase the publications of the society, and of the important assistance thus afforded to teachers of the blind. The sale of books steadily increases, and was last year one-third more than in any preceding year.

The Musical department is one of special interest, and forms one of the principal occupations of the pupils. In Paris thirty per cent. of the blind can earn their living as pianoforte tuners, and obtain from £80 to £150 a year; another thirty per cent. are professional musicians: but in England the musical culture of the blind has not been pursued with that enthusiasm, nor sustained with that steadiness on the part of the public that it deserves. There is a prejudice against blind organists and pianoforte tuners, that one may hope will soon disappear before an enlightened and just recognition of the fact that blind persons are capable of receiving the most thorough intellectual education and attaining a high degree of efficiency. G. A. Macfarren, Esq., the eminent composer, speaks in warm terms of the success of this branch of education at Avenue Road: and the strains we heard on the occasion of our visit, together with the high repute attained by the concerts conducted by the assistant musical teacher, Mr. Clare, trained in the institution, and his pupils, all alike blind, are sufficient of themselves to fill any sympathetic heart with gratefulness, that this source of pleasure and of profit had been opened for the refreshing and help of these children of affliction.

The "recovering of sight to the blind" is one of the promised blessings of Christ's gospel. Surely they are filled with His Spirit, and repeat His sight-giving deeds, who seek to drill and train the sense of touch, so that it may open the page of Scripture to the gaze of the mind, put the means of obtaining a livelihood within grasp, and fill the spirit with all the possible pleasures of the genius of music.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS RESET.

No. VIII.—*The Dragonnades.*

SUCH then was the substance of my grandfather's manuscript. It was a story of terror and death. And yet some of these letters tell of an anguish more prolonged and a persecution more determined and cruel. Men call Louis XIV., the grand, the great. Never were epithets more strangely misapplied. What angels would call him, as they looked upon his life, I know not. His character was atrocious. The intolerable conceit, and the cold, hateful selfishness—the worse than brutal debauchery, and the fits of shivering devotion—the grasping meanness, and the wild and reckless extravagance—the imperious wilfulness, and the malignant cruelty—make up a portrait more like that of a devil than a man. Henri IV., if a debauchee and an apostate, was still a man, with a man's failings and a man's excellencies. When he fell under the dagger of the Jesuit Ravallac, all men mourned his death, and revenged it in a fury of excitement. But Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque—governed absolutely by a fit alliance of Jesuits and strumpets—is less than a man—a mere thing of loathing and of hate. He is but half seen amidst the overloaded and artificial splendours of Versailles. His real self is visible as he cringes before his vile Jesuit confessor, Pere la Chaise, or falls into the toils of the scheming and dissolute widow Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon. Toothless, and blear-eyed, with rotting jaw-bones and diseased body—his very food returning through his nostrils as he endeavours to swallow it—behold him! Louis the Great!—the greatest scoundrel of the century. Trembling, bowing with superstitious reverence at the mass, and consumed by a coward fear of death, he yet denied freedom of worship to his subjects. At the bidding of his strumpet and his confessor, a stroke of the pen consigned thousands of godly families to misery and ruin. What cared he, though towns were depopulated and commerce destroyed, artizans sent adrift and manufacturers ruined, if his own soul was saved and his mistress gratified by the same transaction! And so it was that the gospel of the dragoons was authorized and the edict of Nantes revoked. He would have his people converted to the true faith. And if neither decrees nor dragoons would do the work, “At least,” said he, “I will show that I am master of all who offend me.” Fire and sword were commissioned to accomplish his desire. Nearly half-a-million of Protestants fled the country, while at least as many more perished in their flight, rotted in the prisons and slaved in the galleys, or died on the scaffold and the rack. It is computed that three millions of her best citizens were lost to France during the persecutions of the Protestants.

The king's confessor had promised the king's strumpet “that the conversion of the Huguenots should not cost one drop of blood;” and for a long time the persecution was skilfully directed to keep this pledge. The most horrible cruelties short of death were inflicted by “the kings booted missionaries,” under the direction of Louvois. The people were the prey of a licentious soldiery, and nameless indignities were offered to those who refused to be converted. The dragoons were quartered upon stubborn Protestants. Women were insulted and outraged. The furniture was flung into the streets, or broken up to feed the fires. The Huguenot nobles were especially persecuted. Horses were stabled in the halls of their chateaux, and were bedded down with laces, tapestry, and costly house-

hold stuffs. "These soldiers," said queen Christina, "are strange apostles." Their victims were drenched with wine by means of a funnel, and carried insensibly drunk to church, in token of their conversion. If they continued obdurate, the men were hung up by the feet, or drawn up and down by a pulley, were dashed on the floor till insensible. Women were hung up by the hair of their head, and tobacco smoke was blown into their nostrils and mouths. Or damp straw was set on fire in the closed rooms, until suffocation either produced recantation or put an end to their misery. Men were stripped entirely naked, and forced in this state to cook for the soldiers. These barbarians amused themselves, while their victim was turning the spit, by pinching his skin, burning his hair, or thrusting live coals into his hands. Mothers were tied up in view of their famishing children, and compelled to abjure, or see their infants perish of hunger before their eyes. Drums were beaten under the windows of the sick and dying, while priests tortured them with invitations to recant and save their souls. The utmost refinement of cruelty, however, was the deprivation of sleep. This was treated as a commodity, and retailed to their wretched victims at twenty or thirty crowns an hour.

The Protestant temples were razed to the ground. The magnificent Huguenot church at Charenton, capable of holding fifteen thousand people, was destroyed. A like fate befel that at Quevilly, of equal dimensions; and many other large and beautiful churches were ruthlessly pulled down. In less than a month, nearly a thousand Huguenot places of worship were thus demolished.

The Protestant pastors were banished under pain of death, and were allowed only fifteen days to quit the country. Those who obeyed the edict were hampered by vexatious delays, and some were even refused permission to cross the frontier. Large rewards were then offered for the apprehension of any ministers who should infringe the decree, by remaining in the country or continuing with their flocks. Those who harboured them were to be branded and sent to the galleys for life. The Protestants were forbidden to engage in any trade, craft, or profession. Roman Catholics were forbidden under heavy penalties to employ any Huguenot servant or artizan, and a declaration of faith was required even of the humblest workmen. Those Protestants who died "unconverted" were to be flung into the common sewers by the hands of the hangman.

At the same time a decree was issued prohibiting any Huguenot to leave the country. The frontiers were guarded, and the roads patrolled by troops. Fugitives who were taken were stripped and flung into prison, or consigned to the galleys. They were marched through the towns heavily ironed, and forced along with cruel blows. Everything that fiendish malignity could devise, was done to strike terror into the hearts of the people. "His Majesty," wrote Louvois, "wishes extreme rigour to be practised towards all who object to follow his religion. Such persons as desire the stupid honour of being the last to give up their religion must be pushed to extremity."

And pushed to extremity they were. The Protestant inhabitants of the villages were assembled and commanded to abjure. They were deprived of their children, who were handed over to the priests to be reared in the Romish faith. Conversion offices were established, where

certificates, inscribed on the back of a playing card, were issued to "converts" to protect them from the brutality of the soldiery. Those who were steadfast in the faith remained to suffer, if flight was impossible. While those who could fled into the woods, and sought to make their way to the frontier by unfrequented paths and mountain tracks, leaving behind them houses, lands, and all they held dear. They endured the most terrible privation. Many delicate women were seized in their flight by the pangs of childbirth. Multitudes perished miserably of cold and hunger. Ladies, reared in luxury, travelled painfully on foot for hundreds of miles, hoping by disguise to escape their persecutors. Like the ancient heroes of the faith, "they had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might attain a better resurrection. They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy."

Meanwhile the ports were strictly watched, and cruisers were stationed off the coast to search vessels putting to sea. And that none of the fugitives might escape, the holds of the vessels were fumigated with brimstone and poisonous gases, in order that Protestants concealed among the cargo might be suffocated. In short, the horrors of those days can never be known until the time when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Many of these details are furnished by the old letters before me. How they speak of the anguish and despair of their writers, who, sick at heart, mourn the loss of brother, son, or husband; or, worse still, bemoan the fate of daughters or tender children. Here is one time-stained epistle, from the Count de M. Taken at sea, in his endeavours to escape from France, he was consigned to the galleys. Six of his children were sent as slaves to the Carribee Islands, and three others, daughters, sent to a nunnery in France. He succeeded in making his escape, and the slaves were rescued by an English ship; and thus, by the good providence of God, the family was at length reunited. This letter, full of devout thanksgiving, records the safe arrival of his three daughters at Geneva.

Here is another letter, telling of hairbreadth escapes. It is from one of the pastors of the church at Nismes. It is written from Geneva, and records the mercy of God in his preservation. Hiding from the dragoons, he lay for more than a week in a hay-loft. A hen, which came daily and laid an egg in the hay near him, was the means, under God, of sustaining his life. The peasant to whom the barn belonged was faithful, though six thousand crowns were offered for the pastor's discovery. Heart-broken, he speaks of the capture of some of his flock, who had taken refuge in the dens of the old Roman amphitheatre. Some of them were slain on the spot, and others, refusing to accept the playing-card certificate of conversion—the "mark of the beast" they called it—were flung into prison, or witnessed for the truth with their lives.

Here is another letter in the same hand. "The King," it says, "hath called upon the magistrates of Geneva to expel us from the city as renegadoes and criminals against the laws of France." And then it relates how the magistrates made an appearance of yielding, by sending forth the exiles by the French Gate with sound of trumpet. And it

tells how that, to the eternal honour of the citizens, they went forth after midnight and brought the fugitives back to their houses.

Here is a letter descriptive of scenes in the church at Rotterdam. Louvois had bragged that Protestants were being converted by thousands. It is true that thousands, hopeless of deliverance, submitted to the tests and recited the "Ave Maria," or made the sign of the cross. As soon, however, as they effected their escape they presented themselves with sorrow and tears to the Protestant pastors and recanted their recantation. Here is a scene in the great church at Rotterdam. "While we were singing the psalm, two youths, of slender figure and dark visage, were seen making their way up the crowded aisles. Reaching the pulpit steps they held conference with the pastor, who was just going up for the sermon, whereat the people much wondered. Wonder gave place to praise, however, when he announced that the supposed youths were the Ladies Marie and Marguerite de Fontaine who, having abjured in peril, now desired to profess their faith and repentance before the congregation."

Here is another letter—and I leave unquoted a handful of them—telling with devout thanksgiving of the escape of the Countess Judith de St. Maur, who fled from the persecution taking with her some of her jewels. Bribing a ship's captain, she was concealed in an empty barrel, having only the bung-hole to breathe through. And though the searchers actually moved the cask, by God's mercy she escaped with her life.

Multitudes who had never known want, who had been reared in luxury, found themselves destitute in a strange land. Yet with passionate ardour they kneeled down and kissed the soil of the country which gave them a home, and freedom to worship God.

The various Protestant countries accorded a hospitable reception to the fugitives. The Elector of Brandenburg sent special invitations to induce them to settle in his dominions, and contributed largely from his private purse for their relief. A large subscription was raised in England for their help. Churches were placed at their disposal, and they were exempted from the payment of taxes. The Protestant Cantons of Switzerland also afforded them a ready asylum, and braved the wrath of the "Grand Monarque" in their defence.

By the loss of France all countries gained. The exiles carried with them their skill in manufacture and their aptitude for business. And the Huguenot officers and soldiers, headed by the brave and venerable Marshal Schomberg, gathered around the standard of William the Third, of glorious memory, and by their military talents and determined bravery helped not a little in accomplishing the great Revolution of 1688, which settled the Protestant succession in England. Thus out of evil came good, and advantage out of suffering.

I tie up the bundle of letters and replace them in the recess of the bureau from whence I drew them. My mind is filled with many thoughts—tender and sorrowful—yet joyous. These sufferers for the faith are now with Him who never forgets "His faithful martyrs." To us, their descendants, the lines have fallen in pleasant places. Yet let us not forget their witness for the truth; and above all let us make no truce with the great cause of their sufferings. Let our motto, and that of all Protestants, be henceforth,

NO PEACE WITH ROME!

W. H. ALLEN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. VI.—*The Meaning of the Atonement.*

BESIDES finding that I had something to unlearn, I discovered much fresh truth. The infinite purity of the glorious God, the heavenly Father in Christ, far from being a dreadful, terrifying, repelling tyrant, became to me the grand source of my happiness and comfort. Sin was my ruin, my disease, my terror, my shame, my aversion; and in the perfect holiness of God and His perfect hatred of sin, as manifested in the gift, life, and sufferings of Christ, His beloved Son, I found my happiness, my only hope of perfect and everlasting freedom from sin. I saw that for His own sake He would sanctify me wholly; and I wished Him to sit over me, as a refiner and purifier of silver. The grand thing, therefore, that I prayed for at this time was perfect holiness, agreement, and fellowship with God. That was what was to be desired, aimed at, and struggled for. This was the salvation Jesus Christ came to effect—to save His people from their sins, to bless us, and turn every one of us away from his iniquities. That pardon is not the end, but a means, divinely and graciously granted with a view to this end. That pardon is not salvation, but essential to the production of salvation. That salvation was an agreement with God and a delight in God. And that we could not possibly delight in a God that did not forgive us all our trespasses. This inestimable blessing of forgiveness I found in the atonement. Indeed, I had always seen in the atonement the forgiveness of the elect few. But the secret had heretofore been to find out that I was one of the elect, without which assurance I could not appropriate the pardon to myself.

The opinions and evidences of this great truth were to me most dear, and clear as the sun. In the Old Testament we are taught that without shedding of blood there is no remission, but that as soon as the appointed sacrifice was offered, the priest made atonement for the sin, and the sin was forgiven. But the insufficiency of the blood of bulls and goats to take away sins was manifest, and therefore a better sacrifice for sin was provided by infinite Wisdom and Mercy; was foretold by the prophet Isaiah in his fifty-third chapter; and was clearly presented and expiated by the Lord Jesus Christ when He was made a sacrifice for sin, when He put away sins by the sacrifice of Himself: having obtained eternal redemption for us, and having purged our sins, He ascended to the right hand of the Majesty on high. This is the atonement, the *reconciliation*, which God has provided and presented to us, and which He calls on us to receive (Romans v.), and by which He draws us near to Himself.

So far was quite clear to me, that the forgiveness of those for whom the Saviour had died was procured, completed, and sealed in the awful facts of Christ's death and resurrection; for if not, then the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, would be reduced to the mean level of the many sacrifices which were offered in the Old Testament—sacrifices of mere animals—which, as they had no perception of our sins, no intention of mercy towards us, no present desire for salvation, could not feel, and could not express any forgiveness. But still the old doubt seemed to be renewed, as to whether this living sacrifice had been presented on

account of the whole world. This anxious doubt was removed as follows:—The Scriptures distinctly stated that the propitiation was not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the *whole world*: that the Lamb of God takes away the sin of the *world*: that God was in Christ, reconciling the *world* to Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them: that Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for *every man*: that God so loved the *world* as to give His only begotten Son, etc. These passages seemed to have no ambiguity in them; and if the “world,” and the “whole world,” and “every man,” meant only a part of mankind, the language of the Scriptures was calculated to mislead. Added to which was this consolation, that if God hated all sin, He desired it to be exterminated: that sin could not cease till the hearts of His creatures were brought into fellowship with His own; and they could not possibly agree with God till they should all know that He had forgiven them all their trespasses.

The autobiography here abruptly closes. The following article will contain selections from Mr. M.'s diary when at Hamburg. J. J.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. JOHN SUTCLIFFE, OF HEPTONSTALL SLACK.

WHEN the shock of a sudden and painful bereavement has subsided, the heart of the mourner finds relief and solace in recalling the memories of former days. Old scenes, familiar faces, household joys, come rushing over the soul; the broad shadows of death seem to vanish; we again hold communion with those who have gone before, and long for some memorial of their residence amongst us.

Twenty years of kindly intercourse and unbroken friendship have endeared the name, virtues, and domestic circle of the lamented Mrs. Sutcliffe to her late pastor's heart, and he could not withhold some small tribute to her intrinsic worth.

Well do I remember my first introduction to the family of the deceased in the month of August, 1853, and the kind words which were spoken to me and mine on our arrival among strangers in our new Yorkshire home. Three of the group are now no more on earth. In January, 1865, the aged father was the first to enter the vale of death. In January, 1868, his generous-hearted widow followed her husband to the grave; and now the devoted wife and loving mother, in the beauty and strength of Christian womanhood, has been suddenly called to the presence of her Lord.

Our departed sister entered the church of Christ on June 14, 1852. For a number of years the Sunday school was her chosen sphere of holy toil. The duties and responsibilities of a large household were not allowed to supersede the claims of this divinely honoured institution. To promote its efficiency and welfare was one of her chief solitudes. In the erection and furnishing of the new school Mrs. Sutcliffe evinced unabated interest. She has left her marks behind her. Her gifts of books to the scholars were both timely and numerous. Nor were the cottages of the lowly forgotten by our dear friend. She herself has carried many a silent messenger of mercy to their door, and left a substantial blessing behind. The widow, the orphan, the poor and the needy, the sickly and the aged, had a large share in her sympathy and help. Her generous heart felt for the woes of others, and her open hand ministered to their wants. In March last I stood by the bedside of a poor sufferer residing in Slack; alluding to his kind neighbour he gave me a wishful look, and said, “Mrs. John has told me I shall never want while she lives.” “The blessing of him that was ready

to perish came upon her, and she caused the widows heart to sing for joy." "She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did"—Acts ix. 36.

Dear Mrs. Sutcliffe honoured and revered every good minister of Jesus Christ. She received a prophet in the name of a prophet, and was ever ready to acknowledge that she had found a prophet's reward. Many a beloved brother, both in the home and the foreign field, remembers the cordial welcome he received to her hospitable table and to her cheerful home.

As an intelligent mother she looked well to the ways of her household. Her children lay near her heart, and she was unwearied in her efforts to guard their morals, promote their culture, and fit them for the active duties of life. Often did her prayers go up to heaven on their behalf. This deep maternal feeling found expression during her brief illness, "Can I give up my children?" "Must I leave the dear ones behind, and see them no more on earth?" The divine Father alone knows the struggle it cost that tender hearted sufferer ere she could say, "The will of the Lord be done."

On the Thursday preceding her death she said to a friend, "Pray for me, that the means used for my recovery may be blessed." The following day she was heard to say, "I am reconciled to the will of God." "I never felt the cross so precious as I do at this trying hour."

Our departed sister endured severe pain for some five successive days. At intervals words ever to be remembered by her widowed husband and motherless children escaped her lips. The Saviour, in whom she trusted, breathed His heavenly Spirit upon her, and the happy frame of her mind is indicated in such sayings as these, "What a blessed thing that I have found Christ in health;" "He has blessed me;" "I will resign, retire, undress, and sleep in Christ, my hiding-place;" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

On Monday, June 22nd, it was evident to herself and all her friends that the fatal hour was at hand. The dying wife and mother longed for a last interview with the dear ones she loved so well. They gathered round her bed. To her sorrowing husband and weeping children she made the affecting appeal, "Meet me in heaven;" and then quoted the well-known lines—

"Let me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest."

After a pause, the stillness of the death-chamber was broken by the significant words, "I can see Jesus." In a moment the spirit had taken its heavenward flight. A beautiful home on earth was exchanged for one more beautiful in heaven. Husband and children were in tears; but the mother, absent from the body, was present with the Lord.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go."

Farewell, beloved in home, church, and school, and the dwellings of the poor; thou hast died in the Lord; thy works do follow thee. Thy Saviour has bid thee welcome to His presence and to His joy. I hear a voice from heaven saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

C. SPRINGTHORPE.

TWO STANDARD BEARERS ARE FALLEN.

Two princely leaders are stricken in the fight. Cambridge and Birmingham mourn together; and with them all the Baptist churches of the land. The keen judgment, intrepid courage, severe intellectualism, irreproachable integrity, catholic sympathies, and finely balanced nature of WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Cambridge, will embalm his name and work in the memory of thousands. The beautiful blending of geniality and emphatic firmness, of simplicity and strength, of manifold and cultured ability and oneness of aim, of incorruptible purity and fervent devotion in CHARLES VINCE quickens our sense of the irreparable loss we sustain in his early removal. It is with no common grief we say farewell to these strong and saintly men: but we sorrow as those who have hope in Him who is at once Lord of the harvest that has to be reaped, and of the future to be enjoyed by His servants.

INCIDENTS AND FEATURES OF THE PRESENT REVIVAL.

No. II.—*Its Common Sense.*

AMONGST the characteristic and instructive features of the revival now in progress in this country, no one is more obvious or more impressive than the thoroughgoing, downright common sense and practical directness of those who are the chief agents in conducting it. Mr. Moody is eminently a man of tact, of keen insight, of large knowledge of men. He is much besides. He is in the prime of life; burns with unquenchable zeal for God and souls; moves at every step with the most living and immediate faith in God, and with indomitable perseverance. But he differs from most Christian workers as much by the strong common sense he uses as he does in everything else. The last thing many people use for God is their brains. They have earnestness, faith, and zeal; but they act as if they thought that any stupidity will do for the work of the kingdom of heaven.

Mr. Moody has a point to gain, and he goes straight to it at once. He has not to speak twice to let you know his meaning. He has no "rhetorical fireworks" to play off. He knows nothing of oratory. His style is colloquial, not technical, made as it is wanted, to express the spirit that sways him, and is therefore vigorous, direct, exceedingly eloquent, and carries all before it, like the rushing waters of Niagara. There is no waste of words. The King's business requires despatch; and therefore at once, and as one who may not loiter in carrying a message, nor darken in telling a story, he begins and finishes his work. He knows how to manage men. This is a large item in his strength. He is a born leader. Had he not been, could he possibly have conquered Scotch prejudice in the thorough fashion we have lately witnessed? Energetic, earnest, devout, unconquerable, whole-hearted, unselfish, freed from the dominion of custom, he, with unerring tact, proceeds to his end, and everywhere carries his point. Believing with all his soul and strength in his theory that "a man can be useful if he will only get down low enough for God to work through him," he is humble as a child, sets his face as a flint against spiritual vanity, and proceeds in the most business-like way to seek the salvation of souls.

Look at a day in Glasgow. He begins with a meeting for children only; then one for Sunday school teachers; that is followed by one for females; and the last is exclusively for men. He has something to say to each specially, which each needs to hear; and so each comes in his or her turn to listen to his word. Could anything be more rational, or more likely to succeed?

Read some directions he gave at one of his gatherings about prayer meetings, and you find in them the perfection of good sense. He says—

1. *Get the people close together.*—Do not let them be scattered over a large place as if they were afraid of coming near the leader, or of touching one another. If we want to make a fire burn, we lay the sticks close together; they warm and kindle up one another. 2. *Let the meeting-place be well ventilated.*—People often fall asleep, not under what is said to them, but from want of fresh air. Let the place be well lighted and comfortably warm. 3. *Have some good singing.*—I do not object to the Psalms, nor to the favourite hymns we all so love, such as "Rock of Ages," etc., but do not let us have these *always*. Freshness and variety are attractive. There is no one I like to see so well as my wife, but I like to see other people besides. A good new hymn is often of great use; even a new hymn book once and again. Plenty of good singing enlivens the services, and makes young people like to come again.

4. *When we have special meetings, let us have SPECIAL prayer.*—We meet for an object—let us keep to that object. If a lot of commercial men had a meeting to discuss insurance, and one began to talk about temperance, he would be at once called to order. That was not what they met for. If a bill were before Parliament, and a man rose to speak, do you think he would be suffered to ramble about any bill whatever which had been discussed during the last sixteen hundred years? No; he must speak to the matter before the house, or else sit down. So if men meet to pray for the revival of God's work in Scotland or elsewhere, let them stick to the point, and not scatter over all manner of subjects. 5. *Let requests be received for special cases.*—A mother's for her family, a brother's for his sister's, and so on; and thanksgivings too.

6. *Let the minister or leader presiding do little more than give the keynote to the service.*—Do not let him kill it with a long address. Let him say what he has to say, and get out of the way, that there may be room for others to follow. 7. *It is well to give out the NEXT subject at the previous meeting.*—It gives members time to think and read about it—to talk about it in their families or elsewhere. In this way many will have a word to say, and you may get no lack of friends to take part, if it be only to give an idea, to read a promise, and to say how it has been blessed to them. But all must be *short*. If one brother prays for fifteen minutes, and another brother for fifteen more, there will be time for little besides. Let the briefest word be encouraged and said *at once*, without fear of it being counted an interruption. 8. *Do not scold the people who have come because the rest have not come*; though if you could get the absentees by themselves, by all means give it to them. But if we find that people do not come, it is often the worthy minister's fault. If he gives a dry, wearisome talk, those who come once will not come again. Make it *interesting*, and those who come once will come back. If there were stiffness and formality *here*, you would soon cease coming. It must be taken out of the meeting, or it will smother it. There is generally plenty of talent to keep the meeting going. Here in Edinburgh we have more of it round us every day than we can use. But it is not always talent that does best: I have never felt my heart more full in this place than under the few words which our coloured brother (one of the Jubilee Singers) spoke to us the other day. 9. *If we are discouraged, do not let any one know it.*—Let others pray. If we are not in heart to pray, let us leave it to others. If we are gloomy, our gloom will be contagious. Let us keep it to ourselves.

10. *Do not have more than two prayers consecutively.*—If there be more, or many, we get wearied; let us vary with a hymn, then an incident, or a word upon a text. So we shall keep moving right along all the time. Many have musical talent; let them train and use it for Christ. What blessed help we have had from the Jubilee Singers, who not long ago were all slaves, and are now singing so sweetly of Jesus, and trying to lift up their race. Many Christians have talents to sing as sweetly as they, if they would only cultivate them so as to use them for Christ. 11. *Do not let us have a formal address.*—A brother begins, "Now I am going to address you," and then perhaps a long preamble. We get frightened at the beginning, and tired before the end. Let men condense, say what they have to say, and make way for others. 12. *Have the meeting short.*—If men are tired, they will not come back again. Better send them away hungry. If the interest continues for an hour, keep it up for an hour; if for half an hour, it is then time to stop. Keep your hand upon its pulse, and make good use of every minute; and do not let us think it less interesting because we do not take part in it. There was an old deacon in our country, very prosy, who used to tire the people. When asked how the meeting had got on, he would say, "Oh, a splendid meeting." None but himself felt it so; but then he had spoken. 13. *Avoid discussion.*—If a man brings in a controverted question, *do not allow it*. Do not reprove him on the spot, but take him privately and advise him. 14. *If we cannot get members to take part, go and speak to them about it in private.*—"Can't we make the meeting more interesting? Couldn't you say a word?" "No, no, I have never been accustomed to it." "Well, you'll never begin any sooner. Mightn't you try?" 15. *Be sure and throw the meeting open half the time.*—Let any one speak and pray who has a word or a petition. If I go with a burden laid upon my heart, which I wish to be removed, if one or two take all the time, I have no opportunity. The Spirit has been working, and is not the Spirit grieved? His working is hindered. 16. *Be punctual.*—If I advertise a meeting for twelve o'clock, let me keep to the hour. If I do not begin till ten minutes past, I break my promise. Is it honest for Christian men to do so? And *close punctually*. Business men count upon that. Lastly. *Seek to make sure that in going to the meeting you are going to it in the Spirit.*—There are times when one cannot feel this; but since I began so to work, I can say that I never went to such a meeting *in the Spirit*, and came away disappointed.

That list of directions is a condemnation of nine-tenths of the meetings held in our churches. Let us then heed this revival, as it bids us not only "have faith in God," but also use the sense and experience He has given us.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

SCRAP'S FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I.—NORWICH—A CHALLENGE.

*Somerleyton Street, Norwich,
Oct. 16, 1874.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—Two days ago a gentleman of this city—not of our own body, not even a *Baptist*—who some months ago promised me £10 towards our chapel movement, said to me, “If any of your £10 subscribers will *double his subscription, I will double mine.*” May I not hope that some of our own denomination will take up this challenge, and thus put £20 into our purchase fund. Three days ago I had the gratification of receiving a very kind and cordial letter from C. G. M., Esq., Secretary to the Government of Madras, and a son of the late Dean of Manchester, in which Mr. M. promises, in aid of our work, the sum of fifty rupees, equal to £5. I beg also to acknowledge, with best thanks:—

	£	s.	d.
Second Grant by Lincolnshire Conference	75	0	0
Jas. Harvey, Esq., per J. Clifford	21	0	0
J. H. Tillet, Esq., Norwich	5	0	0
F. W. Harner, Esq., ”	5	0	0
Collected by—			
Mrs. B. Smith, Norwich	8	0	0
Mrs. Bennett, ”	3	7	0
Mr. D. Farron, ”	2	10	0
Miss Thurtle, ”	1	10	0
Master J. H. Taylor, ”	1	1	0
Mr. Wright, ”	0	18	0
Miss Dady, ”	0	15	6
Mrs. Dent, ”	0	15	0
Miss Clare, ”	0	10	3
Mrs. Hall, ”	0	10	0
Miss Samson, ”	0	6	0
Rev. J. Buckley, D.D., Cuttack	2	0	0
Mr. Crosher, Melton	2	0	0
Through Miss Beeby, H. Crossley, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Elliott	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Hall	0	10	0
Geo. Bettinson, Esq., Dyke	3	3	0
A Friend, in postage stamps	0	5	0

I shall feel much obliged if friends who have promised help will kindly forward their donations as soon as convenient to the above address. And may I earnestly beg that friends who have not yet come to our aid will be good enough to do so as speedily as possible.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours affectionately,
G. TAYLOR.

II. GENERAL BAPTIST EVANGELISTIC MISSION.—Some of our brethren, deeply solicitous for the welfare of the churches in the *villages*, have entered into arrangements for quickening and deepening the spiritual life of the churches by supplying pastoral stimulus and oversight for a brief period. Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough, has been engaged, and has visited Belper and Milford with the advantage of largely

increased congregations and reanimated vigour in the church. This is the right thing to do. The work deserves the cordial support of the churches, and will doubtless be followed by cheering results.

III. THE FOREIGN MISSION REPORT is to hand. It is unconscionably late; but its interest is not dependent on the punctuality and promptitude of its appearance. It has sterling and abiding merit. Circulate it freely. Use it at the Mission prayer meeting. Let it be read by the supporters of our Missions to Orissa and Rome, and the interest and generosity of the churches must grow. It thrills with life. It chronicles abounding activity. It is a message of gladness and hope. God bless our fellow-workers in those distant fields.

IV. BIBLICAL EXPOSITION.—Brethren in the ministry, and teachers of the word generally, will rejoice to hear that our brother, the Rev. Samuel Cox, is about to edit a new monthly magazine, to be called the *Expositor*. It will contain Expository Essays and Discourses, Commentaries on the various books of the Bible, and, occasionally, reviews of such works as are found to be most helpful in the study of the inspired word; in short, it will aim at gathering to itself whatever may throw light upon the sacred page. Such distinguished expositors as Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, A. B. Bruce, Canon Plumpton, R. W. Dale, Dr. Morison, and others, have engaged to contribute to it. It will begin its career with the new year, and will be published by Hodder and Stoughton at a shilling. It is sure of a hearty welcome in the study of every pastor and teacher amongst us.

V. CHILWELL COLLEGE.—The sermon preached by J. Clifford at the opening of our College on Monday evening at Mansfield Road chapel, Nottingham, Sep. 28, is printed in the *Christian World Pulpit* for Oct. 21. The subject is, “*Christ's training of the Ministers of the Word.*” The College starts the session full of students, of hope, and of work; and gives every promise of increasing its hold upon the affections and support of the churches of the denomination.

VI. THE CHURCH'S GREAT WANT!—A dozen earnest Christian men and women in every church, who will make it their chief business to talk in a free, natural, sympathetic, and wise way with friends or strangers about Christ, and specially with such as come into the house of God seeking if haply they may find Him. Reader! will you be one?

Reviews.

THE TABERNACLE AND ITS SERVICES.—
By W. Brown. Third edition. *Edinburgh: Oliphant. London: Hamilton and Co.*

This is the handbook to the structure, design, and services of the tabernacle of Leviticus. Anything more complete or more satisfactory in all respects we do not know. It is superbly illustrated. The style is clear and concise; and the interpretation of the types is temperate and calm. Students of the word will find large and reliable help in it on every point connected with the tabernacle. This third edition is revised and enlarged by a vigorous discussion of the views of the Dean of Canterbury and Professor Milligan expressed in "The Biblical Educator."

BIBLICAL EXPOSITIONS. By Samuel Cox. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

As a companion volume to the "Expositor's Note Book," this production will doubtless meet with a reception even more cordial and wide-spread than its predecessor. The critical ability, the apt use of learning, the clear perception of the truth, the calm flow of expository statement, the ease and grace of style, so characteristic of all Mr. Cox's works, appear in their perfection in the contents of this book: but it is richer in material and in variety, and discusses some themes of greater profundity than those contained in the former volume. Our readers will be glad to know that the address from the chair of the Association at Burnley finds an abiding place in this volume.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORLD, No. 1, Stock, is another weekly paper for Sunday school teachers. If literature could make teachers, we ought to have the very best speedily. A superintendent said to us the other day, "I wish the publishers could send us some punctual, diligent, and apt teachers as easily as they send their periodicals, etc." Literature helps, and counsels, and stimulates. This new candidate for favour contains expositions of the International series for November, lessons in New Testament biography, children's sermons, tales, reviews, etc. It is a good and really helpful number, and is published at a penny.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND NEW YEAR'S BLESSINGS, expressed in choice verse and

illustrated in a beautiful and effective style on cards, are issued by the *Religious Tract Society* in small packets containing a dozen in each. They will be very acceptable to teachers and parents as gifts to their children.

PICTURES FOR SCHOOL-ROOMS AND NURSERIES.—The eye is one of the chief gateways of knowledge, and therefore every school-room should be ornamented with pictorial representations, to which the teachers may appeal, and on which the eyes of the children may rest. The pictorial papers, illustrative of the lessons for the month, issued by the Sunday School Union; and the Natural History Series of the *Religious Tract Society*, with explanatory notes, are admirably adapted for this purpose. As works of art they deserve high praise: and as educational instruments they are not to be excelled.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LITERATURE.

Esther's Regret, by Emma Leslie, shows in a pleasing and attractive way the serious consequences which may follow from encouraging or suffering displays of evil temper, love of dress and show. Vain and frivolous girls would be kindly and forcibly warned by reading this story.

R. C.

The Young Missionary, by Mrs. Seamer, is a tale of child usefulness to the feeblest and worst. It is saturated with the spirit of the gospel of Christ, and cannot fail to inspire the young people who read it with the passion for doing good, and with pity for the weakest and most necessitous.

R. C.

The Church of Christ and Sunday School Extension are the two prize essays on the question, "How can the latent power of our churches be called forth to meet the pressing claims of the young in connection with our Sunday school," by the Rev. D. Alexander and W. L. Whitehorn. They are calculated to be useful to pastors and church leaders generally.

The Sunday School Chronicle promises to be one of the most useful publications of the Union. It will be issued weekly, and will seek to be a bright, pithy, pointed, and helpful companion to all Sunday school workers. The Union is doing its utmost to direct and stimulate and aid the churches in their work of training the young for Christ, and we heartily wish the committee "*God speed.*"

Church Register.

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

MEETINGS were held, Sept. 28, 29, and, 30, at the Conigre Chapel, Trowbridge, in connection with the 221st Assembly of G. B. Churches, and to celebrate the forty-eighth year of the pastorate of the aged minister. Rev. Samuel Martin presided. Representatives from Trowbridge, Worship Street, Peckham, Dover, Billingshurst, Portsmouth, Headcorn, and Notgate, were present in the persons of Revds. D. Batchellor, J. Brinkworth, J. Ellis, T. B. W. Briggs, H. Solly, J. Marten, J. C. Means, Titus Lloyd, J. F. Kennard, C. Hoddinott, etc. At seven p.m. on Monday a large number met in the school-room for prayer. Fervent prayers were offered, and several well-known and inspiring hymns were sung. On Tuesday the members and friends met for prayer at seven a.m. The Rev. J. Brinkworth presided, in the absence of the Rev. J. C. Means. At ten o'clock the Rev. S. Martin took his place in the chair, and delivered an earnest and affectionate address to those present, and called upon his colleague, the Rev. D. Batchellor, to read a circular letter which he (Mr. M.) had prepared, as his last utterance to the various churches in connection with the Assembly. The roll of the churches was called over by the Rev. T. Briggs, and reports of their several conditions were made. In the afternoon a valuable and thoughtful paper was read by the Rev. D. Batchellor, "On our General Baptist Churches in relation to the young." A discussion ensued, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the writer. At half-past six divine service commenced, the sermon being delivered by the Rev. T. Briggs, "On the duty of confessing Christ openly before men." The Lord's Supper was administered at the close of the service to a large number of friends; the invitation had been given to all their fellow-christians in the town, who largely responded to the call. The address was delivered by the Rev. H. Solly, who, in an earnest scriptural manner, dwelt on the glorious work of Christ in His life and Redemption by His death on the cross. At seven a.m., on Wednesday, a devotional service was held, presided over by the Rev. J. Marten. The room was full, and many earnest prayers for the outpouring of the Spirit were offered. At half-past ten a suggestive and practical paper was read by the Rev. C. Hoddinott on "Christian Union," which called forth addresses from the Revds. J. C.

Means, J. Marton, D. Batchellor, Thos. Briggs, J. Ellis, and J. F. Kennard. After the tea Rev. T. B. W. Briggs presided over the meeting in the evening, and addresses were given by several friends.

CONFERENCES.

The half-yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Audlem, Oct. 13. In the absence of Rev. J. Walker, the Rev. R. Kenney preached in the morning from 1 Peter ii. 7, and also presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. Baptized since last Conference, 29. Reports from the churches were very promising, and shewed that the number of baptisms was the largest on record during the office of the present Secretary. The attendance of delegates was good, though some were unavoidably absent.

I. That the Treasurer's Report of the Home Mission Committee, which showed an expenditure of £236 11s. 10d., and a deficit of £48 2s. 9d., be received and adopted.

II. That the £150, the Cheshire portion of the CENTENARY FUND, be limited to *strictly Home Mission purposes*, and that £50 be devoted to Nantwich for the reduction of the debt on the new chapel, and that £100 be given to the Treasurer to cover his present deficit, and to meet any emergency in Home Mission work.

III. That the special thanks of the Conference be accorded to Rev. R. Kenney, for his experimental and profitable sermon.

IV. That the next Conference be at Poynton, on the first Tuesday in April, 1875. Rev. J. Walker to be the preacher, or in case of failure, Rev. W. March.

V. The Rev. J. Walker read a lengthy, elaborate, and clever paper on "The best means of conducting Home Mission work."

VI. The topic for discussion at the next meeting was left in the hands of the Home Mission Committee.

WILLIAM MARCH, *Secretary.*

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held in Mount Olivet chapel, Lydgate, Sept. 30. The attendance was large, and a good feeling pervaded the services. The Rev. W. Jarrom conducted the opening devotions, and the Rev. J. J. Dalton preached from Eph. iv. 32.

The Rev. J. Dearden presided. In the reports some very painful statements were made relating to the indifference of

many members and hearers during the summer months. The passionate pursuit of pleasure, the frequent visits of many to the seaside, and the consequent neglect of religious duty, are producing disastrous results in our churches. It appears from the reports given that only thirty-six persons have been baptized since the previous Conference, leaving twelve on the list of candidates.

I. That a committee be appointed to prepare a plan for the next meeting, suggesting time and place where Conferences shall be held up to the end of the year 1880; the committee to consist of the following, viz., W. Gray, J. R. Godfrey, E. W. Cantrell, W. Chapman, W. H. Allen, G. Needham, and Messrs. J. Lister, H. Crossley, J. S. Gill, and the Secretary.

II. That the attention of this Conference be called to the scheme published in the "Year Book" for the amalgamation of our Home Mission Societies, with a view to a definite expression of opinion on this subject at our next meeting.

III. About an hour was spent in earnest and profitable conversation on the spiritual condition of the field in which we labour, when it was resolved, not only to observe the first Sunday in October as a day for special prayer and effort, but to urge our churches to hold special services for the revival of religion among us.

IV. That the next Conference be held in Infirmary Street chapel, Bradford, on the second Wednesday in Jan. 1875, and that the Rev. W. Jarrom be the preacher.

P.S.—The Secretary stated the clear gain of members in this Conference, during the denominational year, to be 189.

J. MADEN, Sec.

The LONDON CONFERENCE of Southern Churches was held at Commercial Road chapel on Thursday, Oct. 1. The Rev. J. Fletcher in the chair. The churches reported 100 baptized, 51 received or restored, and 56 candidates.

J. Clifford brought up the report of the Committee appointed to confer with the church at Tring. The report stating that the trust deed was enrolled in Chancery, and new trustees nominated by the church, was received.

Resolved,—That *Personal Members* of the Association, if resident within the Conference district, be *ipso facto* members of this Conference, and that notice of the Conferences be sent to each such personal member.

Notice having been given to each church that the appropriation of the portion of the Centenary Fund at the disposal of the London Conference would be

considered at this meeting, and applications having been received from the churches at Hitchin and Praed Street,—Resolved,—That £100 be contributed to the proposed new chapel at Hitchin, and the balance of the said portion of the Centenary Fund to the proposed new chapel to be built by Praed Street church at Westbourne Park.

The Rev. J. Fletcher was requested to make the arrangements for the various Foreign Mission Services during the ensuing year.

Resolved,—That the next Conference be held at Berkhamstead in the last week in May. A committee was appointed to make the arrangements.

The Rev. J. H. Atkinson read a short paper, introductory to a conversation on the question, "Are conversions rare in our churches, and if so, why?" for this he received the thanks of the Conference.

J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, Sec.

HOME MISSIONS.

Subscriptions for Midland Home Mission received after May 31st, and not in report for 1873-4—

	£	s.	d.
Leicester, Friar Lane, Collection	8	4	6
" " Mr. Ashby's Sub.	0	10	6
Ilkeston, Subscriptions.	0	15	0
Old Basford, Grant from Church	3	0	0

CHURCHES.

ALLERTON—*Jubilee Services*.—Haydn's "Creation" was performed, Sept. 19, to a very large audience, by sixty performers belonging to the Bradford Choral Societies. Special sermons were preached, Sept. 20, by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. On Saturday evening, Sept. 26, a public tea was provided for 250 persons. After tea a public meeting was held in the school-room. The Rev. W. Smith, late of Chilwell College, and pastor of the church, presided. The Secretary, Mr. Edwin Cockcroft, read a very interesting report showing the rise of the Baptist cause in the year 1824; the formation of the church in 1825 by Mr. Hollingrake, and Mr. Hurley, of Queensbury; and its struggles with the heavy debt which rested on the place till the year 1863, when all was cleared off; the erection of a handsome school-room; the remodelling of the chapel area, and the building of new vestries behind the chapel; and finished by saying that the chapel was free from debt, the prospects of the place looking much brighter than they had done for the last fifty years. Addresses were delivered by Revs. B. Wood, J

Taylor, formerly pastor of the church for eleven years. R. Silby, J. Watmuff, a member of the church and now studying for the ministry in Chillwell College. Mr. Samuel Atkinson, formerly a member of the church, now a town missionary at Halifax, W. Houghton, and Messrs. Thos. Robertshaw, J. Greenwood, E. Simms, and T. Cockeroff. The children of the Sunday school sang a selection of hymns and tunes appropriate to the occasion. Each service was a complete success. After paying all expences there was a balance of about £20, which has been handed over to the Church Treasurer to pay for the expences incurred in cleaning and improving the appearance of the chapel this year.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—The bazaar in aid of the large new school-room, held on Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, proved a success, the net proceeds being nearly £163. In addition to this our own friends have given and promised about £250, and we have received valuable assistance from friends in the town and neighbourhood. We still require more than £100 to enable us to open it free from debt. The building is to be completed in one month.

HITCHIN—*Anniversary Services*.—Oct. 11, Rev. J. Wilshire preached. On Monday afternoon a sermon by Rev. W. Stott. One hundred and seventy to tea, the whole cost of which was defrayed by Mrs. Norton; in addition to this seventy-two trays of five shillings each were given by friends, and a donation of £5 from Mrs. Pegg: the whole proceeds being upwards of £46. Mr. E. Cayford, of Praed Street, London, presided at the public meeting. J. Clifford, J. Wilshire, and others, gave addresses. Rev. J. H. Atkinson reported 100 members, twenty added during the year; scholars 212, being an increase of 43; church expenditure, £234 0s. 3d., including a balance of £35 16s. 3d. due to Treasurer in Oct., 1873. Receipts—Anniversary, 1873, and weekly offerings, 1873-4, £217 1s. 2d., leaving a balance of £16 19s. 1d. now due to Treasurer; Sabbath school, £13 13s. 6d.; Infirmary, £2 10s.; harmonium, £10 10s.; G. B. Missions, £31 15s.; College, £4 14s.; Jews, £2 15s. 4d.; balance on Land Fund, £28 18s. 6d.; bazaar sales, £54 15s. 5d.; promises and cash for Building Fund, £1,051 18s. 6d. Total, £1,418 11s. 5d. The Building Fund stands as follows—bazaar, 1873, £250 8s. 5d.; portion of Centenary Grant, £100; friends in the country, £407 3s. 6d.; our own church and congregation, £278 14s. 6d.; friends of other churches and congregations in the town, £266 0s. 6d. Total, £1,302 6s. 11d. A week of prayer preceded the anniversary;

the attendance and tone of the meetings encouraged us to expect a blessing, which we believe many have realized.

ISLEHAM.—The sixty-second anniversary of our church was held Sept. 17. Rev. W. E. Winks preached "On the Sinlessness of Jesus." More than two hundred and twenty took tea. In the evening addresses were given by the Revs. W. E. Winks, J. Smith, C. E. Boughton, and G. Gomm. A special feature of the meeting was owing to the fact that the pastor, Rev. G. Towler, had announced his intention to close his ministry on the second Sunday in October, having accepted a very cordial invitation to the sister church at Long Sutton. His friends expressed their regret that he is leaving them, and took this opportunity of presenting him with a handsome silver tea service, with their affectionate regards and best wishes for his future welfare. Mr. Towler, in thanking the contributors, stated that eleven had been baptized since last anniversary, and that more than half the present members had been added during his ministry of six years and a quarter, besides the re-organising work which had to be done the first year. A beautifully chased electro teapot was given to Mrs. Eyt in token of the gratitude of friends for the many services she has rendered the church, which she also is now leaving. The proceeds of the services completed the fund raised during the year for improvements made in chapel premises nearly £40.

LONDON, *Praed Street*.—Anniversary services were held, Oct. 18, 19. The pastor preached. Addresses were given by J. Fletcher, A. Gliddon, G. W. McCree, and W. Stott. J. Clifford reported 75 added to the church, making a nett gain of 21. Finances:—Church Fund, £539 2s. 10d.; Sunday school, £52 14s. 3d.; Hall Park S. S., £29 17s. 6d.; Young Men's Social Meetings, £20; Society for Ministry to the Poor, £89; Church Poor Fund, £75 11s. 10d.; Temperance, £24; Band of Hope, £16 7s. 2d.; Dorcas, £14 5s. 11d.; College, £17 14s. 6d.; London Baptist Association, £18 13s.; Foreign Mission, £75 16s. 2d.; Renovation Fund, £650; Westbourne Park Chapel, £380. Total, £2,023 5s. 8d. The cost of the renovation of Praed Street Chapel is met. Of the sums contributed to Westbourne Park the church is indebted and grateful to R. Johnson, Esq., for £45 (as also for £10 to the R. F.); to friends at Osmaston Road, Derby, for £42; to St. Mary's Gate, Derby, for £12; and to other friends for smaller sums, to all of whom the Church Report will be forwarded in a brief space.

LOUTH, Eastgate—Extinction of Chapel Debt.—Anniversary meetings. Dr. Underwood preached, Sep. 20. On the following day a tea and public meeting was held. Mr. W. Newman, who had recently been welcomed back to Louth, took the chair, and gave a very interesting account of his tour round the world, making more especial reference to his observations in Australia, New Zealand, and America. Dr. Underwood lectured on "The Importance of Character." Collections, etc., upwards of £26, being sufficient to set the chapel free from debt.

MOUNTSORREL.—Thursday evening, Sept. 17, being the commencement of our week-night services here, which have been conducted for the past six years by our friend Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough, a few friends resolved to give some manifestation of their gratitude to him and his dear wife for their self-denial and continued efforts amongst them, they therefore presented a very handsome couch, accompanied with their best wishes for their future and increasing usefulness. The couch bears this inscription—"Presented by a few friends at Mountsorrel to Mrs. J. S. Lacey, as a token of their gratitude to her for her self-denial in connection with her husband's labours amongst them for the last ten years, Sept. 25, 1874."

QUEENSBURY.—On Saturday evening, Sept. 4, we opened our new organ by a choral service of high-class music, the programme including solos, quartettes, sonatas, fugues, and about a dozen choruses selected from Handel's great oratorios the "Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Judas Maccabeus," &c. The chapel was well filled on the occasion. The principal vocalists were professionals from Bradford, viz.:—Miss Wheeler, soprano; Miss Wild, contralto; Mr. R. Leach, tenor; and Mr. T. Knowles, bass. A powerful and well-balanced choir, consisting of fifty of the principal singers from all the chapel choirs in the locality, rendered the choruses throughout with great spirit. A couple of solos, "With verdure clad," and "Let the bright seraphim," were sung by Miss Wheeler with great sweetness and purity. The accompaniments and several sonatas, fugues, etc., performed most effectively by Mr. J. V. Roberts, B.M., Oxon., organist of the Halifax Parish Church, exhibited the powers of the new instrument, which, in spite of the high temperature within the chapel, remained in good tune till the close. Mr. Joseph Stocks acted as conductor. The Great Organ, CC to G, has 580 pipes; swell, 436; pedal, 60. There are two full rows of keys, and a separate

pedal organ. All the stops are exceedingly rich in tone, the reeds being particularly fine. The builders are Messrs. Wordsworth & Maskell, of Leeds, and the cost is £353. The case has been made in Queensbury, by Mr. Richard Stocks, joiner, from a design by Mr. John Drake, architect. On the following Lord's-day two sermons were preached, morning and evening, by our pastor; and in the afternoon by the Rev. G. Hall, of Thornton. Mr. T. Cawther, of Leeds, was the organist. The proceeds on both occasions amounted to £58 6s.

SUTTON ST. JAMES.—The new chapel built but little more than two years ago has just been cleared of its debt, excepting £100 lent thereon by the Union Building Fund. At the opening the debt was reduced to £180. Our application to the denominational fund for a loan free of interest being successful, earnest appeals were at once made to the friends in the neighbourhood, who freely and liberally contributed to rescue their chapel from debt. Mr. Parr, of Wisbech, preached Oct. 18 to large congregations. On the following day a tea meeting was held, and in the evening a public meeting, presided over by Mr. W. S. Harcourt, the pastor, who in a few words made a financial statement which showed but little more than £2 were needed to clear off the £80. A moment's pause, and £9 10s. were offered. The bracing result of the whole affair upon many minds is, to thank God and take courage for future action. The congregation was then addressed by Messrs. Dowse, Chamberlain, and Towler.

MINISTERIAL.

FLETCHER, REV. J.—On Thursday, Oct. 1, the recognition of Rev. J. Fletcher was celebrated. The school-room of Commercial Road chapel was handsomely decorated for tea, and was crowded with people in spite of a very rainy day. A. G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, who could not remain for the evening meeting, said some cheerful brotherly words by way of welcoming Mr. F. to the east of London. In the evening a large congregation assembled in the chapel. R. Johnson, Esq., took the chair, and a very enthusiastic meeting was held. Dr. Underwood, Dr. Burns, J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., and Revs. J. H. Atkinson, R. Y. Roberts, G. W. McCree delivered addresses. Mr. Quiney, the senior deacon, told how the church had been led to invite Mr. F., and what prosperity had attended his ministry since February last. Mr. F. responded, and spoke cheerfully

of the work before him. Our friends throughout the Connexion will rejoice in the manifold signs of progress appearing in this ancient church.

GREENWOOD, REV. J.—The public services of the Rev. J. Greenwood as minister of the Swadlincote church terminated Sept. 27th. After fifteen months of successful labour his being obliged to give up the work of the ministry here is universally regretted by the church and congregation. The services on the last Sabbath of his labour amongst us were largely attended, and many on those occasions were deeply affected. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 30, the officers of the church quietly placed in Mr. Greenwood's hands a sum of money—which, with subscriptions that came in afterwards made up nearly £9—as a parting token from the friends generally of the esteem in which he is held, and the sympathy felt for him. The members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, of which Mr. G. was president, have also presented him with an expression of their regard in the shape of a beautiful album with pearl covers, containing a suitable inscription and the photographs of the members. Mr. Greenwood's health having failed is the reason for his giving up the ministry in this place; and though it has greatly improved during the past few weeks, still he thinks it better to seek another sphere of labour where, with a purer air, his health may be established.

LAWTON, REV. W., will commence his ministry at Slack early in December.

MEANS, REV. J. C.—Increasing infirmities have led the Rev. J. C. Means to tender his resignation of the pastorship of Worship Street, London, which he has held for nearly twenty years. He will continue his services, as far as his strength allows, till his successor is appointed. The church is reduced in number; but the neighbourhood offers an important field of Christian labour to a young and earnest minister, who combines an evangelical spirit with a liberal temper. Communication can be made to Mr. Means, 21, New North Road, London, N.

PARKES, REV. G., for upwards of two years pastor of Northgate church, Louth, who has been laid aside for the past nine months through serious affliction, has, on the advice of his physician, felt compelled to resign his charge, much to the regret of his people, in whose affections he had found a lasting place.

PARKINSON, REV. J., of Hinckley, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at New Lenton, Nottingham, and commenced his labours there October 25th.

TOWLER, REV. G., of Isleham, having accepted the very cordial invitation to serve the church at Long Sutton, commenced his work there, Oct. 18.

BAPTISMS.

- BOSTON.**—Sept. 26, ten, by J. Jolly.
CHATTERIS.—Sept. 27, five, by H. B. Robinson.
CINDERBANK.—Oct. 4, four, by T. Lewis.
ILKESTON.—Oct. 11, six.
ISLEHAM.—Sept. 17, four, by G. Towler.
LONDON, Praed Street.—Sept. 30, one.
LOUTH, Northgate.—Sept. 29, two, by J. Lawton.
NAZEBOTTOM.—Sept. 12, four, by J. R. Godfrey.
NUNEATON.—Oct. 4, two, by J. Brown.
PETERBOROUGH.—Sept. 27, two, by T. Barrass.
PORTSEA.—Sept. 30, one, by R. Y. Roberts.
RIPLEY.—Sept. 13, three, by E. H. Jackson; two Independents and one Wesleyan.
SMALLEY.—Oct. 11, two, by W. Millington.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Sept. 30, three, by W. March.

MARRIAGES.

- DRAKE—GREEN.**—Oct. 15, at North Parade, Halifax, by Rev. I. Preston, John Armitage, son of Jonas Drake, Francis Street, to Maria Green, all of Halifax.
PLUMMER—COOPER.—Oct. 1, at Zion chapel, Burton-on-Trent, by Rev. J. Greenwood, Mr. Henry Plummer, of Swadlincote, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. Henry Cooper, builder, of Newhall.
SMITH—BALDWIN.—Sept. 3, at Ebenezer chapel, Burnley Lane, Burnley, by Rev. G. Needham, Mr. Jas. Smith, to Miss Mary Ellen Baldwin, both of Burnley Lane.

OBITUARIES.

CAULDWELL.—Mr. John Cauldwell, of Windley, died Jan. 26, 1874, aged seventy-six. He was baptized in the river Derwent, at Duffield, in 1818, and continued from that time till his death an upright and honourable member. For some years past he was afflicted with loss of sight; but he bore his affliction with patience and resignation; indeed, to use his own words, he strove to glorify God by patiently waiting for his end. His call home was somewhat sudden, for after retiring to rest in his usual health, he was found soon afterwards to have passed peacefully away.

JOLLY.—Oct. 14, at London House, Hemel Hempstead, after a short and painful illness, William J. Jolly, brother of John Jolly, Boston, aged thirty-four.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

PIPLEE CHAPEL.

WE renew our appeal for the chapel at Piplee. The foundations were laid two months ago, and immediately the rains cease the work will be pushed on as rapidly as possible. The architect, F. Bond, Esq., has generously given his services, and has promised to double the amount realized at Piplee. The native christians have given nobly, but the work is too great for them to bear the burden alone. The plan of the building is admirable, and to curtail any portion would be a grievous mistake. For seven years the church and congregation at Piplee have had to worship in a school-room, and preacher and people have often been put to great inconvenience.

At the commencement of the month £150 was still required; this sum has since been lessened by a dear friend who has sent his third donation.

We wish it were in our power to make the friends of the Mission realize the importance and magnitude of this object. Piplee is in the very centre of the holy land of Orissa. It is surrounded with shrines of the greatest celebrity. Scarcely a week passes without some festival being held in the locality; and all the pilgrims to Juggerniath from Bengal, Northern and Western India, pass within sight of all the Mission premises. We know of no centre for evangelistic work with such facilities as Piplee.

Shall the work be marred or stayed for want of funds? Our brother, Mr. Thomas Bailey, can only carry out the work according to the means placed at his disposal. Time is of great importance. Will our friends at once respond to the appeal? If information be desired the writer will be glad to furnish it by giving a Lecture in behalf of the object if friends will communicate with him.

The following additional contributions have been received:—

	£	s.	d.
R. Johnson, Esq. (third donation)	10	0	0
Mr. Spencer	0	10	0
J. S. Granger, Esq.	1	0	0
Miss Lumsden, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. Marcham, Tring	0	4	0

W. BAILEY.

BAPTIST MISSION WORK IN ROME AND OTHER PARTS OF ITALY.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—In a hasty note, which I wrote for the October *Observer* before leaving home, I promised to furnish additional information, gathered on the spot, of the progress and prospects of evangelistic work in Rome, with especial reference to the work of Mr. Wall and our own agent, Signor Grassi.

I could occupy every page of the *Observer* with details of the efforts of Baptists, Wesleyans, Waldensians, Free Italian Churches, Protestant Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Jewish Missions, schools and school teachers of every grade; and I should rejoice in the opportunity of giving honour to whom honour is justly due. In this educational work the municipality of Rome is worthy of much commendation. Provision is made in the communal schools for the education of every boy and girl between the ages of seven and twelve; and while the registers show a total of 15,064 children in these schools, the average daily attendance is reported for last year at 11,386. A few days since I saw the great annual gathering of scholars with their teachers on the Campadoglia, where prizes, certificates, medals, etc., were distributed by the municipal authorities, the loving fingers of the highest Roman ladies being busily engaged in pinning the medals to the dresses of both boys and girls, some having merited two, three, four, and even five of these insignia of merit. It was indeed a sight to cheer the eyes and warm the hearts of friends of youth, to see perhaps 12,000 children thus assembled with kind and many of them loving teachers, not a monkish cowl or a nunnish cap discernible in the vast crowd upon which I looked down from the windows of the Capitol, secretly praying that those gentle and placid looking little Romans might be gathered to the Saviour's fold by true christian teachers. There was one vast assemblage of orphans, from the Termini hospital, for whom smiles and tears were mingled as their band of boys played delightful music. This hospital is a great school of industry as well as letters, and last year the old monks and nuns, who had been allowed to continue in the schools as teachers, were discharged at twenty-four hours' notice, because they refused to accompany their scholars to the prize distribution; and now, it is said, the whole of these schools are under the papal ban of excommunication. Would that the Pope could have seen these thousands of children and teachers, surrounded by as many thousands of parents, brothers, and sisters, all their faces radiant with smiles, as the dear children of their recognition passed down a line opened through the crowd. From what I have seen of Roman children, I have been led to regard them as the most teachable and apt scholars I ever saw. There were also some from smaller schools in the crowd, who accepted prizes as thankfully as the children of adult growth.

But some may be asking, what has this to do with the work of Wall and Grassi and the other Evangelists? It has to do with the moral and social regeneration of Rome, and it is preparing the way for christian teaching, and laying additional obligations on christian people; and it is a mercy for those thousands of young Romans that they are being educated in spite of papal anathemas.

To-morrow the first Protestant church erected in Rome will be opened by the evangelical party, and another great building is in course of erection by the American Episcopalians.

I have been round to see the Wesleyan and other purchased palaces, which are or are to be converted into preaching and teaching places exclusively for Italians. I calculate that £100,000 sterling is or is about to be invested in various evangelistic and Protestant establishments; and Baptists have found more than a tenth of the amount. Dr. Taylor, representing the southern Baptists of America, has charge of an Italian Mission, and he has just opened, in the Piazza di Monte Citerio, a large preaching place, on the ground floor, just at the back of the general post-office, and facing the telegraph office, which was crowded last Sunday at the opening services, and hundreds went away unable to gain admittance. He has also schools under his charge, one in the

Trestivere, the lowest part of Rome. He has also the superintendence of evangelistic work and small churches at Bologna, Modena, Bari, and other provincial cities

Our dear brother Wall has entered upon his new locale—the palace—bought by good Mr. Kemp, of Rochdale, at the price of £10,000. This house for God is situated in the square, or Piazza San Lorenzo, in Lucina, No. 35, leading off from the Corso, at foot of Via Frattina. After four years of beating about under papal influences, in various quarters of Rome, here a settled and respectable home is secured for Mr. Wall, his family, and his work. The first floor gives accommodation, in addition to family requirements, for a library and study, a teaching room for young Evangelists, a room for stores of Scriptures, tracts, and other publications, and a temporary preaching room, to be opened to-morrow for church purposes, in anticipation of school room in course of preparation, which will communicate by two doors with the chapel about to be erected on ground now occupied as a garden, which, it is hoped, will be finished by about Christmas, and when done, with the adjoining school room, will accommodate from three to four hundred worshippers. Here is also accommodation for a shop for the sale of publications, and a printing press, which has been promised if friends will assist in providing types and other necessary materials for a small office. Best of all, there is a little church, “built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone,” ready to take possession of the “upper room” of the house. Mr. Wall calls this “The Apostolic Church of Rome,” as he is trying to frame its arrangements on the apostolic model. His designation is only another name for a Baptist church; in harmony with New Testament and ancient history, and with recent discoveries of baptistries and baptism frescoes in the catacombs and other excavations.

It is felt by many intelligent observers here that those thus guided by Scripture and historic precedent are in the best position for the contest with the “man of sin.” Would that the church knew but this “one baptism,” and began the contest from this stand point! The weakening influence of baby baptism, and error in the administration, is terribly felt here, where the papal church asserts the “power to decree rites and ceremonies in matters of faith.”

Here, then, Mr. WALL occupies the chief central station of the Baptist Mission; and our friend GRASSI labours in a station of great importance on the Monte, near to that famous Basilica where he formerly administered masses, received confessions, and officiated as a canon of the papal hierarchy. I have attended two of his services, and have seen the necessity for an enlargement of the preaching room, which the landlord is willing to do if the expense (about £20), and the payment of rent for a few years can be assured. Grassi preaches with great earnestness, and he has given me three MS. copies of sermons, which I hope to get translated for examination of our Missionary Committee, and, if found worthy, insertion in the Magazine.

I could go on adding to these particulars, but to shorten a long story, I make an offer to friends in the connexion, viz.: if chapel doors can be opened free of expense, and I can be favoured with a collection during the months of November and December, I will come any reasonable distance, and give any “live” congregation a trip round the world, with calls at Mission stations in Italy, India, etc., showing by a large map the way I went and the places where I halted. I am pledged to raise £100 for Mr. Wall’s new chapel (£25 has been paid), £100 for Mr. Gregson’s Havelock Memorial chapel at Agra (£270 already paid), and with £25 to help Grassi’s preaching room enlargement, £130 in all; for which I am prepared (D.V.) to “personally conduct” ten or twelve congregational parties round the world, on a new principle of voluntary offerings, instead of fares. Mary’s Gate, Derby, and Old Basford say, Come. If any others add the word “come,” and communicate with me at 63, Granby Street, Leicester, I will consider their invitation, and may tell them more about Rome.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

Rome, Oct. 17th, 1874.

THOMAS COOK.

THE JUGGERNATH CAR FESTIVAL AT BERHAMPORE.

THE Juggernath Festival has been held as usual. The principal day was Wednesday, July 15th; and great numbers of people, in their holiday attire, thronged the streets leading to the temple; but, as the cars were not ready, the procession had to be postponed till the following day. With the intention of using them in future years, two of the three cars were unusually strong, and for the first time the wheels, which are of solid wood, were girt with tires of English iron. In the construction of the cars, it is said that twelve hundred rupees have been expended, and it is certain that they must have cost a large sum. Still, I do not suppose for one moment that an increase in the contributions of the people is any evidence of their increased regard for Juggernath. Considering the augmented wealth of the native merchants, and the large salaries of the native officials, I have no doubt but that their subscriptions have been relatively smaller than in former years. Moreover, it is difficult to conceive of their reverence being much less than it is, and the whole affair appears to amount to a piece of fun in the name of religion. Juggernath is, of course, the hero of the occasion—is called the “great god,” the “lord of the world,” and so forth; but in reality he receives very little *real* homage, and is often made the theme for a joke or filthy observation. The language used by the charioteer in urging the people forward with the car is filthy in the extreme—so filthy that no native would repeat it in my hearing. “It is vile abuse of the god,” said one man; “but how can I repeat it in the presence of a sahib?” If it is so bad, I said, that you cannot, for very shame, repeat it in *my* presence, how can the charioteer utter it in the presence of the God? “Oh! he has no sense of shame,” was his reply. In preaching, we met with not a few who defended the worship of Juggernath on the ground of *custom*. Others that it was a mere representation of the invisible, “just as you have the image of the Virgin Mary or the photographs of friends to bring the absent and invisible to remembrance.” Photographs, it was observed, are *likenesses* to be looked at, and not worshipped; “and if,” said Tama, “this wooden image is a likeness of your god, he is incomplete and unfinished, having neither hands nor feet, and therefore, as he is imperfect, he cannot be God.”

As a rule, Juggernath and his two companions reach the end of their journey on the second or third day, but this year four days were required. And on Saturday evening, just at the finish, an accident happened, which terminated fatally. The poor unfortunate man was a carpenter, who for three or four months had been employed in constructing the car that caused his death. At the time the accident occurred he was sitting on one of the axles, and his duty was to block the wheels when the car was running off the road or against a house. As he was endeavouring to remove the scotch he lost his balance and fell down. At the same instant the hundreds of men at the ropes dragged the car forward, when the wheels passed over his arms and legs, which they pounded in a most frightful manner. The poor man was at once taken to the hospital, but he never recovered consciousness, and died early the next morning. That his death was the result of a pure accident there is every reason to believe, nor do I see how anybody can be held responsible for it. If there is blame anywhere, it rests with the government for allowing such ponderous, unwieldy vehicles to be dragged through narrow streets crowded with people. As I saw the car, now running on this side and now on that, my fears were excited lest an accident should happen. To me the wonder is that one man only was crushed to death. It is true that the police have orders to take every precaution against accidents, but with unmanageable cars drawn by hundreds of men through crowded streets accidents seem inevitable. And, indeed, even to employ the police in connection with the festival makes it appear to the natives as though the government had taken Juggernath under its special care and direction, and gives the whole affair an *eclat* which it would not otherwise possess. The accident to the carpenter brought the proceedings to a sudden termination, and the brethren in their addresses tried to turn the event to good account. To many people the conduct of the “lord of the world” in running over his chief carpenter appeared inexplicable, and their faith in his mercy and divinity appeared greatly shaken. Others, however, have endeavoured to account for the event in a variety of ways, and amid other solutions of the difficulty the following have been offered:—

1. That having this year received a new body or image, Juggernath wished to display his power in an unusual manner.

2. That in building his car the carpenter had given a deal of trouble, and therefore Juggernath determined to punish him.

3. That as Subudhra's, his sister's, car was such a shabby affair, his brotherly indignation was aroused, and he determined to resent the indignity.

4. That as his car was so superior to what it had been in former years, Juggernath was so pleased with it that he determined to reward his carpenter with deliverance or salvation publicly in the bazaar.

5. That in removing the emblems of his divinity from the old image to the new, the god's permission had not been asked, and therefore he had vindicated his authority.

6. That as the streets were so clean in comparison with what they were in former years, Juggernath was quite bewildered, and while in this state of aberration he ran over his carpenter.

7. That he was indignant because the people did not present more offerings of plantains and cocoa-nuts.

8. That he had been troubled and annoyed at the rats being allowed to make a nest in his belly.

In answer to a question as to how it was that Juggernath sat still in his car and ran over his carpenter, an old man replied, "The gods, like the people, have all become false and deceivers, and in the present day neither gods nor people can be trusted."

Soda Sebo, the young brahmin of whose baptism I wrote you some time ago, accompanied us to the festival, and spoke very nicely. His presence among us excited no little curiosity, and he was "made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." Only a few weeks ago he was regarded as wise and honourable, but now he was a fool for Christ's sake—despised, reviled, defamed, made as the filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things." Such remarks were thrown into his face as, "That's he;" "He's become a christian;" "So you are turned flesh-eater;" "How much pay do you get?" "You've mixed up with them, have you?" "We'll listen to the sahib, but we wont hear you;" "Who was your father, who supported you from your infancy?" "Upon your father and mother you have brought eternal infamy!" "What a wretch to leave his parents! What kind of a religion is that?" "Don't listen to a renegade." Other epithets were used, which I must not mention. Sebo, and his conduct in becoming a christian, were of course defended. They would not blame, they were told, a man for choosing the highway who had been lost in the jungle, and all Sebo had done was to forsake the mazes of heathenism for the highway of christianity. "Ah!" said some, "it was written on his forehead, i.e., it was his fate to become a christian." "But how can we," said an old man, "who have been hindoos all our lives, become christians?" To this Sebo replied by explaining the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, where, by the *mercy* of the master, all received the same. The more I see of the young man, the more I feel thankful to God for bringing him amongst us. Should he remain humble, and continue in the way of righteousness, I trust that, by his example and teaching, he may be instrumental in bringing many of his countrymen into the fold of Christ. He is now engaged by Mr. Smith as his pundit; but he was telling me yesterday that he should like to be engaged in the work of the ministry, and for which he has qualifications both natural and acquired. May he also be enriched with those spiritual gifts, without which everything else is vain.

Berhampore, July 27th, 1874.

W. HULL.

LEGACY BY THE LATE GEO. COCKLE, Esq., OF CAMBRIDGE.

An intimation has been received from the Executors that the above gentleman bequeathed a legacy of three hundred pounds to the General Baptist Missionary Society, "and as a memorial of my late dear wife, Eliza Cockle, the further sum of one hundred pounds;" together, four hundred pounds. Half of the amount, less legacy duty, will be paid at once, and the balance on the death of a lady to whom an annuity has been granted.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY REV. W. MILLER TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, Sept. 5th, 1874.

BROTHER Barrass's letter, enclosed in yours, expressive of the sympathy of the Association under our recent trial, filled our hearts with mingled emotions of surprise, gratitude, and sorrow. To have the sympathy and prayers of so many in England, as well as in this country, is indeed a great and unexpected privilege, and for which we feel devoutly thankful to the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort." Truly, if human sympathy could heal sorely stricken hearts, ours long before this would have been made whole. I am thankful to be able to say that I am feeling better than I did some time ago, and hope the approaching cold season (D.V.) may set me up. Last Sabbath but one I preached for the first time in the new chapel. Though unable to preach, I have been permitted, to some extent, to attend to other duties. For some weeks, among other things, I have had in hand the translation of "Stories and Pictures of Church History;" a work by the Tract Society, which will be an interesting addition to our Oriya christian literature.

Brother Buckley would inform you of Babu Sudanundu's death; I was with him more than an hour the morning of the day on which he died. He did not then seem so near the end. He expressed himself very nicely in reference to his unshaken confidence in the Saviour, how he had committed his all into His hands, and his bright hope in reference to the future. As he had not made his will, I engaged to have one written out and bring it in the afternoon for his signature, etc.; but, alas! when I got there he was too far gone to be able to sign it. His wishes in regard to the disposal of his property will be carried out; which were that his daughter-in-law and her children should have it. I am very sorry that brother Hill feels it necessary to return to England before the next hot season. Could he have stayed another year, and allowed sister Hill and Arty to have gone without him, it would have been well. I don't see how Mrs. Buckley can possibly carry on much longer. Indeed, she is now so ill that the doctor has ordered her off to Naraj, a place six miles away on the banks of the river.

We hope to have a baptism of ten candidates to-morrow morning; they are mostly from the Female Asylums. I have had two very interesting inquirers to see me from the heathen. One is a gooroo, with a large number of disciples. His knowledge of christianity is very correct and extensive, and derived from the preaching of the gospel, as well as study of New Testament and tracts.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

THE reports from the several districts in India and China are, upon the whole, favourable. In the South Ceylon District, where the Singhalese language is used, the tabular returns are nearly the same as last year; and it is gratifying to observe that the large increase which had been previously reported, as a result of the revival with which that district had been favoured, has been maintained. Considerable improvements have been made in the Mission property. An offer has been made by the Committee to grant £1,000 in four years as special aid from the General Fund, provided £2,000 were raised locally within the same period, for the extension of the work within the district. This offer has produced a marked effect in stimulating native contributors, who need to be reminded, not in Ceylon only or specially, but throughout our older Missions, of the duty and privilege of aiming at eventual self-support. A similar offer had previously been made to the North Ceylon, or Tamil-speaking district, where the effect has been equally beneficial; the native ministers, assembled in district meeting, express their "deepest gratitude to the Parent Committee for the very liberal offer, and heartily and unanimously pledge themselves to perform their part in raising the stipulated sum," while the English missionaries state that the offer "has put new life into every branch and department of our work." From North Ceylon there is an urgent entreaty for a yet further reinforcement of gifted and devoted young missionaries—two excellent brethren have been

despatched to that district during the year—while the work is represented as extending in an unprecedented degree, to the downfall of pagan superstition, and the encouragement of the faithful. In the Madras district, occupying a large section of the south-east of the continent, are some of the oldest of the Society's stations in the East; and here, after a period of comparative stagnation, the report is more encouraging than for several years past. In Madras itself there has been a gracious revival; in most of the Circuits there are conversions, or other tokens of spiritual progress. There is a net increase in the district of 449 scholars and of 100 members of Society—a large increase for India; the schools were never in a state of greater efficiency; increased attention is being given to the training of a native agency; and the district meeting, recently held, was "eminently harmonious," the brethren returning to their several stations with renewed determination to spend and be spent for the conversion of souls and the glory of God. In the Mysore district, where Canarese is the language spoken, the year has been one of severe trial and difficulty. Two English brethren have died, and three others have been obliged to return, temporarily at least, to England; so that the stations have been undermanned. It is also mentioned that the conduct of the native members has not been in all cases satisfactory, although, upon examination, some of them have displayed a surprising acquaintance with christian doctrine. Two Canarese brethren, well approved, have been set apart to the work of the ministry; amid all trials there has been an increase in both members and scholars during the year; and the brethren on the ground have learned that the Lord can work by many or by few; yet, looking at the fields white unto the harvest, predict a glorious reaping time, if only patient and diligent cultivation be bestowed by an adequate number of competent labourers. The Calcutta district includes, besides the English and native work in Calcutta itself, the neighbouring city of Bancoorah and the distant and (as far as Methodist agency is concerned) isolated city of Lucknow. From this district an increase of sixty members is reported, while the number of scholars has been doubled. The advanced price of food was rendering the pecuniary position more difficult; but the Society has no stations in or near the area directly affected by the famine. Notwithstanding this fact, the Committee decided, as an expression of sympathy with the suffering people, to send a donation of £100 to the Famine Relief Fund.

RECENT MISSIONARY SERVICES.

BARTON, BARLESTONE, &c.—The Juvenile Missionary Service at Barton Fabis was held on Monday, Sept. 21st. Connected with this ancient church are several branches, and the schools form one organization. The annual meeting is looked forward to with great interest, and is made quite a holiday in the locality. The place of meeting this year was Barlestone. At two o'clock the children, from a radius of five or six miles, came trooping in, some in waggons and others on foot. Most of the scholars wore rosettes of various colours; a few of the young men wore bright coloured scarfs; and banners were in great profusion and variety. The chapel, at two p.m., presented a most animating sight; there was no mistake about the enthusiasm of the children, and their interest in the Orissa Mission. The reports were read by Mr. Thomas Deacon, jun. The more successful collectors were heartily cheered; and there was continued cheering when it was announced that the sum realized during the year exceeded £47. Mr. Bailey, the deputa-

tion, gave an address on incidents of travel in Egypt and India, and a graphic description of a holiday he had spent with the famine orphan girls at Piplee in Orissa. Tea was provided for the children in the open-air; and it was intended to make a procession through the village; the rain, however, prevented this. A public meeting was held in the evening, when Mr. Bailey gave a lecture on India to a large and appreciative audience. If the teachers in some of our schools in the midland counties would like to have their zeal stirred in connection with Juvenile Missionary organization, we would recommend them to visit the Barton meeting. Barton Fabis, although only a small hamlet in the county of Leicester, has a history connected with work at home and abroad. From this church seven missionaries have been sent to Orissa. Three have finished their work—one found a resting-place on the banks of the Ganges, another on the banks of the Mahanuddy, and a third beneath the shadow of the mountain range at Berhampore. One of

the four that remains, Mrs: Buckley, has been engaged in female education in India for thirty-three years.

BIRCHCLIFFE AND HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—Birchcliffe, Sept. 27, Rev. W. Bailey (returned missionary) preached two interesting sermons, and also addressed a meeting of the friends and young people; and on the Monday evening we had a missionary meeting in the new school-room, when Mr. Bailey and two or three neighbouring ministers sustained the interest of the meeting till half-past nine. The proceeds of the anniversary are highly satisfactory, £47 having been raised by collections and subscriptions. On the evening following the same deputation attended a meeting at Heptonstall Slack (the sermons having been preached on the 20th by the Rev. J. Lawton, of Louth). The collections at Slack and the two branch chapels amounted to the sum of £11 Os. 3d. The subscriptions are forwarded in the spring. **W. GRAY.**

TODMORDEN VALE.—It may not be known to your readers that there are in the romantic Vale of Todmorden no less than five General Baptist Churches—Shore, a little way up the hill side, Vale, Lydgate, Lineholme, and Todmorden. The extremities are about two miles and a quarter from each other. It may be encouraging to the friends of the Foreign Mission to know that the missionary spirit has greatly revived in this vale during the last three years. As a proof

we may state that three years ago the entire sum raised by the above five churches for foreign missionary purposes was only £27 5s. 6d., and that this year they have raised £89 9s. 7½d. Our annual services were held in October. Brethren W. Bailey, and Griffiths of Tarporley, were the deputation, and their sermons and addresses were all that we could desire; earnest, interesting, and practical. The whole of the ministerial brethren in the district have also rendered efficient service. There is still room for improvement, but we are moving upward, and hope to go on. A sermon was preached at each chapel on Sunday, Oct. 11, and two public meetings were held, one at Shore on the Tuesday, and another at Todmorden on the Wednesday night. The churches reported as follows; expenses to be deducted:—

	£	s.	d.
Shore	27	17	4½
Vale	12	6	6
Lydgate	7	5	7
Lineholme	15	0	0
Todmorden	27	0	2
Total	£89	9	7½

These sums include the monies contributed to the W. and O Fund. Wishing our Society every encouragement, and that the fire on the missionary altar may not only never go out, but burn with an ever intenser heat. In behalf of the brethren,
W. CHAPMAN.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE.—W. Hill, July 30; Aug. 5; Sep. 3.
" J. H. Smith, Aug. 6.
CUTTACK.—W. Brooks, Aug. 8.
" J. Buckley, Aug. 7.

CUTTACK.—W. Miller, Sep. 5.
" J. G. Pike, July 21, 28; Aug. 8, 29.
PIPLEE.—T. Bailey, Aug. 5.
" Mrs. Bailey, Aug. 12.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from August 18th to October 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Legacy—Mrs. Newman, of Berkhamstead, per Mr. W. Newman and Mr. G. Catherall, Executors ..	90	0	0	Heptonstall Slack	10	8	0
Birchcliffe	47	7	0	Leeds—North Street	6	0	0
Boston, America—A Friend, for Native Preachers	10	0	0	Leicester—Archdeacon Lane—Mr. T. Cook and friends for Rome	4	11	0
Bradford, Tetley Street	18	5	2	Leicester, Dover Street—Mrs. Livens, for Orphan	6	0	0
Caversham, near Reading—E. West, Esq.	5	0	0	Lineholme	14	10	0
Chatham—Rev. T. Rofe	1	10	0	London—Major Farran	1	0	0
Clenchwarton, near Lynn—Mrs. Ratcliffe	1	0	0	Longton	0	5	2
Denholme	5	6	8	Lydgate	7	5	7
Desford	0	10	0	Melbourne and Ticknall	10	17	1
Fleckney—Mr. G. Coltman, for Piplee Chapel	0	1	0	Shore	26	2	4
				Todmorden	25	15	2
				Vale	11	9	6
				Woodlesford, near Leeds	1	1	0

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

It will oblige if Post Office Orders for the Secretary be made payable at the "KING RICHARD'S ROAD" Office, Leicester.

THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1874.

THE DECEASE OF MR. CHARLES VINCE :

A Discourse delivered in Lombard Street Chapel, on Sunday evening, Nov. 1, 1874,

BY E. C. PIKE, B.A.

“And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.”—Acts vi. 15.

“And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.”—Acts viii. 2.

AN able modern writer calls the death of Stephen “a bright passage in the earliest history of the church.” And he does so because of the blessed contrast it presents to the previous death scenes amongst Christ’s followers of which we have any account. “The first apostle who died was a traitor. The first disciples of the Christian apostles whose deaths are recorded were liars and hypocrites.” In the first days of the church there gathered round a noisome gloom which must have proved fatal to her existence had she possessed less than the vigour of a divine life. That gloom was broken when Stephen, a man of like passions with ourselves, met death, not like Judas or Ananias, but after the manner of Christ Himself, and calmly committed his spirit into the Saviour’s hands. The remains were borne to the grave by devout men, many of whom probably were outside the communion to which the martyr belonged. It was a time of sore lamentation; but there was gain as well as loss even for the church in the hour of trial. The Christian brotherhood could ill spare so bright an ornament and so powerful an advocate; yet, though they lost him in his prime, it was no slight alleviation to be able to point the world to the completed life, as a proof of what the grace of Christ could do, and as an illustration of what the new religion really was.

We have just lost one in this town whom we could ill spare. Our leaders are not so many that we can afford to part with them at fifty years of age; and a ministry of twenty-two years’ duration seems but a little while for those whom we prize the most. We deeply feel the loss we have sustained, and we are conscious that we shall feel it more as the dream-like experience of the past few days hardens into reality. We have said that our loss is his gain, and to many of us heaven seems richer for this newly-opened grave. May we not go a step further and acknowledge that there is some gain even for the bereaved disciples on earth as well as gain behind the veil? When we think of the shams and treacheries and disgraces from which the church in our age is not free, and of all “the faithless coldness of the times,” is it not gain to be able to point to the stainless life-history of an energetic Christian man, wrought out and completed before the public eye? He who has con-

quered and kept Christ's works unto the end has left a rich legacy of holy influence which will prove helpful to the brethren left behind in their conflict for the faith against sin.

The last time he whose departure we lament was in this chapel was on the occasion of our Foreign Missionary meeting a year ago last spring. I remember that he then deprecated the practice of speaking too exclusively about the deeds of worthies who lived many years ago, lest people should imagine that it was because they had left no successors, that the age of heroes was past, and that the church had lost her old power. Then he spoke at some length concerning heroic mission work in our own day in Japan. We may adopt the sentiment now, and refer to a life of arduous and faithful service lived before our very eyes. We glorify God in our friend as we recall to mind his abundant labours and his high character. In him we saw sturdy integrity blended with a winning gentleness of disposition. He knew not to give flattering titles unto man, yet kind words perpetually dropped from his lips, and kind deeds were their natural counterpart. He had courage to rebuke the wrong-doer to his face, and generosity to cover the memory of the fault. He could be keenly sarcastic; but it seemed as if the instrument which inflicted the wound brought along with it the healing oil. When in the press of matters he was obliged to refuse requests, the manner of refusal was more pleasant than an assent from some men would be; and if at any time he disappointed what seemed just expectation, one might go a long way to find the person who could cherish a feeling even of mild resentment long.

It will occur to all that our departed friend was an eminently large-hearted man. He had broad sympathies, and none could say more sincerely and earnestly than he, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He highly valued Christian union, and strongly insisted that it could never be attained by those who placed uniformity first. He had a quick ear for the harmonies which strive to prevail amongst the discords of earth, and a keen eye to discover the multiform beauties of God's works and man's. The lowliest flower and the sublimest mountain had interest for him, and nothing of the rich variety of creation's stores was lost upon him, for he had a delicate appreciation of everything beautiful. He saw the best in nature, and he saw the best in men. It was a delight to him to recognise good in those from whom he differed most, and when he found germs of truth even in systems which he felt bound to denounce he so revelled in the discovery that he seemed for the moment to forget the evil part. It was no consolation to him to think that those whose opinions he deemed pernicious were influenced by bad motives; on the contrary, he was thankful to be persuaded of their sincerity.

He dwelt in the light. His was a sunny nature, and when in health the countenance was a true witness of the man. It would be difficult to look upon his face and suppose Christianity fitted to make people dull and morose, as some absurdly imagine. Doubtless one secret of our friend's power was the good humour which beamed forth upon all who saw him, winning a confidence which the warm heart within never belied. Whether addressing a large audience or conversing with a friend, there was a kindly, genial air which was irresistible; and in his best moments, to use the fine simile of the text, observers might see "his face as it had been the face of an angel." For—

“— looking upward, full of grace
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.”

Those who have heard him speak from pulpit or platform know how firmly he was wont to grasp a subject, and how singularly felicitous he was in the choice of figures to illustrate it. There was a homeliness in many of the emblems he employed which, whilst never degenerating into anything vulgar, touched chords in the hearts of “the common people.” He was a man of the people, and all classes could enjoy his ministry, for he spoke to the common nature of all. The rich and the poor met together, the educated and the illiterate profited, grave men and school-boys alike felt the charm of the preacher's style. He was emphatically a messenger of God's love to man. In a letter I received from him some years ago there occurs this sentence, “Don't be afraid of telling the old story too often. It wears better than we ministers are apt at all times to think.” The last text from which he discoursed was in beautiful harmony with the aim of his ministry, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” He did not tire of the old story, and his way of telling it was well fitted to gain the attention and enchain the affections of his hearers.

A Christian—our friend regarded the principles of Christianity as intended to be acted upon in all the relationships of life: a preacher of the gospel—he believed that there were substantial blessings flowing from it for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. In any civic or political strife he was sure to be found on the side where he believed freedom and justice to be. His warm sympathy was easily enlisted on behalf of suffering men, and in the benevolent institutions of the town he took to the last a very deep and tender interest. With all his heart he advocated the truth as he had learned it, but he could not stoop to accept the patronage of any secular power for its propagation, and he protested against the existence of such favouritism anywhere. He had enough confidence in truth to trust it to the loving hearts of those who valued it, and he could never be party to compelling any one to pay the smallest sum for teaching that of which he disapproved. There was no principle for the regulation of human conduct dearer to his heart than this, “As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

Thus have we tried to glance at a few features of one well known to some of us, and admired by all. He is gone from us, leaving a great void in the ranks of the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Not only in the large membership of that church of which he was pastor, but also in the churches of his own and other denominations in this town and throughout the country, and beyond its bounds, the sense of personal loss is very great. The vast concourse of veritable mourners who followed him to his grave, and the vaster number of silent and sorrowful spectators all along the way the funeral procession took, have borne a tribute of esteem and love the like of which it is seldom given to a man to win. To what purpose, however, has this glance been taken, unless we are to become the better for looking? Surely that which has appealed so strongly to our hearts should not be lost upon our lives. It is not simply the desire to contribute one wreath to the many placed upon Charles Vince's tomb which has induced this discourse, but also the desire that this great sorrow should be fruitful in blessing to our souls and to our work. If

God be speaking to us now—and can we doubt that He is?—let us not be deaf to the voice.

1. And first, as to the aim we have in life. Let us examine into that. Have we any beyond the gratification of self, and the desire to get through with as little trouble as possible? The usefulness of a career such as we have been considering is a loud protest against the aimless, listless kind of existence with which too many are satisfied, though it is not worthy to be dignified with the name of life. The protest is also as emphatic against the restless pursuit of pleasure, or gold, or popular applause, or any of the vanities after which men of the world madly race. The aim of him who has gone from us was higher and nobler than any of these. It is well for us now to ask ourselves deliberately what we mean our lives to be. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," was the exclamation of a base, bad man who showed no concern to live the life of the righteous. If we say we wish for a good ending, we shall best prove our sincerity by making a good beginning. It is when a heavenly radiance has streamed from the life that the devout most fittingly bewail the removal of their comrade by death. We who have ranged ourselves with the friends of Christ have need every now and then to review our position, and see that the object we set before ourselves is distinct. As the lettering upon the tombstone long exposed to wintry rains and winds becomes illegible, and needs to be cleaned and re-cut, so the inscription on the tablet of the heart gets worn and caked up by exposure to the wear and tear of daily life, and there is need to carve the high resolve again—we *must* do it, for it is in memory of our Saviour and our Lord. We have sworn loyalty to Him, and in this solemn hour He reminds us of our vows, and summons us to a re-consecration, that each of us may be able to say, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And it is not simply that we may ourselves be saved, but that we may be instrumental in saving others. The Son of man said that He had come to seek and to save that which was lost. They who have His Spirit have before them this object. Is it most distinctly ours?

2. As to the energy with which we should pursue our aim this solemn event has something to say to us. Our age is remarkable for speed. This is seen in many ways. How wonderful is the energy of man! The Christian minister, like other men, has to spend his life-force at a more rapid rate. There are penalties for this high pressure. Overwrought powers give way, whether in secular or in spiritual pursuits. We are warned against any wanton waste of power, and not to neglect the use of safeguards that may be within reach. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." This invitation, which Christ gave to His disciples more than eighteen hundred years ago, has a very real significance in this bustling nineteenth century. There may be some warning for us of this sort in what seems to us the premature decease of our loved friend; but none the less does that removal say, "Work while it is called the day; the night cometh when no man can work." Our life will be measured less by the years we spend than by the things we accomplish. The work we do, its quality first and next its quantity, will determine the value of our living here. To get hold of the pattern which the Master approves, and then to work at it with fidelity and zeal, should be our endeavour. Men of the world often shame us by their energy. They have their works to show. What have *we* done?

“ We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

Ah, what have we done? When we reflect on the small amount of work that after all is accomplished—when we see the wide-spread ruin and misery which sin has caused in the world, and the little that is done to counteract its influence—when we think of the grand and gracious design of the gospel, and the multitudes as yet untouched by it—every labourer removed hence seems to be a loss we cannot afford. And when one of pre-eminent usefulness is taken away, we realize the more how very small comparatively the company of true-hearted workers is. “The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;” and death ever and anon makes them fewer. As the small band is weakened, those who are left should learn to toil with, if possible, redoubled energy. It is no time to bate one jot of effort when the good and brave fall in the fight; rather should we strive to be worthy successors of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. In the terrible time of the French Revolution, near the close of last century, historians tell us that the deputies of the Gironde went to the place of execution singing the *Marseillaise* hymn. Arrived on the fatal ground, in view of the murderous guillotine, they still raised the stirring strain which expressed the stern attitude of revolutionary France, and kindled thousands of hearts to a high pitch of enthusiasm. They sang on as one after another of their band fell beneath the glittering knife: every minute the singers became fewer, but on went the song until the last had to sing it alone, and then his voice, too, was hushed in death. It is the Christian’s duty to display the like unconquerable spirit to the last man. What if we had fallen upon evil times, and dark apostacy were to set in, so that there were none to take the places of the faithful as they died, you and I might still count with certainty on the day of resurrection for the good old cause. We hope and believe in a brighter prospect near at hand. Yet let us not mistake—victory is not secured by wishes and dreamings, but in the hard tug of war. The call to us is urgent. “Quit you like men, be strong.”

3. A word as to the source of strength for the attainment of the object we have in view. If the ranks of good labourers show great gaps, and the number left seem terribly few, that should send us with renewed importunity to the throne of grace, that the Lord of the harvest may send forth labourers into His harvest. We owe the men we prize the most to Him. The stedfastness of their principles, the energy of their characters, the graces which have adorned their lives, the powers which have rendered them conspicuous above their fellows, are all the gifts of God. May it not be that He would remind us of this fact? We must not glory in men. God may mean to teach us this, and to call back our wayward hearts from a too passionate admiration of what He has bestowed, leading to forgetfulness of the Giver. And it is all important we should remember Him: for once let faith rest on a merely human basis and its fall is sure. The quicksand is not more treacherous than is such a foundation. Our faith must be in God; and then, whether gifted men prove faithless and become castaways, or the great and good succumb to the spoiler death, our confidence remains. The earthly leaders may fall on the field, but the Captain of our salva-

tion still lives. No arrow can reach Him. The pierced side is proof against all the foe can do. There are no more wounds for Him. He has borne the worst, and is still mighty to save. Changes there may be all around, and death where we most wish to see life; but "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever." We have to learn that He who has raised up one to serve Him with conspicuous success can raise up others. Let us betake ourselves to His mercy seat, and plead with Him on behalf of His own cause. We have divine warrant for presenting importunate and persistent prayer. "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence; and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

If our sorrows do but bring us closer to God, what cause for thankfulness there will one day be! It seems as if at such a time as this there was a call to each individual soul amongst the children of God to come into the secret place of the Most High, and to abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Blessed is he who hears the call and obeys. This man shall know how to exclaim with all the ancient fervour, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust." And that means, not immunity from danger merely, but the calm strength of a heart which shall brave all discouragements and beat down all difficulties.

It is a dark day, and lamentation is inevitable, unless we school ourselves into a stoical indifference which is as foreign to Christianity as it is destructive of half man's nature. "Jesus wept." And it is well to sorrow when one sees the humiliation and the woes which sin has caused in our world. We do sorrow—we are not ashamed of our tears—they require no excuse—yet we sorrow not as others who have no hope. Ours is no immoderate grief. We see triumph even when the humiliation is most profound. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is a dark day, yet the divine hand is in this thing. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." We must bow to His will. We might as well attempt to bind the whirlwind, or to stop the stars of heaven in their courses, as raise our hand in puny revolt against His fiat. "The keys of death and of the invisible world" are in divine custody. We can alter nothing, but we can bow submissively. We cannot remove the trial, but we can reap a blessing through bearing it well. It matters a great deal to us how we comport ourselves. It is not forced submission which profits, but the humble and reverent confidence in God which His goodness warrants us in cherishing, which ministers to good. The keys are in the Saviour's hands. Is He not worthy to hold them? We need have no fear that the arm of the Conqueror of death will fail, or that the heart which brake on Calvary will be less loving than it was. He holds the stars in His right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks to-day. If our lives are to be so transfused with a heavenly radiance that men shall be impressed by the sight, it can only be through communion with Christ. Devout men may lament when the course of such an one is finished; but the light will linger upon earth after God has wiped the tears of the mourners away, and *yonder* it will shine with brighter lustre for evermore. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

THE BAPTIST UNION ; BAPTISTS GENERALLY ; AND GENERAL BAPTISTS IN PARTICULAR.

THE discussion which has recently taken place on "The Baptist Union and General Baptists" in the columns of the *Freeman* and *Baptist* newspapers demands a brief notice in the pages of our Magazine. Our friend, Mr. J. C. Pike, is apparently dissatisfied with the share of the General Baptists in the work of the Baptist Union. The *Freeman*, in an able article, endorses his opinion. Mr. Millard, in a style scarcely overdone with the customary courtesy of a secretary, flings back the retort, "It may be so ; but if it is, it's all your own fault, and therefore you've no right to complain." Following this encounter, the genial offices of the Editor of the *Baptist* are exercised in a spirit of special kindness to us in "particular," and characterised by commendable fairness in "general," throughout a lengthy leader which expounds the main bearings of the question. These are the principal facts of the case up to the date of our writing. On several points we wish to say a word.

I. And first, we think a preliminary question, something like this, should be asked at the outset. Ought General Baptists, as *General* Baptists, to be considered at all in the selection of the members of the Committee of the Union, or in the arrangements made for the public meetings held at the Spring and Autumnal Sessions? Do we enter the great federation as Baptists, or as *General* Baptists? Are we enrolled as an Association, or as Churches? In what character do we take our place in this fraternal Union? Without question, as *Baptist* Churches. In no sense as *General* Baptists, or as a *General* Baptist Association. The basis of fellowship is constituted without a particle, even the slightest, of reference to difference of doctrine and of church polity obtaining amongst the Baptist Churches of Great Britain and Ireland. The platform of the Union is accord in two ideas as to the meaning of the ordinance of baptism; (1.) that baptism is the personal act of a believer in Christ, and (2.) that the mode of baptism is immersion. Other differences are taken no account of. Churches may have fonts, may practise sprinkling, and yet be in the Union; others may have Pædobaptist deacons, and yet be in the Union; others may make baptism the door of the church, and yet be in the Union. In fact the Society exists expressly as the common meeting-ground of Baptists of every hue and colour, and of every diversity of type. Therefore, so far as the terms of fraternization are concerned, it would be quite as fair to elect the Committee-men, writers of papers, and orators, according to the colour of the hair or the number of teeth, as to proceed on the principle of choosing A, because he is a Strict Baptist; B, on the ground that he is rather loose; C, because he is very general; and D, because he is not general enough. A man joins a Liberal club. He is a Liberal in politics, but he is a Tory in science: is he therefore eligible or ineligible for a share in the work of the club? Every one will admit that his stupidity in a scientific direction ought not to be allowed to overweight him where he is wise and far-seeing. As Baptist Churches, we General Baptists are in the Union—a part of it,—fervently desire its prosperity, and are willing to do all in our power to secure it; but as *General* Baptists we have no place in the Union, and ask for nothing, absolutely nothing.

Moreover, consideration should be extended to a Committee bearing the serious responsibility of speaking in the name of all the Baptists of this vast empire. It is not every one can be trusted to do that. The labours of the Committee, everybody knows, are Herculean; require unerring tact, far-seeing sagacity, and equilibrium of judgment not easily attained. Autumnal Sessions are not drilling grounds for inexperience. Public meetings must have men who will "draw," who have already gained the ear of the "public," and have not to preen their wings for the first flights of their oratory. Such men are few. We have often heard the complaint, not from *General* Baptists, but from others, that the same names appear on the lists year after year. But we maintain this does credit to the wisdom of the Union, although it suggests an astonishing poverty of power. Take away twenty men, and the Baptist Union is dumb. Societies can only work with the materials they have; and no one expects them to employ any other principle of choice than that of preferring the best, always and exclusively the best. Never may the day come when the Baptist Union shall be obliged to look over its various sections and arrange its programme for the sake of putting side by side every distinctively "labelled" Baptist within its wide domains, instead of selecting its Committee and doing all its work with the view of securing the highest degree of efficiency. Certainly, if asked to take part in Union work in any capacity as a *General* Baptist, and to represent *General* Baptists, we should again, as before, respectfully decline. In that special character the Union should know nothing of us. Will not, then, our dear friend, Mr. Pike, hush his complainings, and join us in the lament that "able men" are so scarce, and that our contingent furnishes no more power than it does to the impoverished army?

II. So far the special question that gave rise to this discussion. But the *Baptist* has ventured upon an assertion of some gravity, whose truthfulness we are compelled very distinctly to challenge. The Editor more than insinuates that some of us have forsaken the faith of our fathers and founders and become "Calvinistic." If we have, it is desirable to know it. If not, it is as well the truth should be got at, and mis-statements stopped. All we care for here is the truth of the assertion. He says, "There are those in the smaller denomination who are more Calvinistic than many in the larger, and those in the larger, consequently, who are more Arminian than many in the smaller." Much might be written on this singular sentence. (1.) The "consequently" here seems a little astray: it wants putting back into the dictionary. (2.) "Calvinistic" and "Arminian," too! What do the words mean precisely? What ideas do they stand for? The words are like dusty lenses, and want well cleaning before you can see clearly through them. But as we must put some meaning to them before we can talk about them, and the Editor of the *Baptist* does not help us in this, we take the word "Calvinistic" as denoting a scheme of salvation restricted or limited in some way or other by *God*, by decrees, by election, or by the ministry of the Spirit. That, it seems to us, is at the core of the word when used in any fair theological sense; and "Arminian," "consequently," will signify its opposite, that is, a salvation restricted by no Divine decree, by no foregoing election, by no withholding of the

convincing work of the Holy Spirit. (3.) Keeping this in view we look at the word "those." It is one of "those" awkward pronouns that refer to antecedents, and of which our beloved College tutor used to bid us beware, because they were robbers of the strength and sense of style. Who are "those?" Church members? Deacons? Elders? Students? Ministers? If church members are intended, we cannot reply. There may be a solitary Calvinist, or even dozens of them, amongst the 22,000 forming the membership of the General Baptist churches. But this is far from being a fair test, and therefore we do not think it is the one intended.

Ministers, surely, are meant, for reference is made to the comparatively free and easy passage between us and Particular Baptist churches in regard to the ministry. Most of the brethren who have within the last twelve years experienced this translation we know and esteem: but so far as our knowledge goes, these exchanges fail completely to sustain the assertion of our approach to the regions of Calvinism. In two or three instances, ministers have sought a place amongst us because of decided sympathy with our distinctive teaching; but not a sign has been given intimating that indifference on our part to Calvinistic teaching has had anything to do with these migrations; and the only inference that can be legitimately drawn from these occurrences is that, like other churches, the Baptists *generally* have come to recognise the theological creeds of a past age as of decreasing value, and perfect identity of belief between church and preacher as only one of many qualifications for the discharge of the duties of the Christian pastorate. Then, as to the substance of the General Baptist ministry, the men who have grown up amongst us: the free and friendly interchange of opinion within the College walls, in the study, and at fraternal gatherings, extending now over nearly twenty years, warrants me in saying that we were never further from Calvinism than we are to-day. So that if "those" refers to the ministry, we say emphatically that the allegation is not proved.

But this question ought to be carried a stage further. Hearing two ministers preach may afford no clue whatever to the tenets of the bodies with which they are identified. Examining the character and drift of our College teaching, we may come upon most reliable criteria for solving the problem. What belief is it that the churches confederate and contribute to teach? We are making preachers! What is it intended they should preach? This is an available test, and though it ought not to be taken alone, yet it is one of considerable practical value, because if we are not prepared for changes in this department of our work, the probability is that our subordinate distinctions will have to be kept up a little longer. Would the General Baptists endorse a Theological Tutor not known to be decisively opposed to Calvinism, and prepared to enforce with all his skill and genius the great universalities that form our creed. At some Colleges Elisha Cole's "*Divine Sovereignty*" is used as a text book. We do not adopt it. Our rising ministers are taught at Chilwell that a theology which makes the sovereignty of power rather than of love the cardinal and all-determining feature of the Divine Nature is contrary to the Spirit of Christ and to the teaching of the New Testament. We know we are safe in saying that our College teaching is not tinctured with Calvinism.

There is yet another test of changes of belief, viz., the literary organ used by the body of Christians in question for the expression of their ideas. Nobody will suspect us of writing in the interests of narrowness or of mere party. We are broad in our sympathies, and thoroughly catholic in our regards; but we wish at the same time to be very definite in our theological convictions, and frank in our statements. This is the first word we have written on the subject of the internal relations of Baptists since the Association placed upon us the editorial responsibility. But we have no hesitation in saying that the favour with which the Magazine has been received during the last five years is largely due to the clear and distinct enunciation of our principles it has contained. The name may be "odious," but distaste is not the measure of necessity or of wisdom, or we should give up the name of Baptist as well as its qualifying epithet. We do not care for these "labels;" nor for "Independent," "Presbyterian," and others; and could not object to be rid of them all, and sent back to the simple beauty of that first name given in "odium" at Antioch. But no doubt "it is better as it is;" and so long as denominationalism has its uses, and we believe it has many, and those of the highest order, though it is now the fashion to decry it, we shall continue to maintain that the truths symbolized by the epithet "General" are of infinitely graver import to us than those set forth in the word "Baptist;" and much as we would sacrifice for the doctrine of believers' baptism we would go much further in the same direction for the proclamation of an utterly unrestricted atonement, unrestricted not only in its potentiality, but also in everything necessary for the enjoyment of its blessings; the universality of the work of the Holy Spirit, and their related truths.

So, then, as far as we can see, from the Magazine, the College, the ministry, and the church members, there is not the slightest reason to say that the General Baptists are "Calvinistic," or that there is any tendency towards it amongst us. If the statement were *true*, we should not wish it held back. It would be a privilege and a joy to have an additional bond of union with our Calvinistic Baptist brethren: it would be an honour to be in the illustrious Calvinistic succession: but it is not true, and therefore the honour does not belong to us, the privilege cannot be enjoyed.

III. Another aspect of this subject calls for remark. No careful observer of the great Baptist brotherhood can fail to see that the strong tendencies of the age towards completer organization of machinery are at work amongst us. There are at least four sections of Baptists within the Baptist Union. (1.) The *Strict Baptists*, who have their College at Manchester, their literary organ, their tract society, their hymn books, their Associations. They are consolidating more and more. They stand for a strong, undiluted, four-square Calvinism; logically coherent, a solid, impenetrable, metaphysical system, after you have admitted its leading assumptions. (2.) The *Spurgeonic Baptists*, who also have a College, a Magazine, a hymn book, and an annual meeting. They preach Calvinism, warm, glowing, and sympathetic; and leap over any five-barred logical gate to save a soul, and fling all metaphysical system to the winds that stands in the way of the redemption of men. Avowedly believing in restrictions, yet they work as if there were none,

and so they "compel men to come in."* They move as *one* man. They have machinery and inspiration as well. (3.) The last division of the Particular Baptists comprises a somewhat miscellaneous assemblage, whose members do not meet in any one Association, who can scarcely be said to support any literary organ specifically their own; but who find general meeting-ground in their three Colleges, Bristol, Regent's Park, and Rawdon, and in the Baptist Missionary Society. This is the least organized part of the Baptist body. (4.) Lastly come the *General Baptists*. They were never in closer alliance with the Particular Baptists than in the Baptist Union, and did not, as some mistakenly suppose, secede from them. They are the most perfectly organized of all the Baptists. College, Mission, and Magazine work is all done by the churches through their representatives. The General Assembly is supreme. Their creed is briefly summed up in six articles, one of which proclaims the deity of the Lord Jesus, a second states that Christ made a full atonement for ALL the sins of ALL men, and another asserts the necessity for and universality of the work of the Holy Spirit. Most of the General Baptist churches have open communion.

Nor is this all. It is actually stated by a Baptist that "the signs of the times seem to be pointing towards a new sect, which might be called the Broad Presbyterian Baptists." Into the future, however, we cannot enter now, further than to say that in writing and speaking on Baptists generally the actual facts of the case should not be forgotten. Difficulties are not mastered by being masked. And further, with all modesty and deference, we suggest enquiry whether the Baptist Union is not a trifle too big for a Home Missionary Society? If the stimulus applied to the Union could be applied to each Association, as Mr. Samuel Morley did amongst the Congregationalists, would not that be better?

To some minds this will be a painful picture, and seemingly at variance with the prayer of our Lord for Christian unity. We understand their regrets, but believe they spring from a mistake. Diversity of organization may exist with unity of spirit and life. We are organizing more and more as Baptists, and we never had more *esprit de corps*. To other sagacious souls, that think theological creeds useless, and despair of finding a formula for the expression of their faith, all these divisions will seem childish or worse. To us it is a sign of richer and deeper life and a fuller consecration. We believe in the divinity of denominationalism.

Speaking for ourselves as General Baptists, we do not doubt that we are doing more work for Christ and men, in the state in which we now are, than by any change that has yet been suggested.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Mr. Spurgeon says, "I recollect great complaint being made against a sermon of mine, 'Compel them to come in,' in which I spoke with much tenderness for souls. That sermon was said to be Arminian and unsound. Brethren, it is a small matter to me to be judged of men's judgment, for my Master set His seal on that message. I never preached a sermon by which so many souls were won to God, as our church meetings can testify; and all over the world, where the sermon has been scattered, sinners have been saved through its instrumentality; and therefore, if it be vile to exhort sinners, I propose to be viler still. I am as firm a believer in the doctrines of grace as any man living, and a true Calvinist after the order of John Calvin himself; but if it be thought an evil thing to bid the sinner lay hold of eternal life, I will yet be more evil in this respect, and herein imitate my Lord and His apostles, who, though they taught that salvation is of grace and grace alone, feared not to speak to men as rational beings and responsible agents, and bid them 'strive to enter in at the strait gate,' and 'labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.' Beloved friends, cling to the great truth of electing love and divine sovereignty, but let not these bind you in fetters when, in the power of the Holy Ghost, you become fishers of men."

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LONDON: OR, VISITS TO THE CENTRES OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

No. XI.—*The Annals of the Blind.*

THE notion of the ancient philosopher that the faculty of touch is a sixth sense obtains special illustration in the simple Annals of the Blind. Whilst to us it is merely an assistant, useful in many ways no doubt as one means of acquiring knowledge, to those whose misfortune it is to dwell "in ever-during dark" it becomes the main channel of information, the principal "gateway" through which ideas troop into the palace of the mind. They "see," as they themselves persist in describing it, with their fingers, where we only feel, and depend upon the educated and drilled touch for facility of locomotion from place to place, earning the means of subsistence, companionship with Christian in his "progress" from the City of Destruction through this world to the land of Beulah, acquaintance with men and things in general, and with the refreshments of literature and music in particular. The lower sense learns to do its own work and that of the higher as well.

And the marvel is that it does it so thoroughly. After a period spent in the school at St. George's Fields, or at the Avenue Road, Regent's Park, a blind boy can move about the premises as readily and faultlessly as those who see, without ever mistaking an alley, or going to a music room for his dinner, or to the basket shop for his fiddle, or into the chapel for his tools. He "sees" where he is, for, as Coleridge says, his "face is all eye," and he does not impinge it on the door cheek instead of passing straight through the doorway. When at work, you do not find him seated at the wrong basket and using his neighbour's tools; he knows the "feel" of his own too well. Give him a bit of limestone, and he will not confound it with flint. Send him to fetch a book, and he will put the key into the hole of the door of the bookcase with more directness than the man who tarried long at the wine and disturbed his organs of vision. He reads books like a scholar, plays chess like a dabster, and will work a sum in Long Division or Double Three quicker than many a lad who has the use of his eyes. His mother gets a "pricked" letter from him, and rejoices more over it than all she ever received written with a "Gillott's" pen and the best ink. He can produce a basket as good as any sent out from the head-quarters of the basket trade; make brushes of all sorts and sizes and for all purposes, from that of scrubbing a floor to that of cleaning a superfine cloth coat. Not even the difficult task of weaving of carpets with many-coloured threads is impossible to him, although to those "born blind" the knowledge of colour seems to be denied.

The sense of touch is materially aided, no doubt, by the quickened and drilled faculty of hearing. The step of a stranger is detected at once, and the head is uplifted as if its owner would "see." If the chaplain comes into the room from which the foreman is absent, no youth makes the mistake of going to him to ask for the solution of a difficulty in making a basket. The footfall of a friend is distinguished from that of a foe, and so completely is the course mapped out by the ear, that the blind traveller does not fail to bear straight down upon his friend. If fifty lads are marching along, two and two, and one is waiting for his

friend, he waits till he comes, and he pounces upon him without a mistake. Since we have seen and read of the movements of the blind, we have ceased to wonder at the saying of the shrewd old blind woman to one who had shown less "sight" though seeing than one without the power of sight—"Ah, it's a long time before you learn to be blind."

Memory is strongly stimulated by blindness. Guilliè says, "The memory of the blind is prodigious." Mr. Johns, the chaplain of the school in St. George's Fields, says that a large number of the pupils manage to learn the whole of the one hundred and fifty Psalms during their six years' stay; and one young man they had who, besides the psalter and many metrical psalms and hymns, and much modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," also mastered the *whole* of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with marginal notes and a biography. In an hour and a half he would, such was the retentive strength of his memory, acquire a hundred lines. This is, no doubt, a remarkable case; but the annals of the blind justify the fullest credence being given to it in all its details. Metcalf, the blind road-maker, commonly called blind Jack of Knaresborough, and who altered many of the roads of the Peak of Derbyshire (*Cf.* Smiles's Engineers), and was in fact "one of the greatest road-makers and builders" of the last century, says, "You can have recourse to your eyesight whenever you want to see anything, whereas I have my memory only, but *with one advantage*: you see things readily and soon lose the impression; I with difficulty master a subject and it is never obliterated."

In nearly all the higher departments of life and learning, blind men have made their mark. Francis Huber, the blind naturalist of Geneva, was a man of the most diversified tastes, and of the most courageous devotion to physical science. He lost his sight at seventeen, and ran near to losing his betrothed as well; but when her father said, "My daughter shall not marry a blind man," she bravely answered, "Now that he needs a guide to be always with him nothing shall ever prevent our union." Thoroughly filial in her affection, she was willing to wait till she was twenty-five; but nothing should then withhold her from being united to him she had freely chosen. Marie Lullin was true to her vows, and she became Huber's reader, amanuensis, secretary, and, as he said, a good pair of eyes to him, a right hand in all his troubles, and a light for his darkest days; and with her assistance and that of other friends he succeeded in making a succession of great discoveries as a naturalist, and in laying the students of the habits of bees under perpetual obligation to him. No University ranks higher for Mathematics than Cambridge, and yet the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at the beginning of last century was one Nicholas Saunderson, a man who lost even his very eye-balls by small-pox when he was only a twelve-month old: but he had mastered the works of Euclid, Archimedes, and Newton before he was twenty, and ten years afterwards "gave lectures on the solar spectrum, the laws of light, and the theory of the rainbow—on none of which he had ever looked." John Gough, the blind mathematician, was the teacher of King, Whewell, and Dawes, senior, second, and fourth wranglers respectively. In music the name of John Stanley, the famous organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and a friend of Handel's, is sufficient to stimulate the ambition and

sustain the hopes of all suffering from the same calamity, in their efforts to profit and please by the culture of their musical gifts.

But these successes, and even more of a much lower degree, it is very evident are not easily won. Those who can see can scarcely measure the force of the difficulty that has to be encountered, and the painfulness of the drill that has to be endured. Many mistakes are made at the first. There is a good deal of stumbling and of weariness in toiling the uphill way. Incessant work and unflagging patience are the chief levers by which the burden of blindness is uplifted; and therefore no finer examples of fortitude, of faith in the living and loving God, of devotion to discipline and daily drill, are quotable than those from the simple but rich Annals of the Blind.

J. CLIFFORD & J. COLEBROOK.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE REV. T. W. MATHEWS.

No. VII.—*Hamburg Experiences.*

THESE strange doctrines, as they were suspiciously designated, brought Mr. M. into painful collision with his church and congregation at Hamburg; and the feeling of animosity became so strong that in June, 1830, in a very dishonourable and unnatural way, they closed the chapel against him, barring the windows and padlocking the doors. The following are extracts from his diary:—

June 27th, Sabbath.—This day is a day of rebuke and blasphemy—this is the first Sabbath-day on which I was ever hindered from preaching the Gospel. This day, Lord Jesus, let it be a day for me and my people to learn the inestimable blessing and advantage of public worship, for on Thursday the chapel was locked up, and this is the way in which it has been done. First of all, by the advice of Dr. A., a legal gentleman of some influence here, a new rule was made to constitute seat-holders, viz., those who should, within one week, pay a years seat rent. This was against the old custom of the place, and by means of it several of the old seat-holders were excluded from having any part in the proceedings of this falsely-styled “public meeting.” Then they went and induced several people who never were hearers at all to come forward and take seats on their conditions, Mr. I., and four or five clerks. Mr. T. also had just brought over two men from England, who likewise were made seat-holders, and by this forced unnatural majority they have carried everything their own way—forthwith they barred the windows and padlocked the doors. And now the gates of Zion languish, and her ways are deserted. Oh! Lord, how long?

June 28th.—Lord, as to my own character, which they have taken every means of blackening; as to my dear little family and future prospects; my sweet little increased congregation, my successor, my opponents, and my friends, what can I do but resign them altogether to Thee into Thy faithful hands. But, Lord, make me happy in fellowship with Thee. Oh! my God, let me not lose my happiness; let me now exemplify the sentiments I have lately been advocating. Teach me, oh my most merciful Creator, my most blessed Lord Jesus, “to be care-

ful for nothing," &c. I have reason to think that it is the will of God that I should speedily return from this country to England.

July 4th, Sabbath.—Blessed be God for permitting the chapel doors to be closed, and for all the shame and disgrace which has come on me. The evidence of the popular feeling against me is clear. They report that *the police* has shut up the chapel on account of Mrs. B.'s attempt on her own life; that I was myself gone mad, and that they would not let me try to make any more persons crazy too; some, indeed, report that I have been arrested, and am still in prison. Last Sabbath-day I was exceedingly cast down. I could not get my mind loose from men and the padlock; but in the evening, whether it was by the cheering conversation of dear Miss R., who was overjoyed in fellowship with God and with the glorious sin forgiving doctrine of the Scriptures, God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, which had shed abroad in her heart the love of God towards herself and towards all men, or by what means I know not, but then and on Monday and Tuesday, and indeed all the days of the week, I have been able to thank God most heartily for this affliction and disgrace. So sweet have I found trouble to be, I never desire to be without it again. Oh! how sweet to have to come to God whatever it is that compels me. Lord Jesus, let Thy love constrain me.

Sept. 19th, Sunday evening.—The sermons to-day were on 2 Cor. xiii. 9, "For we are glad, when we are weak, and ye are strong: and this also we wish, even your perfection." Lord Jesus make them useful, for Thou canst. The congregations were, I think, the largest I have ever had in my house. This morning there were more than 130, and this evening 96, I understand, which is really wonderful, and a wonderful mercy. Oh! my dear Lord Jesus, lead us aright. Make me, and all my people, perfect in love; willing to be nothing, and to be counted nothing. The chief objection against the doctrine is this, it costs so much that we cannot afford to believe it.

Sept. 24th.—The answer of the opposite party in the church has come to our hands, and we are requested to send in our answer within fourteen days. It certainly has its strength, and if the Lord assist not David, Goliath will prevail against him. My hope is in Thee; let not man prevail; let not Thy church be wasted and scattered. Called yesterday, by desire, on Mr. S. A., I am, indeed, to preach in the chapel again next Sabbath. Lord, make me humble and happy. Happy, not in this temporal and temporary elevation, but happy in Thyself, happy in the precious and delightful work of inviting others to the enjoyment of communion with Thee, which I do myself enjoy. Lord, I feel this to be a burden as well as a triumph. Lord, bless my friends, and bless my foes.

Sept. 25th.—I have received word from Mr. S. A. to say that the chapel will not be opened to our use to-morrow; but he says that without fail it shall be opened next week. Thus, oh Lord, Thou hast lift up and cast down again my fluctuating hopes. But Thou dost all things well; and Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me; and I thank Thee that it has not been suffered to produce any afflicting impressions on my mind.

Sept. 30th.—Went to Mr. H.'s on Sunday evening, and on Monday morning read the answer of our opponents to our petition. Only one

thing has attacked me, and that singularly, viz., the being charged by these people with a breach of common honesty. This has weighed on my mind like a mountain. Lord, it would be better for me to die than for any man to make my glorying void. Lord, if I have done wrong, I pray for grace that I may be able to do right; for he that confesses and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy. Can it be on account of this that my ministry prospers so little? That I do not see and hear of persons being converted? Jesus, send by whom Thou wilt send. Oh, make me willing to be trodden under foot. I believe I shall never be happy till then.

Oct. 23, Sabbath afternoon.—I have preached in the chapel to-day, but the idea that perhaps I am an usurper here, and have no right to be so, distressed me greatly in the morning. After I had baptized the Jew Marcus I felt a good deal the responsibility of this act. I was happier afterwards, and preached more comfortably this afternoon from Jer. ii. 23, "How canst thou say, I am not polluted, I have not gone after Baalim? see thy way in the valley, know what thou hast done." The morning sermon was from Acts xxvi. 22, 23, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

Oct. 26th.—I observe that on the day when Aaron was installed with his sons into the office of the priesthood, two of his sons were struck dead with the fire of God. How have my encouragements and discouragements gone hand in hand. Blessed be God, my soul reposeth in Thee, O Lord!

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Translated from the French Baptist Hymn Book by E. HALL JACKSON.

ALLELUIA, praise and glory,
For a virgin bears a son!
Who this child, whom angels welcome
As a gift of God new come?
See, His birth-place is a stable;
On a cross He soon shall die;
Yet He's Wonderful, Eternal,
God most mighty, God most high.

Why with mortal flesh invested
Stoops He thus to our poor world?
Shall we see His holy anger
On the shrine of Baal hurled?
Will some modern doomed Gomorrah
Perish in a fiery rain?
Or perhaps the earth's foundations
He has come to shake again.

No: He leaves the sword of vengeance
In His Father's mighty hand;
God is made a man of sorrows;
Sinners, hope, nor trembling stand;
You are called to His alliance;
Contrite spirit, broken heart,
Are you weak, His preference tender
Finds delight to take your part.

What could you have brought Jehovah
To avert His wrath from you?
To attract His heart towards us
Would a little incense do?
No: He makes Himself propitious;
Comes Himself the Christ within;
In the blood of our Redeemer
See the ransom of our sin.

Come then, broken-hearted Saviour,
Silent Lamb, with our release;
Finish all, then meekly bowing,
In Thy dying give us peace.
Yes, Thy cruel bruising, wounding,
Healing to our souls will bring;
Once in love like thine reposing,
Death no longer has a sting.

King of Zion, mighty Saviour!
May we all Thy praise proclaim,
Till in phalanx vast and holy
Men enrol for Thy great name:
Till the faithless who ignore Thee
Count their dearest idols loss,
And with prostrate awe adore Thee
God of heaven, and the cross.

OUR BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

THE Freewill Baptist denomination has, scattered through the United States, 1,471 churches, containing 70,629 members, and 1,173 ordained preachers. These churches are formed into 163 Quarterly Meetings, which somewhat resemble our English G. B. Conferences. These Quarterly Meetings are grouped into 36 Yearly Meetings, which correspond with the Particular Baptist Associations. The Yearly Meetings find a centre in the "General Conference"—our "Baptist Union."

This Conference was organized in 1827, and holds its sessions once in three years. This year it met at Providence, Rhode Island. Though the distance was great (about 1,600 miles) and the expense of the journey considerable (about £15), yet I resolved to go that I might extend my knowledge of the connexion.

After travelling three days and three nights, I reached Providence. As I entered the city I could have fancied myself in England. Contrasted with Minneapolis the city had an air of antiquity about it which was very grateful to me. I was told the city was the wealthiest in the United States. The inhabitants delight to speak of its history, and grow eloquent as they tell of its Founder—Roger Williams. I brought home a piece of granite broken from the rock on which Roger Williams knelt when he gave thanks for his deliverance, and consecrated the land of his adoption to the Lord. During the Conference no name was more frequently heard than his, and no theme seemed so frequently on the lips of the speakers as that which was dearest to him—"Soul Liberty."

In Providence there are four Freewill Baptist churches; the chief one, known as the "Roger Williams Church," has for its pastor Rev. A. H. Heath one of the rising stars of the denomination. In connection with this church the Conference was held.

On reaching the place my first desire was to be introduced to some of the leaders in the denomination. My desire was no sooner made known than it was gratified. Two only had I seen before, and those in England—Dr. Graham, and Dr. Day, the editor of the *Morning Star*. They both referred to their pleasant visit to England, and showed me kindness out of gratitude for the favours they had received. Of Dr. Day it was said, "in point of ability and culture he is equal to any man in the denomination." Dr. Ball, the editor of the *Baptist Union*, the organ of liberal Baptists, was more frequently seen and heard than many others. He is a man of great force of character, and he is throwing his whole strength into the communion controversy as the leader of the liberal side. He was well supported at the Conference by Drs. Robinson and Caswell of Brown University, Dr. Malcolm of Newport, and Rev. J. Hyatt Smith of Brooklyn, all of whom belong to the liberal division of the Regular or Close and Calvinistic Baptist body.

Dr. Durgin, the newly-elected President of Hillsdale College, was chosen Moderator of the Assembly. He is a man of great weight both physically and mentally, and his promotion to Hillsdale is universally approved. Other prominent men in the Conference were Revs. J. Woodman, Silas Curtis, J. D. Stewart, C. O. Libby, A. H. Chase, Dr. Bowen, O. E. Baker, Dr. Cheney. Among the younger men, Revs. J. Malvern, R. Cameron, A. A. Smith, J. Brewster, and J. Dame.

The preachers were the Rev. O. E. Baker of Wilton Collegiate Institute, Iowa; and Dr. Bowen of Lewiston, Maine. I was too late to hear the sermons, but they were said to be of a high order; both well adapted to the wants of the times.

The anniversaries of the different societies, viz., the Sabbath School, Temperance, Home and Foreign Missions, the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and the Education Society, drew large audiences. Owing to the failure of some of the speakers, some of the meetings were flat, lacking the inspiration of the G. B. Annual Foreign Missionary Meeting. Still we had some good speeches, especially from Rev. J. Hyatt Smith at the Sabbath School Meeting, from Rev. R. Cameron at the meeting of the Education Society, and from Dr. Day at the meeting connected with the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. At the last-named meeting Miss Libby, the daughter of the Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society, was introduced as the first missionary to be sent out under the auspices of the Woman's Board. In a short address she gave a very interesting account of her call to the work. A week later she set sail, with two others, for the mission field.

Some of the discussions at the business meetings were protracted, and not a little exciting; especially those which had reference to the question of mixed membership in Freewill Baptist churches, and to the denominational publications. There are evidently two parties in the denomination, one party leaning to the liberal element in the larger Baptist body, and the other to Congregationalism. But at the close of the discussions the sound Baptist principles of the body remained intact. The aspects of the mission and educational work of the denomination were found to be such as to produce gratitude and inspire new life and courage.

The Secretary of the Home Mission Board reported, as the result of this year's labour, the addition of 2,800 members, chiefly in the Southern States, and yet the numerical gain of the whole denomination is but fifty-three. In this fact was found a strong plea for evangelistic effort.

The *Morning Star* is henceforth to be published at Boston; and that led to a strong plea for extra mission work in that city. At present the Freewill Baptist influence there is weak; and it was felt that now was the best time for an onward move. A new chapel is to be built, and a talented man is to be sent to build up the church.

Already the attention of the denomination is being turned to its Centennial Anniversary, and in view of it the Home Mission Society was recommended to undertake immediately, and press vigorously the work of raising an endowment fund of 100,000 dollars, to be known as the Centenary Memorial Fund. It was also agreed to publish a Centenary Memorial Volume about the time of the anniversary.

The delegates from other associations were very cordially received; especially the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Cincinnati, who came to bear the Christian salutations of the Disciples. His presentation of the views of his denomination was of the most able and pleasing character. It would have added considerably to my pleasure to have met there some delegate from the General Baptist Association.

The next Triennial Conference will be held at Fairport, New York. Rev. A. H. Heath is appointed the preacher.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

CHAS. PAYNE.

TAD'S CHRISTMAS PIE.

FOR THE YOUNG.

It isn't often that one eats his pie and has it too; but Tad declares to this day that his mince-pie has never fairly digested, so to speak. He was living with the Rev. Simon Beech, who, out of his small farm—so small that you might almost have carried it off in your wheelbarrow—and his salary of thirty pounds a year, devised means of preaching a cheerful gospel, sending his son to college, and adopting Tad from the almshouse.

One day when he went to visit the almshouse he saw a little woe-begone figure sunning itself on the door-step.

"What are you doing there, my boy?" he asked.

"I's thinking, sir," said Tad.

"And what about, may I ask?"

"About—about—a lot of things, sir."

"Couldn't you tell me what things? Were you thinking of anything you'd like to have now?"

"Yes, sir; about a heap of 'em."

"Couldn't you just mention one or two?"

"Yes. I was thinking of that little chap as went by just now, when I was a peeping out at the gate, a holding on to his dad's hand. And I stole out after 'em, and see 'em go up to a big house yonder, and a lady as pooty as anything come to the door and kissed the little chap on both his cheeks, and pulled off his mittens, and rubbed his hands. Nobody rubs my hands," he broke off.

"Are they cold, my lad?"

"I dunno. Feel of 'em. They're used to it, I reckon."

So when Mr. Beech went home he led Tad along by the hand, just as the fortunate little boy's father had done.

"You're going to be my boy now," said Mr. Beech.

"Be I?" questioned Tad. "That's jolly."

"But do you know what my boy is expected to do?"

"Live on gingerbread and doughnuts," guessed Tad.

"Well, not exactly. He's to weed the garden, and pick over potatoes, and bring the water, and run to the shop; he's to eat what's set before him; he's to wear warm, clean clothes, and to have a best suit for Sunday; he's to go to church all day, and learn the catechism, and say his prayers every night; and he's to keep his tongue from telling fibs and his hands from taking what does not belong to him; he is to go to school on week-days, and to hang up his stocking on Christmas Eve. That's a good deal for a small boy. Do you think you can do it all?"

"I can try," said he; and so the bargain was made.

And Tad kept his word. In the summer he was out of bed with the sun, and sometimes before. He weeded the strawberries in the fresh morning, and heard the birds setting their every-day affairs to music. Then he went in to breakfast, where the sun-light was capering over the white cloth, and making the bread look as if it was buttered, and frolicing among the teaspoons, and shining upon the flowers on the old-fashioned china till they looked as if they had just bloomed out under its influence. After that he kissed little Becky, who seemed just a little bundle of smiles and dimples, and went off to the district school, and felt as big as a castle when he got to the head of his classes. Sundays he put on his best suit, with buttons so bright that you could see your face in them, and looked in the glass and said to himself, "Who would guess, now, that you'd ever seen the inside of an almshouse?" and, indeed, he might have forgotten that he had, if the boys at school had not sometimes entertained themselves with unseemly allusions to it when he spelled above them.

"I wonder if they'll ever forget it!" he was thinking one day, so hard that he thought out loud.

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Beech.

"That I came from the—the—from down there, you know," answered Tad.

"It isn't any matter whether they forget or not, if you do right."

"But I hope I shall never go back."

"I hope you never will. It will be your own fault if you do."

"What makes folks ever go there?" asked Tad.

"Idleness and wickedness drive them there," answered Mr. Beech, half intent on his next Sunday's sermon.

After this Tad didn't let the grass grow under his feet, I can assure you.

He was just turning over a new leaf when behold! one of Mrs. Beech's Christmas mince-pies was walking up through the cellar window, as if it were the renowned pie in which four-and-twenty blackbirds were once baked, and therefore about to take wings and fly away. Mr. Beech quietly picked it up, put it on the table, which was already spread for tea, and resumed his book. By and by Tad sneaked up from the cellar on the same errand. Mr. Beech looked up. Tad quailed and wished the pie was in the oven.

"There's your pie, Tad," said he; "go and eat it." He returned to his book.

Nothing more. No reproaches, no scolding. Tad sat down before it and took a bite. It wasn't half as nice as he had imagined. It stuck in his throat when he began to wonder what Mr. Beech thought of him. The others drew up to the tea-table. Nobody had any pie but himself. He pushed it aside and took his bread and milk. But the next morning at breakfast the pie reappeared before his place, and at the next meal and the next, for a week or more. But Tad couldn't eat more than a mouthful at a time. He had lost all relish for pie; a bushel of them wouldn't have tempted him.

"We never had a pie last so long," said Mrs. Beech one morning, as she placed it on the table again.

"No," said the husband; "that pie is going to last Tad his lifetime."

"Tad wicked; steal mamma's good pie! Naughty Tad. Go to the bad place, Tad will," lisped little Becky, with her baby frown.

Tad's heart gave a great plunge in his bosom, and sank like lead. The "bad place," no doubt, meant the almshouse. What he dreaded had come to pass. They were going to send him back! Mr. Beech was put out with him, and no wonder. He had not kept his part of the agreement, which had been to keep himself from picking and stealing, as well as to busy himself about the cows. They would send him back to that dungeon of a house, where the shadows were lying in wait all day; where the porridge was burned, and the fire was scant; where he should be out at the elbows and out at the knees. He should sit in the poor-pews henceforth, and bid good-bye to his reader and his geography, and to all his little ambitions. Yes, the bargain was broken, and he might as well go without waiting to be sent off. So he went to his room and donned his bravery once more, and dropped a tear on the beautiful bright buttons. Then he put on his old clothes again, and went down stairs.

"Good-bye," said he, standing in the doorway, and averting his head. "I'm sorry: but it's all up now, I s'pose."

"Where are you going, Tad?" asked Mr. Beech.

"I'm going back, sir."

"Back where?"

"To the bad place—there—to—"

"O, I wouldn't go yet, Tad!" Mr. Beech was really laughing.

"Oh! oh!" cried little Becky, putting out her arms and clinging to him. "Don't let Tad go! Take me too, Tad! Take me too!"

"You see you will have to take Becky too, if you insist upon going."

"But I can't; they wont have her there; she's got a home."

"And so have you, Tad. This is your home, Tad. Do you think I should send Becky away because she was naughty? I took you both for better or worse, and now I guess it will be all the better. Come, there's the school bell, and here is your satchel."

"And the pie?" demurred Tad. "I can't bear it—"

"It shall be thrown away. You shall never see it nor hear of it again."

But Tad never forgot it.

“NOT SAVED.”

AND yet another year is fast closing, and the realities of judgment and eternity are rapidly hastening to view. “Not saved;” and life is slipping from the grasp, with all its wealth of privilege, its messages of mercy and summonses to repentance, its ministries of grace and healing, and voices of warning and rebuke. Jesus sees the fig tree, as of old, the strong stem and various branches, and yet, after another long year’s careful tillage, there is “nothing but leaves.”

“Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life,
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Idle words for earnest deeds:—
Nothing but leaves!

“And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit:
We stand before Him ashamed and mute,
Waiting that word He breathes,—
Nothing but leaves!”

Life’s powers frittered away in the chase of painted baubles; its fields sown with seeds of self-seeking! No fruit unto holiness—nothing but leaves, sear, withered, deceptive, and dying leaves!

A child of the Father, loved and caressed by the all-embracing arms, bountifully fed and nourished at His table; and nothing but a prodigal, a spendthrift, consuming all that comes, and yielding nothing but regrets and sadness to the Father’s heart. No coming back again to your real self, no sign of penitence, no resolute abandonment of the perverse and selfish ways, no sorrowful plaint, “Father, forgive me: Father, put me anywhere in the family circle, make me the meanest servant, doing a slave’s work—anything,—only let me be near Thee, and within the brightness of Thy home.” No, nought of this; nothing but prodigality; wasting brain and heart and life in the foolish hunt for pleasures that vanish in the grip, and enjoyments that poison as they are drunk.

“Not saved.” The lighthouse was in sight, but you did not make for it, and now these fearful wreckers are upon you, and you are lost for ever. The life-boat was near you, and you could have leapt in easily; but you drifted away from it, making no effort to lay hold of the hand held out to save. The forgiveness was freely offered, and lovingly urged upon your acceptance. You were entreated to share the favour of God, the pardon of sin, the strength to do right, the blessed hope; but you were indifferent, and said, “To-morrow.” “Not now.” You knew that faith in Christ is life and hope and service. You felt sure God must love you, or why the promptings and stirrings within, why the answer to your prayer: and still you have not believed His word about the life they have who trust in His Son, nor sought Him with ALL your heart, and therefore you are “not saved.”

“Grey hairs are here and there upon you,” and the wintry snows declare that your last year is at hand. Dare you pass the other side of death, rejecting the only hand that is held out to guide and save? Is it not wise to grasp it at once, lest in the darkness of the passage-night you should fail to see it, and should beat the thick mists in vain struggles to lay hold of it?

Children sit upon your knees and listen to your words, and seek to know from your own lips of the things that make for purity and strength here, and for joy hereafter: and you cannot talk to them of what you have *experienced* of God’s love and grace, nor lead them into His presence and talk for them and with them to Him who cares for all the families of men. A man said to us the other night, “I feel for my three children’s sake I must be a Christian, if not for my own.”

But business absorbs you. Eternity is eclipsed by time. You are sinking into a mere gold-winner, a money-bag. You know it, and you are ashamed of yourself, and ready to cry, what shall I do? You feel your destiny is not to drift into a well-regulated machine for accumulating wealth, and though the money-greed becomes stronger every day, you will not seek Him who alone can save you from making your dwelling with Dives.

Youth’s precious jewel is yours and you value it. You feel you cannot retain its pure and unsullied beauty as you walk through the mire of this world; and yet you, too, are letting the year go without committing it to Him who is *able* to make each face to shine with the brightness of His own face, and to keep it till “that day.”

Believe on the Son and be saved, dear friends; believe now. Accept God’s message concerning His Son Jesus. He that believeth hath life—hath pardon,

peace, strength, and everlasting joy. "Not saved." Oh saddest, most perilous lot! Oh foolish indifference, ruinous delay! Time hastes; urgently I beg you haste for your life. At this moment, whilst this word is before your eye, and ere the year closes, look trustfully to the Father for His grace, and cry, "Forgive, forgive, and save me now through Thy loved and loving Son."

At least, dear reader, one heart prays that you may be amongst the "saved," and saved *now*.
JOHN CLIFFORD.

SHORT SERMONS FROM A RAILWAY STATION.

"All right here."

AFTER the intending traveller has paid his fare, and told where he is for, and taken his seat, and shown his ticket, after much luggage labelling, and wheel tapping, and bell ringing, and door slamming, the official responsible for the proper despatch of the train enquires of those in charge, "All right there?" And they reply, "All right behind!" "All right in front!" "All right here!" The signal is then given, the whistle blown, the steam turned on, and the train moves.

I am told that in America, instead of our "All right," they shout, "Go ahead." Let the two be taken together and we have another capital text from which some sound and sober lesson may be learned. "All right, go ahead." Don't go ahead till you are all right, but when you are all right, go. First see that you are all right. Sometimes a train has started from the station before it was "all right," and most disastrous consequences have followed. So it was on the night of September the 10th, when the express left Norwich station. "All right there?" was the question asked; "All right here," was the answer made; and the train moved on: but it was "all wrong;" and there followed the most serious railway catastrophe, as regards the number of lives lost, which has ever occurred in this country. Not less disastrous consequences have befallen many who have gone ahead on the railway of life before they were all right. It were impossible to tell how many prospects have been blighted, how many characters have been ruined, how many homes have been desolated, how many prisons have been filled, how many graves have been dug, how many hearts have been broken, in consequence of men going ahead whilst they were all wrong. A train slipped by the pointsman on to the wrong line went plunging along till it plunged over the bank and into the river—a river of death to many of its living freight. So many a man, having got on to the wrong line, has gone plunging on in sin, and then into suffering and shame, into ruin and death. Young men, don't go ahead till you are all right. Get on to the right line. You want the "up line." Get the right aim in life. Know where you are for, and what you are doing. Be sure that you are all right, and then go.

But there are some people who, though "all right," don't go. They are right as to purpose and position, but they lack courage to go, perseverance to keep on going. They are intelligent, respectable, honourable, and all that, but they have no "go" in them. Now it is not enough that a man should secure his ticket and his place; it is not enough that a man should know that he is right in his motive and aim; he must have that moving power which shall enable him to accomplish his purpose and finish his work. To young men especially there is a message in these words from the railway station. Are you about to enter any new path or fresh engagement in life? First be satisfied that it is all right, the right line for you, and then go on. Do you feel a call to any good work—to teach the young, to seek the lost, to visit the afflicted, to reform some social wrong? Have you the earnest conviction that you ought to engage in such a work? Then *go*. Don't go till you are all right; but being all right, *go*. Oh, if men would only earnestly and perseveringly go on in that work which they know to be right, and profess to love, how much better it would be for themselves, for the church, for the world.

We want more moving power. May God give it us. Even His love and grace and Spirit.
J. H. ATKINSON.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1875.—In the prosperity of this denominational institution we have the best reasons to know our readers are deeply interested, and therefore they will rejoice to hear that the circulation is higher this year than it has ever been, and the testimonies to the value and real excellence of the work it does are stronger and of greater weight. We have a letter to-day in which a literary gentleman of ability and position writes to one of our contributors, "The Magazine you have written to is superior to any of that class I have seen." Pastors and deacons bear witness to its usefulness in the churches in the stimulation of Christian life and work. Students assure us its monthly message is helpful to them. Parents tell us how welcome its pages for the young are to their children. We therefore ask your attention to our programme for the new year, and beg pastors, church officers, parents, Sunday school workers, young men and maidens to help us in the same enthusiastic and generous way you have done for the five years past. Make it known far and near. Speak of it at home, in the school, and in the church. Distribute it. Give a few copies away. It will be a cheap way of helping a good work.

II. MILL ON RELIGION.—We had hoped to insert a paper in this month's issue on the posthumous works of J. S. Mill, completing the discussion of his authority as a witness against Christianity commenced with this year's issue; but that old tyrant of ours, "limited space," pushes us over to 1875.

III. THE LIBERATION MEETINGS at Manchester were everything that could be desired. Unshaken conviction, unfaltering courage, calm self-possession, and fixed resolve were in the ascendant. It is clear the Liberation Society "means business." The terms of disendowment are the pressing question. Disestablishment is certain. It is equally certain that the "Irish" policy of re-endowment of the Anglican sect with its 90,000,000 of money cannot be adopted. The nation, as a nation, must have the national property back for purely national purposes, such as education, parochial relief, and the like. When the Church Building Act, 58, Geo. III., was passed for the purpose of facilitating the restoration and building of churches, one million pounds sterling were voted by the State to assist in and stimulate this good work. That million must find its old place again.

IV. THE VATICAN DECREE.—Mr. Gladstone's tilt against the Papacy has revealed once more the "boastful" and boasted unity of the Church of Rome. The chief Bishop of that church in this country, the astute Dr. Manning, who was prepared for his present position in our State Church, asserts, in unmistakable language and with irate emphasis, that Mr. Gladstone's charges are unfounded. Lords Camoys and Acton, and Mr. H. Petre, representatives of the older Catholicism, as unmistakably contradict their spiritual chief, and deny their slavery to Rome. Deeper divisions than in the Catholic ranks everywhere do not exist. The youths of the Catholic University in Dublin are in rebellion against Catholic education. The Ultramontane party, both here and all over the continent, have a difficult and perilous task before them; and Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has forced the difficulty to the front, and made the peril greater. To us it seems that the great Liberal leader is moving along the right line. His exposition of the necessity of spiritual freedom of the church in his paper on Ritualism, and the attitude he has taken in his latest utterance, give us hope that even yet he may rally all Liberals to the cry of a "Free Church and a Free Education."

V. WHO MAKES ROMAN CATHOLICS?—Mgr. Capel, a Roman Catholic dignitary, speaking of the Ritualists in our State Church, says, "Beyond doubt these men are disseminating the several doctrines of the Roman Church, for our own books of piety are in their hands; with our devotions and practices they are becoming familiarised; our doctrines of the Incarnation, the Real Presence, of the need of absolution, of our reverence for the saints, are, at present, to them household thoughts. In towns the most populous, and hamlets the most secluded, are to be found those who hold the several truths of the Roman Church, and imagine they daily follow her practices. We may even add that, insensibly, the principle of sacerdotal authority is being gradually spread. Any one brought in contact with the Ritualistic movement is familiar with the fact, that while the leaders exercise to the utmost their own private judgment, they insist on their followers accepting unchallenged their word, and exact an obedience the like of which is unknown in the Catholic Church." Will Englishmen endure this for ever? Shall the State support Roman Catholicism in this way much longer?

Reviews.

THE HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM. By Dr. Wylie.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin are rendering a signal service to the nation by the issue of this timely contribution. We need to go back and refresh our memories. In an age of general liberty we are forgetting the stings of intolerance, and the principal causes of natural decay and ruin. This work of Dr. Wylie's shows the fierceness and severity of the contest with Rome; and makes patent the necessity of maintaining our Protestant attitude with undiminished firmness. It is abundantly and superbly illustrated, and with the first part a copy of Ward's striking painting, "Luther's First Study of the Bible," is given. We earnestly urge our readers to make themselves possessors of this valuable work.

RECENT ISSUES OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

I. *The Trades and Industrial Occupations of the Bible.* By W. G. Lewis. In this work Mr. Lewis has gathered together from nearly all available sources whatever information exists on the habits and methods of working of the "husbandman," "smith," "weaver," "potter," "jeweller," etc., etc., described in the Scriptures, and formed a useful book of reference on this department of the manners and customs of the people of the Bible.

II. *Leaves from the Journal and Poems of Charlotte Elliott*, author of "Just as I am." On page forty-eight of this Magazine is a lengthened notice of the memoirs of this gifted Christian woman. These "Leaves" reveal yet more fully the beauty and grace of her spirit, the chaste purity of her thought, and the definite and earnest effort she put herself to for the attainment of her lofty ideal. It will be a most acceptable and useful gift-book to young women.

III. *A Father's Letters to his Son* upon his coming of age. By Dr. Urwick. Pertinent, practical, kindly, and replete with good sense. A better birthday present we cannot conceive.

IV. *Gleanings for Invalids* will carry light and cheer and strength into many a sick room. The principle of selection is the best that could be followed, and the sheaf contains some of the finest of the wheat. Any subsequent editions might be enriched by quotations from the

biography of that often afflicted but most joyous man, T. T. Lynch.

V. *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family*, by Jas. Fontaine, is a timely republication of an autobiographical work first published about a quarter of a century ago. It is a thrilling recital of the experiences of one who passed through the persecuting events which struck French Protestantism with a blow from the effects of which it has not yet recovered. It has more charm than a fiction.

VI. *The Realm of the Ice King* is pronounced by one who has read Arctic stories in abundance to be "the best yet." That boy's verdict we confirm. Dauntless courage, stern endurance, signal skill of the brave men who have penetrated the ice regions, from the discovery of Greenland to the recent and most successful visit of Petermann, are graphically described. It is richly illustrated, and furnished with a map. Let the boys have it for the coming winter nights.

VII. *The Pocket Books, Christmas Greetings and New Year's Wishes, and Book Marks* of this Society are executed with faultless accuracy and in a superb style.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION WORKS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary. We call the special attention of our Sunday school teachers to this extremely useful publication of the Sunday School Union. It contains a Class Register, an Almanack for 1875, a List of Lessons, and much valuable information, as well as space for memoranda in connection with the teacher's work. The *Teacher's Diary* is a cheaper and less complete form of the Pocket Book. The *Class Register* is worthy of universal use.

We also warmly commend the *Father's Letter*, by A. L. O. E.; *Crossing the Line*, by B. Clarke; the *Parent's Legacy*, by J. Briggs; and *Things Hoped*, by W. Groser; the *Annual Addresses* for children, senior scholars, parents, and teachers respectively.

Merry Christmas, the Christmas number of "Kind Words," is a bountifully supplied store of interesting tales.

Teacher Training, by W. H. Groser, B.Sc., is a brief, striking, and suggestive little hand-book on the formation and conduct of preparation, training, and normal classes in Sunday schools. Pithy, sagacious, clear, and forcible.

Church Register.

CHURCHES.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—Sunday School New Class Rooms.—One of these class rooms, recently opened, was utilised on Sunday morning, Nov. 8, for a purpose not originally contemplated. The young children of the Sunday school, who have hitherto been taken into the chapel, were kept in the lower class room for a separate service. To go to school at 9.15, and then to attend public worship from 10.30 to twelve o'clock, is beyond a child's strength. The ladies of the congregation continue their weekly sewing meetings. It is intended to offer for sale the goods made at these meetings, together with the contributions of friends which are now being solicited, on Wednesday, Dec. 9th. The cost of these improvements was about £160; the collections at the opening services in September were £25. Sum still needed, £135.

BOSTON.—Our 222nd anniversary was held, Oct. 25 and 26. On Sunday Dr. Burns, of London, preached. On Monday evening upwards of three hundred sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel under the presidency of the pastor. Mr. Ward gave a brief but pleasing report of finances. It was also reported that upwards of sixty had been added to the church during the year, thirty-two of whom were from the Sunday schools and from Sunday Bible classes. The Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., spoke on "The Resurrection Life;" Dr. Burns on his Journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Addresses were also given by Rev. J. H. Lummis, E. Johnson, B.A., and S. Robins, Kirton. Altogether it was the best anniversary ever remembered.

CONGLETON.—The Baptist Chapel, after having been closed for several weeks for painting and repairs, was reopened on Sunday, Oct. 18, by the Rev. I. Watts, of Macclesfield. On Monday following a tea-meeting took place in the Town Hall, and during the evening the Rev. J. Walker, the pastor, delivered a lecture on Lions, the mayor presiding.

LEEDS, Wintown Street.—Our anniversary services were held Nov. 8 and 9. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., preached. On the Monday evening there was a good attendance at the public tea meeting. The trays were given by the ladies of the congregation. The report, read by the Secretary, Mr. Rowand, showed that all the ordinary agencies of the church were in active operation, and that substantial

improvements had been made in every department during the year. Thirty-four had joined the church, six had gone home to heaven, and five had been erased from the books, leaving a clear increase of twenty-three. The school has grown considerably, and is now being worked by a good staff of earnest teachers. About £120 have been realized by the weekly offering—a gratifying result for a beginning. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, R. Silby, Revs. N. H. Shaw, T. Goadby, B.A., J. W. Butcher, J. Gregory, J. Bell, Councillor Nettleton, and Messrs. Fowkes and Todd. Amount realized by collections and tea, £16.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—After the usual service on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, a public meeting was held, when the accounts of the late bazaar were read by the secretary, Mr. S. Cowling, showing the following results:—Gross receipts, £582 12s. 11½d.; expenses (including a considerable sum paid for materials which were made up and sold) £89 13s. 6d.; leaving, as clear gain, £492 19s. 5½d. Some goods still remain on hand, the sale of which, together with some small sums which have yet to be paid in, will raise the net results of the effort to not less than £530. Special gifts of minister's rostrum, and two very handsome seats for the platform, were gratefully acknowledged. The former gift was by a lady member of the church in memory of a deceased sister and nephew; and the latter by a gentleman, also a member of the church. Gratitude was also expressed for the kindly help afforded by friends not connected with the place. On the next Sunday evening after the bazaar, Oct. 18, a special thanksgiving service was held (instead of the usual service) which was numerously attended and greatly enjoyed.

LINCOLN.—Anniversary services were held on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 1 and 2. The sermons were preached by Rev. W. Beckett in the morning, L. S. Henshaw in the afternoon, and by the pastor, E. Compton, in the evening. On Monday evening, after a public tea meeting, a meeting was held in the chapel, J. Maltby, Esq., mayor, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Revs. E. Metcalf, F. W. Clarkson, B.A., W. Beckett, C. Stovel, T. Roberts, and E. Compton. The report showed seventeen had been added to the church during the past year, and that the income of the church had increased 25 per cent.

LONGTON.—The first anniversary tea meeting of our minister's settlement was held on Monday, October 19. Mr. J. Y. CARRER, Mayor of Longton, presided. Number present, about 200. Proceeds of bazaar and subscriptions paid in, and of the new chapel fund, £300. In addition to this sum we have promises amounting to £200. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. W. March, T. Churchyard, J. H. Johns, and C. Springthorpe. We are anxious to arise and build. Our unceasing prayer is that the Lord will incline His people to send us material aid.

MOUNTSORREL.—Our friends here having felt for some time the need for a new and more commodious chapel, have set to work in good earnest to obtain funds for it. A Service of Song was held, Nov. 2, entitled, "The Exodus of Israel." It was effectively rendered. The practical text of the evening was placed over the pulpit, "£100 before we close." Mr. Lacey preached from that text, and the money was soon raised. Having that as a start, they ask for the help of their friends in other churches.

NORTHALLERTON.—The annual sermons for the reduction of the debt on the chapel were preached by the Rev. J. Maden, Oct. 11. On Monday evening a well attended tea meeting was held. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Maden, F. W. C. Bruce, J. Anderson, and W. Stubbings. We most gratefully tender our thanks to Mrs. Gladstone, Liverpool, for £2 10s.; Mr. Ackrill, Beverley, £1 5s.; Mr. Heard, £1.

NORWICH—CHALLENGE—BUT NO RESPONSE.—Dear Mr. Editor,—Ever since the issue of the last Magazine I have watched the post daily with the eager anxiousness of "those that watch for the morning," but, alas! as yet in vain. Will not some of our liberal friends come to our help? We still wait on tiptoe! Meanwhile we have been cheered with further help from dear Christian friends in India, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.
J. H. Morton, Esq., Magistrate, &c., Bellary	10	0	0
Captain E. S. Skinner, Rypore ..	2	0	0
Rev. W. Hill, Berhampore	1	0	0
Rev. J. H. Smith	1	0	0

Also—

Miss ———, a Christian friend, Norwich	10	0	0
Dr. Roche, Norwich	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Boddy, Norwich	5	10	0
Rev. R. Govett, Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. and Miss Hilling, Norwich ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cholerton, Swadincote ..	1	0	0
Mrs. North, Boston	1	0	0

Up to date we have realized the sum of £908, leaving a balance yet to be obtained of £292. May the Lord speedily

send us the help required. Yours faithfully,

GEORGE TAYLOR,
Somerleyton Street, Norwich,
Nov. 16, 1874.

NOTTINGHAM, *Stoney Street.*—A DOUBLE JUBILEE.—My dear Sir,—I am requested to communicate, through the medium of our valuable and widely circulated Magazine, to friends formerly connected with Stoney Street, and also to the denomination generally, the fact that next year will be the Centenary of the Church. At its formation in 1775 it consisted of eight members. Since then it is almost unnecessary to say that it has undergone many changes, but its aggressive spirit has been continually manifested. Weakened by disruption, new life has been imparted, and, by the grace of God, "we continue unto this day." It had, at one time, nine branches, and a total of 1,050 members; the branches are now all independent churches, and some of them have pastors, whilst many of its former members are widely scattered. We propose to celebrate the Centenary next year by clearing off the whole of the debt both on the chapel and schools. In the denominational centenary year we built our present excellent school-rooms, at a cost, of £1,000, upon which there remains a debt of £295—the debt on the chapel is £110—and we think there can be no more fitting observance of this unusually interesting occasion than that of declaring ourselves free from debt on both buildings. Two years since we paid off £480, this year we have paid £170, all raised within ourselves by means of weekly contributions set on foot for the purpose. We now desire, by one grand effort, to free the premises entirely from debt; and we appeal to the many friends who have been connected with us, to the very many Sunday scholars who have passed through our schools and now living in different parts of the country (some of whom hold important positions in our churches, and places of honour in the world,) to aid us in the work. It will be seen that we have not lacked energy in helping ourselves, and therefore with more confidence appeal to others. We intend to hold a bazaar some time in May or June next, in which all our young people may join, and shall gladly receive any contributions toward the object either in money or goods. Feeling unequal to all the task ourselves, we ask help, sympathy, and countenance from friends everywhere, that the desire of our hearts may be accomplished. These debts being removed, we shall be free for other duties, the realization of higher privileges, and

enabled to celebrate our hundredth anniversary with the joyful announcement that we "Owe no man anything but to love one another." Pray forgive this lengthy communication, and let the importance (to us) of the subject be the excuse pleaded for its insertion. Yours faithfully,
E. BARWICK, Sec.

RAMSGATE, Farley Place.—The 150th anniversary, and the forty-second of the connection of the present pastor (Mr. J. Packer) with the ministry in the above chapel, was celebrated, Nov. 2, by a social tea meeting, kindly provided by some friends. After tea the chair was occupied by Dr. Henderson, who presented a purse containing ten guineas to the pastor as a small tribute of respect. The pastor acknowledged the gift. Addresses were given by Major-General Radcliff, Mr. Fells, Mr. G. Grigg, Mr. Whitmore, harbour missionary, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Southee, all of whom spoke in the most respectful terms of the minister of the chapel, some of them having known him for several years.

STALYBRIDGE.—An interesting social tea meeting was held, Oct. 31, when a valuable presentation was made to the Rev. E. K. Everett. It consisted of a large and elegant timepiece, the gift of members of the church and congregation. Upon it was a silver plate engraved with an inscription of the esteem of those who had subscribed to present it. Mr. George Hopwood spoke on behalf of the donors, alluding to the active work of the minister during nearly three years, and to the trials and difficulties of that period. He expressed the ardent friendship manifested towards the pastor by the great majority of the congregation, which now made itself known by the handsome gift of that evening. In reply, the pastor tender his sincerest thanks. The joy of the meeting was the brighter that this was not a parting but only a stimulating gift.

MINISTERIAL.

MEASHAM.—The Rev. George Barker, Baptist minister, having resigned the pastorate at Measham, and who has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, Beeston, near Nottingham, was presented by the officers of the Measham church, on behalf of the church and congregation, with a purse containing sixteen guineas. The friends much regretted Mr. Barker's removal from them, but wished him the greatest happiness and success in his new sphere of labour.

BEESTON.—A largely attended public tea meeting was held in the school-room

of the Baptist chapel, Beeston, near Nottingham, on Tuesday, Nov. 10, to welcome the new pastor, the Rev. G. Barker, who had so successfully laboured at Measham for the last four years. There was a great manifestation of heartiness among the Beeston friends. At the meeting after tea Dr. Underwood, the former pastor of the church, took the chair, and spoke at length on the history of the church, which is just seventy years old. The Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, spoke of the new pastor as an old neighbour, and a highly esteemed Christian minister. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., President of Chilwell College, spoke on behalf of the congregation, and in their name, and that of the students, and welcomed Mr. Barker. After an interesting speech by the Rev. J. Parkinson, of Lenton, Mr. B. responded to the kind sentiments of his friends, expressing a hope that each member of the congregation would find in him, not the arrogant pretensions of a priest, but the sincere services of a friend. The meeting was also addressed by J. R. Pearson, Esq., and other members of the congregation, and proposals were made for the building of a minister's house.

BAPTISMS.

- BOSTON.**—Oct. 29, four, by J. Jolly.
BURNLEY, Enon.—Oct. 21, three.
CONGLETON.—Nov. 3, one, by J. Walker.
HEADCORN.—Oct. 26, three, by J. J. Kendon.
KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—Nov. 15, three, by J. S. Lacey.
LEICESTER, Archdeacon Lane.—Nov. 18, ten, by W. Bishop.
LONDON, Commercial Road.—Oct. 25, four, by J. Fletcher.
NANTWICH.—Nov. 15, three, by R. P. Cook.
NETHERTON.—Oct. 25, seven, by R. B. Clare.
OLD BASFORD.—Nov. 1, two, by W. Dyson.
RYDE.—Oct. 29, three, by J. Harrison.
SHORE.—Oct. 31, eight, by J. Maden.
STALYBRIDGE.—June 7, two; Oct. 25, four; Nov. 8, one, by E. K. Everett.

MARRIAGES.

- RILEY-KAY.**—Oct. 22, at Enon chapel, Burnley, by Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. John Riley to Miss Ruth Kay, both of Burnley.
RILEY-HOCKING.—Oct. 17, at Enon chapel, Burnley, by Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. Joseph Riley to Miss Elizabeth Hocking, of Burnley.

Obituaries.

ABELL.—Mrs. Annie Abell died at Duffield, March 2, 1874, aged twenty-six. She was baptized and united with the church in 1865; and although her course was short she had won the love and esteem of all her fellow-members by her pious and amiable deportment. She was several times afflicted with disease of the lungs, which ultimately proved fatal. Her last illness was only a few weeks; and although nature bound her to earth, she prayed earnestly for resignation to the divine will, knowing that the Almighty doeth all things right. On the last evening of her life she exclaimed triumphantly, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." On being asked, just before her departure, who is the most precious to you now, she unhesitatingly said, "Jesus." And, after commending her two dear children and husband to the Lord, she peacefully breathed her last, so gently we hardly could realize she was gone.

ALLSOP.—Oct. 18, 1874, Maria Roberts, the beloved wife of Rev. Solomon Allsop, March, Cambs. A memoir will appear shortly.

HUNT.—Mrs. Sarah Hunt died, March 24, 1874. In the removal of our sister we feel that a mother in Israel has been taken away, for being gifted by nature with a strong intellect, and her mind well stored with scripture truths, she was at once a pleasant and profitable companion. She was baptized in the river Derwent, at Duffield, by the late Mr. Ingham, in 1818. Thus she was a church member fifty-six years; a union which she always considered most dear, and extolled the love of her Saviour in first calling and then keeping her by His grace within His fold. In conversation she was loving and affectionate, and ever strove to win the young to love and serve the Saviour—nor were her efforts unsuccessful, as the last day will reveal. She was constant in her attendance on the means of grace, and actively engaged in furthering the interests of Zion till within a few weeks of her death. When her last illness came she calmly awaited her summons home. To the writer she said, "I have long looked for this time; and in surveying my life must see what an unprofitable servant I have been, and must ascribe all praise to Christ who first sought and found me, and has all along kept me, and

now will safely bear me home." She requested and entreated that nothing about herself, in the way of a funeral sermon, might be said, but to make known the loving-kindness of God in keeping her to the end. She was conscientious and cheerful till the end came, and after many loving counsels quietly breathed her last.

ROPER.—William Roper, the subject of this brief sketch, was born at Hathern, April 30, 1803. His parents were poor; and when very young he was sent to work in the field. When about sixteen he engaged himself as an agricultural servant in a pious family at Wymeswold. Mr. and Mrs. Wale, with whom he lived, were members of the Baptist church, and under their kind instruction and care he was soundly converted, and at once took part in their family devotions. He was constant at all the means of grace. In the year 1821 he removed to Long Whatton, and there took part in the choir and at prayer meetings, and was baptized the same year by the Rev. J. Derry. He married Sarah Tugby, a member of the church, in 1826. He removed to Hathern, where he spent the remainder of his long and useful life, highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a member of the church fifty-three years. He was with the Rev. J. F. Winks at the formation of the Sabbath school in 1828, of which he was superintendent forty-six years. He led the choir thirty-five years. He took part in the formation of the church, August 16th, 1840, when, with Mr. Wilde, he was appointed a deacon, which office he honourably sustained thirty-four years. He was agent for our Magazine forty-four years. In 1868 his friends presented him with Kitto's Bible and a hymn book. Our deceased brother was an abstainer from intoxicants nearly twenty years. He died, June 25th, 1874, rejoicing in the prospect of a glorious immortality.

TETLEY.—Oct. 29, Sarah, aged thirteen years and ten months; and Nov. 7, Eliza Hannah, aged fifteen years and ten months; the beloved children of Thomas and Jane Tetley, of Sawley Station, Derbyshire, both of scarlet fever. "Gone to be with Christ, which is far better." They were both scholars in the Sabbath school.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

DECEMBER, 1874.

NEW YEAR'S SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS.

DEAR BRETHREN,—We beg to remind you that the first Sabbath of the New Year is the usual time for making simultaneous SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS for the Widows and Orphans of our Missionaries. We hope it will be convenient for you to continue your usual contribution, and if possible to increase the amount.

The sum required to pay the several Insurance Premiums is over One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, and it is most desirable that this should be raised apart from the ordinary funds of the Society.

In no case is it contemplated that the poor of our churches should suffer by the Sacramental Collections. All that is asked for is, that an extra effort be made on that day, and that the surplus over and above the usual collection be given to the Fund.

Should the first Sabbath of the year be found an inconvenient time to you, we would suggest that the collection might be made on the first Sabbath of February or March.

It will prevent confusion in the accounts, and ensure the correct appropriation of the Sacramental Collections, if they are sent direct to either of us, and *separate* from the ordinary contributions of your church to this Society.

We remain, yours faithfully,

THOMAS HILL, Baker Street, Nottingham, *Treasurer.*
J. C. PIKE, Leicester, *Secretary.*

Post Office orders for the latter to be payable at the King Richard's Road Office, Leicester.

EXPECTED RETURN TO ENGLAND OF DR. AND MRS.
BUCKLEY.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, October 6th, 1874.

YOU must have heard of Mrs. Buckley's serious and alarming illness during the past month. It has been a time of great anxiety; but again we have, with humble thankfulness, to acknowledge the loving-kindness of the Lord in blessing the means used, and alleviating the symptoms that occasioned much anxiety; but while we thankfully hope that immediate danger is past, we cannot but feel, after so serious an attack, that it is plainly our duty to think of returning to the dear old country. We have not come to any decision as to the time of leaving,

but shall seek medical advice on this point. Our cold season is at hand, and personally I dread encountering, at once on landing, the rigours of an English winter, but the Lord will guide us. He who has brought us safely thus far will guide us in the right way till the toils of the wilderness are past, and we "see the Canaan that we love with unbeckoned eyes." In this time of trial we have been very grateful for the kind and skilful attention of a valued medical friend, Dr. Stewart, and for the sympathy and kindness of all our friends.

We have just returned from Naraje, where we spent twelve days. We went under medical advice, and I am glad to say that Mrs. Buckley derived much benefit from the change. Naraje is a charming place on the river about seven miles from Cuttack. The bungalow is on an elevated spot, and commands a fine view of our noble river. It is here that the Mahannuddy throws off its principal branch—the Katjuri—which takes a southern course. A small steamer was kindly and unsolicitedly placed at our disposal to convey us to Naraje; and while there we were greatly indebted to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Beale, who reside there with their family. Morning by morning we had a sail in the jolly boat, which was much enjoyed; and an hour or so before sunset we went out with bearers, or I had a quiet walk. I may thankfully add that I felt the change did me much good, and after the anxieties and watchings and broken rest I had had for two or three weeks you may be sure it was much needed.

You know that I am a *pluralist*, but may not be aware that I am a *Registrar*, and that in this capacity I have registered the birth of John Gregory Pike the third. I hope that it will be sent to-morrow to the magistrate's office, and in course of time it will reach the Registrar-General's Office. It is an appointment without any salary attached, and is for the Europeans and Eurasians connected with the Mission chapel, and others if they choose.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

A MESSAGE FROM PAUL GRASSI.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—I promised, and have much pleasure in forwarding, for the *Missionary Observer* the first instalment of a series of three papers, placed in my hands when in Rome by our Evangelist. I first thought they were copies of sermons, but my linguistical assistant has discovered that they are addresses to English brethren, indicating the desire of Grassi to live on brotherly terms with his Christian friends and supporters in Britain.

A year ago his friends spoke for him, telling the story of his life, character, and labours; but now he tells us himself of his manner of life from its earliest dawn, how he was trained for, and how sincerely he entered, the priest's office; where his doubts originated, and how they were strengthened; how the new and the true light shone upon his soul; and how he finally severed himself from papal associations. The story, as far as it goes in this paper, is deeply interesting, and cannot fail to encourage the committee and friends of the Mission in their renewed and increased efforts to strengthen him in his position and labours. The other two translations shall be forwarded in due course. I am labouring to raise a special fund for the enlargement of Grassi's preaching and teaching accommodation. Any assistance for this object may be forwarded to my address, as under.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS COOK.

Temperance Hotel, Leicester,
Nov. 12th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Received from a Friend at Archdeacon Lane, Leicester	0	2	6
" " J. Lamb, Esq., Fullwood, near Preston	1	0	0
" " Mrs. W. Gray, Leicester	0	10	0

ADDRESS OF PAUL CAV. GRASSI TO HIS BRETHREN IN ENGLAND.

MY soul bounds with joy, my good brethren in Jesus Christ, to feel myself partaker of your joyous hopes; and in this my first communication with you personally I think it is due to you that I should give a brief account of my life, and of the principal events which, under Divine Providence, led to my conversion. This I do willingly: first, to express to you, people elect, my gratitude for your having brought to light the truth, which the idolatry and paganism of the papal doctrine had buried; and secondly, as testimony to the glory of our Omnipotent Heavenly Father, who has mercifully led me from darkness into His truth.

I was born in Rome, of honest and virtuous parents, and from my earliest infancy was instructed in the catechism of the papal church. When fourteen years old, I was confined by my parents to the care of the Fathers Barnabiti, amongst whom I knew personally, and as Superior, Sig. Gavazzi, whose history is well known to you. I was forwarded from this institution by the *Superior General* to Father Barbieri, of the same order, and head of the College Carlo Alberto, at Moncallieri, Piedmont. Here I remained until I was twenty-three, giving myself up to the study of literature and catechism; and I must say truly that such were the arts used in teaching the religious axioms of the Roman church that I, full of good faith, became thoroughly enamoured with the papal liturgy and ceremonial, so much so that I had not a thought opposed to the Pope-King. All the high dignitaries of this court were to me as so many divinities, and I lived in the firm conviction that they represented the highest form of human virtue. The presence only of one consecrated to the priesthood was for me a delight, and there grew within me the ardent desire that I might be worthy to be numbered with them. I returned to Rome, and it gave me great joy to be near to my friends; but I felt stronger than ever the desire to attain that which in my heart I had determined upon. My uncle was the head priest of the Capuchin Monastery in Rome, and he invited me to live with him, which, with the free and loving consent of my parents, I did, but soon found that I was not strong enough to endure the hard and foolish discipline of this order. I had, therefore, to thank my uncle for his kindness and return to my home, determined now to consecrate myself as priest in the Roman church, and to remain near to my friends. All my relations were pleased with this determination, and in a very short time I was consecrated priest. I confess to you, my brethren, that the first days of my ministry passed in a sea of delight, and it seemed to me that I was one of the blessed of the earth. In approaching other priests I hoped to find in them the company of the elect of paradise, and I tried to imitate the virtue which they seemed to me to possess. But oh! the undeceiving! cruel deception! In a short time I was persuaded of errors, and the more familiar I became with them, the more I found in them that which was totally opposed to virtue.

I spent long years of bitterness and doubt, and when promoted in the ecclesiastical career, I received the honours with indifference, or rather contempt. I commenced to study the revealed Word of God, and to compare it with the doctrines of the church. I began to feel persuaded in myself that the teaching of Jesus Christ, our elder Brother, was obscured by the dogmas of the pontificate, and that the Roman church, instead of publicly declaring the true doctrines of the revealed word, had, little by little, in the course of ages and by its councils, completely masked the truth by a mixture of Judaistic and paganistic teaching. The more I studied and searched for truth in the Holy Bible, the more was I persuaded that the church of Rome, in which I was priest, was far from the teaching of the divine word, and that the priests and dignitaries were quite opposed to virtue.

Such was the state of my mind when in Sep., 1870, there happened that which Divine Providence had ordained for the emancipation of the Romans. It was ordained in heaven above; and David says of it, "He shall judge among the heathen; He shall fill the places with the dead bodies; He shall wound the heads over many countries"—Ps. cx., 6.

Thus fell the temporal power of the Popes; and this fall brought the truth to life. In Rome, the capital of papal christianity, where it was forbidden to read the Bible, by that fall, effected by the hand of God, to-day I preach the gospel of Christ.

By Divine Providence, in April, 1873, I knew and visited my good brother, Sig. Wall, who inspired me with so much confidence that I opened to him my heart, entreating of him counsel and aid. Mr. Wall received me as the penitents were received in the days of Pentecost.

Brethren, I am now a follower of Christ, and preach in Rome the gospel of Christ. I will speak the truth in the same place and to the same people to whom I have for so many years taught error. The spiritual power of the Roman pontificate must fall, because it is based upon error. The old, grown callous in superstition and idolatry, if they do not believe unto salvation, shall be condemned; the young, persuaded of error, shall strengthen our thread, and Paganism and Judaism shall perish. My good brethren, I have been saved by Divine Providence, and you and all other christians who are united with me this day in this country, chosen of God for the regeneration of true christianity, thank with me and for me Jesus Christ, our elder Brother, who intercedes near our Heavenly Father, that I may be sustained by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

In our next conference together I will tell you of the anxiety shown by the church of Rome on my account, that you in England may feel convinced that I shall never return to its error.

PAUL CAV. GRASSI.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY BY THE REV. J. H. SMITH.

Berhampore, Sept. 23rd, 1874.

THE first twelve months of our Indian life has nearly come to a close, certainly the most eventful year we have known; but as most matters of interest have already been written by the brethren and read by friends at home, we will not attempt a retrospect. We are happy and contented with our chosen lot, not a shadow of regret for the course we have taken has crossed our minds. It might have been otherwise had we been lured by poetic dreams of "Sunny fountains and golden sands;" but impelled as we were by a simple desire to do the work which was most needed to be done, we have found pleasure in our duties, suffered no disillusion and consequent disappointment, whilst our interest in the country and the people grows with our personal knowledge of them and association with them. Our health has been generally good; we have suffered no great hardships; the hot season was not quite so unbearable as we had expected to find it; the rainy season has none of the dull, depressing associations which belong to a rainy season at home; while it would be difficult to find any cause for complaint against the cold season, which is as one long sunny summer day. At first we had many misgivings about the language; even when we had learned a great number of words, it seemed as though we never would be able to use them, for our pronunciation was so bad that the natives could not understand what we said, and we invariably used the wrong word, or words so extraordinary and unusual, that our conversation turned out to have been more amusing than instructive; when we called for a light we were presented in all gravity with a bag of potatoes; and when we thought once that we had given an interesting account of a storm, we found we had been astonishing the natives with a story of a great madman. Though we have been very dumb missionaries hitherto, yet we feel now somewhat assured that we shall be able to overcome the difficulties of the language and find a door of utterance; we are able to make ourselves understood in conversation, and have made one or two very awkward attempts at giving an address in the Sunday school and at the week-evening service. We are very pleased with Berhampore, and especially with its christian community. The church grows steadily; the last baptism was on the 6th Sept., when six of the orphan children were baptized in the tank of the school compound by Anunta Das. One is struck with the simplicity and naturalness of the ordinance here; no preparation is required, no filling of the baptistry, and preparation of suitable dresses, while it is impossible for the candidates to have any fear of immersion in the tank in which they immerse themselves every day; the newly baptized are prepared for the service, which follows almost immediately, in one or two minutes. It is customary on the day of the baptism to present a plate of sweetmeats and plantains to the missionary. This is the fourth baptism at Berhampore since our settlement here; with one

notable exception, the candidates have been young people from the Orphanage or christian village.

It may interest our musical friends that we are making an effort to improve the singing; many of them have heard good specimens of native singing from the missionary platform, and know how barbarous it is, and how much a reformation is needed to make it simply endurable to more sensitive ears. Each individual member of the congregation does that which is right in his own ears, makes what variations he pleases in the tune, conducts all the sound through his nose, observes no time, believes it to be his duty to make his voice heard above every other, and draws the tones to a more intolerable length than we ever remember to have heard at home. The tunes are many of them pleasant and musical, and so well adapted to their hymns that we could not recommend the adoption of English tunes. They have no idea of harmony, but now that we have a singing class, and are beginning to use the harmonium in the Oriya services, both here and in Cuttack, something more than the simple air has become a necessity; and since we have no time for studying "harmony and thorough bass," in order to save our harmony from being as barbarous as our singing, if some competent musical friends will communicate to us their willingness to harmonize them, we shall only be too glad to furnish them with copies of the airs in either notation for that purpose. We append a free translation of one of the native hymns:—

O Jesu the Forgiver,
Hear Thou my humble prayer!
I cannot bear without Thee
My daily load of care.

For what are wealth and honour,
And what false happiness?
If with me Jesus dwell not,
How can my soul have peace?

Though I were very wealthy,
Yet pardon I must crave;

I cannot live without Thee,
I will be still Thy slave.

Unholy, wicked, wretched,
By day and night I sin;
What other hope than Jesu
Can dwell my heart within?

O ever-blessed Jesu!
Thy love is wealth to me;
Hear Thou my one petition—
My soul from sin set free.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XV.

"He that toucheth the dead body of any man shall be unclean seven days . . . and every open vessel which hath no covering bound upon it is unclean, and whosoever toucheth . . . a bone of a man, or a grave, shall be unclean seven days, . . . and on the seventh day he shall purify himself, and wash his clothes, and bathe himself in water, . . . and whatsoever the unclean person toucheth shall be unclean; and the soul that toucheth it shall be unclean until even."—Numbers xix. 11, 22. See also, Leviticus xix. 1, 5; Ezekiel xliv. 25, 27.

THE hindoos have a perfect horror of everything relating to the dead, and would shrink from touching a corpse, a bone, a grave, or funeral pile, as from a savage beast or deadly snake. When, however, a death occurs in a family, the house and all its members become unclean for twelve days. During this period these persons cannot enter a temple, the house of a friend, or follow their worldly calling. Nor can any one touch an unclean person, or be touched by him, without being ceremonially defiled. Only to-day my pundit has been telling me that he could not get shaved because the brother of his barber was dead. "If he were to touch me," he said, "during the days of his separation, I should be unclean also." As persons in this ceremonially impure state are carefully avoided, so they are careful to avoid touching any one else. Should a person, for example, be about to approach or enter a house, not knowing that a death had occurred, the unfortunate inmates would at once warn him off by crying, "Unclean, unclean!" Women never attend a funeral; and the men, after burning the dead body, must purify themselves, wash their clothes, and bathe, before they return to the house. The earthen cooking pots having become unclean must be thrown away, and new ones provided each time they cook. On the day the death occurs all must fast, and on each day afterwards, till the twelfth, they must only partake of one meal, which must be eaten with bitter herbs. On the tenth day the house must be thoroughly cleansed, all clothes must be washed, all the male members of the family must have their heads and

faces shaved, must be purified, must bathe, must put on new garments, and present offerings to the brahmins. On the eleventh and twelfth days a feast must be provided and new clothes distributed.

If, then, the hindoo would not, on any account, touch the body or bone of a dead man in consequence of the ceremonial impurity it involves, with what carefulness ought the christian to avoid the body of sin and death. The one separates man from man, but the other separates man from God. Moreover, if the heathen is willing to incur any expense in order that he may be cleansed, and restored to the society of his fellow-man, with what eagerness ought the christian to seek to be cleansed from all moral impurity, and to be restored to the friendship and favour of his God. Surely, too, the morally polluted inhabitant of christian lands ought to learn a lesson from the conduct of the ceremonially polluted heathen. And if, instead of seeking to contaminate others, he would, like the latter, cry, "*Unclean, UNCLEAN,*" many would be saved from the separation, the sadness, and the suffering, which moral impurity inevitably entails.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

No. XVI.—*Eating the King's Salt.*

"Now because we have maintenance from the king's palace, and it was not meet for us to see the king's dishonour, therefore have we sent and certified the king."—Ezra iv. 14.

THE letter of which these words form a part was marked by malignant opposition to the faithful servants of God, and had a disastrous effect in delaying the building of the second temple. My present object, however, is not to dwell on this, but to illustrate an Oriental idiom, and point the moral it suggests. The phrase, "We have maintenance from the king's palace," correctly conveys the meaning, but is not literal: the marginal reading is, "We are salted with the salt of the palace;" but it would have been better and more idiomatic if expressed as in our Indian translations, "We have eaten the salt of the palace" or of the king. It is clear that this mode of speaking was understood in the East twenty-four centuries ago, and it is now understood all over India. It expresses dependence on the person whose salt is eaten, and obligation to him. There is a familiar and very expressive couplet among the people,

"Jahara nimmuka khie
Jahara nama banjio,"

i.e., you should sound abroad the praises of the master whose salt you eat. And similar phrases abound. In the dark days of the mutiny it was common to describe the mutinous sepoys as nimmukharam, *i.e.*, unfaithful to their salt. Many illustrations of this idiom might be gathered from the page of history, but a few must suffice. Timur, or Tamerlane, who invaded India at the close of the fourteenth century, and who was one of the most ferocious—I may, indeed, say fiendish—characters in Asiatic history, speaking of one who had quitted his service and then fought against him, says, "At length *my salt which he had eaten* overwhelmed him with remorse: he again threw himself on my mercy, and humbled himself before me." A Persian monarch, upbraiding an unfaithful servant, is described as saying, "I have, then, such ungrateful servants and traitors as these *to eat my salt.*" But the best illustration that I have met with of the phrase in question is, strange to say, in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington. When the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, had returned from India early in 1806, he was appointed to some inferior post in England, which it was thought should hardly have been offered to a soldier who had so much distinguished himself in the East. The reply of Sir Arthur to a friend who had represented the matter in this light was characteristic. "I am," said he, "a nimmukwallah, as we say in the East, *i.e.*, *I have ate the king's salt*, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness when and wherever the king or his government may think proper to employ me." The sentiment was worthy of the man, and may fitly be applied to the higher service of our Heavenly Master.

The instructive lesson which Matthew Henry deduces from the text at the head of this paper is worthy of being seriously pondered by every reader. "If they that lived upon the crown thought themselves bound in gratitude thus to

support the interest of it, much more reason have we thus to argue ourselves into a pious concern for God's honour: *we have our maintenance from the God of heaven, and are salted with His salt*, live upon His bounty, and are the care of His providence; and therefore *it is not meet for us to see His dishonour* without resenting it, and doing what we can to prevent it."

NOTE.—The foregoing striking and instructive illustrations of the above passage were kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. Buckley. To these I will venture to add another. While I was residing at Piplee a heathen servant, wishing to make known an act of injustice of which he was cognizant, prefaced the disclosure by saying, "I eat your *salt*, why should I see your property injured and not tell you?" It was as though he had said, "You are my master; from you I derive my support, and everything that makes life sweet and happy: how can I be unfaithful to so kind a benefactor?" He felt that to eat his master's salt and see his property injured would be the very acme of baseness and ingratitude.

A question might be raised as to why *salt* was chosen, and not wheat or rice or any other article of consumption? In talking with one of our native christians on the subject, he said, "Salt is the very essence of food, and essential to the preservation of life; a man may live a long time without rice or wheat or pulse, but if he be deprived of salt he will soon sicken and die." To say, therefore, "We are salted with the salt of the palace," or, "We have eaten the salt of the palace or king," might be equivalent to their saying that from the king they had received *everything* that was essential not only to preserve life, but to make it sweet and happy. Or it might mean that by eating the king's salt they had entered into a covenant to be faithful, incorruptibly faithful, to his interests. On salt, as the symbol of faithfulness, see Num. xviii. 19, also 2 Chron. xiii. 5, "Now because we have eaten the king's salt"—*i. e.*, partaken of the king's favour, and pledged ourselves to faithfulness in his service—"it was not meet for us to see the king's dishonour, therefore have we sent and certified the king."

But alas! how many professed christians eat the King's salt, but care not for the King's honour. Regarding salt as the symbol of support, friendship, and covenant, how great our obligation to gratitude and faithfulness to the King of kings! In common honesty we are bound to seize every opportunity of resenting and preventing those schemes and practices by which *our King* would be dishonoured and defrauded—defrauded of that "pay, toll, tribute, and custom" of *praise and honour, gratitude and service*, which He is entitled to receive. Act otherwise and, in a spiritual sense, "so shalt thou endanger the revenue of the King." W. HILL.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEED OF MORE MISSIONARIES.—The Committee met at Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham, on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That for the purpose of sustaining the Mission, AND IN ORDER TO OCCUPY NEW GROUND, the Committee feel it highly desirable to send out AT LEAST TWO ADDITIONAL MISSIONARIES at as early a period as practicable, and invite their friends throughout the Connexion to join them in special prayer to God that the right men may be forthcoming."

DERBY, *Mary's Gate—Juvenile Society*.—Some months ago the Committee of the above Society decided to make a special effort on behalf of the funds of the Orissa Mission. After much careful thought it was agreed to hold, as soon as practicable, a Children's Bazaar. The mem-

bers of the Society, and many of the young people of the church and congregation took up the question at once, entering upon the work with enthusiasm. A liberal response was made to their appeal for necessary materials to furnish the stalls, and arrangements being complete, the bazaar was held on Thursday, Nov. 12. The lecture room adjoining the chapel was appropriately decorated with missionary mottoes, plants, flowers, evergreens, &c., and presented a very beautiful appearance. The proceedings were opened at eleven o'clock in the morning by S. Roe, jun., Esq., the Rev. J. Wilshire, and others, taking part therein. A report of the Society's operations, with the amounts contributed each year since its formation, was printed in the room, and sold at a nominal charge. Vocal and instrumental music was provided at in-

tervals, and in one of the ante rooms there was an excellent Art Exhibition. There was displayed throughout the day the greatest possible interest by visitors, who came in large numbers to admire and to purchase the productions of many earnest little workers for a glorious cause. It is very gratifying to be able to state that our united labours were crowned with success; and that, as one direct result of this Children's Bazaar, there will be an addition of £35 to the funds of the Juvenile Missionary Society. If the young men and maidens connected with other churches throughout our denomination would inaugurate similar efforts, what a noble sum might soon be realized towards the Mission in Orissa and Rome. W. A.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT THE EAST LONDON TABERNACLE.—On Wednesday, Oct. 21, an important and largely attended conference took place at the above tabernacle (Mr. Archibald G. Brown's) in connection with the Mare Street chapel, Hackney, Young Men's Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society. The Chairman, J. P. Bacon, Esq., of Walthamstow, in his opening speech, showed most clearly the duty incumbent on all to support foreign missions in addition to home work. The conference, which was opened

with a very pointed address by the Rev. C. Baillhache, was of a practical and earnest nature. At the close of the meeting a Young Men's Missionary Auxiliary was formed in connection with the East London Tabernacle.

CUTTACK.—Our annual collections for incidental expenses were made on Lord's-day, Oct. 10. Mr. Miller preached in the afternoon in Oriya on the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, from 2 Cor. viii. 9, and nearly one hundred rupees (£10) was collected from our orphan children and native christians. In the evening Mr. Pike preached in English on the unspeakable gift from 2 Cor. ix. 15, and the collection amounted to 328 rupees—total, 428 rupees (£42 16s.). It was the first collection in the new chapel, and the largest we have ever had on such an occasion. J. B.

POSTAL NOTICE.—The postage on newspapers sent via Southampton to India has recently been reduced from twopence to one penny. This, we hope, will induce our friends sometimes to remember the missionaries in Orissa, and send them a paper. Such papers should be addressed via Southampton, and it is safer to write the address on the paper as well as the wrapper, but there should be no other writing. J. B.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, Sept. 17, 30.
" J. H. Smith, Sept. 23.

CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Oct. 6, 20.
" J. G. Pike, Oct. 7.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from October 18th to November 18th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Moiety of Legacy by George Cockle, Esq., Cambridge, by C. P. Tebbutt, Esq., Bluntisham, Executor	179	9	6
Ashby and Packington	24	6	0
Barrow-on-Soar	0	10	0
Barton and Barlestone	60	18	3
Bath	1	0	0
Burton-on-Trent—Juvenile Society, on account	20	0	0
Clayton	6	18	10
Kegworth and Diseworth	12	18	5
London—R. Johnson, Esq.	10	15	6
Moiety of Baptist Union collection at Newcastle	18	0	6
Macclesfield	18	18	0
Mansfield	15	16	0
Putney—Major Farran	1	0	0
Queensbury	18	3	11
Quorn don	3	3	0
Ripley	57	15	2

	£	s.	d.
Sheffield—on account	80	0	0
Tarporley	50	19	0
Wirksworth and Shottle	19	6	0

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEW CHAPEL AT PIPLEE.

Mr. Onkes, Halifax	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer, Wirksworth	0	10	0
Mrs. Fryer, Bonsall	0	5	0
Mrs. Hall Papplewick	1	0	0
Mrs. Hague, Nottingham	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
H. Hill, Esq., Nottingham	1	0	0
Mr. Burchnall, Stanford	2	0	0
J. O. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Hurst, Burton	1	1	0
Mr. Bannister, do.	0	10	6
Per Rev. T. Barrass	1	0	0
T. M., per Rev. J. Clifford, L.L.B.	1	1	0

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

It will oblige if Post Office Orders for the Secretary be made payable at the "KING RICHARD'S ROAD" Office, Leicester.