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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

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THE PREACHER'S JOY.*

BY THE REV. ALEX. McLAREN, B.A.

"That I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain. Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all. For the same cause also do ye joy, and rejoice with me."—Philippians ii., 16, 17, and 18.

WE come here to another of the passages so frequent in this letter, in which Paul pours out his whole heart to his beloved church. Perhaps there was never a Christian teacher, always excepting Christ, who spoke so much about himself as Paul did. His personal experience was always ready at hand for the illustration of what he was saying. As I have already had occasion to remark, we may even say that Paul's gospel was but the generalisation of Paul's history. He had felt it all before by inspiration he cast it into the form of doctrine, and so his own example was ever ready for correction and instruction in righteousness. It is very difficult to keep that sort of thing from becoming egotism, but he never overpasses that line. The warmth of his affection and the noble simplicity of his nature always preserve him from that. Here we have him opening the very depths of his heart in a way which a less noble and fervid nature would have shrunk from, and expressing his absolute consecration to his work, and his great desire for their spiritual good, with such force as would have been in the case of most men gross exaggeration. There must have been a very strong bond of love between a man and a body of Christian converts before he could use the thought that their faithfulness would increase his joy in the judgment, as a motive with them for being faithful; and there must have been a very strong bond of love between a man and a Christian church before he could say to them, with any expectation of being believed, "If I have to die in order to help you, I shall be glad to do it; and I expect that you will rejoice also with me."

If we look at the words before us, these two ideas are the two main thoughts in them—the help which their faith would be to him in the last great day; and the help which his death might be to them in the hour of his offering. And I take these ideas mainly to deal with this morning; beginning first with that thought—a singular thought that

* A Sermon preached in Union Chapel, Manchester, on Sunday morning, Dec. 13th, 1874.

is brought before us here, singular in itself, and even more singular in its place, as being a motive to Christian faithfulness—that their Christian growth and progress, their being what he has asked them to be, “blameless and harmless as the sons of God, without rebuke,” would be a help to Paul when he came to stand before the throne of God. “That I may rejoice,” or, as the words might be more accurately rendered, *for a subject of glory to me*, “against the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain.”

Now let us look at that thought. The first thing to mark, of course, is the way in which that great thought of the Day—the Day, as the time which was to test his work—was always before the apostle; it gleamed there upon his horizon constantly; it was ever present with him. I have to stand before God and give my account of my stewardship, and therefore I must labour; and constantly, with an elevation of spirit above all personal concerns, he lived for the one thing that his hands might be clear from the blood of all men when he should come to stand before Christ.

Dear brethren, that applies not only to apostles and to preachers, but to you and me. With no slavish fear, yet Christian men ought ever to live as in the irradiation by anticipation of the brightness of the light that gleams out from that great white throne. We shall stand there. But let us carry it with us as we go through life, so that it may burn up all the triviality of our common concerns, all the monotony of our daily deeds; and that we may feel how solemn, how awful, how great is everything that a Christian soul does, because it has all to be done over again, as it were, there in the presence of the all-judging eye and the perfect vision of God.

Well, then, the next consideration that I would suggest to you is this principle involved here—that by the results of that testing day the position of Paul and of every Christian man, in a very real sense, will be determined. I am not going to enter into questions which would take far more space than we can spare for them this morning, to deal with them adequately, namely, the perfect coincidence of the two streams of representation which appear in Scripture as to the principle upon which the eternal condition of the souls of saved men is determined. On the one hand, and fundamentally, to all there is the great principle that whosoever enters into heaven, and is saved with the everlasting salvation, and meets and passes the judgment of that great day, does so purely and solely as the gift of God for the sake of Christ, comprehended by faith. That is the one basis of all. No man enters heaven because he deserves it. No man's work has anything to do with his acceptance; but only his faith and Christ's work become his by his faith.

And then, on the other side, there comes in the other stream of representation, as common in Scripture as the former, which declares that men—saved by grace through faith, and that not of themselves, but as the gift of God in Christ,—that these men take a place in the heavens, according to the extent to which their faith has been wrought out in their character and in their lives. And I maintain that these two things are perfectly consistent and harmonious; at all events—for I cannot enter upon that subject at any length now—I want you to

remember that the two representations lie side by side in Scripture, and that you have not got hold of the comprehensive and entire doctrine unless you have both of them—first, all for Christ's sake, all for His work, all by His merit, all through faith; and then according to the extent to which my faith, working by love, has permeated my character and been manifest in my life, is the place that I take there. And of that determining fact, one large element, though by no means the only one, is that which the apostle points to here with such emphasis—the work of a Christian man, especially of a man whose mission it is to do such work for Christ, will determine, amongst the other elements, the degree of his glory and the place where he stands. Paul seems to say that if these Philippian believers were to become apostate, or were to present but a poor, shrivelled, imperfect Christianity, it would be so much the worse for him at last. And it seems that their growth in holiness, the consistency of their lives, the advancement of their Christian character, would be an element in his joy, and would have something to do with the place in which he would stand. Of course, we must not so push this thought as to say that unless a man's work is successful, it will be no element in his future blessedness. Thank God, the principle remains true, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of my God." And if a man's work hath been, and in the measure in which it has been faithful and humble and earnest and simple, the issues of it will have nothing to do with the brightness of his crown and the place of his future. But we can so seldom be sure that our work would not have been more successful if we had been more prayerful; so seldom be sure that our work would not have had larger results if it had been accompanied with more self-forgetfulness, with more watchfulness, with more tears, with more simplicity, with more faithfulness, with more prayers, with more perseverance, that on the whole we may say that futile Christian work has been faithless Christian work; and faithless Christian work will add nothing to a man's blessedness, and be no element in his glory.

Dear brethren, I believe that in the broad view and in the long run, speaking generally, there is no service for God which fails of its effect, except by reason, amongst other reasons, of defect on the part of the doer, either in the spirit or the manner or the substance of the service; and therefore, though admitting that not the results but the spirit will determine the extent to which any Christian man's work can be supposed to be a part of his crown and his glory; the two things are so inseparably connected in the general, that we may say the success does measure and indicate the spirit; and therefore, if a man hath laboured in vain, he will lose some of the glory in the day of the Lord.

And I need not remind you, I suppose, how frequently this thought crops up in all forms in the New Testament. The solemn words that we were reading together this morning, though they be susceptible of a much wider application, yet in their original meaning did apply specifically to this subject. "The foundation is laid." A Christian man, by his efforts for the salvation of others—a preacher and an apostle in the case in hand, but the principle applies far more widely,—builds upon that foundation, "gold, silver, precious stones, or, wood, hay, stubble;" the two categories both apply to the character of the converts; the

“gold, silver, the precious stones,” is faithful work done for Christ, which has been successful in bringing men to build upon that foundation; the “wood, the hay, the stubble,” is careless, perfunctory, useless work for Christ, which has brought nothing on to foundation that is not destroyed at that last day. And, says Paul, the man who has done the one is saved, and has the reward; and the man who has done the other, it is all burnt up before his eyes, and he is saved, yet so as by fire.

Christian workers! you have a solemn warning in these words. Take care that you are building on the Foundation. You, teachers, in your classes; you, fathers and mothers, in your households; you, men and women, who speak to others; any of you who open your lips in public, take care that what you build on the foundation be not the wood, the hay, the stubble, that will be all blackened and grimed and scorched and annihilated, twisting up and crackling into nothingness in the revealing fire; but will be the gold and the silver and the precious stones, that shall gleam more brightly and flash more lustreously as the tongued flames play upon them and reveal their brightness and their preciousness. Think of a man—and it is the case of multitudes—whose own personal salvation is secure because he had a personal faith, weak and tremulous it may be, but yet real, going into the heavens there, if I might so say, with his eyebrows burnt off, and the smell of fire upon his limbs, and nothing to show for all the life that he had lived, because it was all burnt up in that fire! And think of the other man, to whom an entrance is ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—“They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

Then, dear friends, without dwelling longer on this point, or urging how such a principle, standing in connection as it does, indicates not only Paul's warm love for this people, as if even among the glories of heaven he would miss something if he had not the joy of knowing that his work for them had not been in vain; and how, on the other side, its use as a motive in such a connection indicates the pre-supposition of much true, warm affection on their parts, else they would never have felt that it was any motive to them for faithfulness that thereby they should help the apostle—may I not venture to make a wider application of the whole thing, and to ask you, first of all—if I may so far venture upon personal considerations,—ask you first of all, and ask myself too, to try and get the spirit of these thoughts into our relation to one another, which I don't venture to parallel with the apostle, but which presents in it enough that is similar and analogous to make these thoughts appropriate. For me the lesson is to preach and work as having ever before me that great solemn day of account—“They watch for souls as they that must give account.” O! if I have here this morning any of my brethren in the ministry, dear friends, how is our pride of our poor work, our prayerlessness, our carelessness of fruit when we have done our poor talk, how all that is rebuked and smitten into dust by such an example as this. And for you, dear brethren, does such a pure, simple bond of love knit us together as that I can say, “I feel as if I should want something if I stood yonder and these were not there:” and do you feel as if my saying to you “that I may rejoice in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain,” was any motive for faithfulness in your Christian career? “Look to

yourselves that we lose not the things that we have wrought, but that we receive the full reward."

Well then, still further, there is upon the other side here, upon which I can touch but briefly, a place in which the apostle sets forth the thought that his death may be a help to their faith:—"Yea, if I be offered upon the sacrifice of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." With regard to the words, there need be very little said in the way of explanation. The antithesis—which is pointed out by the first word of the seventeenth verse, mis-translated in our bibles, which ought to be rendered "but,"—the antithesis is not between any idea of his living to see the day of the Lord, or having any fruition in the progress of Christian converts, but it is the contrast between the running and the labouring and the still greater thing, the dying for their service. "If I be offered"—literally *poured out*, as a libation was, a drink-offering upon the sacrifice; if I be poured out upon the sacrifice and priestly service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all. In general terms, that means, if I should not only have to run and labour for you, but if I should even have to shed my blood in order that your faith, which is your sacrifice ministered by you as priests, may be increased, I joy and rejoice with you all. If our time would allow, I might say a word or two here about the important metaphor which is involved in these words as to the sacrifice and priesthood of the Christian life, consisting mainly in the offering of Christian faith. Every Christian soul comes to God with its sacrifice. That sacrifice is mainly the faith that the man cherishes. As a priest he ministers before God. What? His prayers? No. His repentance? No. His faith: and what is that? Mainly and essentially the laying hold of the other sacrifice, the sacrifice of Christ. And so our true priesthood consists in our coming empty, nothing, sinful, needy, and allying ourselves by our faith with the great work that Christ has rendered. Then, too, we are priests; and we bring our faith as our offering resting on the sacrifice, the only real sacrifice of Christ. But I pass that by because there are other things that I want to touch upon.

Let me say a word, then, as to this sacrifice and libation of death which the apostle here pre-supposes. "If I be offered," poured out as a drink-offering was upon the sacrifice; if my blood be shed, says he, for the furtherance of your faith, I am glad at that. What a calm and joyous heart the man must have had, who, in no circumstances of ease but with the grim possibility of death over-hanging him, could speak about this, playing with it almost, and taking a metaphor from all the horror of a violent and bloody death, and smiling as it were at his fate, and saying, "O! it is only the pouring out of my blood like a libation upon a sacrifice."

There was an old heathen, Seneca, who, in his death, took the cup and bade his servant pour it out as a libation to Jupiter, the deliverer. And in a far nobler and truer way Paul regards even the headsman's axe, and the violent shedding of his blood, as but the pouring out of a thankoffering to Him that even in death delivered him from so great a death, and will deliver him. And there lie in the metaphor such thoughts as these—we may in dying worship, trust, pray; we may offer our death to God as our crowning sacrifice.

Then, still further, think for a moment of the thought that is in-

volved here of the death of a Christian as being the furtherance of others' faith. I dismiss the relation of apostle and church now altogether, and I speak more especially to some of my friends before me, to whom such words may, I hope, come with some consolation and with some strength. Dear brethren, we ought to think of the passing away of those that are dear to us from this point of view—not a chastisement, not a loss—a reason for sorrow indeed, but also and chiefly a means for the strengthening and the increase of our individual trust in Jesus Christ—their lives poured out as a libation upon the sacrifice of our faith. When we think of how the withdrawing of the human may lead us closer to the Lord; when we think of how the sacred memories of the last moments may give a reality and a verity to the great truths of the gospel, such as they never before possessed; when we think of how their passing into the heavens may draw our hearts thither; when we think of how the shattering of the mirror may lead us to turn to the sunshine, which it only reflected, and how the breaking of the cistern may relegate us and remand us to the fountain; and the ceasing of the dearest that can die may draw us closer to the dearer that lives for ever, we may understand how *they* may be offered upon the sacrifice of our faith, and we may come to the height of the apostles thought here, the mutual joy which binds them and us together when we think of that hour which to flesh and human affection is a sorrow and a pain. They are glad, looking back upon the moment which brings the tears to our eyes and wakes a sense of desolation, as often as we remember it, in our hearts. Why should it be that they in their serene blessedness and we here are so divided and discordant in our feelings about the same facts? Why should it be that what makes them glad makes us sad? Why should it not be that we may join with them, not for their sakes only, but for our own also, in rejoicing with them that they have passed into the brightness more clearly? Dear friends, is there not some voice that you will never hear more till you hear it again singing the new song, which may seem to speak to you from out of the very midst of the glory in the words of the text, “for the same cause do ye joy and rejoice with me.”

 FURTHER THROUGH.

Sons of God and heirs of glory,

Further through the fleeting years!
 Further through our sorrow's story,
 Through the gladness dashed with tears,
 Through these questions and heart-strainings,
 Through this learning to be wise,
 Through our uninformed complainings,
 Expectations, and surprise.

Nearer to the reclamation
 Of the all we hope or miss,
 And a world whose explanation
 Vindicates our life in this;
 Nearer to the new creation,
 And the active evermore;
 Nearer to our great salvation
 Now than ever heretofore.

Onward, then, with high endeavour;
 On with hearts both glad and calm;
 Or if sad, still brave as ever,
 Breathing prayer that breaks to psalm,
 Need we sigh for summer weather?
 Steps are quickened by the storm;
 Sooner singly or together
 Pass we through the gates of morn.

There we work without the toiling;
 Find without the search our bliss;
 Use the all as nothing spoiling;
 Greeting love with sinless kiss;
 Feel new powers from surceased sorrow;
 Joys undreamed where once we trod;
 Smile to think we feared a morrow
 When our days were steps to God.

E. HALL JACKSON.

THE HIGHEST CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THERE are many promises at hand that the year which opens this morning will contain the answer to our fervent prayers for the reviving of the spiritual life of the Christian churches of these realms. Signs of fuller consecration are bursting forth on every hand sufficient to fill us with a chastened joy and a hallowing hope. The dissatisfaction of past years is finding vent in a quickened devotion to practical godliness. The sigh of impatient weariness gives place to the song of calm trust. Apathy in the pursuit of holiness vanishes in resolute and all-hoping endeavour to secure more obedience to the will, and conformity to the character of the Lord Jesus. Thousands are bent on attaining the "higher" Christian life. Thousands more are ready and eager to make the "saving of souls" as real a life-business as any in which they can engage. 1875 is destined to be a year of blessed visitation. God help us to use to the uttermost of good all the grace He gives; and make this, and all our work, so instinct with His energy that all our churches may be filled with His glory!

The life of God in the soul is itself the highest life. It has no equal on earth, and cannot have. It transcends every manifestation of living activity we know, in its nature, reality, richness of quality, breadth of issues and durability. Not more surely is God at the head of all being than His work in souls surpasses all other works. The believer is a partaker of the Divine nature. He is dead to sin, and alive to God; and alive with the very life of God. He is a new creation. He has been regenerated; he is being renewed. The change is substantially the dawn of a new existence, the beginning of real life. Contrasted with the evanescence of the activities of the passions and appetites, of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the vain glory of life, it is the *only* abiding life. They pass away: but this endureth for ever. They perish in the using: this grows and lives a fuller life by use. Strictly speaking, then, it is always a superlatively rich life, an inspiration of the Almighty, a supernatural gift, a force pervading and controlling the whole being of its possessor, the *highest* life, even life everlasting.

But we all know that, considered in *itself*, the Christian life is susceptible of different degrees of development. It is a life in us, and *therefore* it is a growth. No life, as we see it, starts as a completed and finished product, incapable of advance, needing no carefulness of culture, no enriching sunshine, no fertilizing dew. The tree grows. The child grows. The Christian grows: grows in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Hence numberless differences in attainment and character. Planted in one soil, it is exposed to the rough winds of enormous passions and the tempests of inherited lusts; in another it lives in the tropical warmth of a grace-fraught nature, and breathes the serenity of heavenly peace. In some the life is a weakly valetudinarian thing, always standing at the hospital door, waiting for medical prescriptions, and ready to listen to any "quack" if he be but bold enough in speech and glib with promise; in others it is a robust, full-toned, manly energy, delighting in the grip of difficult deed, and exulting to suffer for the sake of men. There the garden is only free from weeds—has neither fragrant

rose nor cluster-loaded vine; yonder the budding life is hidden in the closely compacted leaf-sheath—a promise, and no more; and further still the bud has opened its petals to the sunlight and shot forth into a magnificent flower of loveliest hue and perfect form. The “epistle of Christ” forms in one binding a hard dry negation, unattractive as arctic snows or arid deserts—a coldly uttered, “Thou shalt not;” the next volume shows a pleasant exposition, calm, regular, evenly balanced, and correct, but only an exposition, and not an enthusiastic appeal or glowing argument; but in the next and loftiest reaches of its manifestation the letter is filled with inspiring song, set to harmonious music, and sung with thrilling pathos and resonant power.

John recognizes these and similar variations when he divides the early church into three groups. First come “the little children,” merry and glad with the forgiveness of sins; knowing little more than their pardon; too feeble for battle, but not too feeble for life, and growth, and joy. The second group consists of “young men” drilled to warfare, girt in armour, ready for action, and cheered by the victories over the evil one they have already scored, though lacking the clearer light and distincter vision of the love of God born of long experience of His pity and grace. The “fathers” complete the family scene. They are men filled and strengthened by that deep inward knowledge of the Father which is better than all the teaching of the schools, and is the purest joy and most conquering force in life.

It is obvious, then, that the ladder, whose bottom rung is on the earth, has a topmost round; the mountain, at whose base we stand, has a summit, even though it may be out of sight. The Christian life has before it a perfect and completed condition. And as no child is content to be always a child, and no real traveller choseth to rest midway and lose the enrapturing sight that waits him on the heights, so no well-taught and earnest Christian is satisfied without knowing what his goal is, and in some way or other seeking it. He aspires to the highest forms of this highest life. The “higher” will not suffice while the highest is possible. The low levels of sin are his abhorrence. “How can I do this great wickedness” is his indignant exclamation when solicited to think or desire what is wrong. He shrinks from the very touch of evil, and betakes himself to his sure refuge, Christ. Sin necessary! Sin inevitable! Little sins allowable! All the sacred instincts of his deepest life repel the falsehood with defiant hate. Like Samson he would bring down the temple of evil, even if he killed himself.

But “not doing” will be the smallest part of his life work. “Unspotted garments” must also be garments of generosity, self-sacrifice, and obedience to the praise of the glory of His grace. A cleansed heart is not enough. Marble may be pure, but it is not life. Photographs may be faultless, but they do not speak. We follow after, if that we may apprehend *that* for which we are apprehended of Christ Jesus. Possessed of the highest life, we long to carry it to its furthest reaches of power, and to the loftiest heights of holy achievement.

And here we are confronted by two grave questions. What is the highest mood of this highest life, and how shall we know it? What is the test of this topmost grade of Christian experience? How shall we apply it? And when we are thus sure of our goal, how shall we reach it?

It is not unnecessary to suggest that some Christians, even if earnest, are not well-taught—*i.e.*, scripturally taught on these subjects; and that others who know the Lord's will are strikingly indifferent to complete obedience to it. Some imagine that the "forgiveness of sins" is the sum of religion, instead of being only a fragment of it; the entire edifice, while it is only the salutation at the door of the building; *all* that Christ has to teach His disciples, whereas it is only the first letter of the alphabet. Others surrender themselves placidly to the arms of doubt, as if it were a friend, and encourage weakness and wretchedness as if they were unavoidable, so living all their days subject to bondage through fear of sin, death, and the devil. Still others there are who, cutting the Gordian knot, so difficult to untie, loudly proclaim that if you will but believe you are holy, you are holy there and then, without any further effort whatever, and by the simple and instantaneous gift of God.

We have need, therefore, to ask, what is this highest life, and how shall we know it? Clearly seeing *whither* we are going, we may better track out our way. Understanding our destiny, we may more easily judge the quality and power of the agents and acts offering to prepare us for it. Knowing what Christ has apprehended us for, we shall probably know what to "*keep at*," in order to lay hold of that for which we are apprehended with a grasp that never relaxes. Having in our hands the true and scriptural test of this highest life, we shall be able to judge, with probable accuracy, the value of the means urged upon our adoption for realizing it.

The test is close to hand. Christ's rule is infallible and universal. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." Not by their "feelings." Not by the occasions of ecstasy and transport that occur to them when, like Peter, they gaze on the transfigured Saviour, and are so overwhelmed by the splendours of His manifestation that they would fain build in and over such delights, and fix them for a perpetual enjoyment, "and sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss." No: not even by such rapture as that: for "feeling" is only meant to be an instrument for doing; a preparation for healing the poor, sad, devil-possessed world at the foot of the mountain. It is an impulse to the circulation of the living sap, and nothing more. But may you not know them by the calm and sunny spirit that smiles placidly in the storm, and sings of safety when the last plank is slipping away? No! For that equable spirit may be due, in a large measure, to temperament, to gifts of God, through a saintly ancestry and a godly up-bringing. Will not freedom from trial, and doubt, and internal conflict, be a sure "note?" Indeed it will not. For some men have not "nature" in them to feel a trial, nor energy to face a conflict, and never get into the best kingdoms of God's heaven because they shirk the passage through the gate of tribulation.

No! The rule holds, and holds everywhere. By their "fruits," and not by their self-enclosed feelings, ye shall know them. The fruits of the sanctifying Spirit are "love," attaching to God and men, and working energetically for them; "joy" in sight of the stores of grace and treasure in Christ, but always converting itself into strength for service; "peace," even that of God, which leads its possessor to seek

peace with all men ; " long-suffering," in patience holding to the right and true, and giving when it pinches most and wrings and wrenches the spirit with agony ; " gentleness," or kindness in dealing with offenders that they may be made great ; " goodness," beneficence in intent, in word and in deed ; " faith," thoroughgoing fidelity to principle and honesty ; " meekness," enduring scorn and resistance in good doing ; and " temperance," or self-denial and self-control.* No test can compare with this. No better evidence can be supplied of the highest life than these fruits, ripe, rich and luscious, and hanging in clusters on the tree of being.

And to this are we called. God has " predestinated us to be conformed to the image of His Son." Christ has laid hold of us, that we may be " perfect." He has put before us the standard of perfection, and bidden us seek it ; " be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." All the agencies of the church are appointed by our ascended King and Saviour, that we may attain to " the perfect knowledge of the Son of God, to the full grown man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." This, and nothing short of it, is our goal. Here, and here only, is the highest life.

What this imports we will endeavour to state in our next issue.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE IMMUTABLE WORD.

" The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

CHANGE is written on the ages ;
All the past, in mournful strain,
Tells that human fame and glory
All is vain.

Like the flowers which deck the morning,
Waking from her calm repose ;
Like the dew which, silver sparkling,
Kissed the rose,

All the joys of wealth and fashion,
All the pride of worldly store,
When life's evening shades close o'er them,
Are no more.

Great men live, and think, and struggle,
Yet they share the doom of all ;
Empires rise and kingdoms flourish
But to fall.

Learned Tyndal's novel theory ;
Schemes of Deist dark and cold,
Though illumined with worldly wisdom
Sage and old,

They, like every human system,
Live but their appointed day
And, amid God's bright revealings,
Pass away.

But the word of the eternal
Lives unchanged amid the strife,
Though assailed by men and demons,
Giving life.

Through long years vain man has striven
To destroy its heavenly light,
And, instead, to give immortals
Endless night.

Sooner shall the power of science
Chase the sunlight from the sky,
Than a feeble erring mortal
Bid it die.

He whose word the worlds created,
Who all evils will subdue,
Is, unchanged amid all changes,
Ever true!

MILLICENT STOREE.

* Cf. also 2 Peter i. 4—11.

SIN FOUND OUT: A TRUE STORY.

'Tis many years since, having finished my collegiate course, I was called, in the providence of God, to exercise my ministry in the ancient city of ———. The history and circumstances of the religious community that sought my services were not calculated to impress favourably one so young and inexperienced as I was; but an enthusiastic temperament, and a desire to make full proof of my ministry, led me to accept a position from which, perhaps, in after years I might have recoiled. But "it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth," as many a Christian minister, as well as others, can testify, for such a discipline corrects false views of life in early years, whose brightness is suddenly or unexpectedly shaded by bitter disappointment and unlooked-for sorrow.

The place of my residence had very interesting associations. Remnants of time—worn edifices, bearing the names of "friars, white and grey," indicated the former presence and influence of devoted emissaries of "the man of sin;" but as John Knox once advised, with reference to such structures, "pull down the nests and the rooks will fly away," so the Reformation had emptied both monastery and priory, and consigned them to ruin and decay. Not far from my residence several martyrs for Christ's sake had borne witness to the truth and purity of His gospel; and often in my walks I trampled on the spot where papal fires had burned to ashes these confessors of the Lord. But nothing was more attractive to me (for though a very young man, I had learned to love and revere the leaders and theology of English Puritanism) than the grand old church, beneath whose vaulted roof and towering spire Richard Baxter had often sounded out his "Call to the Unconverted," and spoken in sweet and flowing accents of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." My congregation was small and poor, and great difficulties obstructed my path; but a conviction of duty, and firm reliance upon God's promises, made my hands strong and my heart brave, and I then began a ministry in which I was destined to study human nature under some of its most painful aspects, and to learn the power of the gospel in scenes and under conditions which confirmed my confidence in its changeless and everlasting verities.

As an illustration of these remarks, I sorrowfully record the following facts concerning a young person whose history I was compelled to know.

Her name I conceal, though to reveal it now would scarcely be improper, for her parents have long been laid in the grave where she sleeps, and I know not that any of her family survive. Her parents, though not wealthy, occupied a respectable position in society, and Florence was their eldest child. She was tall and of a fair complexion, her face somewhat pensive in its expression, but exquisitely moulded, while her whole bearing was so gentle and winning as to attract almost universal attention and win for her many admirers. Little did I think, when I first noticed her in the house of God, that under the almost melancholy smile her face sometimes wore, lay a history of suffering and anguish my pen was to chronicle so many years after, as a record of deeply died treachery and an illustration of the all-conquering power of sovereign grace. Would that such records, both unwritten as well as written, were fewer, and that the causes which made them real and vital

no longer found their issues in desolate homes and broken hearts. But the grace of God alone can effect this.

Florence was about twenty years old when first my attention was attracted to her by her regular attendance on my ministry, and the deep and thoughtful interest with which she listened to the gospel made me anxious to know and speak to her of the love of Jesus. An opportunity to do this soon occurred. Once a week I visited an aged gentleman, not a member of my congregation, who was nearly blind, to read the Scriptures to him, and a pious servant invited Florence to come. The contrast between my two hearers awakened deep interest and spiritual sympathy: one all but sightless, and who had travelled to the verge of the grave without Christ and without hope; the other young and beautiful, and whose finely chiselled features, now shorn of their bloom, indicated a liability to wasting disease, if it had not already begun. For some time we thus met to read "the good news of God's love;" but ere long I missed Florence from her accustomed seat in the house of God, and failed to trace her, except as having become the companion of two aged ladies, whose locality I could not learn. Months passed away, and I had almost forgotten her, when, one day alighting from a railway train, to my great surprise Florence stepped out from an adjoining carriage, bearing in her hands a beautiful geranium, whose rich and delicate colours bore no slight resemblance to the face that brightened into a subdued smile as she gazed on the richly tinted flower. Her health had evidently improved by her change of residence; I warmly greeted her in seeing her again, and after an absence of a year or more she again became a regular attendant on my ministry.

* * * * *

"Whose are those wedding bells?" said Mr. A. to his neighbour, as they stood talking together one day in a shop to which Florence had come on some trifling business. "Oh don't you know," was the quick reply; "young Mr. ——— is married this morning." The gentle listener fainted on her chair, and fell from it as though dead upon the floor. Restoratives were applied, and she rallied and was carried home. The merry music of those wedding bells was the death knell of the lingering hopes of Florence, and of her delicate young life also: the gay bridegroom had won the trusting heart of Florence years before, and the bride he had led to the altar that morning was ignorant of the treachery that had doomed one so gentle and so beautiful to an early grave.

The circumstance just related did not come to my notice till many years afterwards, but it then made clear some facts for which I before could not account, while it had deepened in my heart the mournful interest that has gathered around the name and memory of Florence. Her improved health did not continue, but her anxiety on religious matters daily increased. She became more thoughtful and more desirous of conversing on spiritual subjects, while the pallor of her countenance alternating with hectic flushes indicated that the shock to the nervous system, arising in an untold, heart-knawing grief, had made inroads on a life ruthlessly wasted by one utterly undeserving of the affection he had trampled on as the leaves of a faded flower, which, when torn from the stem, we tread on without regret.

The obvious change in Florence showed that she needed all the sympathy and alleviation parental solicitude could give, and the best medical advice within reach was soon procured. But though she struggled bravely against affliction, and fitful changes for the better encouraged hope that the threatening stroke might be averted, these promises of returning health were only like the updarting rays of the evening sun, as he sinks amid a theatre of golden radiance behind the western hills. A seat occasionally vacant in the sanctuary showed that Florence was daily losing the physical vigour with which she had contended against bitter weather to go to the house of prayer, and most regretfully she yielded to the necessity which kept her a prisoner at home. As her mother had now become a regular hearer of the Word, and her father sometimes filled the place where Florence had sat, I had no difficulty in gaining access to her at home. My visits were gratefully accepted, and deepening solicitude about salvation through Christ on the part of Florence, more than rewarded my labours. I soon found that, unquestionably sincere, yet like many others in the incipient stages of the new life, Florence imperfectly comprehended the divine and gracious method by which God bestows His mercy on the penitent. I had, therefore, to impress upon her the importance of scriptural views of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to remind her that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy He saveth us; that "we are not redeemed with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot;" and that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Gradually her mind opened to receive the light, and she came to the cross of Jesus as a penitent suing for mercy through the one great sacrifice, offered once for all.

As the disease laid fast hold on her fragile form, her subdued and chastened spirit showed that the clinging to life so characteristic of youth was gradually lessening; and though sympathizing with the parental love that would at any sacrifice have kept her here, she learned not to rebel at the fiat that had gone forth against her. Grace had made her willing to live, or ready to die. So, having received the sentence of death in herself, she waited patiently amid much acute suffering for "the coming of the Bridegroom." After months of languishing she heard the footfall for which she had long been listening; she arose, trimmed her lamp, and was ready; and when

"With feastful friends
He passed to bliss at the dread hour of night,
She made her entrance virgin-wise and pure."

Outside the walls of the populous city where the scenes of this narrative are laid is a cemetery, bordered on all sides by rows of noble elms and lofty beech trees, and in a spot near to and around which a generation of living beings since has found a sepulchre, Florence was laid to rest. Her father, mother, and little sister wept over her grave; but, plucked as a brand from the burning, "she sleeps in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," whose cross was her refuge from sin and the balm of her sorrows; who was by her side when she walked through the valley of the shadow of death, and with His rod and His staff comforted her. As the minister

and mourners retired from the spot where all that is mortal of Florence is laid, a gentleman muffled up in a cloak stole secretly from behind some tall yew trees, looked for a moment upon the coffin, and went his way. What brought him there it is not difficult to imagine. Charity suggests that conscience smote him, and the remnants of a once pure but afterwards guilty passion led him to look on and mourn over the results of his iniquity. Years rolled away, and the same sepulchre that contained the child received the parents, and I was called by God to occupy another sphere of labour. But amid all the tender and sad recollections of that first pastorate, the mournful history of Florence occupies a prominent place. Since then I have often, when travelling, been whirled past the sylvan cemetery where so many once known to me, lie awaiting the angel's trumpet blast to herald the resurrection of the just and the unjust; and thus the vigour and the whirl of life contrast themselves with the silence and rest of the grave; and as the train rushes past, my thoughts have turned to that undistinguished grave where the elegant form of the broken-hearted Florence reposes, and has long since crumbled to dust. But of this I entertain no doubt, that the spirit, free from "the encumbering clay," has found a home with Him who woos and welcomes the weary and the heavy laden, binds up the broken in heart, and heals all their wounds. In that happy home, where all the redeemed and sanctified children of the Father "meet and mingle into bliss," I hope to see Florence again, when we both have received the white robe that adorns those who "have come out of great tribulation," and blend the music of harp and song to the praise of Him who has washed us both in His blood. 'Till then I would record as an epitaph (for I am not sure that a stone marks the grave where so many hopes lie buried, and so many sorrows have found a limit)—

"Rest, spirit, rest,
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more:
With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the stream of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest."

But while the story now closing suggests to us the importance of early piety, as truly conservative of character and promotive of happiness, while it loudly echoes the warning of Paul, "abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul," and calls on the young to seek that grace which has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; it has in its sequel a lesson which all would do well to ponder and lay to heart. Scoffers at the Bible fail to recognise, or at least to confess, the earthly relationship of sin and punishment; but believers in the record God hath given us of His Son know that in this world "the wicked does not always prosper in his way," but that often here his sin finds him out. The destroyer of the hopes and happiness of Florence had not in after life an easy or a happy path. The wedding bells which pealed out their joy-notes from the old-church tower did not, as they could not, pledge continued happiness. Years, and not many, rolled by, and the youthful husband, broken in health and fortune, was compelled to leave friends and home to find a dwelling-place and a grave in a sunny island fanned by the health-restoring breezes of the Atlantic

ocean. Perhaps that grave into which he had looked, as he quietly stole from behind the yew trees, came up before his vision, with its burden of rebuke and warning, as he contemplated his own. May he have found the mercy Florence did not seek in vain!

More than twenty years since, among its numerous inmates, sheltered and cared for by Christian charity, the Foundling Hospital contained a fair-haired, lovely child. What has been her life story, if she is now grown to womanhood, I know not; but if her eyes should read and weep over this narrative, she may know that it is *the story of her mother*.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. VIII.—“*Perils amongst Brethren.*”

THE quotations from Mr. M.'s diary, given in the last number, described his feelings under the persistent endeavours of his opponents to expel him from the pastorate of the church at Hamburg. In this they succeeded; but were not yet content, and so strove to expel him from the chapel-house. This fragment shows his mood of mind at the time.

Nov. 1st, 1830.—I am now going before the senate about my house, where I am to meet my opponents. Lord, may I meet them in love, and in Thy Spirit—not in my own. Oh do not on any account leave me to disgrace Thy cause by any unholy temper, by any inconsistent appearance, by any untrue or even doubtful words. Preserve me from all covetousness, all foolishness. Lord, rule Thou in the hearts of opponents and of judges, and give a perfect lot, and make us all happy. Have mercy on my friends and on my foes. Lord Jesus, if it be Thy cause, it shall suffer first, and then be glorified. Lord, Lord Almighty, Thou Answerer of prayer, Thou Father of heaven, I commit myself to Thee: Thou canst put wisdom and power into my mouth, and truth and love into every heart.

The trial being over, he writes:—I desire to bless Thy holy name, oh Lord, my preserver, that Thou didst keep my mind during the examination before the commissioners, and I believe, also, my tongue from anything foolish, or untrue, or unkind. It is decided, and signed by me and all the members of the committee, that I am positively to leave the house at the end of this year. Now blessed be God.

Dec. 28th.—Spent this day, till near one o'clock, in fasting and prayer, both because it was my accustomed day for fasting, and because of the awful church meeting. I felt very sleepy, and at first hungry. I prayed against the hunger and the sleep; and after nine o'clock it pleased the Lord to take away all feeling of hunger, nor did I feel it at all more. Blessed be God; but I felt very unable to worship the Lord. I could only as it were trust in Him: but I felt myself leagues from God. Oh Thou living God, pardon and remove this dreadful inability.

Jan. 1st, 1831, before one in the morning.—Awful period: but it is still time; it is not eternity! What an eventful year has the past been; and what wonderful circumstances have this year opened upon us and upon all Europe! Oh, my good God, may I sin no more. Thou art my confidence, show me *all* Thy truth; make me ready for Thy

heaven; make me long for Thy appearing in Thy kingdom. Lord, I am sure I am very deficient; and so Von B. says, and so Miss R. deeply feels. Oh my Jesus, I deliver my soul into Thy hands, to be guided, guarded, influenced, encouraged. I would be like a feather under the continual influence of Thy breath. Make me and all my fellow-Christians entirely like Thyself.

Jan. 11th.—Yesterday was a day of uncommon darkness to my soul. Luther on Gal. i. 4, has been blessed to me, pointing me to the forgiveness of sins in the blood of Christ; and the great thought, God is love, is indeed an anchor to my soul, for I clearly see that as God is love I am both justified and encouraged in saying, God loves me. Nay, I am obliged to say so. I am guilty of abominable ingratitude and unbelief in doubting it. And if God be love, then He has given me everlasting life. Lord, Thou seest how the want of religious joy incapacitates me from even attempting to do good. Oh, my Jesus, Thou head of the church, Thou dear Saviour of sinners, wilt Thou suffer Thine enemy and mine to have such advantage over me.

Preached this evening from 1 Cor. xv. 34. Sin, I endeavoured to show, was not only the voluntary commission of it, but also, and rather, that involuntary want of confidence in the will of God, such as covetousness, envy, unbelief, discontent—sins which no one is properly and wilfully guilty of, and these are the greatest of all.

Righteousness I endeavoured to describe as the keeping of the commandments of God—walking as Christ walked: He is the righteous one, and nothing less is required of us. But many Christian professors are asleep in sin, for the Christians were a church; and yet what was it that would cure this? The knowledge of God: not His justice, for that awakes fear—Rom. vii. (But His love in the cross, for that awakes love—Rom. viii.)

Jan. 18th.—Spent the former part of the day in fasting and prayer. Had not that sweet fellowship with my God which I longed for.

Jan. 21st.—Miss Sieveking (Amelia Sieveking, the well-known philanthropist of Germany) has been with me these two Thursday afternoons to endeavour to convince me about universalism; she is very zealous for it, and says nothing fills her soul with love to God and the brethren and her fellow-creatures as this doctrine. Spirit of truth, testify to my soul of thy truth, whatever it may be, and suffer me neither to be led or misled by my fellow-creatures, nor by my own blind wisdom.

Jan. 23rd.—Preached this morning concerning the Laodicean church, and endeavoured to show—

I. How lukewarmness in religion prevented us from feeling as if we had all things, either in worldly prosperity or in religious experience and knowledge.

II. That repentance signified always a ceasing to do the sin repented of. Thus, to repent of being cold-hearted is to be zealous; and what a shame it is to be lukewarm when He is so fervent in His affection.

In the afternoon from Rom v. 1—10. The ray of Christian feeling shot at first through the soul of a Christian is peace of conscience, intercourse with God, and the prospect of eternal glory. That this is of the same creation as all the subsequent experiences of a Christian

hope, will make him act in such a way as to bring tribulation; and tribulation producing pain and experience, ends in hope again. As when the stone-mason, about to engrave letters, first gently marks them out; they are quite legible, but they are not deep: but first with coarser and then with finer tools he makes the engraving complete. I endeavoured much to insist on our having this hope, founded only on the love of God to us; which is exhibited in Christ reconciling us, when we were yet enemies, by His death.

Feb. 10th.—I learn that no dependence can be placed on me, on my knowledge, on my experience, on anything else; but only on Thee, oh my living Head, Saviour of the world. For after all the knowledge I have had of Thee; after all my prayers for years; all the revelations of religious feeling; and especially after the wonderful illumination of my soul by Mr. Erskine's work; and then the blessed deliverance I experienced after the visit of Mrs. K. After the liberation from the Satanic notion that God only loved a few, that Jesus Christ only died for a few; and then from the sad notion that my hope of heavenly glory and happiness depended entirely on the piety which filled my soul in this world. After all this, how unthankful, how unmindful, how unhappy have I been; how destitute of assurance, how inconsistent, how unfit for any good work. Oh my Redeemer, I am glad that I have nothing; that my treasure may always be in Thee: in safer hands than my own—in Thee, who lovedst me, and gavest Thyself for me.

Feb. 15th.—On Sabbath-day, though I felt that perhaps I was preaching for the last time in the chapel, yet I cannot say that I felt much of the solemnity which one should suppose natural to so affecting an occasion: Lord, cure me. After the service, the twelve came together, not, as I had intended, to take the Lord's supper together, but to enquire whether we could agree to form ourselves into a church: and then it first appeared that even we few could not agree to anything of the kind. One would have this, another would have that. R. thought that we must be agreed almost in all things, and that as we did not know one another yet we could not be. I said it seemed to me that none of the churches in ancient times were founded on this principle. First, that the Lord's supper was administered to the twelve at a time when they were not perfectly united in all things, but were in a state of teachableness only, as disciples of the Lord. But they were not of a clean heart, for though Judas was not with them, yet did they all afterwards forsake Him and flee. And that this first Lord's supper was certainly the pattern from which all were to be copied; for so the apostle teaches us expressly in 1 Cor. xi. Secondly, the churches in Judea were to be the example for other churches, as Paul teaches the Thessalonians; but they were gathered together before they were acquainted with each other: but there was a general profession of faith in a crucified Saviour.

Feb. 22nd.—An invitation is now come from Mr. Hanel, in Leipsic, that I should accompany him in a six months' tour through Magdeburg, Silesia, Bohemia, Bavaria, Switzerland, etc. Lord, can I undertake anything of the sort in Thy name? Ought I thus to leave my family so long, and engage myself in such expenses. Show me, my Saviour, show me. Let me only have Divine, and not human comfort. Help me to do and endure all things. Yea, help me to know that I can.

HISTORICAL CAMEOS.

No. I.—*Under the Stars.*

It was a quaint old castellated mansion. The plain embattled front seemed to be of the pre-reformation period, while the many additions to the building spoke of the styles of various times—from the clustered chimneys, peaked gables, and grotesque ornaments of the Tudor, to the incongruous and tasteless alterations of the Georgian era. Yet the place retained a singularly antique and harmonious appearance. The house was surrounded by clumps of noble timber—elm, oak, ash, and beech. The remains of the moat had been transformed into a lake. Upon its glassy surface floated the stately swan, or the glancing forms of the smaller waterfowl. A portion of the old Dutch garden was still maintained in all its integrity, while in other parts of the grounds the cypresses, yews, boxes, and hawthorns yet retained some fantastic resemblance to their old clipped forms—peacocks and bows, and spires and men—with all the quaint imaginings of the old gardeners.

My visit had been one of great enjoyment. Wandering through the beechen glades of the park, or sauntering dreamily upon the terraces, there came, all unbidden, many a thought of the England of the olden time. It needed but a little fancy to people the solitudes with the sights and sounds of former days. There was, indeed, an indescribably old-fashioned flavour about the whole place. And this, not out of doors merely. Part of the interior had escaped innovation as by a miracle. The ancient suits of armour and weapons, and the hunting trophies that hung suspended in the hall, assorted well with the heavy oak furniture and circular mirrors, while the heraldic devices in the painted windows flung a chequered glory over all.

But to me, the great charm of the place was the library. The hall had been the seat of a Puritan family of considerable influence, and still remained in the possession of a collateral branch of the house. Ascending the broad staircase, with its massive carved balustrade, several notable portraits met the eye, including one of the great Protector himself. Passing into the library, a long room extending over one wing of the house, the sight was enough to make a bibliomaniac leap for joy. Cases, shelves, presses, were running over with books. Here, editions sought through many a weary catalogue, rested in their original bindings in their original resting-places. The mental offspring of the Puritan giants stood ranked here, shoulder to shoulder, in goodly fellowship. Here were spoils also from the scriptorium and library of the monastery, whose ruins could be seen on the level of greensward just across the river. Here also were pamphlets stinging and hot, and caricatures cruel and cold, relating to the civil troubles.

Hence I did not grieve much over the days of steady down-pour that confined me to the house. The pleached walks of the garden, and the shady avenues of the park, found abundant compensation in the pleasant surprises and delicate morsels of that old library. Here one morning I was seated, watching the falling rain as it swept in gusts along the avenue. The great oaks and beeches bent their heads and swayed their arms in the blast which howled through turret and chimney. With a half-shiver, I turned from the storm without to the cheerfulness and glow within. The red and yellow tints of the armorial bearings in the

greenish quarrelled windows, gave an appearance of sunshine, while the fire that leaped on the hearth was cheerful even in August. As I turned, my eye fell upon a curious looking volume, bound in roughish calf with vellum bands. It was partially obscured from sight by a number of volumes piled upon it, and seemed to have lain unnoticed for many a year. I drew it from its hiding-place, and threw myself lazily into the leather covered oaken chair.

The book was in manuscript, and at first I took it to be an endless theological treatise, such as was common in Puritan times. It was "A Disquisition upon the Locality of the Garden of Eden, with some remarks upon the Colour of the Forbidden Fruit." I patiently followed the author, glancing over his divisions, each with its wilderness of sub-divisions, until I came to nineteenthly—when, as poor human nature cannot always endure such prolix reasoning—I took a great leap and turned over half a handful of pages at once, finding myself thereby near the end of the book. At once I was transported from the learned leisure of the garden of Eden, with its abstruse pomological disquisitions, to the human hopes, aspirations, and sorrows of the great civil war. I had stumbled upon a diary. Copied in a firm, clear hand, it contained a record of personal experiences, both prior and subsequent to the struggle. Examining the volume with greater care, I discovered, wafered inside the cover, a piece of yellowish paper bearing an inscription, the sand from the pounce box still adhering in parts to its faded characters. "Received this manuscript with others (specifying them) in trust for the Reverend Joseph Blackshaw. Received by me, I say, Jo. Mauleverer."

I turned over the pages of the diary with renewed interest. It filled rather more than two-thirds of the volume, and appeared to be condensed from a more copious record, as if for publication. Amongst other things, I found that the writer had been, in the expressive slang of the age, "Star Chambered." His offence was publishing a pamphlet reflecting upon the injustice of the times, and passively resisting the ritualistic ordinances of Laud. This was enough to bring the vengeance of the archbishop upon him, and accordingly we have here a journal of his "trial" and sufferings.

By the kindness of my host I am enabled to furnish some extracts from the diary, which I should like to see published in full. Throughout its pages, graphic touches and traits of character appear, and we get some valuable side lights on the more general facts of history.

I suppose it is not needful to offer any comment upon the times. The cold, calculating tyranny and shameless duplicity of the king, was under the congenial guidance of the most unscrupulous advisers who ever sat at a monarch's council board. Laud and Strafford were determined to make the monarchy absolute, and flattered to the utmost those preposterous notions of divine right which Charles had inherited from his father, a pedantic idiot who esteemed himself a second Solomon. Their scheme of "thorough" was pursued with reckless disregard of right, and brutal indifference to suffering, until the people were driven to desperation. The measure of iniquitous misgovernment was filled. The heads of all three—churchman, statesman, and monarch—fell upon the bloody scaffold, a sacrifice to offended justice, and the righteous indignation of an outraged people.

Throughout the following extracts, I have modernized the spelling and replaced obsolete words by others expressing the same meaning. Passing over many entries, we commence with one which appears to be the occasion of much subsequent trouble. It is as follows:—

“*May 3rd.*—I did this day set forth on my way to London, purposing to visit my kindred there, and carrying with me the manuscript of my book, entitled, ‘Wrongs righted: or, God’s testimony against Unrighteousness and Idolatry.’ I have been advised to place it in the hands of Master Dixon, who publishes at the sign of the Blackamoors Head, in Cornhill. Truly my thought is neither of fame nor profit herein, but that the oppression of this poor realm, and of God’s people in particular, may be lessened thereby. As I did ride along upon my sorrel nag, all the woods were in springtide beauty, and the orchards were in blossom. Birds sang and squirrels gambolled in the trees, and all did seem to rest in happiness and peace. It seemed so strange, as the great sun shone over all, that men by oppression and tyranny should cause sorrow, where only peace and happiness ought to dwell.

“*May 6th.*—I am safely arrived at my brother Barker’s, in Chepe. All things look just as when I was here before. My brother flourishes right well in his business, and is rapidly becoming a man of substance. My sister hath grown stouter: she and all her family are well, for which I give God thanks. Her youngest boy, a fine little fellow, she hath named after me. After dinner to Cornhill with my manuscript. Master Dixon looked at its bulk and shook his head. He would not venture on such a cast, he said. If I could give the substance of it in a pamphlet, he would print it for me. But, said he, you must beware, for little Doctor Laud is furious, and declares that he will have all men obey the king’s commands, and not question them. He saith that the bishop’s arms are long and his claws sharp, and that nowadays if men want to keep their ears, they must look well to their tongues. It is said he will have all men alike in matters of religion, and that the king is of the same mind. For, saith he, let them come quietly to church and obey the laws, and then let them do as they will. They may be hypocrites, or devils if it likes them, so they obey.—I did promise to think carefully about the matter, and so away. I like not the idea of compressing it into a pamphlet, but if it will do more good in that shape it must even be so. I pray it bring me no trouble—but if it do—duty is first, and God will help.

“*May 7th.*—Have spent this day in calling upon old friends. Spent some time with good Dr. Burton, who is minister of Friday St. He tells me of his many troubles with the archbishop, and how that he fears even worse, for Laud hath threatened him with the extremity of vengeance if he conform not to the new ceremonies, which are mere Popery. He saith Dr. Laud hath determined to rebuild Paul’s out of the fines of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court. At dinner, to Alderman Rudyard’s where I met great store of company; and so home to Chepe. I like not the garniture of the gates of the city. On Aldersgate I did see several heads, and on London Bridge, both heads and quarters, of some sectaries who had been accused as traitors. Truly the times are bad. Alderman Rudyard doth say they were peaceable and harmless Brownists, who met at Islington. They were harried and laid by the heels for it; and there were some that swore they were ripe for insurrection, and met

to drill, though 'tis said the witnesses contradicted themselves. But the poor people were doomed, and their carcasses are now hung up to scare others. I pray God the blood of the innocent be not laid on this nation. The king is a magnificent fine gentleman, who boasts that he hath four-and-twenty palaces all completely furnished. He hath a great taste for pictures, and hath the finest collection in the world. Rubens the painter, who hath come over in the Spanish Ambassage, hath agreed to decorate the ceiling of the new banqueting house at Whitehall, which Inigo Jones built for King James, and 'tis said it will be the grandest thing ever seen.

"But with all his art and all his knowledge, one thing the king knoweth not—and that is how to govern his people. There is naught but misery and oppression. The hangman is always at work, and the stocks and pillory are always full. Men lose their eyes or ears, their hands or tongues, and are whipped within an inch of their lives, for offences of which the law of England knows nothing. I am tired of London already, with its bustle and its misery, and will hie me home again. Glad will I be when the old sorrel nag is once more in his own stable, and his master in his own bed."

W. H. ALLEN.

(To be continued in our next.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE year 1875 is to be a year of blessing to many. Specially will it be a year of blessing to the faithful labourer in Christ's vineyard. I am looking forward with confidence for abundant success in our Sunday schools. Prayers, many and importunate, have been offered; expectation, therefore, is strong. Many of our scholars are to be brought to Jesus this year: sowers and reapers, therefore, will rejoice together. Our God is giving us proof of His power and willingness to bless in the conversion of so many of the little ones, as well as the members of our senior classes and young men generally. In times of great spiritual blessing, our responsibilities and our encouragements are intensified. What is needed now is, that ALL should be faithful to their trust, hopeful in their work, and persistent in the use of the means to accomplish the object in view. We would that no one in all the great harvest field should be unsuccessful, but that each should be the means of bringing all the members of his or her class to Jesus. Why not? I know something of the difficulties and discouragements of the work. I have known, also, how toilsome the work is when piety is low, when love for Jesus is faint, and when the interest in the class is limited. As for the difficulties and the discouragements, let us say no more about them, they will vanish with the acquirement of thorough consecration to the work of leading souls to Christ. Let there be an intelligent endeavour to win all for Christ; an honest and devout preparation for the work; a candid study of each individual case; an earnest and a passionate longing for the salvation of each scholar; a watchful expectation: let all be done in thorough dependence upon the Holy Spirit, and in perfect sympathy with Jesus Christ, and shall it be deemed too much to expect that you will be successful? There is nothing scarcely too great to be accomplished in Sunday school work, if we are but faithful. "*My class for Jesus this year,*" in God's name and strength: let this be the purpose of each, and who shall say it will not be done? Believe in its possibility, and in its probability, and, may I say, certainty. Only determine earnestly and believingly, and who can say what wonders will be wrought this year by us? Each one, then, afresh consecrate the heart, the talents, the whole of the Christian forces, to the work for Christ's sake. We must not have one left out, for to that extent we shall fail. In God's sight, we do place at His disposal all we have of life and power, and the whole year of labour shall testify to the sincerity of our holy vow to live and work for Christ.

JOSEPH WILSHIRE.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. I.—THE *Revival Wanted*.

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

You tell me, Mr. Editor, that I may expect an audience of about a thousand deacons, and that they are the *crème de la crème* of the churches. I am appalled at the thought of speaking to so vast and august an assembly; and if I really saw it, I dare not do it; but as it is out of sight, and most of its members are quite unknown to me, I do not "exceedingly fear and quake." I have no right to speak at all on a topic of this kind, save what springs from my long experience, wide observation, the strong necessity of the case, and your urgent request. You do me the honour of calling me a "live" deacon. I do not altogether like the American epithet, but I defer to your authority, and will do my best to justify your judgment, both in what I may say, and in my way of saying it.

One thing is very clear to me, and with that I will begin. Most of our church members have a great deal more money than they give to Christ—money, they would admit, which belongs to Jesus Christ; and I have no doubt whatever they would freely give a hundred per cent. more than they do, if those of us who are deacons only went about our work in a thoroughly business-like way, putting common-sense principles to work by the impulse of Christian love, and managing not only the "spending departments" (which anybody may do), but also, and chiefly, the money-raising departments as we ought and might.

It is admitted that our churches are doing much. They pay their pastors better than they did ten years ago. They support mission work, at least the foreign part of it, with more regularity, if with less enthusiasm. They engage more largely in extra church work. More is spent on the "*plant*" of the churches. Chapels are better—more comfortable and convenient. Schools are larger and better ventilated. We are on the advance: but scarcely at so rapid a rate as is to be desired, nor with such a blending of good system and active life as is possible and obligatory.

For example, I was at an annual meeting of a church the other day, where everybody seemed to be joyous, and a spirit of quiet jubilation was diffused around by the review of the work of the year: and yet the amount contributed by a church having in it thriving men of business, mechanics earning good wages, and the like, reached no more than the pitiable sum of fifteen shillings and a fraction per head for the whole year. The deacons were there, but they did not breathe a word about larger gifts, or advocate any work requiring more money. The pastor seemed happy enough. Indeed, contentment reigned supreme; but as to the "godliness" or godlikeness of the giving, I say nothing. These good souls had been fed with one hundred sermons of fair quality. Fifty week-night addresses had been delivered to them, and as many prayer-meetings conducted on their behalf. They had been worked for, prayed for, preached to, and talked to, for a whole twelve-month. Comfortable quarters had been assigned them on Sunday. Cushions, hot air, gas-light, had been supplied; and even the luxury of attentive pew-openers had been thrown in. They had also been visited in their houses; cheered and comforted in sickness; consoled in trouble; and, aided by the "congregation," they had contributed the enormous amount of threepence half-penny per week each. I thought of Annanias and Sapphira, and wondered whether people were punished now for "keeping back part of the price." I confess, unkind as it may seem, I wished they were.

A leading Baptist minister, who travels all over the country, was heard to say at an anniversary meeting, after the church report had been presented, and he felt compelled to congratulate the members on having given at the rate of forty shillings each per annum, that the average contributions of the Baptists of the United Kingdom to all the various forms of church activity did not reach higher than one pound a year. That is a general statement, and each hearer will judge of its weight according to what he himself has seen and knows. I

incline to think that the wealthiest churches raise about three pounds per member, but that the majority of these Christian societies, omitting, of course, the aid from outsiders who are not members, do not pass twenty-five shillings per head, *i.e.*, less than sixpence a week for seat rents (where they have them), weekly offerings, quarterly collections, Sunday schools, Foreign Missions, etc.

Without laying much stress on these representations, everybody will grant that there is reason for enquiry and reform. We can certainly do better than this. Sixpence a week does not represent the maximum of our ability. Many individuals do excellently, and soar far beyond this level. Some really feel the "pinch" of giving, and still rejoice to give. Not a few know the grace and privilege of giving, and dispense their money as the Lord's own, and with as much regularity as they pray or read the Bible, and as much system as they manage their business. But nine-tenths of our members are neglecting one of the principal duties of the Christian character; or performing it in a half-hearted way.

And this is not because they have not the "means" of giving. The country does not lack money. Working people never had better wages. Trade is brisk in most though not all of its branches. More money certainly was never spent on dress, on the comforts and luxuries of home, on the education of children, on pianos and pictures, on holidays and parties, on trips to the sea-side, and in a thousand other ways. Not a word do I say against the additional comforts of home, the quickened regard for health, and the culture of refined and refining pleasures. All this is right, perfectly right, where the man *himself* is right, and uses his home for God, and spends his money, not for show, but for health and usefulness and joy. But is it not notorious that there has been a large accession to the wealth of the nation, and to that part of the nation from which the members of the Dissenting churches come, without any proportionate accession to the wealth of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus. The money is being rapidly distributed; but Christ's church is not getting its share. Even yet our ministers are a long way from being paid as they ought to be. Few of them *can* save a penny; and when they die, after a life of hard work, circulars have to be sent round asking the general public to sustain the family the church should have enabled him to provide for. Some have to add to their stipend by literary or other labour. To me it is certain that the churches will not get pastors, equal in their place to leading merchants and business men in their respective provinces, if they do not give more for them. Do we not lament that we are not "reaching the masses" of the cities and towns of England with the gospel? Is not much of the moral force of the church unused? Indeed, throughout the whole field of operations the battle with sin shows indecision and weakness, for want of the sinews of war. The "revival" we need is a revival of the grace of giving; and I believe it rests with the deacons of the churches in no small degree to bring it about.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION: MORE MEMBERS WANTED.—This Association is growing: but we are not enrolling the abstaining ministers, deacons, and elders names so rapidly as we ought. Have you sent in your name? The cost of enrolment is nothing to pastors and officers of Baptist churches. Other Baptists, not officers, who are abstainers, become members by a donation of £5, or an annual subscription of five shillings. Our main object is to bring the strength of the Church, as an organization, to bear on the repression of intemperance by direct, wise, and special work. Enrol at once. Send your name by the next post to me. The "Church's War with Intemperance" is printed in neat pamphlet form, and may be had at the rate of 5s. per hundred, or a penny a copy, of Tweedie, Stock, Winks & Son, or through any bookseller. It contains the Constitution and Rules of the Association.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

HOW THE REVIVAL WORKS.

THERE are certain definite and scriptural tests of a revival which are infallible. The pure gold is distinguished from the alloy immediately it is brought near them. If the revived spiritual life promotes Christian activity, and at the same time deepens and strengthens the life-springs of the soul; if it develops Christian unity, and at the same time gives sharpness and clearness to personal conviction; if it brings spirit to spirit in faithfulness and love, and at the same time develops Christian courtesy, and kindness, and humility,—then we behold the finger of God; we have the Lord with us in deed and of a truth. How then, we ask, does the present revival work?

I. *Note its effects on the unused energies of the churches.* The most painful feature of church life is the persistently calm and contented attitude maintained by nine-tenths of professed believers in Christ, whilst neglecting the use of the one, five, or ten talents committed to their care for the welfare of the world. The success or failure of the church as a converting institution is made to depend on the minister mainly, and five or six officials together with a few Sabbath school teachers. Two hundred and seventy out of every three hundred do nothing but give money. They pay the war tax, but they will not fight. As sure as there is any revival of spiritual life this will be altered, and every man will be a worker. Dr. Knox, of Belfast, said at the recent Dublin Conference:—

“He had a church in Belfast, and had for over thirty years been labouring among the masses of the population resident in the parish attached to that church, and with some blessing, but comparatively few results. Recently, however, he employed the key for getting at the masses; he found that he had a hundred, ay, even three hundred missionaries in his congregation, and these he was sending out to labour in the Lord’s vineyard, and, thank God, hitherto their work had been abundantly blessed. What did they do? was asked by some one near. Well, he had forty young men who went out to speak of the glad tidings to their fellow-shoppers; he had ten youths in warehouses who did likewise; and he had no fewer than fifty-five men and boys in mills, factories, and workshops who were also devoted to that class of, what he would term, ‘missionary work.’ And he was not alone. Others had also used the means given them; others had made a missionary of every living man, woman, and child who was converted, by sending them forth to do the work of Christ; and now they had as a result larger congregations on Sundays, greater earnestness, less drunkenness, and, let them hope, very many souls saved. Let the brethren elsewhere follow that example, let them put the harness on those loving members of their churches who had heretofore been idle, and then—but he was convinced never till then—would the masses be reached.”

We have been saying that for years. Ever since our student-days that has been the theme of the pulpit and the aim of the pastor. The revival shews the same thing **DONE**.

II. *See again how the revival is working our denominational machinery.* There is no doubt that of the little power that has been employed some of it has been misplaced, much misdirected, and more frittered away in un wisdom. The Baptist, the Independent, the Wesleyan of two or three different types, has each attacked a small village in different divisions, and presented a picture of weakness and incapacity. Bound together as the heart of one, they might have conquered and cast out the evil spirits of the neighbourhood; divided, they have become a snare and a stumbling stone. We may be sure that this, too, is a wrong that will flee away before the fuller and stronger life that is at hand. With real heart-union men “will come together” as of old, and be willing to forget their divisive formulas in the effort to save men and glorify Christ. In Dublin it is proposed that “two or three bodies should not occupy one small field, but that one should retire, and leave another to carry on their labours; e.g., let the Presbyterian retire in one place for the Wesleyan, and then in another the Wesleyan leave the work to the Presbyterian. Thus labour would be economized. It is also suggested that one united colportage movement should be instituted to cover Ireland with useful and truthful reading.”

Associations and Conferences have often resolved that the grouping of churches is desirable, and urged the necessity of electing fields of labour not

already crowded with workers, and a general endeavour to concentrate and economise Christian force. The revival is DOING it.

III. Another truth preached with increased frequency and force for many years past is the obligation of *personal conversation with the hearers of the gospel*, to discover their special doubts and difficulties, and aid them by advice suited to their own case. The revival makes this one of its prominent features. The Rev. James Wilson said:—

“In past revivals the feelings of the people had been wrought on, while their minds had not been thoroughly trained in the great principles of the gospel. But at the present meetings those who were the labourers had taken the greatest pains, Bible in hand, in the public meetings and in the inquiry rooms, to show souls the way to Jesus. He believed the present was one of the most intelligent revivals of religion that the Christian world had ever been favoured with.”

Another worker, the Rev. J. S. Fletcher, writes:—

“It has been a problem which has long exercised my own mind, why there should be so much really faithful and scriptural preaching amongst us, and so little apparent result in the way of *known conversions*. I am sure the reason is, or at least one chief reason is, that we do not take our people one by one while the gospel message is still ringing in their ears, while their hearts are softened, and their consciences tender, and ‘persuade’ them to accept Christ. If this were generally done, I am satisfied we should see beneficial results. As it is, our congregations hear faithful sermons, are impressed, go away; then the ‘cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches,’ take possession of their hearts for the ensuing week; they go to church the following Sunday, are again impressed, again to be chilled by contact with the world. So they go on from month to month, it might be from year to year, and yet there is no *decision for Christ*. Let us not continue to make this fatal mistake.”

All this is going back on the methods of working of the church of the New Testament, and obviously the result of the inspiring presence of the Risen Christ.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

GO AND TELL.

FOR THE YOUNG.

“I THINK a great deal of trouble comes from hiding things,” said a little girl, putting down her magazine. “I have just read about that boy in the ‘Crooked Paths.’ It was such a pity to hide his doing naughty from his parents.”

“What would have been a better way?” asked the little girl’s mother.

“Go and tell,” said Lucy. “That takes the load from your mind.”

“It is the Bible way,” said mother.

“I never read it in the Bible,” said Lucy, opening her eyes wide.

“Not in so many words, perhaps,” said her mother. “God says, ‘He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whosoever confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy.’ Confessing is going and telling, you know.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “that is the way. I am always a great deal happier to come straight and tell you, mother, even if you blame me.”

Cannot a great many other children say the same thing? Then why do others so often try to hide things from their parents? Are they afraid of blame or reproof? That is cowardly. Yet Satan always tempts them to hide the secret. He made Eve tell a lie when she ate the apple which God had told her not to eat, and he loves to make children follow poor Eve’s foolish example. God teaches you a better way. He knows you may go astray; He knows you have faults; He knows you will meet with accidents; He knows you have weak, sinful hearts; but He loves you tenderly, and desires to set you right again as soon as can be; therefore He tells you to confess, because he that confesses and forsakes his sins shall find mercy.” Confessing your faults helps you to forsake them. It breaks their power over you; and if your parents find you sorry, how ready are they to forgive you!

And is not God ready to forgive you too? He loves to hear your penitent confessions; He loves to see you sorry. He will forgive you your sins, and strengthen you to do right in time to come. My children, when you have done wrong, do not hesitate to confess it.

ANOTHER VETERAN PROMOTED.

MR. JOHN WHERRY was born at Edenham on December 1st, 1809; but his parents shortly afterward removing to Bourne, his boyhood and youth were spent in that town. While very young he was deprived of his pious and affectionate mother by death. His godly father was spared to him, and he was surrounded by other Christian relatives and friends, and had many advantages, which, by Divine grace, he was led to improve. On the 16th of March, 1828, he was baptized, on a profession of his faith in Christ, by the late Mr. Binns, and received into the Baptist church at Bourne. He considered that the Christian life should be spent in zealous labour and not in indolent repose, and therefore threw himself very ardently into active service. When he commenced business as a farmer in a village not far from Stamford, he opened his house as a preaching station, that his neighbours might have an opportunity of hearing the gospel proclaimed with affection and simplicity. After four years' residence there, he took a farm in Norfolk, and forthwith commenced evangelistic work. He procured a cottage for a Sunday school and for public services. He took a leading part in building three village chapels, and was employed in preaching nearly every Lord's-day, without any remuneration except the approval of his Saviour. To the utmost of his ability, both with his purse and his services, he sought to glorify his Lord and benefit his fellow-men. About twenty years ago he came to reside in Cambridgeshire, and soon got a chapel built and Sunday school established not far from his own home; and many will have to thank God for the efforts put forth by himself and his family. He strove to secure the social comfort and political freedom of those around him, but, above all, their spiritual well-being. After living thirteen years near March, and four years at Cold Ashby, Mr. Wherry removed to this city, and became not only well known but highly esteemed. Whenever it was practicable, he attended and took part in prayer meetings and other week-night services; but on the Lord's-day was very frequently engaged in preaching in the surrounding villages. He engaged much in active labour; nor was he exempt from trial. He had heavy temporal losses, much personal and domestic suffering, and very painful bereavements, as three of his children who had grown up to maturity, and seemed likely to be of great use as the disciples of Christ, were taken away by death. His last illness was short. He was confined to his room a few days, and was peaceful and submissive. No immediate danger was apprehended; but on the morning of November 19th, without "a lingering look or parting sigh," he quietly and unexpectedly passed away, leaving a widow and two daughters to mourn the loss of a kind husband and loving father. Mr. Wherry had expressed a wish that he might not be long laid aside from Christian work, and the Lord granted his request. It might almost be said of him, "He ceased at once to work and live." His remains were interred on Nov. 24th in the cemetery at Peterborough, in the presence of many spectators; and on the following Lord's-day his funeral sermon was preached by the pastor. The church in Queen Street deeply feels the loss it has sustained in the removal of Mr. Wherry. He was a diligent student of the Word of God, and gathered from that Divine source his consolation in suffering and strength for labour. He adhered to what he believed to be right at all risks and in all circumstances. He was a man of strong convictions, and was ever ready to avow them. As a member of the *Peace Society*, he had an intense aversion to war. As a "*Liberationist*," he fervently prayed and strove that the church of Christ might be delivered from state fetters and state patronage. As a *Baptist*, he held his convictions firmly, and was ready to give a reason for the views he entertained. As a *Christian*, his endeavour was to do his Master's will, and to Hear Him say at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Earth's joys are but a dream: its destiny
Is but decay and death: its fairest form--
Sunshine and shadow mixed: its brightest day--
A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.
Yet there is blessedness that changeth not;
A rest with God, a life that cannot die;
A better portion and a brighter lot,
A home with Christ, a heritage on high."

Peterborough, Dec. 8th, 1874.

THOMAS BARRASS

IN MEMORIAM: MR. W. BEMBRIDGE.

BEMBRIDGE.—The late Mr. William Bembridge, of Stoke-upon-Trent, (best known as the father of Mr. Bembridge, of Ripley,) was born in the year 1805. He was a native of Milford, in Derbyshire. His parents were both pious, and members of Mr. Pike's church at Derby. From his youth he was brought up under religious influences, but did not join any church until his twenty-first year. His conversion was rather sudden; but we are not able to furnish any particulars respecting it. On Sunday, June 18, 1826, he was baptized in the open river near Duffield Bridge, and became a member of the G. B. church at Duffield. After staying about two years at this place he went to Nottingham, and joined the General Baptists at Stoney Street. There he was a Sunday school teacher until he left the town in 1835. During his temporary residence in some other places he worshipped with the Wesleyans, as there were no Baptist churches in the localities. In November, 1838, he came to reside at Stoke-upon-Trent, and connected himself with the Baptists of Newcastle-under-Lyme. Along with some friends from Derby who settled in the potteries, he presently commenced a General Baptist interest at Stoke. He and his wife were two of the first list of ten members, and before his decease were two of the oldest members remaining. Some of the earliest cottage prayer meetings were held under his roof; the first shilling to the new chapel was given in his house; and for awhile his home was a resort for the preachers. Money was collected by him far and wide in the connexion for the new chapel. For many years he was a teacher in the Sunday school, until partial deafness inconvenienced him in the work. The office of deacon he held for a considerable time before he died. He was a liberal supporter of the church; when the chapel debt was cleared he gave £50; and at his laying of the foundation of the new school-rooms, in 1869, he placed £20 upon the stone; after his suitable address he was presented with an ornamental mallet fitly inscribed as a memorial of the ceremony in which he took so prominent a part. He was a thorough General Baptist, and took a lively interest in the denomination and its institutions. He attended and enjoyed the last Association at Loughborough, but was compelled to leave before its close because of feeling unwell. Nearly three years ago he met with an accident, and broke his

leg. He was patient under his suffering, and, I recollect, made use of this trustful expression—"I have no doubt it is all for the best." His final illness only lasted a fortnight; the malady was erysipelas in the head, which gradually extended to other parts of the body. He was indeed an object for compassion, for sorely-stricken Job could not have looked much worse than he did when the disease was at its height. The last few days he was unconscious at times: in his lucid intervals he was not able to say much about his religious experience, but what he did say was thoroughly satisfactory. When asked as to his state of mind he said that "Whilst he was not in ecstasy, he felt himself safely resting on Christ." Again his expression was, "I should die in despair if I were not resting on Christ for salvation." In answer to the enquiry whether Jesus was precious to him, he said, "Yes, He is precious to me, but not so precious as I should like." At another time he would say, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good;" he would repeat his favourite hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me;" and he sang at one stage of his illness until he was tired, "I will arise, and go to my Father." He found comfort in the ninety-first Psalm, and specially in the eighth chapter of Romans. Very remarkable was the Christian calmness and patience with which he endured this most severe suffering and trying disease. On the day he died, Sept. 24, he was unconscious from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon, when his end was peace.—The following Saturday his remains were conveyed from his house to the Stoke station, attended by the minister and representatives of the church; his body was thence carried by rail to Ripley, and there buried by his friends in the family vault at the cemetery. He had the reputation of being an honest and upright man of business. He was most regular in his attendance at the Sunday services and the Lord's supper; on several occasions I have seen him with tears standing in his eyes under the influence of preaching; his general consistency of Christian character was known to all his brethren. He was undoubtedly one of the fathers and founders of the church at Stoke; and after his many years of important service he will be missed as one of its staunchest friends. But we thank God that our loss is our departed brother's eternal gain.

W. MARCH.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE WAY TO DO IT: OUR LOCAL PREACHERS.—A meeting was held at Kilburn, Derby, on Nov. 16, which speaks well both for our village churches, and for those who labour amongst them in word and doctrine. Eleven years ago, by the aid of Mr. George Slack, an Association of General Baptist Local Preachers was originated for the county. It has been very efficiently worked. It has secured regularity and ability in the "supplies," and in various ways stimulated and strengthened the spiritual life of the churches. Mr. Slack having acted as its secretary for nine years, the churches, to mark their appreciation of the Association, and the Association, to show its regard for its late secretary, presented him with a testimonial, consisting of a portrait of himself, and a valuable timepiece. Mr. J. Smith presided, and Messrs. G. Wright and H. A. Blount spoke of the services of the Association, and of their late secretary. Altogether the meeting is a good omen for our Christian work in the villages. We do not believe in the policy of reserving all kind and appreciative expressions to the "funeral" sermon. Thirty-five years' labour deserves a grateful recognition. Efforts to promote the vigour and efficiency of village preaching are highly commendable. The Lord of the harvest "is not unjust, so as to forget your work and your love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye ministered to the saints, and still minister."

II. THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—Wednesday, Dec. 9th, was a memorable day in the scientific world. The planet Venus, our Earth, and the Sun, were all in the same line and the same plane; and a black round spot was seen moving slowly, for about four hours and a half, over the face of the sun, from left to right. The first time Venus was thus observed was in 1639, by Horrox. It occurred again in 1761; and again eight years after. But it has not happened since 1769 till Dec. 9. It will occur again in 1882. One remarkable fact is that it has been seen at some seventy different stations by trained observers, of almost all nationalities, sent out by the different governments to which they belonged. As the *Times* says, nothing could show more decidedly the interest nations are taking in the promotion of abstract science. For the main point to be gained is an accurate knowledge of our distance from

the sun. It is a source of great gratification that the conditions were generally favourable for photographs (113 being taken at Hobart Town), observations, etc.; and we may expect, after a time, valuable accessions to our knowledge as to our place in the solar system, and much besides.

III. THE "LIBERATOR."—With January this valuable organ of the Liberation Society enters upon a new career. It will be published at one penny, and will be enlarged. Let our magazine agents arrange to circulate it throughout our churches. Let friends give away copies amongst their neighbours. Better service in populous towns and in rural districts cannot be rendered to the holy cause of separation of Church and State. The question is at the doors. Spread the information which will enable the people to settle it righteously.

IV. MAY THE UNCONVERTED TEACH IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS?—This question, so often discussed, has been raised recently by one of our correspondents. To us the answer is clear enough. Persons unmistakably not Christian are out of their place in teaching in a Sunday school, whose express object is to lead the young to Christ. How can they lead along a way they have not walked. But an objector says, "They may come to walk it, through trying to lead others." Be it so. In like manner unconverted preachers have found the need of Christ in preaching; but no one bases on that an argument for an unconverted ministry. The school is not the place for the conversion of teachers.

But three points should be remembered, (1.) Church membership must not be confounded with conversion. Till our methods of admission into the fellowship of the church are perfect, we must take some of the blame for the non-inclusion of all Christians within our circle. There are Christians outside of the church. (2.) The signs of conversion are not always identical. Faith in Christ expresses itself in manifold ways. And though some of the customary modes of expression may be absent, yet the desire for Christian work is itself a sign—not the strongest confessedly; but still a valid sign of trust in and love to the Lord Jesus. (3.) The prosperity of the school hinges upon the character for reality, life, decision, devotion, and piety of the teachers.

Reviews.

THE PILGRIM PSALMS. By Samuel Cox. *Daldy, Isbister, and Co.*

It was a happy thought of Mr. Cox's when he set himself the task of expounding the fifteen Songs of Degrees contained in the Hebrew Psalter. The historical associations in which they are enwrapped, the stores of deep spiritual significance they contain, and their singular appositeness to the changing moods of the religious life in all ages, make them a promising field for the qualified expositor's research. Mr. Cox has put these Psalms back into their original "setting," even to the minutest detail; and caught and fixed the most delicate shades of meaning, and made the old pilgrim-song to "voice" the faith and hope, the perplexity and peace, the sorrow and joy of the saint of to-day. It is the best product of the writer's prolific pen, and one of the finest pieces of Biblical exposition we have read.

AID TO THE STUDY OF GERMAN THEOLOGY. *Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.*

GERMAN Theology has exercised so large and so beneficial an influence upon English thinking during the last twenty years, and is so evidently destined to mould it more and more, that this book was a felt necessity for all anxious to be placed at once in a position to enter its principal ideas and judge of its worth. The field was untrodden. The Messrs. Clark have enriched the churches of Britain with the products of the chief German expositors; and in this volume they have provided a hand-book to them all that will be of eminent service. The work is done with the utmost skill and thoroughness. You lose sight of the German thinker in the clearness and transparency of this English speech. You get his *thoughts* in English words. The leading philosophical ideas of Kant, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Strauss; and their applications to Theology are faithfully presented. But besides being an exposition, it is also a defence. We are not only told what the Germans thought, but where they missed their way. It should be in every Theological College library, and in every minister's study.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT; or, the Scripture Doctrine of the Holy Ghost. By Asa Mahan, D.D. *Stock.*

A REVIVED life in the churches is sure to quicken and increase the attention of men to the revelation of Christ concerning the

work of the "Comforter," the Paraclete. The ascending Saviour directs the thought and hope of the new-born community to His operations on the *world*, as their guarantee of success with the unbelieving and ungodly, and to His work *within* themselves, as their consolation and strength in the perils and sorrows and toils of their new life. Dr. Mahan is known to many of our readers by his larger volume on the *Baptism of the Holy Ghost*. This is a brief but able introduction to the larger work, and forms a well-reasoned exposition of the meaning of the promise of the Spirit, fitted to extend the range and deepen the faith of the soul, and to brighten and enlarge the church's expectations of power and peace and joy and success.

SYMBOLS FROM THE SEA; or, the Port, the Pilot, and the Passage. By W. H. Burton. *Dickinson.*

THIS is a volume of seventeen sermons, devoted to the practical exposition of the passages of Scripture that illustrate life, in its various ranges of experiences, by the imagery of the sea. The idea is striking, and the execution is able. Mr. Burton has a clearness of conception, directness of appeal, a vigour of statement, and a passion for usefulness, that will render this production a stimulating companion to the earnest worker, and a refreshing solace to the suffering and storm-tossed.

THE GOSPEL CHARIOT, an Echo from a Yorkshire Vale, by William Chapman, *Winks and Son*, is a fascinating and forcible address on Solomon's Chariot, teeming with pleasant fancies and profitable truths.

THE DEATH OF AARON, (*Yates and Alexander*) a Sermon on the death of Rev. W. Robinson, by Rev. J. T. Brown, is a carefully-wrought and able discourse, full of strength and tenderness, and rich in allusions to the life and work of Mr. Robinson. An appendix supplies a list of his literary productions.

We have received from the Sunday School Union the volume of *Kind Words* for 1874. Amongst the boys we know there is no greater favourite than this volume. Its monthly appearance is always greeted with heartiness and joy.

Church Register.

MIDLAND EVANGELIST MISSION.

We are glad to inform the readers of the Magazine and friends of this Mission that brother Lacey is now fully employed in this important work, and that he has engagements for some weeks to come. He has spent a month at Belper and Milford, holding four week-night meetings, and three services on the Sabbath: a month at Kirkby, Kirkby Woodhouse, and Kirkby Folly, with meetings nearly every week-evening, and two services on the Sabbath: a week has also been given to Mountsorrel, and a fortnight at Hose and Clawson. Services have also been held at Rothley. At all the places the friends express themselves gratified with the visits of our brother, and speak of his labours as very acceptable and useful. The following sums towards the expenses of the Mission have been received:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|---|----|----|
| Belper and Milford | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Kirkby, etc. | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Hose and Clawson | 1 | 10 | 0 |

Churches desirous of securing the services of Mr. Lacey should apply to him: address, Market Place, Loughborough. Communications for the Committee may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. J. G. Winks, the Fosse, Leicester. Remittances to the Treasurer, Mr. J. Wilford, St. Nicholas Street, Leicester.

CONFERENCE.

The Autumnal Meeting of the WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Netherton in Oct. The Rev. R. B. Clare, minister of the place, presided. The first part of the morning service was devoted to praise and prayer, and the second part to a paper by the Rev. E. C. Pike, on "Church Membership; its qualifications and duties." The paper was cordially approved, and a general desire for its publication was expressed.

Reports showed—baptized, 59; received, 13; candidates, 18; inquirers, 20; gross increase over last year of 26.

I. Resolutions expressing warm approval of the efforts, successes, and further plans of the Nuneaton church on behalf of a new chapel, and of the Netherton Church on behalf of new school-rooms, were unanimously adopted. The Conference feeling both cases to be worthy of good help, cherishes the hope that its recommendations may evoke the

sympathy of donations from all whom they may reach.

II. The Rev. W. Loos and the Secretary were appointed a deputation to visit non-reporting churches.

III. The following arrangements were adopted for the next Conference. The place to be Longmore Street, Birmingham, and the time the middle of April. A paper to be read in the morning by the Rev. R. B. Clare, "On what is called the higher Christian life." In place of the usual sermon in the evening, it was decided that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper should be administered; addresses to be delivered by the Revs. J. P. Barnett and G. Cosens.

In the evening the Rev. J. Brown, of Nuneaton, preached.

Ll. H. PARSONS, *Secretary.*

CHURCHES.

DENHOLME.—Our chapel debt, at the commencement of the year, amounted to £470. Through the united and persevering efforts of our friends, the generous aid of the public, we have cleared off the *whole amount*. To celebrate this joyous event we had a public tea on Dec. 12. Three hundred present. At the public meeting a report of the rise and progress of the church was read, and addresses delivered by Revs. R. Hardy, B. Wood, J. Newsome, etc. The chapel was built in the year 1866, at a cost of some £1,400, and seats five hundred persons. The evening meeting was enlivened by a Service of the "Jubilee Songs," specially prepared by our own choir for the occasion, and which thrilled the audience with delight. We hope soon to go in for a school-room; we have the land, and now we want the money. A friend not connected with us promised us £10 on our raising the first £90. Who will help?

NORWICH—*Terms of Challenge altered.*—Dear Mr. Editor,—The challenge of my Norwich friend having failed in its original form, I am authorised by that friend to say that he will *still* double his £10 if two other donors of £5 will double *theirs*. May I not confidently hope for a speedy acceptance of his generous offer. I have much pleasure in reporting *additional* evidence of the interest with which our efforts here are regarded by the Christian public of our city. Two young

ladies belonging to another congregation have engaged to collect for the entire support of a Bible woman at 10s. 6d. per week, to labour in connection with our own congregation. The Lord has also graciously provided us a suitable agent for the work—she entered on her labours on the 7th inst. Will Christian friends pray that she may be very successful. It affords me inexpressible pleasure to acknowledge, on behalf of St. Clement's chapel, a donation from my much esteemed native brother, Bahoo Daniel Mahanty, Berhampore, £1. Also from our generous friend, F. Bond, Esq., Cuttack, £10; also Mrs. and Miss Bond, £2 2s. Mr. —, as unto Jesus," 10s; and, with special thanks, "a Midland Labourer," 2s. 6d. Hoping for further help, I remain, yours affectionately,
GEO. TAYLOR,

Dec. 16, 1873. Somerleyton Street.

P.S.—Correction in last month—J. H. Master, not Morton. G. T.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, NOTTS.—On Monday evening, Nov. 16, a public tea meeting was held, the trays being given principally by friends outside the denomination. Subsequently a concert was given by the choir, assisted by ladies and gentlemen from Basford. Miss Peel, a member of the church at Osmaston Road, and a professional singer, also rendered, in a most effective manner, several sublime pieces from the best masters. The services of these ladies and gentlemen were entirely gratuitous. The proceeds of the evening amounted to £19 3s., which is to be devoted to the building fund, as a larger chapel is felt to be greatly needed. The population is rapidly increasing, and the present building seats only about 350. A suitable site has been secured at a cost of £375, all of which we have paid; and during the past eleven months we have raised, principally amongst ourselves, over £300; but we need help. At this season of the year, when the love of Christ is the natural subject of our thoughts, we pray that that love may constrain some of Christ's redeemed ones to help his struggling cause in this place.

NANTWICH.—Very satisfactory services were held on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 22 and 23, the occasion being the first anniversary of the opening of the new chapel. Rev. Dr. Burns preached twice on the Sunday to large congregations. On the Monday evening a tea meeting was held in the town hall, at which over 400 were present. After tea addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Burns, R. F. Griffiths, T. Clark, H. S. Payne, Mr. R. Pedloy, and the pastor. The proceeds of the services, after paying all expenses, a little over £20.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—The ninth anniversary sermons of Park Road church, were preached by the pastor, Rev. John Harrison; and on Tuesday following upwards of one hundred and fifty friends assembled to tea, after which the Rev. W. Page, B.A., and the Rev. H. E. Arkell, addressed the meeting. The pastor reported twenty-three added to the church during the year; seventy scholars in the Sabbath school; the formation of classes for young men, young women, and for married women, and £100 raised and spent on the school-rooms.

WISBECH, Ely Place.—On Tuesday, Dec. 15, a meeting, presided over by the pastor, Mr. W. E. Winks, was held to celebrate the extinction of the debt on the new church and schools. At the opening services, twenty-one months ago, £1226 were needed to accomplish this object. This sum has been raised since that time, and added to £3200 obtained previously, amounts to £4500 raised by the congregation in six years. The account showed that the bazaar held in October last brought into the funds £360. £54 were required by the treasurer to balance his account on Dec. 15, and this sum being raised in the meeting, the rest of the time was occupied by prayer and praise to the Giver of all good.

SCHOOLS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—A bazaar held to defray the cost of erecting new class rooms was opened on Wednesday, Dec. 9, by religious exercises conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. Clark, B.A. The sales of that day amounted to £82. The large quantity of goods unexpectedly brought in made it necessary to re-open the bazaar on the following day. The Rev. J. Kendall, Wesleyan, opened the bazaar on Thursday at three o'clock. The sales on this day realised £33, making a total of £115. The cost was about £160; the collections on the occasion of the opening were £25; leaving about £20 only to be obtained. Towards this a considerable quantity of goods are reserved for sale at a subsequent time. The pastor, in closing the bazaar, acknowledged the intense interest which had been shown by the children, amounting in some cases to enthusiasm, and also the indefatigable exertions of the ladies who had met week after week for months past, at the sacrifice of much time, and with great self-denial to work at the sewing meeting. Their devotion was the secret of the success, which was much in advance of the most sanguine expectations. Considerable liberality had also been shown by many friends, both in gifts and in purchases.

SPALDING.—The teachers and friends here have presented Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curry with an electro-plated tea and coffee service as a token of regard and esteem on their leaving for Lynn. For many years they have taken a deep interest in the teaching of the young. Mr. Curry was superintendent of the school at Spalding Common.

The Quarterly Teachers' Conference was held, Dec. 10, preceded by a well attended tea. Short addresses were given by the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., Messrs. Godsmark, Crampton, Limmer, etc. A paper was read by Mr. J. S. Atton, on, "How can we best secure the attendance of children in our Sunday schools."

MINISTERIAL.

ANDREWS, REV. JAMES A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Clayton, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the church at Gambleside, and will (D.V.) commence his labours at the latter place on the first Lord's-day in 1875.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—Rev. J. Lawton commenced his stated labours here, Dec. 6. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12, a short open-air service was held, and our new minister baptized seventeen candidates. The same evening a special meeting was held in the school-room, and the newly-baptized were received to the fellowship of the church.

LONG SUTTON.—On Wednesday, Nov. 25, a public tea and recognition meeting was held in the Baptist chapel to welcome the Rev. G. Towler as pastor of the church and congregation. The day was very unpropitious, but the company, notwithstanding, was large and influential. The Rev. W. E. Winks, R. A. Johnstone, C. Bentley, and the pastor elect, besides Messrs. Sutterby, Goodacre, and Gee, took part in the service.

LOUTH, NORTHGATE.—A little more than two years ago Mr. G. Parkes, then a student at Chilwell, was invited to and accepted the oversight of the above church. He laboured earnestly, faithfully, and successfully, until the end of January last, when he was suddenly stricken down by heavy affliction. For some months he indulged the hope he would be again able to resume his loved work, but a short time since, on the advice of his physician, he felt compelled to resign his pastorate, and for a time the ministry altogether. His friends, in order to show their sympathy for him in this heavy trial, determined to raise a testimonial, and by the help of other Christian friends in the town, and the

kindness of a few friends to whom Mr. P. was known, have had the pleasure of presenting him with a sum amounting to more than £117. [The sympathies of all his brethren in the ministry will accompany our brother in his retirement, and earnest will be our prayers for his recovery.]

PAYNE, REV. CHAS., has resigned his charge in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and has accepted a call to the Freewill Baptist church in Wilton, Iowa, U. S.

WATMOUGH, MR. JOSEPH, of Chilwell College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at **EDGESIDE**, near Manchester, and commences his pastorate, Jan. 3.

CHILWELL COLLEGE.

MY DEAR SIR,—The friends of the College will be pleased to learn that the first Committee Meeting under the new arrangements has just been held, with many cheering circumstances in connection with the Institution. The only cause for discouragement is the state of the Treasurer's account. I am sure the friends will excuse me pressing the claims of the College upon their liberal support, and as they will now be laying out their plans for another year, I trust they will give our school of the prophets their *early* and efficient assistance. In many cases I hope subscriptions will be doubled, and collections greatly increased.

T. W. MARSHALL.

BAPTISMS—Nov. 17 to Dec. 16.

BOSTON.—One, by J. Jolly.

BULWELL.—Seven, by C. D. Crouch.

BURNLEY, Ebenezer.—Four, by G. Needham.

HITCHIN.—One, by J. H. Atkinson.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—Four, by J. Fletcher.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Woodgate.—Twenty-five, by J. Alcorn.

MELBOURNE.—Eight, by W. Green.

PETERBOROUGH.—Six, by T. Barraas.

SPALDING.—Twelve, by J. C. Jones.

TAUNTON.—Thirteen, by J. P. Tetley.

WEST RETFORD.—Four, by J. T. Roberts.

MARRIAGE.

BRIGHTON—BINGHAM.—Dec. 3, at the Baptist chapel, Long Sutton, by Rev. G. Towler, James Brighton to Judith Bingham, both of Long Sutton.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JANUARY, 1875.

THE CYCLONE—A NATIVE PREACHER KILLED, &c.

BY REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

Cuttack, October 27th, 1874.

YOU will, no doubt, learn from the papers particulars of the Cyclone on the evening of the 15th current, and the following morning, and will be thankful to know that we have been very mercifully preserved. The weather here had been unsettled for a day or two; and on that Thursday evening, about the time of sunset, as I sat in your son's verandah, I remarked on the appearance of the sky as betokening foul weather, adding that it was the season of the year when cyclones might be apprehended. While we were talking the gale was furious at some places; but the only effect felt at Cuttack was a slight fall of the mercury. In Northern Orissa it was very severe. At Jellasure the violence of the wind uprooted many trees, and blew down many houses. Nor did the Mission house escape: the roof of one of the verandahs was broken down. But the severest trial our beloved friends have had, and one in which we deeply sympathize with them, is the death of Madhu Das, one of their native preachers, who was killed by the falling of a native house in which he had taken shelter. He and Jitu, another native christian, were returning from Midnapore, and when they came to the river the storm was so violent that the boatmen said it was impossible to ferry them over. They sought shelter in a native house, when the wall fell, killing the native preacher, and greatly injuring his companion. Madhu Das has left a widow in delicate health, and four daughters under twelve years of age. Our friends feel it to be a very heavy trial, as he was in the strength and vigour of manhood, and as efficient native labourers are few in their as well as our part of the field.

At Midnapore the gale was even more severe than at Jellasure. A large part of the town is said to be in ruins, and the loss of life is described as great. The last intelligence we have received is that, taking the whole district of Midnapore, the loss of life is estimated at *two thousand*, but we have not heard that any native christians are among those who have perished.

Burdwan is another of the places that have suffered much from the storm. On the railway more than twenty carriages were upset by the fury of the wind, but it does not appear that any of the passengers were seriously injured. The damage done at sea is not yet fully known, but it is feared that the loss of life will be found to be very great. An Australian ship, bringing horses, encountered the fury of the gale and was soon on her beam ends; the horses got loose, were unmanageable, began to kick each other, and soon more than a hundred were killed. Further information as to loss of life at sea is awaited with much anxiety.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

PRIZES TO GOVERNMENT PUPILS—CHRISTIAN LITERATURE—HINDOO MYTHOLOGY, STRANGE COINCIDENCES—LENIENCY OF POPULAR WRITERS TO IDOLATRY.

Cuttack, October 6th, 1874.

OUR life for the past few months has been very quiet and uneventful. The heat or the rains, or both combined, have kept us a good deal indoors. I had, indeed, a change in the visit which I paid to Pooree, in company with Dr. Buckley and some of our native brethren. I sent you a short account of this visit some two months ago. I have been present on two or three occasions when prizes have been given to the pupils of the government schools. When the boys understood English, there was no difficulty in giving beautifully bound and suitable prizes: but the poor lads who did not understand English were obliged to put up with prizes that by comparison were of the most mean and beggarly description; they were about the size of our tracts, and were principally short treatises on geography, history, or mathematics. The teachers were obliged to give small bundles of these to make up one prize. The Mission Press could have supplied much better material; but the government could not righteously distribute christian books in mixed schools such as these.

We have now the whole Bible in *one volume*; the two parts of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" "The Sweet Story of Old," illustrated with coloured pictures supplied by the Tract Society; and *many other books*, besides tracts innumerable. I think it would be well for you to have a small library of our Oriya books in England, that our friends may see what has been done in this direction; and that others who are not friends may see that it is not always the merchant or politician who introduces this civilizing agent—literature. These books might also be useful to any missionary student.

I have read a little lately in "Ward History" and other works of the Hindoo mythology; there are indeed bushels of chaff, with but here and there a grain of wheat. There is just enough truth amongst the abounding myths to point to the conclusion that the authors of the Hindoo shastres had, through the imperfect medium of tradition, some dim acquaintance with the moral and spiritual truths of the Bible. Brother Miller called my attention the other day to the supposition that the history of Krishnoo's incarnation was probably founded upon some spurious gospel, such as the early centuries produced. I think it would not be difficult to demonstrate at least the extreme probability of the theory. You will remember that, according to the shastres, there have been already nine "avatars" or incarnations of Vishnoo the Preserver, the ninth and last being Juggernath,—and that one incarnation has yet to appear.

Talking with my pundit the other day, I gathered that his "thic" or exact name was not known, but that he was called the Kalki avatar. Sometimes he is represented as a man with a horse's head; but at other times, and more correctly, simply as a man with long arms, mounted on a white horse, and holding in his hands a sharp sword with two edges.

The shastres say, on his appearance he will put an end to the present evil age; and that he will destroy all falsehood, oppression, and

sin, and introduce a golden age. In connection with this, I was much struck with some verses in the nineteenth chapter of the Revelations. The late Mr. Lacey has noticed in some MSS. to which I have had access, the singular coincidences—

1. A white horse—c. xix, v. 11.
2. An unknown name—v. 12.
3. A sharp sword that should smite the nations—v. 15.
4. The destruction of falsehood and sin—v. 11, etc.

It is somewhat remarkable that this is the only incarnation of the ten that seeks the accomplishment of any worthy purpose. Most of them were incarnate to accomplish some puerile or contemptible work. I can but think the compiler of the shastre respecting Kalki had either seen this nineteenth chapter of Revelations, or was acquainted with its purport through tradition.

The pundit said the coincidences were “very wonderful.” I tried to point out that this God whom they “ignorantly worshipped” had already appeared, and that His gospel—the word of God,—sharper than any two-edged sword, was now smiting the systems of falsehood and oppression throughout the world—instancing the destruction of slavery in America and other places, and the destruction of suttee and the practice of offering human sacrifices in this land.

But though there may be some minute grains of truth in the Hindoo writings, they are so encrusted with myths, both foolish and wicked, that the little truth is hidden, and becomes powerless for good, whilst it helps to give colour to what is false and corrupting. If you assail the sacred writings, they will point to moral sentiments in them that commend themselves to the universal conscience for their beauty and worth. Men who have no desire to put into practice any precept of purity would, I dare say, point to these very precepts as proving the authority of books that in the main countenance their “abominable idolatry.”

The existence of the shastres is by some considered wonderful; but I venture to think if a FEW PROFESSED *scientific* leaders of to-day, together with a few Spiritualists and Swedenborgians, were to set themselves to compile a new bible—incorporating with their own theories and guesses, superstitions and follies, some of the moral teaching of Scripture—we might get a jumble not unworthy to be pnt beside some of the vedas.

The leniency and extreme delicacy with which some of our popular writers treat the question of hindooism must have struck us all, *e.g.*, “women whose character is not quite what it once was” is rather a roundabout and euphuistic synonyme for what Scripture would call harlots. Yet words like that, if not those very words, I quote from memory, are used in reference to the shameless worship of heathen gods in a comparatively recent work of considerable literary value. Wherefore this leniency towards error and sin? Can it be that our leading writers are so humble that they shrink from pronouncing a hostile opinion upon views and practices divergent from their own? or must we not rather believe that there is a strange laxity of opinions—that they have no fixed anchorage for their belief—or that the mist in which they dwell has rendered the outlines of truth and error, virtue and vice, strangely indistinct, until they become alike important or alike unim-

portant, as the case may be? The impression conveyed by many writers is that whilst christianity may possibly be very well for the West, brahminism or buddhism will do quite as well for the East. But the heart of the Hindoo will not rest satisfied with shams, any more than the heart of the Englishman. Here, as in England, men are burdened with sin, weightd with sorrows, oppressed with fears about the future. Only the truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, can remove this sin in its guilt and power, aye, and consequences, too; for sin removed, sorrows are assuaged, and fears for the future for ever banished. I rejoice to be able to add my testimony to that of many others, and to say, this, the truth has accomplished in the case of hundreds of Oriyas, and some of them are not simply amongst the many called, but amongst the few chosen; they are not only christians, but "choice" christians.—Matt. xx. 16; Rev. xvii. 14.

May their number be greatly increased, and Christ's cause triumph in this land of darkness! Brethren, pray for us.

THE ORISSA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

The following account of the recent Conference held at Cuttack came to hand just as we were ready to go to press, and when the rest of the Magazine was in type. We are glad to be able to insert it so promptly. It is dated Nov. 19th, but did not leave Cuttack till the 24th, and will be in the hands of many of our readers by Dec. 25th. This is quick, and very unlike old times.

Cuttack, Nov. 19th, 1874.

AFTER describing our Orissa Conference for about thirty years, I sit down with peculiar feelings to give some details of our last meeting; and I begin with

The Conference sermons on Lord's-day, Nov. 8th. Makunda Das preached in the morning from Psalm xlvi. 10. The sermon was carefully prepared and eloquently delivered. We felt—as he expounded the words, "Know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen"—that all the obstacles to the ultimate and universal success of our great cause vanished before Omnipotence. We were reminded that He who at important periods in the church's history raised up men like Wickliffe, Luther, and Bunyan, to do His work, could raise up all the instrumentality required for the extension of His holy kingdom. Mr. Miller preached in the afternoon, and after referring to the "showers of blessing" which had fertilized various parts of England and Scotland, appropriately directed our attention to the description of the primitive church in Acts ii. 42—47, a lovely picture; and the discourse was well adapted to stir us up to imitate the faith and love, the zeal and liberality, of the first disciples of Christ.

"With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole."

Mr. J. H. Smith had been published to preach the English sermon in the evening; but as he was unable to reach Cuttack in time, Mr. T. Bailey kindly took his place, though the notice was short. His discourse was founded on Isaiah xxx. 26. After describing the condition of Israel, and our own natural state, as implied in the latter part of the verse—"binding up the breach, and healing the stroke of the wound,"—a description applicable to the whole world lying in wickedness,—he led us on to contemplate the picture of extraordinary beauty and brilliance which the text presented, as applied to the latter day glory—a description which it was clearly stated and explained implied the universal prevalence of knowledge, holiness, and blessedness. Oh when will that day of surpassing brightness dawn on the world, when "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days?"

Our annual communion of the body and blood of Christ was held on the following Sabbath afternoon, and was a hallowed season. Mr. Hill delivered the Oriya address from John xv. 8, and I followed with a few remarks in English. Prayer was offered in Oriya by Paul Singh and myself, and in English by brethren Miller and Pike. The native missionary meeting was held on Thursday evening, the 12th, and was an interesting service. I was appointed to preside; but as "brevity is the soul of wit" in a chairman's speech, and indeed in all others, unless a man has a good deal to say that may be useful to others, I did not inflict a lengthened address on the audience. Sebo Patra spoke on the importance of increased devotedness in the church; Anunta Das on the means by which such devotedness might be secured; and Shem on the duty of all christians to exert themselves to extend the kingdom of Christ among the heathen. Sebo's address was a little too long, but he made some important remarks. Anunta's was sober, thoughtful, and to the point. Shem's was energetic and spirit-stirring; and in the midst of it he quoted a verse from Cowper—

"The man that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave."

Some of the people could hardly believe their ears as an English verse was quoted in an Oriya speech, but it was afterwards well explained in the vernacular. Sebo, in referring to the preservation of the church, mentioned a remarkable deliverance we experienced in the dark days of the mutiny. The details were not new to me, but I believe have never seen the light. If the Lord had not been on our side we should have been swallowed up. We did not at the time know the full extent of our danger, though there were ugly rumours in the air. The time for the utter destruction of the christians and their teachers was fixed, and the dark plot was to be executed when we were at the Lord's table (Aug. 2nd, 1857). It pleased God to frustrate the wicked conspiracy by the sudden death the night before of the leading conspirator; and the others thought that after so bad an omen it would be unlucky to go on.

The *Sunday School Examination* was conducted on Monday and Tuesday, the 16th and 17th inst. I was one of the examiners of the first class of boys, and was particularly pleased with their answers. The prizes were distributed on Thursday morning, the 19th, and all passed off well. I have felt unmixed satisfaction in the establishment of our Sunday school here. A *Temperance Meeting* was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, at which Oriya addresses were delivered, and fourteen pledges taken. So much for the public services.

THE MEETINGS FOR BUSINESS

were presided over by Mr. Hill, and Mr. Pike was appointed to assist the secretary. Some of the matters that engaged our attention were weighty and important. And first I mention the minute adopted in reference to the state of the Mission, trusting that it will have the serious consideration at home which all here feel that it ought to have. It was as follows:—"Once more we bring before our respected Committee the state and prospects of the Mission. Our emotions in reference to it are those of devout thankfulness to God, with mingled anxiety and hope. In view of the necessities of this wide and important field—of the circumstance that two experienced brethren expect shortly to leave Orissa, and that two of the remaining five have laboured in the good work much beyond the average duration of missionary life, we feel that it is of the highest importance that the Committee should send out at least two new labourers at as early a period as possible. We should rejoice if any suitably qualified brother in the College, or engaged in the ministry, should have it laid on his heart to devote himself to this blessed service. While fully recognising that the work in which we are engaged is the Lord's work, and that without the inward anointing none can efficiently engage in it, we cannot but express in the strongest terms our hope that the present condition of the Mission will receive the prayerful and anxious consideration of the Committee." Brethren, ponder and pray over the facts, for they are of the gravest importance. You have money, and for this we are all devoutly thankful; but don't be afraid to use a good portion of it, if suitable men can be found; and look round among the churches for such men. Orissa needs humble, holy, sober, plodding men—men endowed with much meekness, patience, forbearance, and love, who, like

Enoch, walk with God; like Paul, only desire that Christ may be magnified in their bodies, whether it be by life or by death; who will consecrate their energies not to any subordinate object, but who will be ready to live and labour, to suffer and die, for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ among the heathen. Likeminded women are equally needed, worthy to be successors of "the beloved Persis" and other devoted sisters of the early church. For such we must unceasingly pray.

Your readers will observe that the resolution of Conference on the state of the Mission describes *two* experienced brethren as expecting shortly to leave for England. It is probably known to our friends that Mrs. Hill's impaired state of health has led her, under medical advice, to decide on leaving for England; and that her husband, looking at the interests of his family and at all the circumstances of the case, thinks it his duty to accompany her. The brethren expressed deep regret at their approaching departure, commended them to the kind christian sympathies of the Committee, and trusted that our brother's future course would be under the guidance and blessing of our gracious Master.

As to ourselves, I feel a delicacy in saying much. We have both felt much difficulty in rending, even for a time, the ties that bind Orissa to our hearts; but the severe and alarming illness Mrs. Buckley had in September convinced us that it was plainly the will of the Lord that we should leave the field for a season. To that will we bow. The arrangements which this step renders necessary were discussed by the brethren: the tone and spirit of the discussion were all that could be desired; but it is more fitting that other pens should describe the resolutions adopted. The result will, I trust, verify a remark of the old divines—God changes His workmen, but carries on His work. I think with strangely mingled feelings of leaving Orissa, and of seeing the dear old country once more before I die. How many who would have warmly welcomed us, and whose welcome we should as warmly have reciprocated, have passed to their everlasting rest! But there are others whose names are very dear to us, and whose kindness we shall never forget. We shall be very thankful if the Lord permit to see them again. The time for our departure is not fully fixed, but is expected (p.v.) to be in March. More about the Conference in another letter.

CONTINUATION OF PAUL CAV. GRASSI'S ADDRESS TO HIS BRETHREN IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from the *Missionary Observer* for December, 1874.)

IN ROME, seat of the head of the corrupt Catholic Church, where I was formerly priest, belonging to the high clergy, and where by my preaching I helped to spread error: in Rome, to the same people, I now give ample testimony that I belong to the true religion of Jesus Christ. It is very important, my brethren, that I remain here to show to these good people that the holy revealed Word of God, though until so recently hidden and prohibited, is now pulling down the strongholds of the church that has error for its foundation. "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple"—Rom. xvi. 17, 18. In my farewell letter, addressed to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, I gave the reasons which had led me to embrace the true religion of Christ. I spoke of the pomp and display of the church ceremonial, of the elaborate music, of the statues and pictures by the best masters, of mass, purgatory, indulgences, feasts, auricular confession (as a sacrament), of councils, and of many other things—all in perfect opposition to the teaching of the Scriptures; all these, and other means, are used merely to gain possession of the substance and consciences of the credulous. I spoke of the discipline of the church; of the licentious life of the priests, so contrary to the example set by Christ; of the massacres of the *holy office*, so different to the crucified Christ, who implored pardon for His crucifiers. I spoke of the Bible, which had been interdicted and placed amongst prohibited books. I spoke strongly of my conviction of faith in Jesus Christ, and I announced myself as Evangelist to lead men to the truth in Christ. I reminded him of what Paul said, that the God of peace would destroy Satan, and put him under our feet—yes, SATAN—in that room which has witnessed so many judicial disputes, so

many tortures. How many believers have been buried alive for, like myself, withdrawing from your doctrines, after having found them false and anti-christian! The hand of our Omnipotent, Heavenly Father, weary of your judgments, of your idolatries and your stubbornness, shall smite you; therefore, beware, ye followers of Satan, if you will not believe and repent! I was invited to sign my formal renunciation of the Papist Church, and, although I reflected that I might be signing my sentence of death, as so many martyrs had done, I wrote with boldness and coolness. Not satisfied, I determined to put myself still farther from the Papal Church by marrying. You will find an account of my marriage in a small pamphlet recently published; and in reading it you will be convinced, my brethren, as the priests were, that it was not merely an interested motive, not merely an earthly love, which induced me to become a husband; but I thought of an old friend, a widow, already considerably advanced in life, who, with her son, a boy of thirteen, needed my support and protection. This last testimony persuaded my religious enemies more than ever of the firmness of my faith in Jesus Christ. Friends and acquaintances came constantly to my house, and waylaid me in the streets, imploring me to return, promising me honours and riches, and assuring me that my past faults should not be mentioned; as to my wife, that would be a small matter, as I could belong to the *Rito Grecco*.*

Useless attempts! To these incessant and stupid promises I placed in contrast the words of the Holy Bible; my faith in the true religion of Christ presented before me a life far more laden with honours, and the wealth of a quiet conscience, which I had not previously known; and I have also the certainty of eternal happiness through the death and suffering of our Saviour. I tried to lead those for whom I wrote to that happiness which they also might certainly experience by faith in Christ, repeating to them our Saviour's words, "Believe on Me, and thou shalt be saved." I assured them that, through the intercession of Jesus Christ our Heavenly Father would defend and help them. Amen.

LECTURING TOUR ON BEHALF OF AGRA AND ROME.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—As I have completed my three weeks' Lecturing Tour on behalf of the Havelock Chapel at Agra, and the erection of Mr. Wall's Chapel, and enlargement of Signor Grassi's preaching room at Rome, I desire to report progress in the *Missionary Observer* for January.

I have now but one additional engagement—at Peterborough—ere I start for Rome and the East; and from Rome I hope to send latest particulars of the state and prospects of the Mission.

In connection with my meetings I have circulated 3,000 copies of our brother Grassi's first letter to his English friends. The continuation of the three papers sent from Grassi will be given in the January and February numbers of the *Observer*.

I still require about £50 to complete my obligations to Agra and Rome, and shall be obliged by any assistance sent to this address.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
63, Granby Street, Leicester, Dec. 20. THOMAS COOK.

COLLECTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|---|----|----|----|
| Old Basford | 5 | 4 | 6 | Sheffield, Cemetery Road, including | 11 | 10 | 6 |
| Hitchin | 5 | 5 | 0 | £1 from Mr. Rodgers | | | |
| Harborough | 5 | 13 | 0 | Contributions for books for Lucknow | | | |
| Regent's Park, London | 8 | 10 | 0 | Soldier's Library | 1 | 6 | 6 |
| Loughborough, Woodgate, including | | | | George Stevenson, Esq., Leicester, | | | |
| 10s. from Mr. Warner | 7 | 5 | 0 | £1 ls. each for Agra, Wall's Chapel, | | | |
| Derby, St. Mary's Gate, including 10s. | | | | and Grassi's Preaching Room | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| from Mr. Wilkins | 17 | 4 | 11 | J. W. Clough, Salford, for Rome | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Ripley | 7 | 0 | 0 | W. N., Southampton | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Bradford—Sion Jubilee Chapel, including | | | | Leicester, Mrs. Poile | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| £1 each from Rev. J. P. Chown and Mr. John Dale | 8 | 1 | 6 | Lecture—Miss Gittins's School, Folkestone | | | |

P.S.—Most of the above sums represent the full amounts collected, irrespective of incidental expenses.

I shall not be able to accept any other invitations to visit the churches until I return from Egypt and Palestine in April.

T. C.

DEATH OF MRS. PEGGS, WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. JAS. PEGGS.

THE above esteemed sister died at her residence, New Walsoken, Wisbech, on Dec. 9. She passed away in her sleep, having entered her seventy-sixth year on the 1st of May last. Her nephew, the Rev. S. S. Allsop, of March, went to see her that day thinking it might be the last, and so it proved. In her we lose the last of the first four who went as pioneers to Orissa. It was a brave act—a noble illustration of the heroism of faith, while the annals of our Society tell how right it was, and how rich a blessing has rested upon the work which they dared, in God's strength and under His guidance, to commence. We glorify God who put it into the hearts of our fathers to send them, and for giving to the Mission such devoted pioneers as Bampton and Peggs and their wives. Mrs. Peggs was buried on Tuesday, Dec. 15th, in the same grave as her sister, the late Mrs. Allsop, at the Wisbech Cemetery. They were both the widows of missionaries. Those who knew the sisters in their early days would testify that "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives," while "in their death they were not divided." Mr. Allsop found a burial place forty-five years ago at Lucea, Jamaica, and Mr. Peggs twenty-five years ago at Burton-on-Trent.

INTELLIGENCE.

BRADFORD, Tetley Street.—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary tea meeting on Thursday, Nov. 5, when upwards of one hundred friends sat down to tea. After tea a public meeting was held, which was interspersed with recitations, dialogues and addresses. After paying all expenses there was a balance of sixteen shillings and threepence left in favour of our society, and within two weeks afterwards we had an increase of ten collectors. R. H.

OLD BASFORD.—The services were held as follows:—Juvenile tea party and missionary meeting, Nov. 30; sermons on Dec. 1; public missionary meeting, Dec. 2, when the deputation, Rev. W. Bailey, lectured on "India." The missionary meeting was better attended than any previous one, and the contributions for the year (already about £51 10s.) will be more than ever. A similar advance has been made in the support of other denominational institutions. W. D.

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES.

We beg to call attention to the letter on this subject in the *Observer* for December, as it will save the necessity for sending circulars specially to each church.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—W. Hill, Nov. 20.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Nov. 3, 24.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, Nov. 24.
" J. G. Pike, Nov. 23.

CONTRIBUTIONS

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

| £ s. d. | | CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PIPLEE CHAPEL. | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Coventry | 8 4 5 | Mr. Burton, Old Basford | 0 5 0 |
| Gloucester—Mr. F. F. Wilkins, for | | B. B. | 0 10 0 |
| Rome | 0 5 0 | Lectures | 3 8 0 |
| Maltby—Mrs. Johnson | 0 4 11 | Mrs. Case, Leicester | 0 10 0 |
| Old Basford | 51 10 6 | | |

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by T. HILL, Esq., Baker Street, Nottingham, Treasurer; and by the Rev. J. C. PIKE, 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.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

PAUL CLAIMS, AND WAIVES, HIS RIGHTS.

1 Corinthians ix.

BY REV. SAMUEL COX: *Author of "Biblical Expositions," etc.*

WHEN the collectors of the temple-tax came to the Lord Jesus, and demanded of Him the half-shekel which every Jew was bound to pay, He claimed to be exempt on the ground that He was the Son of that King to whom the tax was due: yet, "lest He should offend," lest He should cause men to think evil of Him, lest He should hinder their approach to Him, He paid the tax, nay, wrought a miracle that He might pay it. Thus the Lord Jesus both asserted, and declined to assert, His freedom: thus He at once claimed, and waived, His rights. In the chapter before us Paul follows in his Master's steps. He, too, both asserts his freedom, and declines to assert it: he claims his rights, yet he will not enforce them. And his motive is the same as his Master's. Although free, he becomes the servant of all; although conscious of his rights, he waives his rights, "lest he should offend," lest "he should in any way hinder the gospel of Christ," that he might "gain the more," that he might "save some" who would not otherwise have received his gospel. It is to this imitation of Christ on the part of Paul that I have now to ask your attention.

If we would comprehend and master it, we must briefly study the whole chapter: nay, we must even pick up the threads of argument which the Apostle drops at the end of the previous chapter.

In chapter viii., then, Paul has laid down the principle that those who are strong should respect the scruples and prejudices of the weak; that when Christian liberty says, "You may do this or that," Christian charity will often say, "And yet do not do it, lest you offend and hinder the weak." If meat, for instance, *i.e.*, the eating of meats offered to idols, be a stumbling-block to weak brethren, then it is well to eat no more meat so long as the world standeth.

Now at Corinth there was a faction in the Church which was disposed to judge Paul harshly, to question his authority, his teaching, his practise. And these men would be very apt to say, "It is all very well for Paul to talk so generously, but does his life square with his words? Does he practise what he preaches? Can he stand his own test, and meet his own requirement?" Chapter ix. is Paul's answer to that suspicion. It is an elaborate proof that he does curtail

his natural liberty rather than offend the weak, that he waives rights which he might lawfully enforce, that he goes far beyond the mere bounds of duty, making himself all things to all men, in order that, by shewing love, he may win love for himself and above all for the gospel entrusted to him.

Easily and naturally his argument divides itself into two parts: in the first, we see how Paul claims his rights; in the second, how he waives the very rights he had just claimed.

I. Mark how *Paul claims his rights*. He had a right, he says, to take about a sister—*i. e.*, a sister in the Lord—as a wife, like the other apostles, like the brethren of the Lord, like Cephas even, whom his opponents at Corinth held to be the very model of a Christian apostle (ver. 5). Many points of interest are touched by this assertion. It tells us, for instance, what we are not told elsewhere, that not Peter alone, but most, if not all, of the apostles were married men. It implies that marriage is honourable in all; but that, in the apostle's judgment, it is lawful for a Christian only *in the Lord*, only with those who believe. But the main point, the point which really bears on our argument is, that Paul felt that he too had a right to marry, although he elsewhere tells us that a married man is apt to care too much for "the things of his wife," while the unmarried man can devote himself, with an undivided heart, to "the things of the Lord."

This is one right claimed by the Apostle, the right to take about a wife with him, to secure himself the comfort of a gracious and sympathetic companion:—and this right ministers, as a rule, have not perhaps been slow to exercise. He claims a second right—the right to live by the gospel he preached. And on this he lays far more stress than on the previous right—not because he thought it a more valuable privilege, but because he had often been called in question for not exercising it. His opponents had said again and again, "If Paul were a true apostle, if he were not conscious of some flaw in his title, like the other apostles he would claim to be maintained by the Church instead of working with his own hands." So often had this insinuation been cast at him, and so grievous was this misconception of his self-sacrifice to his ardent generous spirit, that it had become quite a sore point with Paul. He is for ever fingering it. And that, in part, no doubt, because he resented so cruel a misconception of his motives; but very much more, I think, because it put him in a cruelly difficult position: for how was he to justify himself in not taking a maintenance from the Church, without seeming to condemn the other apostles, who did take a maintenance; or, at least, without seeming to exalt himself above them. Paul was a gentleman. It was intolerable to him, whether to boast of his sacrifices, or to appear even to impugn the conduct of those whom he honoured and loved. He felt that the other apostles were but using their right, that he might have used it in their place; and therefore it is that, even before he vindicates his own course, he vindicates theirs, and lays the very strongest emphasis on the fact, that those who preach the gospel *have a right* to live by the gospel.

He bases this right mainly on two grounds. First, *on the customs of society*. The soldier does not go to war at his own charge. He who

plants a vineyard eats of its fruit. The goat-herd lives by selling the milk of his flock. In short, all men live by their labour; why are not ministers and apostles to live by theirs? And the argument is just as cogent *now* as *then*. Ministers are still the only men whom some persons expect to work for nothing, to serve them without a wage. And I suppose the expectation arises in large measure from the suspicion that minister's don't work, or that their work is not very hard. But surely that work is the hardest which most rapidly exhausts the vital force, which most commonly impairs health of brain and nerve and muscle. Dangerous professions, trades injurious to health, are justly the highest paid. And after some experience both of business and of the ministry of the Word, I give it as my conviction that the ministry is a dangerous profession; that any man, who does his duty in it, uses up his nervous energy at a rate which cannot but impair his health; that his work is harder and more exhausting than almost any other kind of labour. If any of you are thinking of putting your sons or yourselves into the ministry, either that you may have a comfortable provision, or that they may enjoy a quiet and easy life, let me warn you that you could make no greater mistake. A minister can only hope to enjoy an easy unexhausting life, or to attain many years, in proportion as he neglects the duties of his office, or goes through them without putting his life and strength into them. You may be very sure that every sermon which moves you to emotion has moved the preacher far more deeply; that whenever he quickens you into new life or more life, it is because he is imparting his life to you and sacrificing himself for your good. A profession so exhausting, work so hard, Paul argues in effect, should, according to all social rules, be well paid. The minister has a clear right to his maintenance.

But then, as now, there were good persons who did not much care for argument, unless the argument were backed by a text. To satisfy these weak brethren, Paul, who became all things to all men, gave them a cluster of texts. He draws his second ground of argument from *the inspired Scriptures*. His first text is from Moses (ver. 9). Moses said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." And this law was not given simply because God cares for oxen. It was given because God cares for men, because He would have them both do what was right and receive their dues. The working-man, the labourer, has an interest in this law, as well as the minister; the plowman and the thresher, who are often not so well cared for as the cattle, as well as the clergy. Moses gave this law about oxen, says Paul, "that he who ploweth might plow in hope, and he that thresheth might thresh in hope of partaking" the harvest they prepare for the market: that they might have their full share of it, and live, live well and easily, by their labour; and thus he taught that God takes thought for them. But the text applies to ministers as well as to workmen. God cares *even for ministers!* If they plough up hard hearts, and sow good seed in the broken furrows, are they to be muzzled when the corn is trodden out? Have not they as clear a right to live by their labour as the oxen, the plowman, the sower, the thresher? If they sow that which is spiritual, is it much that they reap of that which is carnal? If they prepare men for heaven, is it much that men should feed them while they are on earth?

Paul gives a second text (ver. 13), a text, or proof, drawn from the ceremonial of Hebrew worship. The priests lived by the temple because they spent their time and energy in serving the temple; they "shared with the altar," *i.e.*, they had their part in all the good things laid upon it, because they served the altar. And, in like manner, argues the apostle, those who serve the Church should live by the Church; those who minister to the spiritual wants of men should live by their ministry. Nay, in applying this second text, he quotes a third. Christ Himself, when He sent forth the seventy, had bidden them take neither purse nor scrip, on the express ground that the workman is worthy of his wage. "*The Lord has ordained that they who preach the gospel should live by the gospel*" (ver. 14).

Here, then, are no less than three texts to prove that Holy Writ confirms the customs of society, that Scripture no less than social rule enforces the right to maintenance of those who serve, whether in the Church or in the world. To this recognized relation between work and wages the Apostle appeals in defence of his own right. In the second verse, he says, "the seal or attestation of our apostleship are *ye*." You Corinthians, at least, should not question my claims, for you have felt my power. And in vers. 11, 12, he adds, "If you admit others to be apostles, and to have this claim on you for maintenance, should you not much more admit my claim to the apostleship, my right to be maintained? If I have given you a new life, and nourished it, and still continue to nourish it, is it much that you should keep me in life? Would it be politic of you, would it be a wise economy, to let me starve while I can still be of service to you? or even to let me overtax my energies and waste on tent-making power which might be expended on you? *Is the life more than meat, and the soul more than the body? Has the workman a right to his wage? Should the wage bear some proportion to the difficulty and danger of his work? Well, I die daily; I wear myself out in the endeavour to give you spiritual things, eternal things. Do you grudge to give me the carnal things which perish in the using?"* Paid! no minister who does his work honestly is or can be paid by those to whom he preaches. *His wage*, the wage that really corresponds to and requites his work, is with God, and will be paid without grudging by and bye. But that is no reason why those who hear him should let him starve, or compel, or even permit, him to waste his energies in excessive toil. Mere selfishness and thrift might teach them when once they have a minister to their mind, a man who can really teach them what they need to learn and incite them to the duties they ought to do, to keep him in life and health. Even this wise thrift, however, is not always practised. And perhaps the best that can be said for some churches is, that they are so fond of their minister, and so conscious *they* cannot adequately repay him, that they do their utmost to hurry him into that world in which every act of service meets its due recompense of reward.

On these grounds, then, on the customs of society, on the revelations of Scripture, and on the sentiment of natural justice, Paul emphatically claims his rights both to marriage and to maintenance.

II. Let us mark how, after so strongly asserting and proving them, *Paul waives his rights*: for this is the main argument of the chapter:

his ruling aim throughout is to shew that he only asks the Corinthians to do for their weak brethren what he himself has done for them—viz., to forego rights which they might exact, to restrain their lawful freedom of action when by using it to the full they might injure and offend those for whom Christ died. It is to induce them to this self-restraint, this brotherly self-abnegation, that he tells them why he did not claim and use rights which he knew to be his.

And, first, he did not use his rights in the gospel to the full, "*lest he should hinder the gospel of Christ*" (ver. 12). Then, as now, there were men who were very ready to find selfish and interested motives even for the wisest and most generous conduct,—men who were very ready to say, even of the apostles themselves, "Ah, these men talk about charity and self-denial and magnanimity! It is their trade. They are like all the priests who came before them. If it were not for the gifts laid on the altar, they would not serve it. They talk big, and well; but it is the pocket, not the heart, which prompts them. They do not care for our good, but for their own gain: why should we listen to them?" To save his message from any such reproach, to save his ministry from any such hindrance, to take away any even the slightest ground for this miserable misconstruction of his motives, Paul resolved that he would not claim his right of maintenance; that he would work with his own hands; that, as he pathetically expresses it, he would "*bear* all things"—all the fatigues of labour, all the pain of having to expend on work which others might have done as well as he, powers which they did not possess, to the injury of the one work for which he was specially fitted. Whatever others might do, and ought to do, *he* would give no occasion of offence, no ground for suspicion, to the sharp Greek traders of the sea-coast and to the keen Jewish brokers among whom so much of his life was spent. Even though in some respects it might be bad for them, and bad for him, that he should abstract from their service, or from his own time of rest, many hours for the manual labour by which he earned his bread, he would work "night and day" rather than suffer the progress of the gospel to be impeded by their base suspicions. He would be able to stand before them and say, "I have taken, I have coveted, no man's silver or gold. I am the poorest man here this day. These hands, worn with toil, must still earn my bread. I have given you the gospel for love, not for hire: I have given you *myself*."

Secondly, he did not "use his rights in the gospel to the full," *lest he should lose his boast* (vers. 15—18). "Better," he says, "for me to die than for my boast to die. No one shall rob me of that." It was no merit in him that he preached the gospel; he was bound to preach it, could not help preaching it. A sacred and overmastering "necessity" to preach it was laid on him. When he had preached his best, he was but an unprofitable servant; he had simply discharged the stewardship entrusted to him. But if he preached willingly, not of necessity, but of his own cheerful and unforced accord, then he rose into a holy freedom, and would still have been "free of all men," even though he had permitted them to sustain him. But if he went further still, if he waived his right to a sustenance; if, to avoid misconstruction, he went beyond the bounds of duty, if he did more than God demanded of him,

and much more than men had a right to expect, then he had wherewith to boast. Not that this excess of duty was a boast to be flaunted before the eyes of men—a boast in the vulgar sense: Paul knew very well that it was the grace of God which wrought in him: but it surely was something to be glad about, and to be thankful for, that God's grace was so evidently at work in him that it could carry him beyond the lines of mere duty, and constrain him to waive the rights which other men and apostles used. So that Paul's choicest reward for the present was, that he had no reward of men, just as the freedom he valued most was that which made him the servant of all men. His boast was, that he was not only a servant, not only a faithful and diligent servant, but a servant who took no wages, in order to prove that love was the sole motive and inspiration of his service.

Now there is a fine principle here, which we shall do well to study and appropriate. Necessity was laid on Paul: and he turned "necessity" into "freedom," by doing of a willing mind what he felt bound to do. And, in like manner, we become free, so soon as we do freely what we *must* do somehow. When "I *must*" becomes "I *will*," we enter into perfect liberty. If you would be free, do not say, "I *must* serve God in my daily life," or "I *must* love my neighbour as myself," or "I *must* contribute to the work and maintenance of the Church." Say rather, "I *will* love God, I cannot help loving Him;" "I *will* love my neighbour, since God, who loves me, wishes me to love him;" "I *will* serve and help the Church, for I love it, and am willing to sacrifice myself for its good." Only thus do we rise out of the hard grinding necessities of unwelcome duty into the freedom of a voluntary and happy service, and walk at large because we seek the commandments of God.

Thirdly, Paul did not use his rights in the gospel to the full, *that he might "gain the more"* (vers. 19—23). The narrow bigotries of the Jewish converts were, no doubt, very narrow and repulsive to Paul, the licence of the Greeks very puerile and repugnant, the scruples of the weak very babyish, the arrogance of the strong very base; and to be suspected of selfish and interested motives, or even to have to guard against such suspicions, must have been almost intolerable to a man of Paul's generous self-devotion. But he "bears all things," even these, that he may win men of every grade and kind to the service of Christ. To the Jew he became a Jew, to the weak, weak; although not under the law, he came under it; although not an outlaw to God, he could dispense with law. Wherever he found a man, he found a brother for whom Christ died: and that this man might be taught the grace of our Lord Jesus, Paul could stoop to his prejudices, to his weaknesses, to his conditions and needs, that he might win him for Christ.

Finally, Paul did not use his rights in the gospel to the full, *because self-denial and self-restraint are conditions of all high culture, all noble work* (vers. 24—7). In the closing verses of the chapter—verses on which, despite their beauty, we cannot now linger as they deserve—he draws an illustration from the athletic games or sports of classical times. The athlete, he says, the racer, or the boxer, must go into training. He who trains best will win. Each must be temperate in all things, must deny himself pleasures of the table and of the couch, must compel himself to exercises which are very tiring and exhausting. He must both

do much which else he would not do, and abstain from much which would be perfectly lawful were he not about to contend for the prize. And he must carry on his training to the very end. It is nothing that he has contended well, that he has contended well before; nothing that he has carried off the prize in many a previous and lesser contest. If he neglect training now, or train insufficiently, he may be rejected, cast away, even before the contest, as unfit: he is certain not to win. Now Paul had entered himself, not for a corruptible crown, for no fading wreath of parsley or laurel, but for an incorruptible: and *he meant to win*. And therefore he would train heartily, willingly. He would shrink from no necessary toil of exercise. He would deny himself much that he held lawful, and abstain from much which would have been pleasant, that he might be able to run and to contend; that he might be able to take his line certainly and swiftly; that he might learn to plant his blows, not in the air, but on his adversary. His body, or "the mind of his flesh," as he calls it, was his adversary, with its foolish eager cravings for this or that enjoyment, its reluctance to encounter pain and effort. He would bruise and punish it till he had reduced it to subjection, till he could lead it in triumph a conquered victim, as the victor in the games led his defeated rivals. Paul felt that only thus could he acquire a high spiritual culture, and inure himself to the conflict in which he was engaged.

Do not we feel it too, and know it? If we are seeking to live in the spirit rather than in the flesh, that we may win the crown of glory which fadeth not away, must we not train ourselves if we are to "run as not uncertainly," to "fight as not striking the air?" Must we not punish the body, and keep it under? must we not deny ourselves much that would else be lawful to us, if we have set our hearts on winning "glory, honour, and immortality?" If, then, we are of those who mean to run and strive for "the incorruptible crown," let us, like Paul, be temperate in all things; let us abstain from whatever may hinder us, not only from things unlawful, but also from things which, though lawful, are not expedient for us. Let us not pamper the body, or be for ever aiming at ease and enjoyment; but for the joy set before us, let us train ourselves by self-denials hard to flesh and blood, that we may be fit for the sacred conflict, and win the eternal prize.

THE EBONY CROSS.

From the German of Christophe Von Schmid.

BY E. HALL JACKSON.

THERESA wore a little cross
Of ebony and gold,

A gift from one she dearly loved,
Whose love was true and old.

One day the transverse fell detached:
The little maiden fair
The pieces two took up, and ran
To claim her father's care.

"My cross, papa! is broken, see!
O, can you help me here?"
To whom her father smiling said,
In tones that charmed her fear,

"I can my love—and tell you, too,
How you must do with care,
With future sorrow, if you'd have
No heavy cross to bear.

"Now note your bijou, how the trunk
Is altered by its loss,
And till the transverse be restored
Can never be a cross;

"The will of God is like this trunk:
'Tis not a cross to bear
Unless our folly make for us
And put a transverse there;

"That transverse is our carnal will
Opposing the divine;
Remove that will, and then is God's
No cross of your's or mine."

THERESA wore her little cross
Of ebony and gold,
And bore life's sorrows lighter through
The lesson it had told.

THE SUREST WAY OF BRINGING THE YOUNG TO CHRIST.

It is a settled point with us, and all our fellow-workers in the Home, the Sunday School, and the Church, that we do mean to bring the young to the Lord Jesus. For this our schools exist; our teachers think and speak, and pray; and our evangelistic band conducts its special services. Sure that the chief need of the child is Christ, that there is no other foundation on which to *begin* building the character of the youngest and feeblest; no other Teacher who so fully understands or can so thoroughly enter into the spiritual susceptibilities and yearnings of the young; no example so sweetly inspiring; no nurture so gentle and delicate as His; we make the union of the young with Him the one goal of our endeavours, the main business of our hearts and lives.

Nothing less *can* content us. Other results will please; this only will satisfy. As the astronomer who has journeyed to India to watch the transit of Venus will reckon himself to have failed if he has taken neither photograph nor observation of that phenomenon, even though he may have gained many valuable collateral results, so with us. The clear apprehension of certain ideas about Christ, accurate knowledge of the geographical and historical details of His biography, shrewd and acute replies concerning the meaning of His mission, firm intellectual grip of the contents of a creed referring to Him, and even well-regulated behaviour and sweetness of disposition will do no more than slightly soothe our disappointment and self-censure if the young are not brought into living trust in the Lord Jesus as an actual Saviour and a personal and loving friend.

We know, too, that Christ wants them to be brought to Him. Not more sure are we of anything than of the heartiest welcome when we stand at His school-door leading these young disciples by the hand. He rises to embrace them. He is eager to confer His blessing. His kingdom looks principally to children: and the King actually compels adults to take means to recover "that which was lost," even the childlike spirit, before they can go to their place at His feet, and receive His quickening words. As David, in the eighth Psalm, speaks of children as a stronghold of hope and a defence to troubled men, so David's Lord utters some of His most pathetic and thrilling strains concerning the young. What music there must have been in His sayings, what grace in His speech, when, with uncontrollable eagerness and overflow of confidence, those mothers of Peræa hastened to carry their children into His presence for His blessing before He left their neighbourhood. How the stricken heart of the bereaved has been healed and gladdened by His assurance that the angel-guardians of our "little ones" do always behold the face of their Father who is in heaven! What worker has not toiled with more faith and fortitude as he has remembered that it is not the will of the Father that one, even one, of these should perish! How many a youth, anxious for eternal life and yet regretfully leaving the false pleasure and fleeting joys of this present world, has been strengthened and encouraged by Christ's firm but loving teaching of the young man who had great possessions, and a great yearning for the life that is everlasting! Refreshing as is the revelation of God in Christ at every point of its wide range, yet it is richest in tender love, winning gentleness and grace, in the attractive attitude taken by the Redeemer towards the

young. We must, therefore, labour to bring them to Him that we may fill to the full His joy, and add the richest lustre to His glory.

But *when* is a child brought to Christ? What does this oft-repeated phrase exactly mean? Substantially what John means when he says that Andrew brought Simon to Jesus, and Philip brought Nathanael. They were already acquainted with John the Baptist, and had heard his stirring words on the banks of the Jordan about the coming Deliverer: and their souls were on fire with desire to see Him. Two of them, Andrew and John, were the first to hear the word, "Behold the Lamb of God," and follow Him, and in response to His welcome to dwell with Him for a brief space. Now Andrew knew Simon's heart, and so he brought him to Christ, secured an interview between them, got him enrolled as a learner in his school, and thus provided the needed opportunity for the formation of that friendship that lasts beyond death and through eternity.

We seek a similar result, even to get an interview between the child's spirit and Christ; to bring it to trust in Him as a real Saviour from wrong thoughts, evil tempers, falseness, jealousies, envies, disobedience, and all the "little sins" which no less mar the beauty and weaken the force of the young than of the adult. We try to introduce them to a new personal friendship—and they are brought to Christ when they can thus trust Him, talk to Him, and feel the stirrings of love in their hearts towards Him. They may only touch the fringes of His robe: but the touch heals. They may have but cloudy and indistinct conceptions of His character and work, but, like Nathanael, they are conquered, and admit His gracious power. Unable to interpret in clear language their experience of His help, and shrinking from public avowal of discipleship, yet they sit at His feet, learn their lessons from His lips, defer to His will, seek His approbation in all things, in a word, they are disciples—taking their *first* lessons, it may be, but still disciples of the Lord Jesus. You don't look for the strength of the oak of a century in the sapling of a month. Nobody expects a giant's blow from a babe's fingers. The lad stumbling over his alphabet is not set to translate Eutropius and demonstrate Euclid. Nor do we expect in those first brought to Christ a perfectness of self-control, a fulness of joy, a richness of character, and a wide compass of knowledge, only acquired by long subjection to our Master's blessed culture. No. We want a sense of need, a willingness to learn, a distinct choice of Christ as Saviour and Teacher, a ready trust, and a hearty, open, face-to-face talk with Him, and that is enough. They are brought to Christ.

Strictly speaking, then, our work is that of bringing a person to a person, a heart to a heart, a soul to its Saviour: and from the very nature of the task it follows that the "surest way of bringing the young to Christ" is that of *personal influence through directly personal action*.

Christ Himself adopted that plan. It is His own. It bears the stamp of His approbation. He made friends first, and then called them to be His disciples; He made disciples, and chose out of them apostles. He was full of compassion towards all, and His pity streamed out to thousands; but His followers were those in whom His own love begat love for Himself, and who felt they *must* go after Him and stay with

Him, so as to catch His Spirit and know His will. The revival of religion in Samaria began in a talk with one woman at Jacob's well. Indeed, it is clear that He who knew best how to draw souls to Himself ever did it in this free, personal, loving way. Mahomet gathered crowds, and worked his successes by means of masses of soldiers. Christ goes not in the way of crowds; He never seeks them out. They come to Him. Peter the Hermit harangues the multitude. Christ does not lift up His voice in the streets; but with the quiet and gentleness of the fertilizing dew, enriches a few elect souls with His Spirit and ideas, and fits them for doing His work in the victorious way of personal friendships. Every fragment we have of the records of the disciple-life makes it clear that the Lord Jesus depended on the progress that comes of such friendships for the establishment of His kingdom, and not on convincing men's minds by reasoning, awing them with displays of His power, or startling them into admiration by proofs of His divinity. The leaven was *hid, hid* in three measures of meal. You do not see it, yet it is there. You cannot detect the leavening process, but on it goes, viewless as air, potent as heat. The power by which He wrought was that of man on man, of heart on heart. Oh if we could but be brought to believe this with all our soul and strength, what changes it would work in us. We have faith in ministers, in committees, in organizations, in machinery, all necessary and good in their way; but we have far too little confidence in the force of a single will wholly consecrated to the service of men, ever bent on doing good, and always seeking to attach souls in blessed personal adhesion to Christ.

Are not these personal influences the strongest of all that ever rule us? What lives on as a directive, inspiring, and restraining power through our life like the Home? and the Home is the centre and throne of personal influence. Why is the school so much more successful than the pulpit in attaching souls to Christ, but for this reason, that the teacher can deal personally and immediately with each child in his class? A man's ideas of a few persons—of wife and child and friends—determine his ideas of life, his plan of life, his acts in life, his whole career. Even our position with regard to opinions is often determined by our feeling with regard to persons. Indeed, the most inspiring and controlling and abiding force we handle or face is that which embodies itself in personal character: and therefore that worker amongst the young who has not yet brought his own individual influence to bear as directly on the children about him as a Woolwich steam-hammer on the heated iron it strikes has yet to employ the surest method for bringing the young to Christ.

I have preached the gospel for more than twenty years. I have taught Bible classes of adults, of young men, and of young women. I have conducted children's services regularly for two years. I have been observant of Sunday schools for a quarter of a century: and I am not more sure of anything than I am of the fact that success in bringing souls to Christ depends, instrumentally speaking, more on personal efforts to speak wisely, naturally, directly, and from a full heart, with children and with adults than on anything else whatever.

For one thing, you are obliged, if you are sincere and thoroughly determined to do your utmost to succeed, to come down from the region

of abstractions and broad general statements that are sapless and aimless, to direct, concrete, matter of fact assertions that are full of meaning to the individual you are conversing with. You cease to talk vaguely of sin, and deal directly with *his* sin. You do not describe Christ in His wide, far-reaching, universal relations; but you put Him, so to speak, on the level of the child, just by his side, as one knowing all about him, wanting to help him to conquer his temptation to indolence or passion, and to assist him in making a sacrifice of some pleasure. This is an immense gain. Few of us sufficiently individualize our talk. We live up in the air, away from the actual want, the felt necessity, and handle what concerns humanity at large without so much as grazing the surface of those human hearts that are just before us. To be able to say, "And *you* feel that you will break down there, and there," and lay your finger on the spot, is to know at once, like the physician, on what medicine to fix for the special disease, and for the exact form and stage the disease has reached.

Thus there is appropriateness, fitness, in your presentation of Christ to the want of each one; and this is power. No two souls are wholly alike. God does not make duplicates, He makes individuals. A family of five will present five different types of life, five different needs. Far greater variety obtains in the classes of our schools. Now miscellaneous and indiscriminate talk is utterly insufficient to meet these manifold requirements, and no living worker will be content with it. Christ fits all man's need in its measureless variety. He did not say to Simon what He said to Nathanael. He had a message suited to the want of each; and so while He cheered Simon with the promise that his instability and impulsiveness would give place to rock-like steadiness and dove-like calm, He annihilated the prejudice of Nathanael by the sudden disclosure of His full acquaintance with his thoughts and desires, and the assurance of more impressive displays of His supernatural power. There is *one* aspect of Christ specially suited to the need of each child. It is our business to discover it, and lift the child up so that he may embrace it within his vision, and rejoice in the blessing the sight will bring.

Besides, we can only fully utilize those springs of power, affection, sympathy, and discernment of character which are in us in this way. We must bring our own hearts close to the children in conversation, if we would let our love and sympathy freely sway and strongly move them. Publicity cripples us and restrains them. They will not tell us what they think, and we cannot make them feel how ardently we long to help them to Christ, without these personal interviews. We are, so to speak, outside of them so long as our address is general and miscellaneous; but the moment we look into their eyes and speak to the conscience and heart, our words are as nails in a sure place, fixed by the Master of assemblies. It is character that is power. The real influence is the *man* himself; his nature regenerated and saturated by the Holy Spirit; and there is a large residue of unused moral force until our personal influence has been brought to bear in the way of directly individualized action to bring the young to Christ.

How urgent, then, that we should be filled with the mind of Christ; that the Saviour should dwell in us, richly filling us with His fulness and grace upon grace, so that when we speak to them they may feel His pre-

sence, hear His voice, and catch from us the tones of His forgiving love! We need sympathy and insight, a sense of the fitness of things, a power of putting the truth in an available form, so that it can easily be appropriated; but, above all, we need to be so fully partakers of the Divine nature of Christ that converse with us shall give the conviction of His pity and love waiting to help and save. Personal affection for Christ working itself into a personal love for the young, that takes shape in directly personal action, talk, and prayer, and friendship, to lead them to Christ. This is of all the surest way to success.

And the more imperative is it to maintain a fresh and constant communion with Him who is the source of all power, because the young will form their idea of Christ, and of His claims upon and work for them, from what they see of us. "I do not believe in Christ," said a sceptic, not long since; "but I do believe in you; and I will try to believe in Him because you tell me that everything you have done for me, you have done simply because you believe in and love Him, and make it work to please Him." Oh solemnizing thought! The Lord Jesus is manifested by us. We are His "epistle;" a letter about Christ to the young. They read us. Let us be sure we have no blots on the page; that we do not, even in the slightest degree, mistranslate Him, or fail to give the full meaning of His Person and work as far as we know Him and it.

This, then, is the way. "Speak to that young man." Speak to that child. Speak wisely as knowing the need; without cant, without taking up and repeating current phrases, all unaware of their significance. Speak with reality in your tone, with naturalness, with genuine love for souls. Speak as Christ Jesus Himself would, tenderly and lovingly, and you shall not speak in vain.

And speak *when*? When the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches have eaten the child-heart out of them, and the soft susceptibility to impression has given place to hardness of heart and unbelief? No; but "run" and speak now.* JOHN CLIFFORD.

FOR MY DIARY.

THE golden sands of time
Are quickly passing through
The brittle glass of life;
Our joys and sorrows end,
Our prayers and praises blend
Amid the earthly strife.

What hosts have crossed the flood
And now are found with God,
Or lost in deep despair,
Who with the glow of health,
Who with the pomp of wealth,
Commenced this fleeting year.

My soul, and who can tell
Whether this year shall swell
My name amongst the list;

One must be first, my soul,
To figure on the roll,
And who I cannot wist.

What scenes of war and peace,
As days and months increase,
Will mark our history's page;
What works of faith and love
Will point to Him above
Who chronicles the ago.

Oh that our lives may be
One grand epitome
Of Him who died to save,
And when the end shall come
May we arrive at home
With Him beyond the grave.

THOMAS WATKINSON, *Fleet*.

* This address, delivered at the Third Annual Conference of the Children's Special Service Mission, is printed as a tract for distribution amongst Parents and Sunday School Teachers. It may be had of our Publishers at the rate of 5/- per hundred, or 1d. a copy.

HISTORICAL CAMEOS.

No. I.—*Under the Stars (continued).*

“AND so I am once more in the quiet of my country parsonage. I like not the great city. It hath grown continuously since I was a boy, despite all the proclamations of King James, who declared that it was big enough. He said that the plague, and the like troubles, arose from the wickedness and foolhardiness of men in building more houses. But neither he in his time, nor his son, our present king, can prevent its increase, let them be arbitrary as ever they will. I hear one Mr. Moore hath had forty-two houses demolished near St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, because he hath built without license. This and the like high-handed injustice agreeth well with the monopolies under which men groan and curse inwardly. Never a bit of soap or starch or leather, or even a boot-lace, can be made, save by those who have the king’s license and have joined the companies. Hence, everything is dear and everything is bad, and it needs only to tax or monopolize the air men breathe, to complete the account of articles that shall help the king’s exchequer. They might as well try to tax the air as try to prevent London growing. The restlessness and murmuring of men under these exactions is coming to be dangerous, and yet it is sought to crush it out by more severity. Especially the persecution of those who think for themselves, or conform not to Doctor Laud’s notions of religion, is rigorously pressed. Laud hath the monopoly of religion, and right fiercely he useth it.

“I have been much troubled about my pamphlet, and feel sometimes as if I would fain withdraw it. It is said all unlicensed printing is to be punished, and I fear much trouble may arise to me thereby. But should men tamely submit to this? Nay, I will not bow the knee to the image. If, like the Hebrew children, I am cast into the fire therefore, my God is able to deliver me. Yet, as I walk in my garden or sit quiet in my study, thoughts of the future, and of my wife and children, will often oppress me. Nevertheless, God can take care of them also.”

The blow which our diarist feared, fell with unexpected force. The pamphlet had been published. Its straightforward truth, its biting sarcasm, and its open demand for liberty of conscience, drew down upon its author the vengeance of the primate. For many years he, and the like of him, had been protected by good old Archbishop Abbot, who favoured the Puritans and steadily opposed the arbitrary proceedings of the king. But now Abbot was laid to his rest, and a man of very different principles was elevated to the see of Canterbury. Hear Doctor Laud; we quote his own words. “On Sunday, August 4th, news came to court of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury’s death, and the king presently resolved to give it me, which he did, August 6th. That very morning at Greenwich, there came one to me seriously that vowed ability to perform it, and offered me to be a cardinal!” Hear him again. “Saturday, August 17th, I had a serious offer made me again to be a cardinal. I was then from court, but so soon as I came thither I acquainted his majesty with it.”

This was the man who was now supreme in the English church, and well nigh uncontrolled in the councils of the English nation. His one

thought was the re-reformation of the church of England on the model of Rome. Hence the altars and vestments, the genuflections and "four surplices at Allhallowtide." So well was he doing the work of Rome that the offer of a cardinal's hat seemed but another step toward the "reunion of Christendom." Long disputed as a malignant party slander, it is now established beyond peradventure by statements in his own handwriting. The tactics he pursued curiously foreshadow the manœuvres of those Jesuits in disguise—the ritualistic clergy,—who are so impudently and industriously striving to Romanise the church of to-day.

Intensely bigoted, he was yet more intensely superstitious. Dreams and omens are with him, things of prodigious importance. Journies are arranged or altered, ceremonies performed or postponed at the bidding of a dream. His picture falls down; and he straightway becomes nervous with apprehension lest it should be an omen of coming disaster to himself. His dreams are full of the most grotesque images. A "merry old man, with a wrinkled countenance," is lying on the ground. The bishop of Lincoln vaults on horseback after the manner of a circus-rider. Quite a procession files past his bed-side. King James and the bishop of Worcester, "his shoulders wrapped in white linen;" the Duke of Buckingham and Thomas Flaxney, "in green garments." He grows jubilant, and forthwith dreams that he has turned papist. He grows melancholy, and instantly in his dreams he is afflicted with scurvy, so that all his teeth drop out. And all this insufferable twaddle is gravely entered in a private record, intermingled with church affairs and state secrets! Yet this, and more, might be easily imagined from the portrait of Laud by Vandyke. The ferret eyes and strangely arched eyebrows, the narrow forehead and wizened features, the obstinate jaw and cruel mouth, limned by a master hand, are there—plain for all folks to see,—and having seen, to turn away with disgust therefrom.

But to return to our diarist. Having aroused the anger of "little Doctor Laud," the "long arms and sharp claws" of which Master Dixon spake, are promptly stretched forth to seize and punish. Nor, as the diary before us shews, does the worthy publisher himself escape scatheless. The reverend Joseph Blackshaw, "seated at dinner with my dear friend, John Mauleverer, at the Hall," is ruthlessly dragged from his quiet country parsonage and had away to overgrown London, with its wicked Star Chamber. There his "offence is rank, and smells to heaven." The Gatehouse is too good for him. He shall therefore lay in Bridewell until his turn for "trial" shall come. That shall be speedy, and an example shall be made of him to "terrify all licentious scribblers." The verdict was prearranged, as Laud's direction to the judges still testifies. But let us resume our quotations.

"*December 3rd.*—On this day I was had up to the Chamber. The weather was bitterly cold, and the snow was falling heavily as we rode along the Strand—I astride a wretched hack with my feet tied beneath its belly. I had been half frozen and half starved in Bridewell, but freed from my chains the motion warmed me somewhat, notwithstanding the cold. I kept up a good heart, committing all to the care of God. We rode on through the bare hedges, by field and garden, and anon by

the scattered palaces of the nobility, now and then through the falling snow catching a glimpse of the river. And so to Charing, past the cross which King Edward built, past Whitehall and the Banqueting House, past the Cockpit, to Old Palace Yard. My heart sank within me as we drew near to the Star Chamber, with its twin gables and its two bow windows; but I cheered myself with the thought that God could do even as he would. I was pulled from my horse, led into the building, and thrust into a cell without fire or food, to wait the pleasure of my judges.

"I had not long to wait. Shortly the officers of the court came and took me into the Chamber where the court sat. I was dazzled by the light from the windows which filled one side of the room, with the flickering snow falling rapidly past them. Moreover, I was stiff with cold and faint with hunger. Thrust into the place for prisoners, I cast my eyes upwards at the blue ceiling with its powdered gold stars, from whence 'tis said the Chamber took its name. Forgetting myself for a moment, I was roughly shaken by the officer, who cried, 'What, sirrah! dost thou not salute the bench? Bow to their lordships!'

"'The stiff-necked rascal!' quoth the presiding judge, whom I afterwards learned was my Lord Cottington, 'He shall find reason to abate his churlish obstinacy before long.'

"I instantly corrected the oversight, and made a low obeisance to the bench, protesting that I intended no slight to their lordships. The President had on his right my Lord Archbishop, and on his left my Lord Dorset. The charges against me were now read, namely, that I did disobey the mandate of his grace of Canterbury, as to the position of the altar and the reverent use of the surplice in the church at Great Stukely. Further, that I had countenanced and assisted in the removal and destruction of a painted window in the said church. And further, that I had written and procured the publication of a certain hellish and damnable pamphlet, wherein I had charged the high court with injustice; and the king with conspiring against the liberties of the people of England. And furthermore, that I had accused the king and the archbishop of a design to set up Popery, and join with Spain in the destruction of the Protestants in the Low Countries.

"To all this, with much interruption and many threats, I answered: that the communion table was where I had found it—where it had been since the time of Queen Elizabeth—in the middle part of the church. That the term altar was unknown to me as a Protestant, since it implied a sacrifice, and was therefore a relic of the Popish mass. Touching the use of cope and surplice, that I could not conform to the use of such rags of Popery.

"Here my Lord of Dorset interrupted me. 'Nonconformity quotha!' said he, 'you may do as you will about living, but conform you shall. Drunkenness or uncleanness may be winked at, but nonconformity!—never!' The Archbishop also spake some very hard words, and declared that if I bent not in the matter, I should have little chance of offending again.

"As for the window, I pleaded that in it the Virgin Mary was painted, enthroned in glory and worshipped by the angels and apostles; that therefore its destruction was legal, being in accordance with the acts of parliament and the canons of the reformed church.

“To this answered Doctor Laud with much warmth, ‘that painted images and pictures were useful in churches, and their wanton destruction tended to keep moderate catholics away. Moreover, that I had usurped the jurisdiction of the bishop and that of his majesty as head of the church.’”

Our space is tyrannical, and will not suffer us to quote the proceedings of the court in the matter of the pamphlet. Suffice it to say that this portion of the diary contains a record of shameless disregard of law, of scandalous subserviency to Laud, of truculent brutality and indecent levity, such as may be found in many of the trials “Under the Stars” during this eventful period. We know now what the Puritans could only guess at and surmise. How that emissaries from Rome were constantly passing to and from the English court. How that Charles had actually entered upon a secret contract with Spain to furnish troops for the subjugation of the United Provinces—an alliance which if successful, could only give the provinces over to the dominion of Spain, and result in the utter extermination of Protestantism in those parts. But the awful atrocities of the sack of Magdeburg aroused a fury of indignation in every English heart. The savage monster, Tilly, let loose his Croats and Pandours upon the doomed Protestant city, to ravish and murder without restraint. In twelve hours the town was reduced to ashes, and thirty thousand of its inhabitants were slaughtered or burned. We know now, how that the outburst of Protestant feeling, occasioned by this and by the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, forced the king to break his contract, and probably defeated some of his pet schemes. All this, however, was only guessed at in a dim kind of way by the Puritans, and was constantly denied by the king’s creatures.

The sentence of the court was severe indeed. Mercy was hardly to be expected from such a bench, and so with many accompaniments of scurrilous abuse and barbarous jesting, our poor friend was condemned for his offences, to be whipped, to lose his ears, to have his nostrils slit, to be branded in the forehead, and then to stand in the pillory for two hours. Furthermore, he was sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand pounds to the king’s majesty, and to lay in the Fleet prison until the fine be paid. Archbishop Laud, concurring in the sentence heartily thanked the court for its just and honourable censure of a fellow so vile and malignant, so utterly unworthy to be a priest of the church, and whom it was so necessary to have put out of the way for life, that his power to work mischief might be at an end.

And yet this is only a sample of the horrors perpetrated in the name of the king by the court of Star Chamber. Multitudes of its sentences were as ferocious and cruel. And to shew that the carrying out of the sentence did not fall short of its intent, let us quote the experience of our diarist again:—

“*Dec. 20th.*—I was this day brought forth into Old Palace Yard to suffer my sentence. The bitter cold continued, and I had been brought by water, but that the Thames was covered with floating blocks of ice. When I was mounted upon a stage whereon stood the pillory, my head and hands were made fast therein by the executioner and his assistants. Thereupon, a fire was lighted by the hangman before all the people, and some copies of my poor unfortunate pamphlet were flung into it.

Meanwhile his men made ready their tools for mutilating me. The branding iron was already thrust into a brasier of coals. The pointed knife was taken from its sheath, and one of the men, an ill-favoured hump-backed wretch with a cast in his eye, stood trying its edge with his thumb. All this I noted, as with head fixed and hands extended, I stood gazing at the crowd of people. The thing seemed to me like a hideous nightmare dream. But the grace of God gave me strength to endure, and the horrid cruelty and injustice of my sentence gave me words to speak. Whereupon I lifted up my voice. What I said I know not, but this I know, that many of the people wept, and then the whole crowd broke into furious yells and execrations against my persecutors. Then the hangman came with the knife in his hand, and roughly threatened to gag me if I ceased not from speaking, and the officers of the court drew up nearer the scaffold and looked to their weapons. My offences having been stated and sentence read, the executioner advanced toward me. The first sensation was the feeling of his warm fingers and thumb upon my half-frozen ear. I bit my lips and shut my eyes, when a horrid pain shot through my head—first of burning heat, then of piercing cold, and then a throbbing agony. I had lost one ear, and as I opened my eyes it was thrown before me on the scaffold. Then the point of the knife was thrust up my nostril, and one side of my nose slit. Maddened with pain, I cried aloud; but remembering that I suffered in a good cause, I resolved to die rather than complain again. Then, my mouth filled with blood and my head throbbing with pain, my other ear was taken off, and my other nostril cut open. But my anguish was not yet at an end. I was yet to be branded. The red-hot iron was thrust hissing upon my forehead, until it seemed to scorch and burn into my very brain. Then I fainted. When I came to myself, the executioners had gone, and one stood by giving me to drink.

“I looked at the people, and I thought of our poor oppressed country, suffering in the gripe of cruel, tyrannical, and unscrupulous men. The anguish of my wounds, and the blood dropping on my beard and shoulders made me think of myself—and my thoughts went dreamily homeward to the pleasant parsonage at Great Stukely. And my agony was increased at the thought of wife and children—afflicted and destitute. But then I thought of the covenant-keeping God—would He forsake them? Or my dear friend, John Mauleverer—would he suffer them to want, or let them perish? And so the minutes went by. My head was swelling rapidly with the cold, and the exquisite pain, joined with the constrained and racking position of my arms and body, made the minutes seem like hours and the hours like days. I longed for the time of release, though I had yet to undergo the whipping.”

Here for the present we must leave him. And we have no feeling of wonder, when, on turning over the pages of the diary, we find this victim of Laud's relentless hate, joining himself heart and soul with the Parliamentarians. Delivered from the semi-starvation, chains, and darkness of the Fleet, after various adventures to which our space will not permit us to refer, we find him placing on record his observations as “Chaplain in Colonel Pride's regiment of Dragoons.”

Here again we shall join company with him in our next relation, concerning “the Regicides.”

W. H. ALLEN.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. IX.—“*Miracles of Healing.*”

March, 1831.—Our dear Von Lucken is come again. My dear wife asked him who were the Christians who could be called on to pray over the sick, and heal them in the name of the Lord. He said that such things had been done a good deal among them. For his own part, being over four years ill of a sickness, in which his arms had been all black, and blood had issued from his limbs, as well as dreadful spitting of blood: he had been given up by the doctors; he then betook himself to prayer, and all at once he felt the life of health coming to him again. Also, once in a dreadful fit of colic he began to think, “if this most dreadful pain can be suffered to visit me in this world, what must be the horrors of everlasting pain and of eternal hell? Oh let me rather suffer this till I die, than be cast into hell fire.” With such thoughts and prayer he continued about a quarter of an hour quite insensible to his pain, and then recovering himself, he found that he was perfectly well.

But lately there was a man lying mortally sick of the nervous fever, and there seemed to be no hope for him; Von Lucken was called in, prayed with him—his dreadful labouring breath was composed in some degree. The next morning he went to visit him, and found that he was in perfect health, and had already been eating that morning, and has since continued well.

A servant in the family, of the name of Lizzette, was very ill of a fever lately; she mentioned to her minister, M. Von Lucken, that she wished greatly to be baptized; he said, “But, my child, dost thou believe? if so, give proof of thy belief by rising up and walking—but first let us pray.” So they prayed, and then he turned to her and said, “In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk;” and she immediately rose and was baptized, and has not ailed anything since.

Another woman, at a distance of seven German miles, was given up by the physicians; she sent a message to M. Von Lucken, at Zarensdorff, to pray for her. When the servant gave this message to Von Lucken, he said to her, “This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God;” and he prayed. The next day he went over to see her, and her friends told him that at noon the day before she felt herself quite well, and had said, “The good people at Zarensdorff are praying for me:” but she had become bad again, and when he had prayed with her she quite recovered.

Marcus is himself an instance of it twice lately. Von Lucken said, “He did not build on these things, for the devil and the false prophet could bring down fire from heaven; but that these are proofs that the Lord is there, and of the power of faith, but that they are no proofs of personal piety.” He said, “Surely the church shall have back again the power to work miracles; we need it, and if we are obedient to His will, He will acknowledge His power, especially in times of persecution. He is quite sure that sickness and all these natural evils are of the devil, that the Lord employs these things to chastise us, but as soon as we confess our evil ways He rebukes the devil and heals the disease.”

March 10th.—Dear Von Thadden and I have had a conversation on Christian perfection. Von Lucken and I, with others, about baptism. Oh Lord Jesus, if to go under the water be Thy way of building Thy church and saving the world, tell me to sacrifice all my feeling to Thee. Make me right—part of Thy bride adorned for her Husband.

March 20th.—We begin a little Sunday school to-day in the name of the Lord.

Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. K., have come. Oh Lord, bless us to each other. The first thing almost we did was to pray together, especially on the subject of assurance. Mrs. K. said, among other things, this evening, “You say that you had been looking out for our arrival, and then doubted even if we should come, although we had told you so. So should we be looking for Christ’s return. He has promised it, but the world seems to have forgotten it, and the church hinders the return of the Bridegroom, for He cannot come till the bride hath made herself ready.

Tuesday.—These dear people are still with us, and their being here is a blessing indeed. Dear Von Lucken and his wife are also arrived, filled with the Spirit of God. Have had a dark hour this morning; have been “careful for many things;” anxious to get free from anxiety, anxious about the truth, anxious about my temporal prospects. Oh Lord, Thou hast all hearts in Thy hands, Thou art able and willing to bless me. Dear Mrs. K. has told me several delightful things that melt my heart. I pray for grace to remember them and improve them. Her cousin, a licentiate of the Scotch church, was some time ago in a state of almost despair with regard to his salvation, longing after assurance, unable to procure it. He was saying, “I shall perish for ever, and there is only one single bosom which will have any sympathy for me. There was one who wept over the perdition of sinful Jerusalem, and that one will sympathize with my destruction.” This was Jesus Christ—in whom he was led to hope, and afterward to rejoice.

Mrs. K. also tells me of a friend of hers in London, who believes for the salvation of her children’s souls with the same entire and certain confidence that she does for her own. Two of them are in heaven she knows, having died in infancy; and a third, a boy arrived at years of discretion, was in a consumption: he went down to stay for awhile with Mrs. K.’s parents in Scotland. Mrs. K. (then Mary D.) often spoke to him, but never so as to soften his mind at all. He used to say, “Mary, I like well enough to hear you talk about religion in general, but not as you speak to me. I wont have it any more.” He determined to go to Edinburgh to study medicine. He went, but became gradually worse and worse. In the meantime the good people used to be praying almost without ceasing for the conversion of George. At last he became so ill that he was obliged to set out on his journey home, in order to see his mother once more. But at Macclesfield he was compelled to stop, and his mother went to him there. In letters to the North she writes, “You may judge of my feelings when I saw my dear boy on the brink of eternity, and not one ray of light had as yet shot across his mind. I felt if God disappointed me in this point, He may in another—in the salvation of my own soul,—and I felt all the dark reign of infidelity stealing over me. She cried mightily to God to save

her, and him also. Something occurred which led her to say, "You know, my child, I love you," and to her perfect surprise and joy he said, "Yes, mother, and Jesus loves me too;" from which moment the salvation of the Lord was apparent in him. He lived until the next day, and died rejoicing in the faith of the gospel. My friend, Mrs. K., is herself a most thrilling illustration of the power of healing. She says that Mr. Irving being down in their neighbourhood, he went to visit Miss Mary D. (now Mrs. K.) She had been then lying for a spinal complaint on an inclined plane four years. Mr. Irving said to her that it was not the will of God that she should be sick, but it was part of the devil's work. This Miss D. resisted, and said she was sure it was the will of God. But he prayed that the Lord would show more of His own truth. And so she and some others betook themselves to prayer to know the will of God in this matter. She read, meditated, and prayed a day and two nights. She had frequently attempted to rise before, and had always fainted; she had been carried from room to room, and to church, and laid always in the pew full length; but she had not set her feet on the ground for four years, nor even could she sit without fainting. But this wonderful morning, when quite alone, she said, "I can get up:" she rose, she dressed, she went out of the house alone, walked down the long avenue and along the high road, till she came to another avenue leading to the house, went up four pairs of stairs into the school-room, when they all looked at her as if she had been a ghost, and said, "Surely you have come far enough to-day." "Yes," she said; "but do you know how far I have been? I have been out on the high road and back again." They said, "We wonder that you were not terrified to be alone, for fear you should have fainted." She walked the next day three miles, and the next day five miles. Mr. Crawford said it was only excitement, and that she would be worse again soon; but she has never been poorly till now that the journey has so much excited her.

Another case of which Mrs. K. told us was that of Mary Campbell. She had had seven abscesses which had broken on her lungs, and she herself expected to die. Moreover, she had an enlargement of the heart. The physicians said that even if she could be cured of the one, the other would kill her. Mr. Story, her minister, was with her one evening with other friends expecting to see her die; she had been almost dying fourteen months; the bones were through the whole length of her back and arms; she could not move even her head. Mr. Story was obliged to leave her, and next morning, crossing over to Port Glasgow, the men on board the steamer said, "Have you heard what has happened to Mary Campbell?" "No," said Mr. Story; "is she dead?" "Nay," said the man, "she is living and well, and has been alongside the steamboat, and if you will go to such a house in Port Glasgow you will see her." And surely he did see her, restored; and she has been quite well, strong, and plump ever since.

Miss McDonald had been unable to walk for twenty-two months. One day one of her brothers, not intending anything, but having been with others praying much about these wonderful gifts, came into the room where she was, and felt himself compelled to go near her bed and say, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk." She did rise, and has been quite able for everything ever since.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. II.—*Who's to do it?*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

It is beginning to be admitted pretty generally, Mr. Editor, that one of the revivals wanted amongst Christians is the revival of the grace of giving. Dissatisfaction with the long-continued mode of dealing with this department of Christian life and service is wide-spread, and expression has been given to it in manifold suggestions for increasing and methodizing the gifts of the disciples of Christ.

Some Christians have never reckoned giving amongst their graces: and certainly to have applied so rich and beautiful a word as "grace" to the niggardly, stingy, and selfish contributions they have doled out would have been an unpardonable profanation of the word. Instead of cultivating a spirit of generous and unselfish consecration of money to the Lord, they do all they can to suppress it. The last thing they think of doing is contriving how they may give more. They pray like a machine. They read the Bible through three times a year; not forgetting the Songs of Solomon and the genealogical lists of Nehemiah. They frame resolutions, and talk like a book; but they resent the idea that giving is a grace, or a means of grace, as if it were poison. If they break the alabaster box of ointment at all, they get away into a corner to do it, and carefully let free its contents inside a sealed receiver, lest the ointment should refresh any one besides themselves. Ask them for help: they have no money. It is all locked up in business. Yes, they took precious good care it should be. Plead for Foreign Missions. No; they do not see the good of sending money so far away from home. Try the Dorcas Society. You do not catch them so easily; they believe in "silent messengers" distributed at the homes of the poor. Advocate weekly giving. They object that it is letting your "right hand know what your left doeth," though poor right hand, forsooth, would easily carry the slight amount of knowledge *their* left would ever give. Plead that all their money is the Lord's. To be sure, they say, and they will keep it for Him. Argue for pew-rents: they prefer self-assessment. In fact, they object to everything that means *giving*, and will die clutching all the money they can.

But all this is passing away in the fuller knowledge of Christian privilege, and the general quickening of the Christian conscience. By the processes of "Natural Selection" and the "Survival of the Fittest," these specimens of the "gracelessness of selfishness" are disappearing; and a type of Christian character of much finer tone and purpose is taking its place. I have heard Christians talk with a real glow of joy about the "privilege" of giving the money they have earned to God; and I have seen in poor and rich alike this "fruit" of the Spirit in beautiful development. No better proof that the Lord Jesus is amongst us could be supplied than that of an eager, enthusiastic devotion of the whole wealth of Christian men to His service and glory.

The awakening has given gladdening signs of usefulness already. The *Presbyterians*, always sedulous in their devotion to this branch of church life, have been followed by the *Independents*, who have had several encouraging discussions, and passed the following resolutions as a basis for future action:—

1. That the stipends of Congregational ministers are, as a rule, insufficient; that, in individual cases, the insufficiency is sometimes such as seriously to limit the usefulness of the minister; and that, in its general effect, it hinders the growth of Congregationalism as a form of Free Church life.

2. That in villages and rural districts, where £100 per annum is by no means the lowest stipend commonly received, the stipend of no recognized Congregational minister should, with the present cost of living, be less than £150 per annum; and that in towns and cities there should be a proportionate increase.

3. That it should be a recognized principle in the financial dealings of Congregational churches that the stipends of the ministers shall be augmented in proportion to the growing wealth and increasing numbers of the people to

whom they minister; and, as far as practicable, in proportion to the larger demands upon their resources which advancing life is apt to bring with it.

4. That it is imperative upon the deacons of the churches to take such steps as shall secure that the ministers' stipends shall be paid punctually, and, in other respects, according to arrangements made with him.

5. That with the view at once of economising resources and of providing a sufficient stipend, two or three small rural churches should, in some cases, be grouped under the pastoral care of a well-qualified minister, aided in his work by lay preachers.

6. That the delegates solemnly put on record their deep sense of the obligation under which the followers of Christ lie to hold their worldly substance for the service of Christ.

7. That this obligation is very imperfectly fulfilled by the members of Congregational churches, so far as a judgment may be formed from their offerings for the support of public worship and the maintenance of their pastors (though in this they may not compare unfavourably with the members of other churches).

8. That it is desirable that means should be taken to awaken the churches to a more adequate sense of their responsibilities in this matter.

All this is in the right direction. It casts the responsibility on the deacons. The *Presbyterians*, it is well known, have two classes of officers—deacons and elders; and the main business of the deacons is found in the region of finance, whilst the elders assist the pastor in the visitation of the sick, the exercise of discipline, and the restoration of the erring. The division of labour is power. The *Independents*, in the above resolutions, are obviously feeling their way to a conclusion which shall rest upon those who serve tables, the real as well as the nominal charge of the financial condition of the church. And I am more and more convinced every day of my diaconal life that we shall never get such a revival of the grace of giving as we want till our diaconate distinctly admits and adequately realizes that on it is thrown the whole burden of taking the initiative in securing such "a refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

At present there is a dim notion that somebody is responsible for the financial efficiency of the churches, but it is not quite certain who. The idea is that the burden lies somewhere between the people, the deacons, and the pastor, but the exact spot is not defined, nor the amounts measurably distributed; and so it happens when the finances are gloomy, the blame wanders about like Noah's bird, finding no rest for its tired wing until it settles on that long-suffering individual who has the nominal charge of the sacred ark.

Not that he is never to be blamed. Far from it. In some cases the pastor is guilty enough, and ought to accept the financial embroglio as a sure sign that he has missed his way, and either stepped into the wrong office, or else into a place entirely unsuited to his gifts. The difficulty of finding the wherewithal when the pulpit is held (not filled) by a thriftless, ill-adapted, and obviously defective preacher nobody but a deacon with that special experience knows. You may more easily get blood out of stones, than money from people in a temper of dissatisfaction. I have seen two or three churches in that dilemma, and have watched with interested curiosity the indirect and circuitous movements they have cleverly executed to prevent their impalement on the horns of said dilemma. For myself, I should without hesitation advise the same course that I follow with the clerks in my office. I do not transact business to pay inefficiency and keep men alive who have mistaken their vocation: and I think it the merit of our Free Church life that it fails to endow brainlessness, and to give a permanent place to ineffable twaddling. These very exceptional cases require firm and kind, open-hearted and manly handling, and then, though painful, they may be satisfactorily dealt with.

"But the pastor should preach about giving," interjects a deacon who feels the pressure of this responsibility. Undoubtedly he should. It is part of that whole counsel of God which he is bound to declare. But his endeavour will be to feed the springs of the Christian life with truth; to supply the stores of motive treasured up in Him who is the source of every grace; and to inculcate the duty of consecrating all possessions to the kingdom of Christ. This is far different from constituting him the chief and only financier of the church,

waiting to receive every suggestion from him, and resting on his shoulders the whole financial responsibility.

"Give us the money, and we will take care to spend it rightly," said a deacon, years ago. "It is the people's fault that our pastor has not enough. We can't help it. If they would give more, we would soon put this straight: but we can't make a fire without fuel." Just as though the deacons were merely a body of book-keepers, charged to keep accounts and nothing more. Far more noble and worthy is the post of the nineteenth century deacon than this. He is to look after the income and expenditure of the church, as the heads of a household look after the home. He is the custodian of the church's gifts, and the inspirer of the church's giving. He holds the place of a "bread-winner" to the community. He has to develop in the people the grace of giving. He is the church's apostle of beneficence. His message should always centre round the doctrines of Christian stewardship. He must show what is wanted, why it is wanted, and where it is wanted; and then invent methods of attracting or impelling even the selfish to part with their possessions and goods and lay them at the feet of Christ. He must be diligent in this business, fervent in spirit, at it constantly, at it heartily, at it with all his might, at it in word, at it in deed, and always as to the Lord, and not as to men. One such deacon in every church will work wonders, and two will bring the revival wanted.

MINISTERIAL SETTLEMENTS IN 1874.

Of the many points suggested by the new *Baptist Handbook*, one is so relevant to a discussion which has recently taken place on ministerial migrations; and has so much of the character of a lesson and a prophecy about it, that we may profitably call the special attention of our readers to it. On page 261 is a list of "ministerial settlements," and a statement of the Colleges from whence they have proceeded. One proceeds from Glasgow University, one from Manchester, one from Pontypool, and two from Bristol. Three are from our College at Chilwell: Rawdon, Regent's Park, and Llangollen have each supplied a similar number; whilst the Pastor's College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle reports no less than thirty-four settlements—eleven times the number of the other Colleges highest in the list, and just double the contribution to the ministry made by them all put together.

The Congregationalists report twenty Colleges and seventy-one settlements; but New College, which stands the highest in power of supply, only reaches seven, and the others range on the level of Chilwell, Regent's Park, etc., *i.e.*, at three.

The distinguishing exception is then the Pastor's College. Now we are not of those who think that the ministerial market, to speak in the language of political economy, is in any danger from a "glut." The principles of Free Church life contain within themselves their own corrective. Incapacity cannot endow itself. The friction of the pastorate work will gradually and inexorably send the weak to the wall; and bring a more suitable man into his place. Mr. Spurgeon's exceptional supply does not *create* the demand; it merely recognizes the true character of that demand, and produces the material exactly fitted to meet it.

The students of the Pastor's College are obviously the men many of the Baptist churches want, or they would not allocate them so readily as they do. They are not all to our mind; and we should be sorry if they were. It is no desire of ours to have ministers shaved down to one gloomy, dead level. No College has a monopoly of genius; and it is obvious that the larger the number of men gathered within an institution, the greater the likelihood of finding incapables, men without "grit," who have mistaken their vocation, interpreting their vanity as a Divine call, reading yearning for usefulness as power, and the glib utterance of a few phrases gathered from a dozen different speakers as intellectual invention: but, for a similar reason, the greater is the probability that men of unmistakable power and fitness will be found enrolled on the students' lists. The history of every College will sustain this broad statement.

This thing seems to be clear, that the students of the Pastor's College have the qualities the Christian life of Baptist churches is looking for. And what are those qualities? Not culture; for in this it is probable that the differences will not be decidedly marked. Not, surely, the fame of association with the most popular preacher in England. Such a prompting must be of transient duration and of weak potency. Not necessarily and perforce a conscious acceptance of the theology of Elisha Cole's Sovereignty, for of that many of the churches know little, and would pertinaciously resist much. It is rather, that they will have life, energy, devotion to the work of saving men, aggressive endeavour, spiritual heat. It is not, as some insinuate, that they despise the accuracy and fulness of culture, the advantages of finished mental discipline, the graces of a literary style; but that, acting on the instincts of the spiritual life, they put first what is *first*.

Other incidental causes in isolated cases may have been at work. George Eliot says, "People who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eyes; and it seems superfluous, when we consider the remote geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to enquire further why Homer calls them blameless." I have no doubt this has some weight in our own case. A *novus homo*, even if of inferior calibre, whose faults of *growth* are not known, has, it is obvious, many advantages against the article manufactured under your own eyes. But setting aside these and other subtle but telling influences, the fact is patent to observation that if our Colleges are to command the heartiest sympathy of the churches, they must increase the supply of men full of "go," of vivacity, and of fulness of life.

Whilst we naturally love with a special affection those on whom we have laboured, and for whose ministerial efficiency we have prayed and given; yet since Christ has no better gifts for His church than *men*, men filled with His Spirit, and fitted to utter His message and do His work, we heartily rejoice in all such men, whatsoever may be the route along which they reach us.

May our God bless all these institutions, and through them enrich the churches and country a thousandfold.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

A TEST FOR MATERIALISTS.

THE following is so apposite and so forcible that we readily comply with the request to give it a place in our Magazine. It is from the *Spectator*.

Two persons, a Materialist Lecturer and City Missionary met before a first class audience to discuss the question of "*Responsibility*." The atomic philosopher went in first, and showed that the popular religious notion of judgment to come for deeds done in the body was inconsistent with any notion that can be formed of judicial righteousness. The first principle of justice is not to punish one person for the faults of another. "But," said the lecturer, "science has proved beyond doubt that at the end of a few years not a particle in my body or brain remains; every atom has passed away, and the new matter forms a new man, who cannot be held accountable for the conduct of another." The audience seemed as enchanted as that at Belfast. Then arose the city missionary, whose wits must have been lively, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is a matter of regret to me that I have to engage in a discussion with a man of questionable character—with one, in fact, who is living with a woman to whom he is not married." Up rose in wrath, again, the materialist. "Sir, this is shameful, and I repudiate your insolent attack on my character. I defy you to substantiate your charge. I was married to my wife twenty years ago, and we have lived happily together ever since. This is a mere attempt at evading the force of my argument." "On the contrary," replied the city missionary, "I re-affirm my charge. You were never married to the person with whom you are living. Twenty years ago two other people may have gone to church, bearing your names, but there is not one atom in your bodies remaining of those which were then married. It follows, inevitably, that you are living in concubinage, unless you will admit that you are the same man who was married twenty years since." The philosopher was compelled, amidst great cheering, to allow that, somehow or other, credit and discredit for past actions must be granted even by materialists.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HARRISON.

JOHN HARRISON was born at the village of Braunstone, in Leicestershire, on the 30th of April, 1808, but his early life was principally spent at Nottingham, where he remained until he was about twenty years of age. His relations were strict members of the Established Church; but careful independent thought led him to adopt the principles of dissent, and he was received as a member of the Baptist church under the pastorate of the late Mr. Pickering. After communing there about four years he was dismissed to the church then worshipping in Brook Street, Derby, of which he remained a useful, consistent, and honoured member for forty-three years. For some years he was an active Sunday school teacher deeply interested in his work, and always at his post; but this work was relinquished in order that he might preach, in the many surrounding villages, the faith he had received and loved. Seldom a Sunday passed in which he did not preach three times, often walking twenty and even thirty miles in the most inclement weather, and when suffering excruciating pain. His first sermon was bravely preached in the village where his relatives were residing, and the text he selected was the motto of his life, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth."

When increasing illness rendered it physically impossible for him to visit the village churches, a new sphere of usefulness presented itself. He was requested by the friends at St. Mary's Gate to take the oversight of an infant cause which had been commenced at Parcel Terrace—and which subsequently developed into the important and useful branch church at Junction Street—and accepting the call, he entered upon duties in which his heart was actively engaged to the day of his death; and the friends there will ever retain a lively and loving recollection of his services.

In the world he was not of it. The wholesome influence of a Christly life he always exercised when surrounded by fellow-workmen who, reviling the good, were yet restrained by his presence, and were swayed by his worth. A friend, from whom such an expression of feeling was little expected has since written, "The one whose loss you now mourn was truly a man of God, and he lived for that which he has now obtained. My respect for him was so great that whenever I stood in his presence a feeling of reverence always came over me for I felt I was, in the presence of one of whom it might truly be said the world was scarce worthy."

His disposition was quiet and retiring, almost to a fault; but those well acquainted with him, and who could "draw him out," can bear testimony to his extensive knowledge, and to his almost perfect acquaintance with the Scriptures. The study of the book of Revelations for some years almost fascinated him, and he has left a MSS. work thereon which his friends intend, ere long, to publish. For very many years he had suffered from an internal complaint, the precise nature of which was unknown, but which caused him the intensest agony and prostration. He seldom knew what it was to fall asleep until the light of the morning beamed into his bed-room; but he never complained, quietly bearing and enduring with a truly Christian stoicism. The physician who has since ascertained the character and extent of the complaint from which he suffered, has expressed his astonishment that life could have been endured under so much pain; his words were, "God alone could form any idea of what the man must have suffered."

His last illness was only of one week's duration. He was conscious to within a few hours of his death, but sometimes found it difficult to connect his thoughts, and names, he said, went from him. But said one to him, "There is *one* name you can remember, the Saviour?" "Oh yes! I can always think of *that* with unspeakable joy and delight; and amidst much deeply regretted formality, I yet can say I have ever loved the truth." Shortly after he said, "Ah, my dear Saviour, I am looking forward to a blessed, blessed day. I have no doubt. I *know* I am going home." And again he said, "for twenty years I have not had *one* doubt concerning the love and goodness of God." On the night of Wednesday, Nov. 11, he was rapidly sinking, and at eleven o'clock, without the slightest struggle, with a smile upon his face, in perfect peace, he calmly passed away.

He was interred at the Uttoxeter Road Cemetery on the following Saturday, a large number of the friends from Junction Street following, and around his grave they sweetly sang the well known hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

H. W. H.

THE SONG OF THE CANARY.

FOR THE YOUNG.

It was time to sow the seeds in the flower garden. So the gardener brought out the seed box and set it upon the grass-plot, while he put on his thinking-cap for a few moments.

Each kind of seed lived in a little paper house by itself, with its name plainly printed on the front door, for the seeds of one family are never allowed to associate with those of other families as long as they are nothing but seeds. After they grow to be plants and flowers, its quite another thing. Then they are old enough and big enough to choose their own companions, and if the poppies see fit to nod to the marigolds, and the morning glories to throw kisses to the geraniums, it is nobody's business but their own.

Well, in one of these paper houses (by the bye, girls and boys call them small envelopes, but then girls and boys don't know what they are talking about half their time) had lived the lady-slipper seeds all the long, cheerless winter.

"Oh, dear, isn't this fine!" they all said to each other, as the gardener, dropping his thinking-cap, lifted them out of the box. "Isn't this fine! We're going to see the world at last." And they rolled over and over each other in perfect delight.

The gardener carried them to the nice smooth flower bed, tore off the roof of their house, and laid it upon the fresh brown earth, while he began loosening the ground a little with his rake.

The lady-slipper seeds crowded to the place where the roof of their house used to be, and peeped out.

Then they all commenced whispering together as fast as they could, "Oh! how lovely! Here's everything the canary-sung about this morning—the great trees nearly touching the sky, the tall green grass, the birds singing, and—(don't crowd and push so)—and——"

Before they could say another word, the gardener took up the paper house, and pouring some of the seeds into the palm of his hand, scattered them on the ground, and began raking the dirt over them.

Those left behind commenced talking again, this time not so fast, but in a low frightened whisper: "Oh, dear! (such a different "Oh, dear!" from the first one) what has he done with our brothers and sisters? Shall we never see them again? And will he cover us up in the ground too? It is dreadful to think of: better a thousand times be back in the seed box, listening to the song of the canary."

"Be quiet a moment, do, dear ones," said a wee brown seed, "and listen to me. Have you all forgotten the last song we heard the canary sing?"

"A seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets,
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing,
Turns into a flower,

Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Ev'ry happy hour."

"Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,"

echoed the others. "That was the song, sure enough. Can we believe it?"

"The songs of the birds are always true," said the wee seed, "for they are taught to them by the angels."

"We do believe, we do believe," cried the others hopefully. "We are no longer afraid, though the gardener is coming. He will put us in the dark ground, but we shall come up again, no longer seeds, but green leaves, buds, and flowers."

But one little seed that had said nothing all this time now hid itself away in a corner, saying, "I'm not going into the ground." And when the others rolled merrily out into the gardener's hand, the paper house fluttered away with her in it to a short distance from the flower bed, and fell on the ground between two cold gray stones.

Nearly two weeks went by, and the lonely seed, looking toward the spot where the lady-slippers had been sown, one warm summer morning, beheld rows on rows of bright green leaves peeping out of the ground, and heard them saying gaily to each other, "Well met, brother." "Good day, sister." "How pleasant it is to be in the air and sunshine once more."

But no one saw or spoke to her, poor little thing!

Time went on, and the plants grew larger and stronger, and at last came pretty, tender buds, and the sun, wind, rain, and dew loved them dearly, and the bees, birds, and butterflies thought them the sweetest things on earth.

As for the lonely little seed, it lived a dreary, friendless life between the two cold gray stones; and every day it said to itself over and over again, "Oh! would that I, too, had had faith in the song of the canary, then should I have been beautiful and beloved with my brothers and sisters—"

"Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Ev'ry happy hour."

—ST. NICHOLAS.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OUR JANUARY ISSUE.—The sales of January are higher this year than last. We have a few in stock; and there is time yet for kindly effort to increase the circulation of our old friend, and multiply its usefulness. Help your own Magazine, pastors, deacons, teachers, all! It seems to deserve it. An editor of a newspaper writes of it, "You have made a splendid start." Eight of our own pastors say of it, "that it is one of the best denominational organs extant." The *Nonconformist*, a high authority in literary criticism, speaks of Mr. McLaren's sermon as attraction enough for any number. The *Christian World* quoted from three different parts of the January number.

II. THE BAPTIST HANDBOOK FOR 1875 is the best arranged, most compact, correct, and complete of any issue we have yet examined. It grows in bulk and in reliability, and is full of suggestions to thoughtful minds. There are signs of weakness amongst Baptists, of want of co-ordination of work, of instability in church and pastoral relations, of want of well-made machinery for accomplishing certain urgent ends; but the signs most abundant are of zeal, determination, aggression, and devotion to the service of Christ and men. Anybody who wants to know about Baptists generally will find much of the latest and best information in this book.

III. THE RETIREMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE.—The Liberal party loses, at least for the present, the leadership of the most able and distinguished statesman of modern times. With an inexpressible regret we lament our loss, both because of what it is in itself, and also because of the difficulty of finding an acceptable successor. But the Liberal party is built on principles, and not on men. Those principles abide. They are the principles of progress and justice, and cannot be permanently suppressed. Just now, alas! the party is crowded with political

neuters, with men seeking representation for an unknown quantity. It does not know exactly what it wants. Compromise is in the ascendant, and enthusiasm is below zero. But better times are at hand. The nation is seeking knowledge, and slowly but surely making up its mind as to the next move. The flagrant injustice of a State Church must be banished. Religious equality is a liberal principle; and the disestablishment and disendowment of the Established Church is its urgent application. Whoever leads, this must speedily become the goal.

IV. THE CONGREGATIONAL MEMORIAL HALL, opened at the beginning of this year, is the chief event in recent Congregational history, and will form one of the most influential facts in the future of British Congregationalism. What a twinge it gives to a churchman, as he stands in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, awed by the grandeur of the scene, to think of disestablishment. Who can measure the power of the cathedrals on the continent in galvanizing the decrepitude of the Papacy? Buildings have immense power on the form and potency of a mode of religious life. They give consolidation and coherence. They foster unity of sentiment and of action. Good as it is to memorialize the brave men who left the State Church two hundred years ago, it is even better to aid in perpetuating that spirit of devotion to truth and principle which made self-sacrifice easy, and suffering welcome. This fine building, on the site of the Fleet prison, is an embodiment of one of the healthiest, most manly, and most distinctively New Testament forms of religious life, and will do more to secure the cohesion of the scattered forces of Congregationalism than anything that has recently been done.

V. MINISTER OR PRIEST; WHICH?—Some of our readers may care to see a sermon of ours on this timely topic in the *Baptist* of Jan 22.

Reviews.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. London: Hodder & Stoughton, and Strahan & Co.

THE want of a monthly journal of this character has long been felt by students of the Word of God. First class *exposition* has been the desideratum, exact in scholarship, faithful in tone, devout in spirit. All this is found in "The Expositor," without any admixture of sermon plans, homiletical hints, and all such preachers' helps or hindrances. The book is good throughout, and well worth double the money it costs. It fulfils to the letter the promise made by the Editor in his prospectus by supplying "the stuff of which sermons are made," and that, we may add, of the best quality. We could name no publication of the kind we should be so glad to see in the hands of every reader of this magazine whose business it is to make sermons. Let this first number at least be ordered at once, the issue for the year can hardly in any case be doubtful. W. E. W.

THE YEAR OF SALVATION. By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton & Co.

We are glad to find these enterprising publishers opening up this new and promising field of foreign literature. Already they have laid the Church of Christ under a great debt of gratitude by domiciling amongst us the theological productions of Germany and Holland. This is an instalment of a Library for Household Devotion. Germany and Holland are prolific in such works, and without doubt the religious life of our own land will be healthily fostered and greatly developed by acquaintance with them. This book is full of devotional stimulus. Its spirit is restful, meditative, and devout. It breathes a childlike and intelligent confidence, a warm and glowing love, a bright hopefulness, and a firm resolve. It will soothe the weary, revive the faint, and guide with living words the troubled and distressed. In the study and in the family circle it will alike prove a ministering angel.

HENRY'S OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. By J. Fernandez, LL.D. Passmore & Alabaster.

THOROUGHLY Protestant and even Nonconformist in its spirit, this history will commend itself to our readers as few others could. It is largely biographical: brief sketches of the leading "heretics," Re-

formers, etc., forming the substance of the book. This, of necessity, gives the book a "scrappy" character, and will make it necessary for students to read along with it some work in which the *continuity* of the historic life of the church is more fully described. It only professes to give "outlines;" and this is well and faithfully done. A second edition would be greatly improved by the addition of an alphabetical index and the correction of a few clerical errors.

THEODOSIA ERNEST—with an introduction by J. Clifford—*Stock*, is a cheap edition of the most useful book on believers baptism extant. It is sold at two shillings, and for distribution can be had in batches at a great reduction. Every member of our senior classes should have a copy. Circulate it by thousands.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. By C. Bruce. *Stock*. Apt, forcible, pertinent, sympathetic, and strong addresses to young people on homes, ships, etc. Teachers will profit by taking these suggestions and working other subjects accordingly. Scholars, too, will enjoy them.

ANNUALS.

I. THE STIRLING ANNUALS. *Peter Drummond, Stirling; Partridge & Co., London.*—*The Gospel Trumpet* gives a clear and certain sound. It is admirably suited for distribution.—*The British Messenger*, edited by W. Taylor, M.A., is earnest, devout, practical, and stirring. It abounds in narrative, poetry, exposition, and records of revival work.—*Good News* is a monthly tract by the same editor, and is eminently adapted for usefulness.

II. RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S ANNUALS.—*The Cottage and Artisan*. Full of good sense, practical counsel, stirring tales, and gospel appeals. The admirable pictures will make it welcome in every home.—That favourite of our youth, *The Child's Companion*, is better than ever both in material and illustration. It deserves to have a forward place in the abundant and excellent literature provided for the young.

III. STOCK'S ANNUALS.—*The Hive* and the *S. S. Teacher's Treasury* still retain their excellence, and deserve to stand high in the vigorous competition for the patronage of S. S. teachers now carried on. *The Hive* is full of the best honey. *The Treasury* is rich in really usable material.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The MIDLAND SPRING CONFERENCE will be held at Hinckley on Tuesday, Feb. 16th. The Rev. W. Green, of Melbourne, is expected to preach in the morning. In the afternoon, in addition to the usual Conference business, annual reports will be presented from the churches. A public meeting will be held in the evening. WATSON DYSON, Sec.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held in Infirmary Street chapel, Bradford, Jan. 13. The Rev. J. Lawton opened the morning service, and the Rev. W. Jarrom preached from 1 Cor. xv. 3. The attendance was larger than it usually has been at this season of the year.

The Rev. J. J. Dalton presided. We had no reports from a considerable number of churches; but from the statements given we learn that sixty-six have been baptized since the previous Conference, and that fifteen remain on the list of candidates.

The following resolutions were passed:

I. That we very cordially welcome into this Conference the Revs. J. Lawton, W. Smith, and J. Watmough, and pray that God's abundant blessing may rest upon their labours.

II. That in future the Christmas Conference be held on the third Wednesday in January.

III. That the list of places now submitted for Conference meetings up to the year 1882 be adopted.

IV. That the consideration of the scheme for amalgamating our Home Mission Societies be postponed till next meeting.

V. That the Revs. W. Gray and J. Maden visit the friends in PRESTON, and report to the next Conference on the condition and prospects of the new cause in that town.

VI. That the next Conference be held in Burnley Lane chapel on Wednesday in Whit-week, and that the Rev. J. Lawton be the preacher. J. MADEN, Sec.

DERBY AND DERBYSHIRE PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Our Sixteenth Conference was held in Watson Street, Derby, Dec. 28. Mr. Wright presided. The reports were highly gratifying. Another church requested to be supplied by the Association. Five recruits were added to the preachers' list. It was decided to hold

two Baptist camp meetings during the present half year. At half-past four a tea was held, to which a goodly number sat down. Afterwards a public meeting was held, and addresses delivered by Mr. Wright on "The abuse of recreation; Mr. Smith, Heanor, on "Visiting absent members;" and Mr. Barker on "The Higher Life." It was one of our most successful Conferences.

H. A. BLOUNT, Sec.

CHURCHES.

BARTON FABIS.—The chapel in connection with this old church has been closed several months for alterations and repairs. The old seats have been removed from the body of the chapel, and replaced by new and modern ones. The place now presents quite an attractive appearance, having been thoroughly renovated and greatly beautified. The cost is about £450. Re-opening services were conducted on Dec. 20th, when two very appropriate sermons were preached, afternoon and evening, by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Congregations good. Collections, £131; which, with £220 raised by a bazaar, will leave a debt of £100, which the friends intend soon to clear off.

HITCHIN.—At a meeting held Dec. 20, £35 were added to the building fund, raising the sum in hand or promised to £1,420.

LEICESTER, *Friar Lane*—Opening of *New Organ*.—The large and beautiful instrument, built by Mr. J. Porritt, of Leicester, for the above chapel, was publicly opened Dec. 17th, when J. Clifford preached. On the following Sunday the services were continued by the Rev. J. C. Pike, and on Monday, Dec. 28, tea was provided for a large company. During the year £480 had been raised for the building fund of the chapel and new school-rooms; and the organ, costing between £300 and £400, was paid for by the noble generosity of three friends. Messrs. G. Stafford and Thomas Stirk had contributed £100 each, and Mr. J. Jarrom had engaged to find all the rest. The meeting was a most joyous and enthusiastic one. Promises of over £46 for a further reduction of the chapel debt were given. Kindly references were made to the indefatigable exertions of the pastor in connection with the building of the chapel and school-rooms, and the raising the necessary funds for them. They had now a noble property which had cost over £6,000, and so far paid for that with united and persevering efforts

the remaining debt would soon cease even to seem troublesome to the church and congregation. The organ was needed to crown the whole, and it has been introduced under most favourable auspices. We may add that the instrument is much admired both for the power and sweetness of its tone, while its richly diapered front, as seen from all parts of the chapel, is an object of beauty. An organist says: "The builder has achieved a success. The fine, broad, diapason work, sonorous reeds, and finished solo stops, tell exceedingly well. The judicious combination of stops introduced by some of the best German and French with those of the English school, and voiced after their different systems, which Mr. Porritt has studied upwards of twenty years, gives a depth and majesty of tone not attainable by any other method." Mr. A. H. Blankley, the promising young organist, presided at the instrument.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

BURNLEY, Enon.—The A. M. took place Dec. 25, and was one of the most successful ever held. Five hundred to tea. The after meeting was crowded. A valuable testimonial was presented to the minister, the Rev. W. H. Allen, consisting of a cheque for thirty guineas, and a handsomely-bound copy of Chambers's Encyclopaedia in ten volumes. Mr. Allen, in responding, spoke of the peace and unity of the church, and the general prosperity which had attended the work of the year. Many members had been added to the church, while the school was filled to overflowing. Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Taylor, Richard Law, E. Heap, etc.

COALVILLE.—Our A. M. was held Jan. 4. Thirty-seven have been added to the church. Four hundred meetings have been held. £330 collected—which is a large sum in a village of two thousand inhabitants, and from a congregation of working people. A minister's house has been built at a cost of £450. £100 of this is paid. We desire and greatly need help to defray the rest. We are trying to get £50 at once. *Do help, friends!*

DERBY, Osmaston Road.—Our A. M. was held the first Monday of this year. Rev. T. Goadby, B. A., presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Wilshire and G. Hill, and other friends. The occasion was one of extraordinary interest, owing to the presence of the pastor-elect, the Rev. George Hill, of Oxford. Mr. Hill gave a most interesting and inspiring statement of his convictions as a teacher and purposes as a pastor. Mr. Hill commences his ministry at Derby in March.

DISEWORTH.—The A. M. was held on

Christmas-day. A service of sacred song (Pilgrim's Progress) was given by the choir; Mr. J. W. Road presiding at the harmonium, Rev. T. Yates acting as reader, and Mr. E. F. Road in the chair.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, Notts.—On Monday evening, Dec. 28, a tea meeting was held, the trays being kindly given. Subsequently a public meeting was held, presided over by W. Calladine, Esq., one of our deacons, and addressed by the Revs. J. T. Almy (the pastor), C. D. Crouch, of Bulwell, and Messrs. Buck and Beswick. £12 10s. were added to the building fund. During the past year the friends have raised nearly £400 for this fund, principally among themselves: but we are in urgent need of help.

KIRKBY.—The A. M. was held on Christmas-Day. A service of song was conducted by Messrs. T. Hopkinson; Mr. W. Lime presided at the harmonium; Mr. Allgood, of Annesley, in the chair. £8 collected towards the chapel debt.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—At the annual financial meeting the Treasurer reported a balance of £28. The church gives Mr. Fletcher £20, and adds £30 to his stipend. This is a most gratifying result of our brother's first year's work in the metropolis. We rejoice exceedingly with the church and its pastor both in their spiritual and financial success.

MILFORD.—The A. M. was attended by over a hundred. £20 were cleared off the debt. Mr. T. Fletcher presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. F. Hughes, W. Tomlinson, and C. Lacey. The services of Mr. Lacey have been greatly blessed of God.

NAZEBOTTOM, Hebden Bridge.—On Dec. 26 the A. M. was held, attended by three hundred persons. On the same day there was a Christmas Tree, for the sale of useful and ornamental articles. Preliminary service was held about 2.30 p.m. Rev. W. H. Allen gave out a hymn and offered prayer. James Heap, Esq., of Burnley, delivered an appropriate address, and declared the sale open. In the evening a short meeting was also held, presided over by the pastor, J. R. Godfrey, when addresses were given by Messrs. T. Pickles, W. Pickles, W. Speak, and J. Peel. The proceeds amounted to about £50, which will be devoted to the debt.

OLD BASFORD.—The A. M. was held here Jan. 11. The attendance was numerous, and the spirit harmonious and devoutly earnest. It was reported that nineteen persons had been baptized during the year, and one had been restored. The finances of the church had also been well sustained, the contributions to several of the funds exceeding

those of any previous year. There being a balance in the hands of the treasurer, the meeting presented the pastor with £5, thus making four successive annual meetings in which the friends have ministered beyond their original promise to their pastor's comfort; doing this twice by present, and twice by permanent increase of salary. During the evening a movement was inaugurated to reduce the chapel debt, and the members present promised to give or procure upwards of £100 for the purpose.

SWADLINCOTE.—The A. M. was held Jan. 4. One hundred to tea. Mr. J. Cholerton presided. The secretary, Mr. Crafts, gave the report for the year, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. Imms, and Messrs. Cooper, Rowland, Brotherhood, and Crane. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman and the choir rendered highly appreciated service. The desirability of a new chapel was much dwelt upon.

SCHOOLS.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Two sermons were preached, Dec. 13, by Mr. Thomas Cooper, on the occasion of the opening of the new school-room. Collections, £33 6s. 9d. in aid of the building fund.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—Four hundred to tea on Christmas-day. After the tea the pastor presided over one of the best public meetings which it has been our privilege to hold. We were favoured with the presence and help of the Rev. J. Lawton, of Slack, and he, together with several of our own friends, nobly sustained the interest of the meeting to the close. The chapel choir also rendered most efficient service. On New Year's Day the officers, teachers, and senior scholars, met to about one hundred for their annual tea. During the evening, the pastor in the chair, the annual business of the school was transacted, and then the rest of the time was spent in devotional exercises, and a free conference.

BURNLEY, Ebenezer.—Six hundred and thirty-three friends to tea on Christmas-day. Speeches, recitations, dialogues, and singing, were given at the meeting which followed, Miss Whittaker presiding at the pianoforte. About £40 were realised towards the debt on the new schools.

EDGESIDE.—Six hundred and sixty to tea on Christmas-day. At the evening meeting, presided over by Rev. J. Watmough, the chapel was crowded to excess. The programme consisted of recitations, dialogues, pieces by the choir, and short addresses by Messrs. H. Howarth, E.

Hitchen, T. Brearley, T. Fielding, and W. Proctor.

LINEHOLME.—On New Year's Day our annual meeting was held. Three hundred and fifty to tea. The addresses, dialogues, recitations, and music, of excellent quality, were given at the evening meeting. The Secretary reported seven scholars baptized and added to the church. Rev. W. Sharman, presided.

MANCHESTER, Hyde Road.—Mr. T. Worsley presided at the A. M. held Jan. 1. Mr. T. Horsfield gave an address on "Reading, and the right use of Books." The library recently gathered was declared open. Mr. W. H. Don, the Secretary, gave a gratifying report of the year.

STALYBRIDGE.—A large party gathered at our annual tea, Dec. 25, and enjoyed the *Messiah*, sang by our choir. £18 were obtained for improving the school-room by sale of goods. On New Year's Day a large juvenile party was held, and prizes distributed. Rev. E. K. Everett presided.

MINISTERIAL.

GREENWOOD, Rev. J., late of Swadlincote, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the co-pastorate of the old church at Barton-in-the-Beans, etc.

MEADOW, H. W., of Upper Westbourne Park, has accepted the pastorate of the church, Gosford Street, Coventry.

MEASHAM.—The Rev. W. Millington, of the College, Chilwell, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church at Measham and Netherseal, and commenced his labours Jan. 3.

BAPTISMS—DEC. 17 TO JAN. 16.

BOSTON.—Three, by J. Jolly.

DERBY, Watson Street.—Four, by H. A. Blount.

HALIFAX.—Five, by I. Preston.

HUCKNALL.—Six, by J. T. Almy.

LINEHOLME.—Two, by W. Sharman.

LEE MOUNT.—Four, by I. Preston.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Two, by W. Evans.

LOUGHBOROUGH, Woodgate.—Five, by J. Alcorn.

NORWICH.—One, the pastor's eldest son.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street.—Twelve, by T. Ryder.

NUNEATON.—Three, by J. Brown.

OLD BASFORD.—Two, by W. Dyson.

PETERBOROUGH.—Seven, by T. Barrass.

SHORE.—One, by J. Maden.

TAUNTON.—Twelve, by J. P. Tetley.

TODMORDEN.—Twelve, by E. W. Cantroll.

WALSALL.—Eleven, by W. Lees.

WEST RETFORD.—Six, by T. R. Roberts, (two sons of the late pastor, T. Mee).

MARRIAGES.

COOLER—JACKSON.—Dec. 29, in London, Joseph John Cooler, Esq., to Mary Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Jackson, of Empingham, Stamford.

COOPER—SANDERSON.—Jan. 2, at the Baptist chapel, Edgeside, by the Rev. J. Watmough, John Cooper, of Bankend, New Church, to Mary Jane Sanderson, of Hewinbill.

GREENWOOD—SUTCLIFFE.—Dec. 19, at the Baptist chapel, Shore, by Rev. J. Maden, Mr. James Greenwood, of Shore, to Miss Charlotte Sutcliffe, of Lydgate.

LEEDHAM—UTTLEY.—Dec. 31, at Enon Chapel, Burnley, by Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. James Nelson Leedham, to Miss Mary Ann Uttley, both of Burnley.

PICK—HALL.—Dec. 24, at the Baptist chapel, Sawley, by Rev. J. Stenson, Mr. William Thomas Pick, to Miss Mary Hall, both of Sawley.

READ—GRUDGINGS.—Dec. 23, at Baxter Gate chapel, Loughborough, by Rev. E. Stevenson, Mr. J. W. Read, to Miss M. A. Grudgings, both of Loughborough.

OBITUARIES.

ATKINSON, James, died at Medringham, Lincolnshire, November 2, 1873, in the eightieth year of his age. He dwelt during his youth at Laneham, Notts., the place of his birth. He removed to Retford about 1815, and began at once to attend the old Baptist meeting-house in that town. He was baptized in 1823 by the late Mr. Smedley. One of the candidates at that baptism did great service for God and his kingdom—that valiant soldier of the cross, the late Joseph F. Winks. About this time the subject of this notice was married to a humble, godly woman; but the union was of very short duration, and he remained a widower the rest of his life. Although of retiring habits, he became very useful in the Sunday school and in the church. He was secretary to the school, and was for many years the persevering agent for the magazines published by the late Mr. Winks. He himself was a "constant reader" of the denominational Magazine: it was his cheerful friend and welcome guest to the day of his death. He was a deacon, and the treasurer of the church; in fact, for many years he was considered to be the "backbone" of that old Baptist cause. He never made himself unduly prominent; there was not the slightest trace of officiousness in his conduct. No nature was ever more foreign to the spirit of Diotrefes than his. But he lived Christ. He exerted a marvellous influence upon his friends and

neighbours, upon his fellow-workers and fellow-members in the Christian church; but it was the power of a quiet, a holy, an earnest life. "Ho is the best man I know in the world," said Mr. Winks on one occasion to his nephew. In 1855 he gave up business in Retford, and removed to Medringham, that he might live with his only daughter. There being no Baptist cause nearer than Lincoln (ten miles distant), he from this time only occasionally enjoyed meeting with Baptist friends at Retford and Sheffield. In the summer of 1873 his strength began to fail, and in October he was taken ill. But his life had prepared him to meet death with quietness and calmness. Some thirty-six hours before he died, he fell into a sound refreshing sleep, and then awoke in a perfect rapture: the curtain of the unseen world appeared to have been drawn aside, for he had had a vision of heaven. He said he had seen Martha there (his wife, who had died fifty years before), Joseph Winks, and many others with whom he had been associated in his younger days, but who had already fought the good fight and finished their course. He continued in this most delightful state for some hours, then gradually sank into rest. It was said by his brother, who was present in these last hours, that he had often read of joyful death-bed scenes, and thought many of them overdrawn, but he had never read of anything equal to the joy and rapture expressed at the prospect of being "for ever with the Lord." It was intended that all that could die of him should be laid to rest in Medringham churchyard. His son-in-law had died a few months previously, and when buried in the village burial-ground, the churchyard, a grave had been reserved on each side—one for his wife, one for his father-in-law. As the subject of this memoir was a Baptist, the clergyman of the village refused to allow him to be buried in the spot selected, and himself appropriated a place, saying, "He must be buried there in the lot, or not at all." His brother refused to submit to the tyranny of the parish priest, so had his body brought to Retford, and interred in the Baptist burying-ground. Rev. Giles Hester, of Sheffield, conducted the funeral service in the chapel, and the Rev. J. Dalton took the part at the grave. Of James Atkinson it may be truly said, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." C. A.

HOOD.—Dec. 22, Eliza, the beloved wife of the Rev. W. Hood, of Ford, near Aylesbury, fell asleep in Jesus, aged 67 years.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE beg to remind our friends of the suggestion adopted at the last Association, viz., that the *first Sunday in March should be devoted to special simultaneous prayer* "FOR A BLESSING ON THE LABOURS OF OUR BRETHREN ABROAD," and trust that throughout the Connexion "the Spirit of grace and supplication" will be poured upon the churches.

VISIT OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BENGAL TO
CUTTACK.

Cuttack, Nov. 26th, 1874.

HIS Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I., has recently visited Cuttack, and it may interest our friends to know a little of his sayings and doings. As few in England know much of Indian notabilities, I may as well begin by giving you a brief account of the antecedents of our distinguished visitor. Sir Richard Temple is a member of the Bengal Civil Service, and came out to India some twenty-seven years ago. During most of this time he has held a high position in the Government. The first recollection I have of his name is as Secretary to Sir John Lawrence, when Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and of his writing, in this capacity, a paper—the most able and statesmanlike I have met with—on the duty of the Government of India, as a christian government, in relation to the idolatrous institutions of the country, and kindred questions. Sir John was, of course, responsible for the paper; but the Secretary might be supposed to sympathize with what he so clearly expressed, and which was marked by great sobriety, strict justice, practical wisdom, and earnest piety. This was some sixteen years ago. Subsequently he has been Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Resident at the Nizam's Court, Financial Member of Council, and now Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. As an administrator he has always had high praise: there was a general disposition to find fault with his measures when Finance Minister, but to what extent the complaints generally made were just I am not in a position to state. He has added to his laurels by his activity and energy during the Bengal famine; and when Sir George Campbell—one of the ablest Lieutenant-Governors Bengal has had—was compelled by ill-health to lay down the reins, Sir Richard took them up. Indeed he had been previously engaged for several months, and with great energy in famine operations. Such is the high officer who has been at Cuttack the last few days, and who leaves early to-morrow morning for Pooree.

Sir Richard Temple reached Jobra Ghat, Cuttack, on Saturday evening last, the 21st. A select party of English ladies and gentlemen, as

well as many native gentlemen, were there to welcome His Honour. I was unable to be present, and cannot therefore describe the scene, which is spoken of as a very brilliant one. The native gentlemen presented an address, to which His Honour made a suitable reply. Their address, as it appeared to me, was in much too flattering a style.

The following day (the Lord's-day) he went up the river to Naraj, where most of the day was spent. This was much regretted by some of us, as it interfered in the case of several government servants with the sacredness of the day of rest; but he returned in time for church service in the evening, and listened, it is said, to a sermon read by the magistrate on the vanity of ambition.

Monday morning was the time fixed for visiting the Mission institutions—and first he visited Peyton-Sae Orphanage. His Honour was accompanied by the Commissioner, the Magistrate of Cuttack, the Magistrate of Balasore, his Aidecamp and Assistant-Secretary, our friend W. Fiddian, Esq., C.S. Much time and labour had been spent in the preparations for worthily receiving so honoured a visitor, and the decorations are very highly spoken of. An address was read in English by Jugoo Mahanty, one of the orphans, and another in Oriya by Benjamin. His Honour went over the premises, and appeared interested and gratified with all he saw. After this he came with the party to the Mission compound: this was at nine A.M. As he entered the Union Jack was conspicuous on the College; and over the gate was a wooden frame covered with nice cloth, decorated with flowers, on which many fingers had been employed, and having a suitable inscription. On the one side, in large letters, was "V. R.," with the representation of a crown between, and "Welcome," to which was added the beautiful words in Psalm lxxii. 4 respecting our blessed Lord, "He shall save the children of the needy." On the other side was, "The orphans' home." Having entered the gate a number of native christians, men, women, and children, with several of Anthravadi's flock, were ready loyally to welcome Her Majesty's Representative. It then devolved upon me to receive him at the door of our house, and conduct him to the school-room, which had been decorated for the occasion, and where all were ready to receive him. He heard the first class read; and at his suggestion I asked a few questions on the portion read, and the native teacher gave a lesson on geography, with which he expressed, to Miss Leigh, his particular gratification. The children sang two verses praying for long life and prosperity to the Queen, and another verse on the service of Christ being the great end of life. He then went over the orphanage premises, after which Mrs. Brooks's orphanage was visited, and much the same ground gone over. The children read, sang a verse of prayer to Christ, and at both places the children's work was exhibited. He appeared satisfied with all he saw. Next we went to

THE COLLEGE,

where a deputation of the native christians presented him with the following address. It was read by Shem, and signed by several of their number on behalf of the rest.

To His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I.

HONOURED SIR,—We, the undersigned native christians of Orissa, representing a community in the Cuttack and Pooree districts of more than two thou-

sand persons, beg leave respectfully to approach your Honour, and to express our unfeigned and hearty allegiance to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. We thankfully acknowledge the manifold blessings enjoyed under Her benign sway, and are especially grateful for the perfect freedom we enjoy in professing the doctrines and observing the rites of our holy religion. We readily admit that, so far as we are concerned, the gracious promise of Her Majesty's Proclamation has been faithfully kept. We have not been "molested or disquieted by reason of our religious faith or observances," but have enjoyed "the equal and impartial protection of the law."

With deep feelings of thankfulness we express the estimate we cherish of the wisdom and benevolence of the government in committing so many of the orphans of the Orissa famine to our beloved teachers, the missionaries, who, as we know, have cared for and watched over their important charge with unceasing tenderness and affection. We rejoice to add that many of them are already happily settled, and we trust that many others will be so; and that the instruction they have received will bear fruit in the social and religious elevation of Orissa.

We gladly embrace the opportunity which your Honour's auspicious visit affords of expressing our high sentiments of regard for our respected Commissioner, T. E. Ravenshaw, Esq. He is a true friend of Orissa, and we highly appreciate his unceasing efforts for the welfare of the Province, and fully confide in his justice and impartiality.

In these sentiments of unfeigned loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen, and of gratitude for the benefits enjoyed under Her administration, our brethren in Christ, the pastor and members of the Telegoo Baptist church in the 41st Regiment Madras Infantry, stationed at Cuttack, most cordially unite.

In conclusion, we express our sincere prayer to the Supreme Ruler of nations, that it may please Him richly to bless all who are placed in authority over us; that they may wisely, faithfully, and impartially discharge their important duties; and that finally they may, through the mercy of God in Christ, obtain the blessing of everlasting life.

We beg to subscribe ourselves, with unfeigned respect, in behalf of the native christians of Orissa,

Your Honour's most humble and obedient servants.

Cuttack, Nov. 23rd, 1874.

His Honour replied in substance as follows:—"Gentlemen,—I accept your address, which is well composed and well expressed, as an evidence of the progress which English education has made amongst you. I very much approve of one passage in it. It is this: 'We rejoice to add that many of the orphans are happily settled, and we trust that others will be so; and that the instruction they have received will bear fruit in the social and religious elevation of Orissa.'

"I would impress on you the importance of bearing in mind that your country is an agricultural country; and it cannot be expected that you should all be able to support yourselves and your families by holding government appointments. You should be willing to labour with your own hands, and be anxious to support yourselves and those dependent on you by your own exertions. Habits of self-help and self-reliance should be cultivated; for industry and persevering application are among the virtues which your religion requires you to practise. I have seen vast tracts of country in south India, such as Travancore, Tinnivelly, etc., where the people, who are your co-religionists, live respectably by trade and other independent occupations; and I saw there christians of the fourth generation. You will do well to follow their example, and not to depend on others.

"It may be hoped that in time our successors will see in the Cuttack district and Orissa generally whole pergunnahs settled with christian villages, and inhabited by christian people; and this not in any way by the government, but by the efforts of the benevolent missionaries sent

out from England. The government extends equal protection to your fellow-subjects, the Hindoos and Mahommedans, as it does to yourselves.

"I am glad to observe the esteem you cherish for the missionaries. I wish you to gather from their teaching and example what the christian religion really is, and then to remember that as that is the religion professed by government, you may at all times place confidence in the justice and impartiality of the principles by which it is guided."

The remarks on industry and self-reliance are reasonable wherever native christians are found, and will, I hope, do good. Probably His Honour was not aware of what had been done and is still doing for the establishment of christian villages in Orissa. It was remembered by some that nine years ago Sir Cecil Beadon, in replying to the address of the native christians, addressed them as "fellow-christians," and that it was very gratifying to their feelings. After His Honour's reply to the address, some of our native ministers, D. Anthravadi and a few others, were introduced to him. We then went to

THE PRINTING OFFICE,

where Mr. Brooks showed him some of the principal works that had been printed for the government, as also others that had been printed for Mission purposes; and in the name of the brethren I presented him with a copy of the Bible in Oriya, which he was pleased to accept as a memorial of his visit to Orissa. On leaving the Mission premises, he warmly congratulated me on the results that had been obtained.

The same day at noon a Levee was held at the Commissioner's, and of course we all went to pay our respects to the representative of the best of Queens. Nonconformist ministers have always been loyal to the throne, and faithful to the principles of the Revolution of 1688. It was gratifying to observe that there was scarcely an English gentleman, either in Cuttack or the district, absent from the Levee. In the afternoon the native gentlemen were presented to the Lieutenant-Governor.

On Wednesday there was a Grand Durbar, at which the rajahs of the tributary states were presented. We were all invited, and all attended. The etiquette observed on such occasions does not admit of ladies being officially invited; but they were assured by the proper officer that accommodation was provided for them, and that their presence would add much to the grace and brilliance of the scene, as indeed it did. All the sisters of the Mission were present. The Durbar was considered a great success. First the Maharajah of Dhenkanal, and then the other rajahs were one by one presented by the Commissioner to the Lieutenant-Governor; after these the zemindars, native deputy magistrates, pleaders of the court, noncommissioned officers, and inspectors of police were presented. This being done, His Honour addressed the rajahs in a very suitable manner. He congratulated them on being presented with sunnuds, signed by His Excellency the Viceroy, and with khilluts, in formal recognition of that status of chiefship which they and their ancestors had actually enjoyed for generations; and expressed his hope that they would regard the ceremony which had been performed as an additional proof of the good will of the British government towards them. He assured them of the pleasure with which he had learnt from their Commissioner, Mr. Ravenshaw, of the great improvement that had taken place within the last few years throughout the Gurjat States;

also that the rajahs were now taking a more active and personal part than heretofore in the management of their own affairs; and that they were maintaining more friendly and neighbourly relations than formerly amongst themselves. He adverted with satisfaction to the settlement of boundary disputes; to the breaking up of gangs of robbers; and to there being no longer any organized crime: also to the gratifying circumstance that nearly all of them were making proper settlements of the land revenue. He further commended those who were establishing schools and promoting education; also those who had begun to construct roads. Some of them, no doubt, well merited the commendation given; but the larger number, I fear, are as ignorant, stupid, and intolerant as ever. In wise and well-chosen words, His Honour proceeded as follows:—"You may be sure, chiefs of the Gurjat, that by pursuing the good courses which I have indicated above, you will best secure comfort and happiness for yourselves and for your descendants who are to succeed you. Avoid, I entreat you, disputes and contentions among yourselves. Assume a constant share in the administration of your States. Keep your affairs in your own hands and under your own eyes, and do not leave too much to your ministers and agents. Continue to make moderate and equitable settlements with your ryots. Educate your people. Open out roads. Foster local trade between your States and the fertile delta of the Mahanuddy. Build boats on your rivers, which may navigate the canals now under construction. Exchange the products of your native hills—the timber, the oil seeds, the lac, the resin, the iron ore—for the products of other lands, such as the piece goods of England, the copper of Europe, the betel nut of Bengal, and the spices of Ceylon. In all things follow the advice of your excellent Commissioner, whom you may always regard as your best friend. As visitors to Cuttack, the capital of Orissa, you are most welcome; and I hope you will carry back to your homes pleasant and instructive memories of the canals, the structures, the machinery and mechanical appliances, and other sights which you have seen here."

I wish the sound and good advice which the Lieutenant-Governor gave them may be remembered and practically regarded; but in reference to most I am not over sanguine. After His Honour's speech, which was afterwards read in Oriya, pan and otto were distributed to the rajahs and zemindars, and the Durbar broke up. There was a large gathering of the natives, probably not fewer than twenty thousand, outside the immediate vicinity of the Durbar tent. J. BUCKLEY.

INTERESTING SERVICE WITH SHIPWRECKED SAILORS AT CUTTACK.

MR. MILLER has also forwarded an account of the visit of Sir Richard Temple to Cuttack. We regret that we have not space for it and Dr. Buckley's as well. We gladly insert particulars of the service with a large party of shipwrecked sailors, and a few references to the Lieut.-Governor's visit not so fully dwelt upon by Dr. Buckley.

Cuttack, November 24th, 1874.

Here I must for a moment digress to tell you that, though our congregation in the evening did not contain a Lieut.-Governor, it did twenty-eight poor shipwrecked seamen belonging to two English ships that had come into collision and sunk near the Sand Heads some ten days previously. There was just time for most of those on board both ships to escape in boats. It being a dark and

boisterous night, with the wind from the north, the boat containing the above number was carried south within ten miles from Ganjam. The poor men were two days and three nights in this open boat, without water or food, and suffered fearfully. They then got some parched rice—one of the men said he ate two handfuls of this before he was satisfied. After this they walked thirty miles over the sands to Pooree, where they arrived very footsore, and in a deplorably destitute condition. At Pooree they met with our friend Mr. Poole, who exerted himself nobly to help them in every possible way. They reached here last Saturday morning, and according to their expressed wish attended our chapel on Sunday evening. Many sang from the heart the verses of the 181st hymn,

"When by the dreadful tempest borne," etc.

The second hymn was the 277th, which also seemed to have been composed for the occasion,

"Once on the raging seas I rodo," &c.

After reading the 107th Psalm, brother Pike preached a very appropriate sermon from the words, "Choose life," Deut. xxx. 19, taken with Joshua xxiv. 15. The preacher drew many illustrations from the late disaster, and the perils of those who do business in great waters. The discourse was calculated to impress and benefit all present, particularly those for whom it was more especially intended. The last hymn for the service had been kindly printed by Mr. Brooks—beginning,

"Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless main," &c.

And ending,

"O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea."

One of the men said he should keep that hymn by him as long as he lived. After the service we met with the shipwrecked party at Mr. Poole's, and sat down with them to a substantial meal, furnished by several friends of the Mission circle. This was followed by singing a few choice hymns, and prayer. They all seemed very grateful for the help so cheerfully rendered to them in Cuttack in the way of clothes as well as money. They leave for Calcutta in a few days. We hear that others of them, with one of the captains, have been picked up, and are now in Calcutta. The other captain refused to leave his ship until all on board had left, and then it was too late, he was lost.

Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, the Lieut.-Governor visited the Peyton Sae male orphanage. I, of course, was there to receive him, with Mrs. Lacey, senior, Mr. and Mrs. Pike and two daughters, Mrs. Miller and my two daughters. The male orphans now in the orphanage, and all those who have been dismissed and are employed and live in Cuttack and the neighbourhood, were assembled—nearly two hundred altogether. The boys had worked hard for some time to decorate the school-room compound, etc., as well as to prepare an inscription in gold leaf letters pasted on a red ground, which was placed above the principal entrance to the school-room; it was as follows, "The Male Orphanage Home. We heartily welcome Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I., L.G. of Bengal." His Honour having sat down, an address in English was read by one of the orphans, also another in Oriya by another orphan. As only a few understood English sufficiently, I was requested to interpret, sentence by sentence, his reply, which was very suitable, and contained excellent advice for all present. I am sorry I cannot now pen it. After this the nearest approach we have in Oriya to the National Anthem was sung by the orphans. I then showed him over the dormitories, cook-room, in which the morning meal was prepared, the workshops, etc. He seemed interested and pleased, and found that we had anticipated many of his suggestions as to how the orphans should be trained. He is a great advocate for their becoming cultivators of the soil, etc., as well as seeking government employ. From the male orphanage, where he stayed more than half an hour, he went with his attendants to visit the female orphanages, printing office, and to receive an address from the native christians.

I forgot to mention that among Mr. Pike's hearers on Sunday evening last was the Nuagurda rajah, an old friend of mine, and who has a little knowledge of English.

PROGRESS OF EVANGELISTIC WORK IN ROME.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—In translating the third address received from our brother Grassi, it is discovered that it is the copy of an address delivered by him at the Palace of the Cenci, and that it consists pretty much of a recapitulation of incidents of his life which have already appeared in the *Observer* in several shapes. For this reason I hardly think it advisable again to occupy from one to two pages with the continuation of the series of three papers, and in lieu thereof I copy from a letter just received from Mr. Wall a few items of latest information which I am sure will gladden the friends of the Rome Mission. Under date Jan. 4th, Mr. Wall writes: "Signor Grassi is much encouraged in his work. I have baptized several from his meeting, and others are waiting. . . . The work up at the *Monti* (Grassi's preaching station) is a real work, and must be encouraged. At present I am sending a young man several times a week to assist Grassi, and I believe it would be well to send him altogether. Our Lord sent two disciples. Grassi is young in some things, and requires help. He is also advancing in life."

Of his own central station Mr. Wall writes:—"The new chapel is advancing, the roof is on. We shall have a first-rate baptistry. I have baptized several from my own congregation within the last fortnight. I hope you will arrange for a trip at Easter for the opening of our new chapel."

This latter suggestion was started by an old and attached friend of the Rome Mission, and I am glad to find it approved at the Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn. Dr. Underhill speaks of going, on condition that the place can be opened on the Sunday before Easter—Palm Sunday. I shall confer with Mr. Wall on this subject, and most likely send a programme from Rome for immediate publication. I see a plan for a trip to Rome and back, all wing five or six days in Rome, with an absence of two Sundays only from England—a consideration for ministers and their churches, who might be alike benefited by such a short Easter holiday. Those who court longer time in Italy, with the view of seeing Naples, Venice, Milan, Florence, etc., can be provided for. I will retain Mr. Shakespeare Ward, the distinguished Archaeologist, to conduct to and lecture on the ruins and excavations of the city, and I will try to get back from Palestine to meet the party in Rome at the opening services. Ere this letter can appear there will, most likely, be a programme issued, and I will make the trip as cheap as possible.

I avail myself of this opportunity of acknowledging, on behalf of Agra and Rome, £5 13s. 4d., the result of my lecture at Peterborough; and £1 from a friend, per Rev. G. Maddeys, Fornsett-Stratton, Norfolk. My obligations to the Havelock Chapel, Agra, and to Grassi's preaching room, are discharged, and I hope, on my return from the East, soon to complete the £100 for Mr. Wall's chapel.

Hoping to have additional good tidings to send you from Rome,

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

56, Granby Street, Leicester, Jan. 11, 1875.

THOMAS COOK.

THE LATE MRS. PEGGS.

The following notice of the death of Mrs. Peggs was read from the pulpit on Sunday, Jan. 3, 1875, by the Rev. W. E. Winks, Pastor of Ely Place Baptist Church, Wisbech.

I wish to take this opportunity of calling your attention to the death of Mrs. Peggs, widow of the late Rev. James Peggs, missionary to Orissa. Readers of our denominational history will remember that Messrs. Bampton and Peggs were the first missionaries whom our Society sent out to India. They landed at Madras, Sep. 25th, 1821, and having conferred with the members of the Sorampore Mission, of which the renowned William Carey was the head and chief, they proceeded to Cuttack, the capital of Orissa, where they commenced their missionary labours in January, 1822—exactly fifty-three years ago. Mrs. Peggs, then a young woman twenty-two years of age, accompanied her husband, and shared with him the peril and toil, the joy and reward, of that noble enterprise. It was a very different thing to go out to India and commence missionary work there at that time from what it is to go out now and occupy a land already possessed, and minister to churches and societies already formed. The field then was entirely new, untried, unknown; the natives of the country were bitterly hostile to religious interference; the most barbarous rites and

customs prevailed in connection with the idolatries of the country (which, thanks to the generous efforts of men like Mr. Peggs, have to a large extent been abolished); and, sad to tell, our own government looked upon missionaries with no friendly eye. In this arduous undertaking Mr. Peggs found in his wife a worthy help-meet. She was endowed with uncommon mental gifts, and showed singular devotedness as a christian worker. This estimable lady was the daughter of Mr. Smithoe, of Walton, near Wisbech; and there are persons in this town who well remember his strange aversion to dissent, and his particular aversion to missions. It was no pleasant thing, therefore, to him to have the honour thrust upon him of seeing three of his daughters married to dissenting ministers, and two of them missionaries' wives. Mr. and Mrs. Peggs remained only four years in Orissa, failure of health in the trying climate of that province compelling their return sorely against their will. After the death of her husband, twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Peggs came to reside at Wisbech. During the latter part of her life she was much afflicted, and indeed for the seven years terminating with her decease seldom left her room. Amid all her sufferings, and in that long solitude of her sick chamber, she retained (no easy thing to do) a cheerful, confident, christian faith and hope. Her interest in the blessed work to which she was permitted to devote herself in the days of her youth never declined. It was ever to her an unfailling source of joy to read and treasure in her mind all missionary news; and missionaries who have visited her on coming to our town have often expressed surprise at the extent and accuracy of her knowledge of missionary affairs, and the lively interest which, in spite of the lapse of time and much suffering, she manifested in them. Three days before she died, she said to her daughter, "I want to be in heaven!" She died Dec. 9th, 1874, at the age of seventy-five, having been fifty-seven years a member of a christian church. Mrs. Peggs was buried at the Wisbech cemetery, in the same grave as her sister, the widow of the Rev. Mr. Allsop, missionary in Jamaica. The funeral was attended by Mrs. Peggs' two daughters and the Rev. S. S. Allsop, of March, her nephew. The death of our friend was very sudden; but sudden death to such as she is sudden admission into the presence of the Saviour. Of her and her late husband, who assisted to lay the foundation of the Orissa Mission, it may be said, with a meaning that does not always apply even to christian workers, "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPTON—W. Hill, Dec. 5.

CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Nov. 26, Dec. 15.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, Nov. 30.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
December 18th, 1874, to January 18th, 1875.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|----|---|---|----|----|
| Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Derby, <i>Osmaston Road</i> | 2 | 16 | 5 |
| Beeston | 26 | 11 | 2 | " <i>Watson Street</i> | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Broughton—Mr. W. Underwood, for Rome | 5 | 0 | 0 | Heptonstall Slack | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Fleckney—including 1/6 for Rome | 0 | 10 | 0 | Leicester, <i>Dover Street</i> | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Leicester, <i>Archdeacon Lane</i> —Mr. T. Cook and friends for Rome | 5 | 0 | 0 | London, <i>New Church Street</i> | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| London—by Miss Emily Johnson | 2 | 6 | 0 | Long Sutton | 1 | 11 | 0 |
| Old Basford—a Friend for Rome | 1 | 0 | 0 | Macclesfield | 0 | 10 | 9 |
| Papplewick | 10 | 0 | 0 | Morcott and Barrowden | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Poynton | 7 | 16 | 0 | Netherton | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Ripley—for Rome | 10 | 0 | 0 | New Lenton | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| Stalybridge | 23 | 18 | 3 | Nottingham, <i>Stoney Street</i> | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| | | | | Old Basford | 1 | 17 | 0 |
| | | | | Peterborough | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Pinchbeck | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| | | | | Sheffield | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Wakefield | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Wisbech | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | |
| SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND. | | | | FOR PIPLEE CHAPEL. | | | |
| Birchcliffe | 1 | 2 | 0 | Thos. Gill, Esq., Eccles | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Birmingham, <i>Lombard Street</i> | 1 | 10 | 0 | Mr. W. Stevenson, Green Hill, Derby | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Boston | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| Broughton | 0 | 7 | 3 | | | | |
| Burnley, <i>Enon Chapel</i> | 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.

MARCH, 1875.

THE HIGHEST CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. II.—“*Perfection*” the true goal.

ALL the representations of the true goal of life in the Bible centre in character, in what a man is, and does, in the spirit that rules him, and the measure in which he fulfils his duty in every direction and conforms to the highest known standard of being. The “righteous” man is the leading and all-controlling figure of the Old Testament. You see him everywhere. Sometimes in dim and shadowy outline, now in brilliant achievement, and again only in forcible and painful contrast. He is God’s friend. God is his friend. The Lord talks to him, helps him, fights for him, strengthens him, saves him. The “law” is a rule for him to live by. The controversies of *Job* depict his sorrows, conflicts, and final victory. The Psalms set his joys to music. The prophets show the quickened activities of his conscience as moved by the Spirit of the Lord. Indeed the one strong, passionate, and God-inspired yearning of the Hebrew mind is for righteousness.

Now Christ came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil; and so we meet with the same figure all through the New Testament. The goal of life is not changed one whit; it is only the road to it that is altered. The end is the same, but larger and richer help is given to realize it. To John in the *Revelation*, life’s true end is an “overcoming” of evil, and a “keeping at God’s works;” in the *Epistle*, it is being pure as Christ is pure. In the judgment of Peter it is a perfect knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ attained by the exercise of faith and virtue and self-restraint and godliness and love, which, being multiplied, make the calling and election sure. James urges to patient endurance so that the Christian himself may be perfect and entire, deficient in nothing. Paul is always talking of righteousness. The *Romans* is full of it. In *Philippians* he gives a chart of the way by which he came near to satisfying his life-long yearning for it; and in *Timothy* he describes it as the object of his sustaining hope, saying, “I have finished my course; . . . and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of ‘righteousness.’” This completing and coronation of character, of manhood he had sought for, believed for, hoped for, from the moment he caught sight of the face, heard the voice, and felt the constraining

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love of the Lord Jesus. So those first scholars learned of Him who summed up His precepts in such words as, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Be perfect as God your Father is."

That is clear enough. But what is perfection of character? What do we mean by "Christian perfection?" What is the state of the runner who has reached this goal? When a Christian man has attained his best, what are his interior qualities, and what is his work amongst men?

Perhaps if we approach the answer to these questions by way of the current and common use of the word perfect, our progress may be facilitated. For example, a father says that his child is "perfect." He has tested its senses of hearing, seeing, etc., felt its limbs, and though it has uttered no articulate speech, and scarcely given a look of recognition, yet he joyfully pronounces the babe perfect. Here we have (1.) a perfection which contemplates growth, necessitates exertion, and admits of fault. The organs of this perfect child will probably, but not certainly, act in a faultless way, these limbs will enlarge and strengthen by exertion, the child will mature into the man. Clearly also (2.) we have the conscious or unconscious adoption of a standard of perfection. The child is as perfect as children generally are. It has five senses, and not seven; five, and not four. Its limbs are of the ordinary length, and jointed in the ordinary way. Referred to the standard of the human framework this son and heir is a perfect one. Hence the perfection in this case refers to a condition of the organism and not to any achievements; implies a current and accepted standard; allows of the possibility of faulty action, and assumes fitness for development.

But when we say of our friend A.B. "he is a perfect gentleman," we import an additional element. This is not perfection of organism, but of a habit of feeling and movement. As before there is the acceptance of a standard of gentlemanly behaviour: the intimation that fault is extremely improbable, that action is necessary, and that development, or growth, is not dispensed with. This perfection is not one of *structure*, but of habit and action due to training and good breeding.

Now pass from these samples to the Bible use of the word. "As for God, His way is perfect," says the Psalmist; meaning it is without fault, absolutely and certainly; it could not be better, it is complete, wanting nothing. Here, again, is a standard of perfection taken from the Psalmist's conceptions of the nature of God. He is perfection itself—in wisdom, in goodness, and in love; and His way is like Himself—"perfect." But here is no place for growth, no possibility of fault. David's conception of God does not admit of it. So that the quality and degree of the "perfection" asserted to belong to any being will be determined by the precise nature of that being, or the aspect of being, to whom or to which the epithet is applied. In the case of the child the quality is low, and the degree of the slightest character, describing the condition of its organs, limbs, and faculties generally: in that of the man it refers only to his habit and bearing in his behaviour towards others, and will mean much or little as the standard of gentlemanly behaviour is high or low: but in the third case it refers to the divine movements, and there it reaches and holds the highest and fullest significance.

Now take another step. Job is described as a "perfect" man. The original term is one of wide import, embracing the idea of entireness,

completeness of parts, integrity as opposed to everything fractional, or onesided, or uneven in character. Jerome translated it by *simplex*; without folds in the heart; sincere. The Septuagint elaborates the phrase in which it stands into "blameless, true, just, pious, averse to all evil." As in the former cases the epithet here distinctly implies a standard. But, as we might have expected since it is applied to man, it allows the freest play to the notion of faultiness: for Job himself says, and says it with indignant eagerness, when the suggestion is made that he thinks himself faultless. "I perfect! If I *say* I am perfect, it," *i.e.*, the very saying it, "shall prove me perverse." Though to his fellows he appears as a man of notable integrity, and they may testify to his uprightness and hatred of evil and perfectness of heart, yet he is not without a painful assurance of his faultiness, and resents the very thought of proclaiming his purity to others.

It is manifest, then, that when we talk of perfection, and of being perfect, everything will depend upon the standard we have set up, and upon the special aspect of the Christian that we are endeavouring to represent. For example, a Christian is complete, or perfect *in Christ*, as a child is complete and perfect in a comfortable and bountifully supplied home, and when that child has all its faculties, has sight and movement and growth, and is indeed fully equipped for life. In Christ Jesus the believer has everything to meet the uttermost demands of the new life. He is perfect in Him. This is a perfectness of spiritual organism, and of spiritual supply: but not perfection of character. Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus are perfect and entire, wanting nothing for the attainment of the most perfect sainthood, the most complete resemblance to Christ, the most signal service to a needy world. Every faculty is there. Every instrument is at hand. Every inspiration is complete. Faith, love, hope, aspiration, all exist in those that are born not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God.

Put these faculties out to training, let them be freely, fully, and wisely used, and with the discipline will come strength, and with the repeated exercise, habits; and from the weaving together of these habits, character: and character of such beauty, ripeness, and fulness of grace, that as of Caleb it was said, "he followed the Lord fully," and of Job he was a "perfect" man, so we shall count them sincere and without offence, full of the fruits of righteousness, which are to the praise of the glory of His grace. *To the perfection of structure is added the perfection of Christian habits and character.* But in both these cases there is room for growth; need for exertion, and possibility, though in the latter case a growingly high improbability, of mistake and defect. The picture, in our judgment, is "perfect." We cannot add to it. The artist himself is sighing in secret because it falls so far short of his lofty ideal. We, the public, applaud the excellence of sketch, the brilliance of colouring, the beauty of the figures. He "follows after," forgetting that which is behind, and animated with a joyful hope that he will yet apprehend and reproduce on the canvass of his life exactly that for which he is laid hold of and possessed by Christ Jesus.

May, then, a Christian attain the unerring condition? Is it possible for him to live without sin? These questions are not so easily answered as some imagine, and the difficulties they raise cannot be laid by the utterance of a dogma new or old. John says, and says it with

marked emphasis, "*He that is born of God cannot commit sin.*" Does a fair and just interpretation of the passage in which this statement is found necessarily include the absolute impossibility of wrong in a Christian life? Read the whole paragraph. "Little children," he says, "let no one deceive you with fair speeches and plausible professions. Look for facts, and take nothing else. He that *DOETH* righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous. He that doeth sin, no matter what his name is, is of the devil, because the devil is always sinning; he began, and he keeps on. Hence Christ came that He might stop his work; and whosoever is Christ's, and is born of God, co-operates with Christ, and stops the devil's work. He does not do the devil's work. How can he? He is born of God, and has God's seed abiding in him, and he cannot do the devil's work because he is a born son of God, same as Jesus Christ is. Here is the mark, then, the children of the devil do sin; the children of God do not, but they do righteousness." Now I maintain that no clause of that paragraph, nor the whole of it, necessitates or justifies the conclusion that these children of God are absolutely without fault.

We must go further than this to understand these questions about the unsinning condition. Everything with regard to Christian perfection depends upon the standard of life we accept. Put your bar low enough, and any child can jump over it. Let your goal be within a few paces, and on an easy road, and the merest tyro will be at it in a leap. Make your mark of perfection sufficiently near the earth, and there is not one of us who will not reach the unsinning state.

Beecher says, there are some men who have gained the heights and carried off the prize. "The only perfect men," he declares, "in this world are the Doctors of Divinity who teach systematic theology. They know everything, all of it, and I envy them." There is a perfect man in one of the parables; a remarkably perfect man. He has realized his ideal, and rejoices in his triumph with exceeding joy. Standing in his self-satisfied ceremonialism he prayed thus "*with himself*;" not to God; for he was his own God, and did not want any other. "God, I thank thee that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all my increase," and if he had told all he thought he would have said that God Almighty ought to be very much obliged to him for condescending to talk to Him. Everything, then, depends upon your standard. Perfection is easy or not easy of attainment according to the quality and richness of your ideal of character. Make your standard a letter, a mere precept, and men will soon reach it, and score themselves perfect; or what will have the same effect, they will think they reach it. Narrow your definition of holiness, and the veriest dwarfs in grace will fill it in. Let down the idea of sinning to consciously felt wrong doing, and ignorance will be a qualification for the unsinning state, and want of cultivated spiritual sensibility a preparation for the beatific condition. On the contrary, accept your standard from the lips and life of the Lord our Master, and you will know no other attitude than that of "keeping at and following after" the prize of the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Christ said, "Be perfect, as your Father is." The Christian standard is not a writing, but a PERSON. Our ideal is not the moral

law in either of its expressions—the ten words of Moses, or the two of Christ. The writing may help in our early efforts: doubtless will. The law is our pedagogue, and takes us by the hand to the Teacher Himself. But our standard, our ideal, is the *Father, revealed in Christ Jesus, the infinite, the faultless, the complete, the glorious Father who is in heaven.*

Of the advantages of accepting this as the true goal of life, three may be specified. (1.) In finding the standard of Christian perfection in our Heavenly Father, the God of love, the Giver of peace, and the inspiration of all goodness, we at once escape the coldness and hardness attaching to a mere law, and obtain the sweet, helpful, and quickening influences that spring from trustful and loving friendship with a person. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Rules are dry as boards, and as unimportant. Personal power governs, inspires, saves the world. Ideas are weak till they are embodied. To imitate a person who is loved and trusted is easy, natural, and joy-giving; therefore, Christ comes revealing, expounding, the Father. He is the way, the truth, and the life. He who hath seen Him hath seen the Father; and having seen Him as the goal of life, there is an end for living which is even ahead of the most faultless disciple and the maturest saint.

(2.) For our personal standard admits of no fixity in its degree, but always invites us further and further towards the infinite fulness of Him that filleth all in all. Desire is stimulated by acquisition: aspiration grows by what it feeds upon: the more we know, the more we wish to know: the closer our conformity to the image of the Father in Christ Jesus, the intenser our yearning for the fullest and completest transformation. Every achievement is the increase of the capacity for achieving, and with the increase of the capacity to do comes the enlargement of the power to *know*, and so the ideal of our life is ever expanding towards the furthest range of the limitless fulness of the Eternal. The more our growth, the more our light and culture, and the more clearly we see our defects. What seems and is our best to-day will be feeble and faulty in our view a year hence. The child's crotchet work is good and blameless *for a child*; but the child will burn that crotchet work in shame when the fingers are more skilful in such tasks. So that what seems to us an unerring state as we dwell in it and pass through it; and what is positively blameless may nevertheless be so far below the higher culture, purer taste, and fuller wisdom of a future experience, that we shall wonder however we could have had the least satisfaction in it.

(3.) But, and this is our joy, our standard of perfection is our Father, and like a Father He pities us, broods over us, helps us, encourages us. He assures us that He will perfect that which concerns us, and so begets the faith that urges the trustful prayer, O Lord, forsake not the work of Thine hands, but sanctify me wholly, and preserve spirit, soul, and body without blame to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. And in anticipation of the answer to that prayer, can already praise Him, saying, Now to Him who is able to keep me from falling now, and to present me, at the last day, faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and to all ages. Amen. JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF CHRIST: A NEED OF THE NATION AND THE HOUR.*

BY E. HALL JACKSON.

THE famous chapter on snakes in Ireland, which consisted of the solitary line, "There are no snakes in Ireland," would be regarded by some persons as a model to be employed by any who would speak of Christ in relation to the Wealth of Nations. Multitudes believe that in all His teachings Christ has given no hint of a Political Economy. It cannot, however, be needful to argue the question here. For the men who believe that Christ has nothing to say about the political organizations of society, we must look amongst those who do not know His doctrine or Him. We are agreed that Christ is not simply the President of an ecclesiasticism, but the Lord of man, the Morning Star of nations, and the Guardian Angel of Society. But we are rightly alarmed at the gulf that separates vast numbers of our countrymen from loving attachment to Christ. They do not know that their temporal debates and conflicts are already settled by Him; and we have too often failed to tell them that the Saviour of sinners is also the Saviour of society.

With most men the affairs of the soul are remote, and they ignorantly suppose that it is with these affairs exclusively that Christ has to do. The absorbing interests of temporal politics and social economics rise with them in the morning, and demand their attention till evening wears to night; they battle, toil, and suffer, or succeed, without any idea that Christ is their friend for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come, and know not that in His teaching lies the solution of every social and political difficulty that holds the attention of mankind. They know that He is the enemy of sin, and the royal Sacrifice for sinners; but they have no clear perception that He is the enemy of hunger, pauperism, and every needless suffering; that idle luxury and uncleanly vicious poverty are equally doomed whenever men shall listen to His voice; that in Him the rich and poor meet together, and wealth grows beautiful with meekness, while poverty is solaced with sympathy.

The restless world needs a Christ who is not careless of its daily struggles, who has compassion on the multitude; and it is especially necessary at the present moment to present Christ in His full relationship to all man's wants and conditions. For men are denouncing the existing social order as a total failure; and because Christianity is so deeply interwoven with our social system, it is charged with being, to a great extent, a cause of the deformities and diseases of modern society.

Endeavours are being made to adjust our social inequalities, so as to abolish the frightful chasm that separates the rich and poor, and divides a wealthy splendour from a wretched squalor. The people demand to know why our great and powerful country should be so foully stained with hopeless poverty, ignorance, and crime. The great mass of our working population, down to the rural labourer, has begun to feel its numerical strength, and to wring a larger share of this life's good things from the property-holder's tenacious grasp; and no prophet

* An Address delivered at the Midland Baptist Union, September, 1874.

is needed to tell us that we are only at the beginning of a tremendous struggle between capital and labour, wealth and poverty, brain and muscle.

But no prophet can indicate all the possibilities that loom dark and undefined in the troubled future. It is not merely a question of wages that is agitating the working classes, but questions that involve almost every social and political institution in the land; and the temper in which these questions are discussed is resolute and stern. My experience, gained on platforms from which I have addressed mass meetings of from three thousand to five thousand working-men, is confirmed by reports of meetings throughout the country; the working people are indignant at the poverty, ignorance, and indecency that have been forced upon their class for generations; and their indignation against the religion that has been professed while these social blots have grown is hardly more concealed.

The working world is agreeing with us that the old connection between Church and State must be dissolved, but for reasons wholly different from ours. "*Christianity*," says the world, "*will be of no service in the new order of society that is soon to arise. Established Churches have always resisted progress: progress will crush them for ever.*" And with thousands upon thousands Christianity is estimated by its State Church developments alone. The dark danger to the future lies not in the resolve to amend our political economics, but in impatience of religion and indifference to Christ. Yet men socially as well as spiritually can only be blessed in Him. The heavy-laden politician and social reformer must go to Christ for permanent rest from social strife, or rest will never come to them. Christ alone can re-adjust society with security to all; and any political economy without Him must fatally break down at some point in its practical application.

Christ's cure for the strife, enmity, and greed of men is neither Communism nor a cold philosophy of supply and demand. He founded no Commune, nor was any set up by His church. Without law or command, the wealthy amongst the early Christians presented as a voluntary gift what the Communist demands as a debt.

"What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings:
Idler or bungler: one who is willing
To give you his penny and pocket your shilling."

What was done in the early church may be any time done again under the influence of Christ's Spirit; but the free, unbidden communication of Christian love and the Communism of despotic democracy are wide asunder as the poles.

The Political Economy of Christ is not seen by men who demand mere details, for the simple reason that He works not so much by institutions as by inspiration. He gives men broad, universal principles, covering all the ground of detail, and including every needful regulation. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." If men say they have no hope in Christ's principles and inspirations, then they may despair of our modern civilization and of our future. If He cannot control the competitions, the struggles, the

losses, and miseries of our social system, there is no power in all the universe adequate to the task. But He who can save a soul can save a nation, and His salvations illuminate the past history of the world. His political economy has been strong enough to break the fetters of the slave and let the oppressed go free. When He came into our world, the workman was a bondservant everywhere; Christ's principle raised the helot to a man, and secured him wages for his work; that principle has defeated barbarism, and built the hospital for the sufferer, and the asylum for the weak; and its work is still in progress, with more of power and victory before it than all its splendid history can show. It blesses every class, and injures none: it refuses to crush the rich, but it raises the poor; it is not hatred of the prosperous, but it is love to the wretched. No political economy extant will cover all His ground. Men crave equality; Christ says brotherhood. They demand justice; He teaches good will to men. The world protests against useless wealth in idle hands; He would have us lay up treasure in heaven. And long before the people were strong enough to question unrighteous distinctions and hereditary pride, He said, whosoever will be greatest amongst you, let him be the servant of all. Neither Liberalism nor Democracy, and far less Communism, can do for men what, taken into their hearts, the principle of Christ will immediately accomplish. With Christ comes reformation, not revolution; brotherhood, not Communism; and harmonious common law, not unrestrained democracy, with lawless claim and numerical power. There is no hope that the economies based on supply and demand, *i.e.*, self and mere personal interests, will ever heal the differences of men. But Christ for the classes, Christ for their problems, Christ for the nation, and men shall be blessed in Him, and all oppressions, wrongs, and needless sorrows vanish away. In view of these things, the great work for us is to study, know, and present Christ in His relationship to men's daily business and temporal interests. The blessed influence of Christ upon men in the past will best teach us His claims upon men in the present and future. The contempt of the rich, the hatred of the poor, the feverish lust of gain, and the wild desire to set up might as right, will only yield to Him. We must see for ourselves that no reforms, emigrations, commercial policies, reliefs, or social economics, will do without Him; but that Christ fully accepted man's intelligence can produce all needed details of action under the influence of His pure controlling principle.

We must preach Christ for time as well as for eternity, for commerce as well as for the church, for the social problem as well as for the religious question. We must claim for Him a place on the arbitration board, the presidency of the trades' union, and the lordship of political action. We must demand for Him a hearing on all the questions that sway the restless world, and boldly proclaim Him the only remedial victor over every social wrong. We must present Him not merely as a theological Saviour from sin, but as a complete Redeemer; our battles His, His triumphs ours. Men have shut Christ out of the strifes and politics of their temporal interests, to their confusion and loss. He must be taken back, not, indeed, by national vote, but by individual submission, and peace and brotherhood will follow. When He controls men's earthly lives, and shapes the history of the world by His sweet Spirit, we shall conquer all the devils, and trample underfoot the old

dragons of our social systems. We must demand a place for Christ in the worldly counsels of men, not merely for our own safety, or for the prosperity of trade, or for the security of the church, or the stability of the throne, but for the happiness and honour of every son of Adam, and the glory of the universal King, from whom all glories are.

Let us to our task, then, with hope and cheer, in spite of its gigantic proportions and our feebleness to grapple with the work. The future of our country has, over and over again, been decided by men who were loyal to Christ; and for all the dark clouds that lower and storms that gather in the political atmosphere, the future of mankind is in the hands of those who are governed by the Son of Man.

But we must work together; to leave a world so largely prejudiced against Christ to the ordinary preaching of His truth is simply cruel. There was a wreck some years ago off the coast of Tuscany, and the Tuscan coastguard reported to his sovereign—"I regret to inform your highness that there was a wreck last night off the coast which I am employed to watch. I rendered the crew every possible assistance through my speaking trumpet; yet I regret to say several corpses were washed up next morning." Christian men, you must go to the mart, the mine, the factory, the field, the chamber of commerce, and all the busy haunts of life, with Christ upon your lips and in your hearts. The church has not done her duty to the world, and half the population is estranged from Christ, ignorant of His friendship, His purpose, and His power. Men and women who know Christ, you must go to others, and seize the moment that comes to you to talk about the true King of men. By the fireside, and by the wayside, you must press Him on the thoughts of others. Be irrepressible and invincible on this one point, that the whole salvation of the sons of men, spiritually, morally, politically, and socially, rests with Christ and Christ alone.

The proper place of the church is in the front of humanity; she is the appointed leader of men through every perilous path of time, as well as over the way that ends in heaven and glory: and never was there greater need than now of loyal hearts to conduct a contentious world to Him who has united Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, and who has taught the master and the slave to forget their mutual strifes and enmities, and sit side by side as brothers in His love.

THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

LITTLE vessels on life's waters,
 Theirs may be a stormy sea,
 Swept by surging winds of passion,
 Strong cross waves that drive from Thee;
 Storm Controller,
 Take the helm, their pilot be.

If their sea and sky be tranquil
 They may linger far from home;
 Send Thou, then, the heavenly breezes
 Wafting them, where'er they roam,
 To Thy kingdom
 Far beyond the billows' moan.

Sunken rocks shall never wreck them;
 Hidden currents ne'er betray;
Ripley.

Only be their great commander,
 Guide them o'er their solemn way
 Past all perils,
 Through the ocean mist and spray.

When, a hopeless gloom prevailing,
 Heaven seems a doubtful shore,
 Send a shining o'er the surges,
 Brighten all their way before
 To that kingdom
 Where the sea shall be no more.

Bring them to the quiet haven
 Where the glorious Lord shall be,
 Place of streams and rivers broader
 Than this heaving sounding sea,
 Yet no billows
 Rise to all eternity.

E. HALL JACKSON.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM" RESTORED.*

It is currently reported that when Oliver Cromwell was having his portrait painted, he, with that love of reality and hatred of shams which marked the great Puritan Protector, requested the artist to paint the wart that was on his face. He wished the picture to be as true as possible, even though it might be in some respects to his disparagement. Mr. Elliot Stock has acted on a similar principle in the production of this *facsimile* edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* of 1678. "The spelling and grammar," it is stated, "are frequently both inaccurate and inconsistent from a modern point of view," but in "all matters



Who's this; the Pilgrim. How! 'tis very true
Old things are passed away, all's become new.
Strange! he's another man, upon my word
They be fine Feathers that make a fine Bird.

of orthography, grammar, rough or quaint expression, typographical peculiarity," etc., the Pilgrim is absolutely and literally reproduced. Of that first edition, printed by "Nath. Ponder at the *Peacock*, in the *Poultry*, near *Cornhill*, 1678," only one copy exists, and that is in the library of H. S. Holford, Esq., and is described as being unique and priceless, and as full of material peculiarities as any that ever taxed the correctness of a facsimilist.

To admirers of John Bunyan it is an indescribable gratification (even though we have the warts and moles brought out to view), to see his *Pilgrim* just as he was when he set out on his immortal journey, with his broad-brimmed hat, stout and well supporting staff, heavy burden strapped to his back, and the latchet that fastened his shoes. We are glad to see him through the same windows of antique type and singular pictures that our great grandfathers-and-grandmothers looked through with such eager interest. John Morely says, "Curiosity with reference to origins is, for various reasons, the most marked element among modern scientific tendencies," and we are glad that a similar

* The *Pilgrim's Progress*, as originally published by John Bunyan. Being a facsimile of the First Edition. London: E. Stock. 1875.

curiosity at work in the regions of literature has yielded so welcome a treasure as this restoration of Bunyan's Pilgrim. As we take it we feel that we are at once lifted into the past. The yellow grey paper, the enormous amount of margin, the quaint looking letters, the rough illustrations, the humorous and characteristic notes, make us denizens of the literary world of two hundred years ago.

The illustrations (of which, by the kindness of the Publisher, we are able to give two examples,) are copied from the fifth and subsequent



Difficult is behind Fear is before,
Though he's got on the Hill, the Lions roar;
A Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize.

a saint abroad and a devil at home. "The ease that pilgrims have is but little in this life." "Lucre Hill a dangerous hill." "Christian roundeth up Demas." "One temptation does make away for another." "One saint sometimes takes another for his enemy." "Strong Christians may lead weak ones out of the way." "No great heart for God where there is but little faith." "Christians are well spoken of when gone, though called fools while they are here," are in fine Bunyan style. This ought to be a favourite edition of the richest allegory in the English or any other tongue.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

editions, and they show by what rude pictorial illustrations the early readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were enabled to realize the stirring scenes of the allegory. It is not improbable that they were drawn and engraved abroad, as some of them have an Albert Durer like roughness which suggests the possibility of their having been produced in Germany or Holland.

Students of the character of Bunyan will be able to enrich their collection of illustrations of his wit and humour, his force of style, his power of compressing the meaning of a paragraph into a sarcastic exclamation, or a pithy proverb, from this volume. "Talkative's fine discourse!" "O brave Talkative!" "The carkass of religion," are marginal notes set over against the voluble speech and deceiving words of the man who was known as

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

No. I.—*Historical.*

BY REV. G. W. MCCREE.

THE ancient Romans had their newspaper. It was called *Acta Diurna*, and contained glowing pictures of the victories of the Imperial Army, for the information of its generals and officers. The issue of the *Acta Diurna* was, however, intermittent.

A publication remotely resembling the modern newspaper seems to have existed in the time of Tully, for in one of his letters he writes:—“Do you think that I left it in charge of you to send an account of the matches of gladiators, the adjudgments of courts, and such like articles, which, even when I am in Rome, nobody ventures to tell me? From you I expect a political sketch of the Commonwealth, and not Chrestus’ *newspaper*.” Before the advent of Christ, then, the newspaper was known.

One of the items of news in the *Acta Diurna*, dated the 4th of the Kalends of April, in the year 585, after the building of Rome, reads rather like a modern local journal:—“It thundered, and a oak was struck with lightening in that part of Mount Palatine called Summa Velia, early in the afternoon. A fray happened in a tavern at the lower end of the Beake Street, in which the keeper of the Hog-in-Armour tavern was dangerously wounded.” We should like to know what the Sir Wilfrid Lawson of that time said about that fray. No doubt it enabled him to make a point in some senatorial speech.

The Chinese claim to have had newspapers before the Romans, and that they were called *The Daily Advertisers of China*; but the Chinese sometimes claim too much.

The origin of our word newspaper has been the subject of much literary debate. Some contend that it came from the letters of the compass—N. E. W. S.

“When news doth come, if any would discuss
The letter of the word, resolve it thus:—
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from *North, East, West, and South.*”

Many writers have stated that the first English newspaper was entitled *The English Mercurie*, dated 1588. This, however, is now proved to have been a forgery; and probably the palm of precedence must be given to Butler’s *Weekly News*, of 1622.

Some of the early newspapers were very curious productions, and not at all models of wisdom and good taste. There was *The Weekly Discoverer*. This was followed by *The Discoverer Stripped Naked*. We need not say that the latter was the scurrilous antagonist of the former. There also was *The Scot’s Dove*—a curious title for a paper. These were followed by *The Parliamentary Kite*, *The Secret Owl*, and *The Man in the Moon*. There also were *The Scout*, *The Spy*, and *The Post*; and then out came “*The Mercury Mastiff*, testing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and others.” Many of those newspapers were low, vulgar, abusive, and unreliable, and when they had not enough “news,” filled up their pages by printing a chapter of the Bible.

Modern readers would turn pale were the Editor of the *Daily News* to assail the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, as Mr. Nathaniel Thompson did Mr. Carte, Editor of the *City and Country News*:—"There hath lately (says Nathaniel Thompson) dropped into the world, an abortive birth (some fifteen days before the legitimate issue) by a factious, infamous, perjured anti-Christian, a senseless, lying pamphlet, by the name of the *City and Country News*. This is the first of his offspring that ever bore a name, the rest being spurious and illegitimate, like his natural issue, which he either durst not own, and would not bring to the font to receive the marks of Christianity no more than himself. This pamphlet-trapper and press-pirate hath crimped abroad since he put up for himself to make a prize of another man's copies, to stuff his own cargo with ill-gotten profit; making his business cheating and usurpation, to defraud all men; and by factious libels to sow sedition amongst the people, and frighten allegiance from the subjects' bosoms. Now I leave yourselves and all honest men to be judges whether of the two be the best intelligence; he having not only stolen from our other intelligences, but likewise from mine, to make up his senseless scrawl, and particularly of Mr. Carte, the Jesuit, taken in St. James, which he inserted in his, for want of matter, three days after the same was published by me in a single half-sheet; and this is the whole proceeding of this infallible newsmonger."

The London Gazette was commenced at Oxford in 1665, and was designated *The Oxford Gazette*, the court then being in that city in consequence of the Plague raging in London. This state paper is thus described by Lord Macaulay as it was in the time of Charles II.:—"The London Gazette came out on Mondays and Thursdays, but now, and for a long time past, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The contents generally were, a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, an account of a skirmish between the Imperial troops and the Jannissaries on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, an announcement of a grand cock-fight between two persons of honour, and an advertisement offering a reward for a strayed dog. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. Whatever was communicated respecting matters of the highest moment was communicated in the most meagre and formal style. Sometimes, indeed, the Government was disposed to gratify the public curiosity respecting an important transaction, a broadside was put forth, giving further details than could be found in the Gazette: but neither the Gazette, nor any supplementary broadside printed by authority, ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the purposes of the court to publish. The most important parliamentary debate, the most important state trials recorded in our history, were passed over in profound silence."

Some of the contents of the early newspapers would astound us. What do our readers think of this extract from the *Marine Mercury* of 1642?—"A true relation of the strange appearance of a man-fish about three miles within the river Thames, having a musket in one hand and a petition in the other, credibly reported by six sailors, who both saw and talked with the monster, whose names here following are inserted." We do not give the names of the witnesses, because nobody would believe them.

In the *Mercurius Demetricus*; or, a True and Faithful Nocturnal, we read:—"A perfect mermaid was by the last great wind driven ashore near Greenwich, with her comb in one hand and her looking-glass in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most fair and beautiful woman, with her arms crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterwards she, gently turning herself upon her back again, swam away without being seen any more." It was, no doubt, well that she was not seen any more, for such a lovely creature might have induced foolish young men to swim after her.

Some of the advertisements in these early papers were very curious, and sometimes furnish interesting glimpses of English life. Our readers will peruse with pleasure the following advertisement, the date of which is 1659:—"Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church; wherein is also discoursed of tithes, church fees, church revenues, and whether any maintenance of ministers can be settled by law. The author J. M. Sold by Lemuell Chapman, at the Crown, in Pope's Head Alley."

Who was J. M.? It was John Milton. Here is another, which will show our lady readers the "style" of 1660:—"A black-haired maid, of a middle stature, thick set, having her face full marked with the small-pox, calling herself by the name of Nan or Agnes Hobson, did, upon Monday, the 28th of May, about six o'clock in the morning, steal away from her ladies' house in the Pall Mall a mingled-coloured wrought tabby gown of deer colour and white; a black striped satin gown, with four broad bone black silk laces; and a plain black watered French tabby gown; also one scarlet-coloured and one other pink-coloured sarcenet petticoat, and a white watered tabby waistcoat, plain; several sarcenet, mode, and thin black hoods and scarfs; several fine holland shirts; a laced pair of cuffs and dressing; one pair of pink-coloured worsted stockings; a silver spoon; a leather bag, etc. She went away in greyish cloth waistcoat turned, and a pink-coloured paragon upper petticoat, with a green tammy under one. If any shall give notice of this person, or thing, at one Hopkin's, a shoemaker's, next door to the Vine Tavern, near the Pall Mall End, near Charing Cross; or at Mr. Ostler's, at the Bull Head, in Cornhill, near the Old Exchange; they shall be rewarded for their pains."

From some of the advertisements we learn what travelling was in the good old times which we never wish to see again. Thus, in 1658, we find that "Stage coaches ran from the George Inn, without Aldersgate." They ran to Salisbury in two days for twenty shillings; to Exeter in four days for forty shillings. (We now go in four hours and a quarter!) And to York in four days for forty shillings. Think of the slow coaches and the fast trains, and see what progress has been made in our modes of transit.

The early newspapers had many a struggle for freedom of speech and issue. During Cromwell's reign they were free. In Charles the Second's time they were suppressed. In 1660, during the Restoration, they numbered, perhaps, a dozen. In 1688, the year of the great Revolution, they increased to seventy. Newspapers are now the wonder and glory of the great age in which we live.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. X.—*His Baptism—With Edward Irving.*

June 3rd, 1831.—This day has been indeed a day of trial, for Von Bülow was sent by God with another message to me about baptism. Oh my Jesus! I do feel as if there were much I neither could or would give up for Thee. Lord, just deliver me from the devil and from my accursed self.

June 9th.—I am astonished and grieved to find myself so totally destitute of information on the subject of baptism. I have begun to write on the subject, that I may, by the mercy of God, be brought to believe it better. I feel as if I were kept out of the blessing by not being baptized as those dear people are in Mecklenburg. Von Lucken has been twice since I last wrote, and we have also had Von Bülow frequently: but though I am not able to answer them, I am not satisfied that they are right, nor do they completely satisfy me about the Abrahamic covenant and the circumcision connected therewith. I have not only as yet great aversion to the dipping, but also, it seems to me, as if it were not the baptism mentioned in the Scriptures. But O, may I die to myself and to the world by the cross of Christ to be filled with the universal will of God, to have Christ living in my heart by faith. Oh Jesus Christ, fill me with Thy promised Spirit. If I am wrong, how very wrong am I, who know so much, and yet am not driven of the Spirit: and if I am wrong, in what a state is the wretched, ignorant, wicked, dying world!

June 10th.—This day I was baptized; and it took place in the following manner. I had long been troubled in mind on the question whether I was doing the will of Him on whom depends my eternal all. Often in prayer I felt myself not in that happy condition which I might expect, and I felt it was because I was not in the Lord's way. Von Lucken was here; and a person of the name of Vogel, a poor woman, said she could not live any longer without being baptized; and the time and place being fixed on, Von Bülow came this morning while I was yet in bed, and said that if I chose to come he would wait for me; so I ran with all convenient speed to their house, my heart deeply cut with doubts and half sort of intention that perhaps I should be baptized too. And while they read and prayed together, and took a little breakfast, I felt as if I must. Bless the woman who was thus willing to come forward in the name of the Lord, not knowing what might betide her! I went along, with strange feelings, to a certain water, a mill-dam, and there the woman, assisted by Mrs. Von Bülow, dressed herself decently in a white gown, Von Bülow himself got ready, and he then walked into the water, the woman following him; he then pronounced the names of the Sacred Three, and put her under. It made my heart sob; I let him come out again and dress himself in part, my heart in the meanwhile feeling a fire which nothing could quench, a torment and a torture indescribable. Have I not courage to follow such an example? Am I to let such an opportunity go by unimproved? Can I not trust the Lord with my wife, my little church, and the whole world? I cannot do anything of myself; I shall not be less likely to have Thy blessing with this than without it: my wife will be more willing to be baptized

by me than by Von Bülow. I said aloud, Oh, I could almost wish myself baptized; but I am afraid to cut the knot in this manner. I fell down on my knees in agony, and cried on the Lord Almighty. Von Lucken cried for mercy. I rose and said, "I will be baptized." Von Bülow went into the water again, and I followed. I neither felt the cold nor the water, nor anything else, but I felt myself disburdened of a load from my inmost heart. We went to Von Bülow's house again, thanked the Lord, and then I went to be alone.

His baptism exposed him to troubles more severe than any that preceded: not only was Mr. Von Bülow, who baptized him, cast into prison, but search was made by the police to apprehend and imprison Mr. M., from whom he saved himself by escaping from Hamburg. The following extract from his diary refers to this event:—"Oh what should I do without a God in whom I could place the most implicit confidence as loving me independently of myself altogether. With regard to the police and all sorts of persecutors, I feel as if the Lord is indeed strengthening me. I cannot want what is good for me, even though, as in Mark vi. 8, I be sent out with nothing but a staff." At this time a Captain S. invited him to accompany him to London, which invitation he accepted, and in June, 1831, left Hamburg for our metropolis. Securing lodgings in Southampton Buildings, in the very heart of the City, he remained there until August of that year. Early in his visit to London he went to hear the celebrated Edward Irving, to whom, at the close of the service, he was introduced; and the following extract from his diary not only gives an epitome of the sermon, but also the result of the introduction:—

July 3rd.—Went at eleven to Mr. Irving's, and heard him preach from Ephesians i. 23, when he showed how Jesus was the Head of His church, but that the church was itself subordinate to certain officers appointed by Christ. "He gave some to be apostles," etc. In the afternoon he explained part of 1 Cor. xiv., the various gifts of the Spirit, especially about tongues, wherein he clearly proved to me that these various tongues were the Spirit speaking through the men to God, and were certainly not comprehended by any man, nor by the person himself; and that there is a spiritual fellowship with God that is not intellectual. In the evening he preached from the new heavens and the new earth. He showed that this promise was in Isaiah lxx., which passage of Scripture he explained at large. Among other things, he spoke much of new moons and Sabbaths, in which all flesh shall go to worship before the Lord. No Sabbath *now*, and no new moons, *because there is no place*, "neither on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem," but everywhere. But, *then*, when He shall come again, there shall be a place, and consequently there must be times of assembly, etc. He said the Lord's-day was by some people made into a bondage by their legality; and though a holy day, yet yesterday was fully as holy, and to-morrow would be so too. I in my study, and my servant in the kitchen, are equally engaged in holy duties, or they should be such. After the morning service, I was introduced by Mr. David Ker to Mr. Irving, and we went together to Mr. Irving's house, where I was indeed kindly received, and feel myself at liberty to go there as often as I please. Oh Lord, unite us.

Leaving London in August, he paid a visit to Orston Hall, near Grantham, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Middlemore, a firm adherent to the Church of England. She was at first somewhat suspicious of the strange views he had embraced; but in a short time her mistrust was removed, though she was bitterly grieved at his preaching in the Methodist chapel of the village. Whilst visiting at his sister's, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Booker, of Nottingham, in whose house he preached. From Orston Hall he went to Shields to see his father, when two letters reached him from Hamburg, calling upon him in the name of the church and of the Lord to return to his field of labour. On receiving these letters he wrote the following in his diary:—"Lord, let me know only Thy will; let the church know Thy will. Show us what to do there, and suffer us not to contravene Thy will. Teach me to suffer with joyfulness. Grant that I may not relish the things of the world, but the things which are of God. I beg Thee, O my Saviour, to fill me with Thyself, and let me be influenced by no other spirit than Thine own." In September he left Shields to spend a little time with his much attached friend, Thos. Erskine, Esq., of Linlathen. When here, he writes, "On reviewing my diary about the beginning of the year, I see how recently I desired that I might be allowed to visit England, and come to this very place where I now am. I have received this desire of my heart, and I find it good to be here. Blessed be my Father for this; but this is not all I want; it is only a means to an end." Though Linlathen and the society of the profound Mr. Erskine had their charms, Mr. M. could not resist the call to go and preach the gospel; and so not only in the hall of Mr. Erskine's residence, and in the mansion of the late Archibald Stirling, Esq., of Kier, but in every city, town, village, hamlet, house, or wheresoever an opportunity presented itself, he was found preaching the free, full, joy-inspiring gospel he proclaimed a week before he died. At Edinburgh, Dundee, Perth, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Port Glasgow, Greenock, Glenlyan, Paisley, Roseneath, Campbeltown, and many other places, with untiring energy he bore witness for the Master. And in visiting the latter town a few months ago, for the purpose of hearing our brother Moody, it was with mingled feelings I remembered that forty years before—in that market-place, and under the shadow of that antique granite cross, brought thither centuries ago from the lonely Isle of Iona—my honoured predecessor held up that other cross, whose shadow falling upon the whole nation is quickening it into life and power.

A PRESCRIPTION.—Will our readers mix this ingredient with their next glass of wine before they drink it? It is not the utterance of an "intemperate" teetotaler, or enthusiastic minister, but of a medical man, bound by no pledge. Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., concludes his sixth lecture on Alcohol thus:—"This chemical substance, alcohol, an artificial product devised by man for his purposes, and in many things that lie outside of his organism a useful substance, is neither a food nor a drink suitable for his natural demands. Its application as an agent that shall enter the living organization is properly limited by the learning and skill possessed by the physician—a learning that itself admits of being recast and revised in many important details, and perhaps in principles. If this agent do really for the moment cheer the weary, and impart a flush of transient pleasure to the unwearied who crave for mirth, its influence (doubtful even in these modest and moderate degrees) is an infinitesimal advantage, by the side of an infinity of evil for which there is no compensation, and while the evil is promoted from its root, no human cure." How a *Christian* man can be puzzled to find out what course he should take in such cases we cannot see.

COLOUR-BLIND.

OWING to a peculiar affection of the eye, some persons are incapable of seeing certain colours. Dr. Dalton, the famous chemist, was affected in this way. To his sight a stick of red sealing wax looked green as grass, pink seemed light blue, and crimson appeared the colour of mud. For all other purposes the doctor's eyes were good enough, but certain colours he could not discern, even when they were placed before him in broad daylight. He was colour-blind.

We suspect that the "mind's eye" sometimes suffers from a similar failing. We know men whose mental vision (good enough in all other respects) always misleads them when they come to look at certain colours or aspects of Scripture truth. Take the case as it refers to baptism. The importance of this ordinance is very manifest to us. In Matt. xxviii. 19, Jesus issues the command, "teach all nations, baptizing them," *i. e.*, baptize them if they believe, as it is written, "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—Mark xvi. 16. Now, since by this solemn command it is the preacher's duty to baptize believers, it is of course the duty of believers to be baptized. We can no more doubt this than we can doubt the truth of one of Euclid's axioms. This command is rendered more important by the fact that He who gave it had such a great abhorrence of anything like ritualism, and that He singled out for special contempt the "washings" practised by the Pharisees.

But why seek for any proof whatever of the importance of Christ's command? That *it is His command* is surely enough for all who profess to love Him. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." When a command was given to "The Light Brigade" in the Crimea, though the soldiers knew it to be a *blunder*, it was

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

Such obedience Captain Jesus expects from all His followers. He never makes a blunder. His commandments are neither grievous nor needless, and those who decline to obey them have a question to answer, which ought to make them shake in their shoes. It is this, "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—Luke vi. 46. "It is highly necessary," says a high authority, "that we remind ourselves how great presumption it is to make light of positive institutions of Divine appointment." To say, in reply to one of Christ's commands, "We really don't see the importance of it," is more than we should like to answer for.

You "don't see the importance of it?" Why herein is a marvellous thing. The eunuch of Ethiopia could both see the importance of baptism, and see in it, not an irksome duty, but a glorious privilege; hence he said, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" To the apostle Peter it was so important that he anticipated it as we do a wedding, challenging any to "forbid the bauns." "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized?" And Paul, though he had been awfully dark before concerning Christ, the moment he was converted, cried out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The Lord makes no exception in his case, any more than in the case of the humblest believer. The first thing He would have him do, and the first thing he did, was to be baptized. (See Acts ix. 18.)

And yet professors of religion are found who say, "We can't see the

importance of baptism." They can see other truths as plainly as we can. They recognize clearly enough the Divinity of Christ. They believe in justification by faith. They can understand the importance of the Lord's supper; but they say (and since they are all honourable men, we are bound to believe them), "We can't see the importance of baptism." What is the reason? They are colour-blind. They can see every other shade of truth, but they cannot see baptism, because their "mind's eye" is so singularly affected as to be incapable of appreciating *water colours*.

JOSEPH FLETCHER.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM AND PAPAL CLAIMS.

BY REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A.

A GREAT statesman has recently issued a pamphlet of much intrinsic value and living interest. He has impeached that spirit of aggression and absolutism now known as Ultramontaniam, which long ago took possession of the Papal Court, and which, having slumbered since the Middle Ages, has revived of late years in the form of Encyclicals, the Syllabus of 1869, and the Decrees of the Council of the Vatican. The insolent pretensions of the Mediæval Popes to Infallibility and Imperial Supremacy, have now been recognized and converted into Articles of Faith, a denial of which subjects the denier to the anathemas of the Romish Church. It has been Mr. Gladstone's aim to trace the bearing of this Ultramontane development upon the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics; and so complete is the evidence he has furnished that their allegiance is now made practically dependant on the papal will, that Monsignor Capel and others who have attempted to answer him have but confirmed the conclusions he had reached. Whether, in case of a collision between British Law and Papal Mandate, Roman Catholics would obey the former and disobey the latter (as Lord Acton intimates) the event can alone decide. It is enough for the argument, that the Church of Rome now claims subjection from her members in questions of "morals," concerning which the State may and must legislate, so that at any time a conflict of authority may occur. But in the present paper I will abstain from further notice of these political relations and contingencies, and restrict our view to the religious considerations involved in the arrogant assumptions of the Romish See. The claims of the Papacy are more repellant and abhorrent to us as Christians than they can ever be to us as British citizens; and the warning of St. Paul to the Galatians, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage," is peculiarly applicable to us as the spiritual descendants of those who, at the time of the Reformation, broke loose from Rome, and emerged from the "house of bondage" into which Romish ecclesiasticism had then shut up ignorant and bewildered souls. The old battle will be again fought, the old lines will again be drawn, and it will do us no harm, but much good, if we clearly discern, on the one hand, in what Christian Liberty consists, and how the Papal System is ever seeking to rob us of those spiritual franchises with which Christ Himself has graciously endowed us.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM—WHAT DOES IT INCLUDE?

Our reply is—1. *Freedom of Christian Profession*. He who believes upon Christ is free to confess Him by word and deed. This profession is both a duty and a privilege. It is alike the irrepressible impulse of the Christian's soul, and the irreversible command of the Christian's Saviour. It cannot fail to make its allegiance known; He cannot acknowledge an allegiance which is not avowed. They who will not confess Him before men will not be confessed by Him before angels. But the Papal See or System—the things are now identical—forbids this profession to be made, except in the way and on the terms it prescribes. It declares that no man has the right to confess Christ, unless he first acknowledges the Pope to be Christ's Vicar; and, as if its presumption could know no bounds, it proceeds to set its seal of anathema on any one who refuses to admit its power of consigning recusant souls to eternal destruction. What mark of

anti-Christ can be clearer, or deeper, than that which attaches to a Power thus aiming to impose on the profession of Christ the condition of a prior recognition of its own Infallibility?

2. *Freedom of Christian Fellowship.* This fellowship is with the Lord and with His people. He offers not only His grace, but His own person. He communicates Himself, and when the heart is open, promises to "come in and sup" with the contrite and humble one. And this fellowship necessarily draws with it fellowship with all His disciples. All who are truly His must be one in Him, and must drink into the same spirit, even though by their ignorance and prejudice they do not nominally recognize one another as brethren. But Rome assumes to cut off from this blessed fellowship those who will not tender an unconditional subjection to her sovereignty. She pretends to the Divine prerogative of opening and closing the doors of Christian communion; and blasphemously dictates, as it were, to Christ whom He shall receive to His embrace, and whom He shall visit with the tokens of His favour. No wonder that having thus attempted to stand between the soul and its Redeemer, it prescribes to the Christian brotherhood who shall not be admitted within its circle and to the sympathy of the faithful in Christ. Ostentatiously claiming to be the Catholic Church, it puts up at the door of this spurious Catholicity the Roman yoke; and he who will not bow beneath that yoke must not pass that way. Thank God, this pretence of Catholicity is a sham, and this yoke one from which Christian Catholicity makes us for ever free.

3. *Freedom of Christian Judgment.* The right of private judgment does not give any one the right to use his judgment capriciously and without judgment; and freedom of Christian judgment is freedom to judge of all things by the light and aid of Christian revelation, Christian experience, and the anointing of the Holy Spirit. This freedom is not only conceded, but enjoined, in the Divine Word; and the apostles jealously guarded themselves from the shadow of any domination over the faith of the first converts. He who claimed to be not a whit behind the chiefest apostle, yet did not hesitate to declare, "I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say." But the Papal See will have none of this. The judgment of Christian men is never to be exercised in religious matters—or on questions of morals—except under ecclesiastical guidance and direction; and is always to be the echo of what the Church—i. e., the Papal System—has affirmed to be the truth. That dominion which the apostles earnestly refused to assume, the Pope as earnestly refuses to abandon, and when it is challenged, replies by the bitterest epithets and maledictions.

4. *Freedom of Christian Service.* It is the Christian instinct to serve Christ—to give to Him the powers He has redeemed. And this service is in its own nature undefinable and uncircumscribable; for it embraces whatever each one can do, at all times, and in every place, and in every form and fashion. It is both active and passive—working and waiting. Now, it breaks out into a spiritual song; again, it puts on armour of proof; and anon, it goes forth in the garments of humility, and with the lamp of enlightened love, to seek and to save that which is lost. Yet serve Christ the Christian must. Flesh may sometimes smart, and spirit may sometimes quail, yet still the saved one's delight is to do the will of Him who gave Himself for the world. But the Papal genius starts up and utters its "Phohibito," unless the servant of Christ will fall down and worship it! Even then, it claims to determine what the service shall be, and how it shall be rendered, instead of allowing full scope to all Christian effort, that the testimony of the Divine blessing may be freely imparted.

Can we be wrong in what is above affirmed? Is Christian freedom a nullity unless it comprehends all that we have described it to be—freedom of profession, of fellowship, of judgment, and of service? And can it be doubted that this freedom, which Christ gives, and which no one, however he may pretend to speak in Christ's name, can take away, is assailed by the Papacy, and by being so assailed, convicts the Papacy of the grossest usurpation? The Romish system negatives every element in this Christian liberty, the direct and invaluable gift of Christ to the believing soul; and insists on the most absolute and abject submission to its own dogmas, control, and organization, as the indispensable preliminary to every Christian privilege and blessing.

Observe, then, this is not a question of what doctrines are true or false,—whether there is any justification for the invocation of saints, or the sacrifice of

the mass: it is a question whether Papal Rome shall receive unreserved submission of intellect, heart, conscience, and will. She knows of no liberty except that which proceeds from herself, and no liberty in any measure other than such as she may deem it fit to confer. Her one cry is, "Hear—obey the church:" and if we ask, What is this church? the answer is, "The spiritual power," which means the clergy, which means the Pope!

Such audacious demands, such a yoke of bondage, did become imposed on the Western Christian world during the Middle Ages; but they were never before presented with so much naked ruggedness, or with such unanimity on the part of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, as at the present time. The Vatican Council has dogmatically affirmed, and ratified, and emphasized the most presumptuous and arrogant claims of the Papal chair, so that the Liberal element in the Roman Catholic church is either silenced, or in danger of exclusion; is, indeed, declared to be excommunicated wherever it lurks and lingers.

How fundamentally all this differs from the spirit of the Roman church, as it existed in apostolic times, we may perceive from two documents of antiquity—the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and the Epistle of the Roman Christians to the Christians in Corinth. The one document is known to us all, and presents the picture of a church in Rome whose "faith was spoken of throughout the whole world," but which would have shrunk with horror from the thought of aspiring to control the faith of the whole world, and to place the liberty of Christians throughout the world at the mercy of its own decrees. As we read this remarkable letter of the great apostle to the Gentiles, we can imagine the dismay that would have seized his soul could he have foreseen the pretensions which future overseers of that church would have advanced, to unchristianize all who would not yield unquestioning subjection to them as the pretended successors of St. Peter. But more interesting, if possible, in connection with this topic, is the Letter of the "church sojourning in Rome" to the "church sojourning in Corinth," of which the Clement named in Philippians (iv. 3) was supposed to be the amanuensis. This epistle is referred to the first century, and is, in substance, a series of fraternal counsels in behalf of love and good works. No mention is made of any Pope, nor does it profess to proceed from any bishop or presbytery, but from the church as a body, with its elders and deacons; and from first to last there is a total absence of any claim to dictate to any other church in matters of discipline or doctrine. There is no appeal to authority, but persuasions are drawn from the great verities of the Christian faith "once delivered to the saints." This Christian Roman letter, put by the side of the Papal syllabus and the Vatican Decrees, enables us to measure the distance which separates the spirit and teaching of the primitive church "sojourning in Rome," from the tyrannical temper and rapacious despotism embodied in the Roman Popedom.

To the claims of the Papacy, whether they seek to silence our political liberties or spiritual freedom, we are not to give place—"no, not for a moment." That the British nation and British Christianity will be entangled in the Popish "yoke of bondage," is not probable, despite the activity of the emissaries of the Roman church, and the partial successes which they have achieved. That independence of character, and dislike of priestcraft, which in the olden Roman Catholic times put a check on Papal aggressions, and which survive in undiminished energy, may be relied upon; as also may the spread of knowledge, and the vigour of our Christian institutions, associated with the freedom of the Press; but it is to the increase of a wide-minded and warm-hearted piety among us—to a deeper love of Christ, higher reverence for Him, and a holier imitation of Him—that we must chiefly look for a resistance of Romanizing intrigues to establish a spiritual bondage more galling than ever before afflicted the British people. It may be inexplicable how some men have been perverted, whose Christian character we cannot call in question; but that these cases are exceptions, and arise from intellectual aberrations, the experience of all Protestant nations has fully shown. Man craves a master, and he will take the Pope for one, if no better is provided; but if "One is our Master, even Christ," and if we learn that all others, however richly endowed, are brethren, and if this generous principle is wrought into our moral nature, we shall neither be caught by the blandishments nor moved by the threats of the Papacy—the craftiest and proudest of the hierarchical anti-Christians that have opposed the Gospel, and vexed the church of the Son of God.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. III.—*Bumbledom in the Diaconate.*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

ONE of the chief hindrances to the attainment of a healthy state of Church Finance is the reign of King Bumble in the diaconate. Some of our deacons—so, at least, I gather from conversation, and from reports that reach my ears—are so enamoured of "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," that they resent improvement as if it were innovation, and treat the accession of new ideas and new blood into the diaconate as if it were a lawless invasion.

In my day I have seen a good deal, and I am convinced that one of the mistakes often made in our churches is that of restricting the office of deacon to the "most potent, grave, and reverend seniors," promoting to the responsibilities and cares of that post chiefly those who have forgotten the fires of their youth, and are notable for the gravity of their behaviour, and the extreme caution of their movements, and their unbroken worship of old and obsolete ideas. A friend of mine, a young man in whose welfare I have taken a deep interest, suddenly sprung upon me the other day to tell me that he had resigned the pastorate of the church at —, saying "he could not stand it any longer."

"Stand what?" said I, in no little alarm: for I had hoped that he would stay for a long time, being well assured that with a minister, as with a servant, it is well to stay long enough to get a good character; and beside, I had heard reports of progress and of wide-spread growth.

"I could not stand," he replied, "the dead weight of solid resistance I have to bear from my deacons. I have had four of them. They are good enough for angels, they pray like the widow in the parable, and are kind as a mother; but three out of the four are so timid, and so utterly bereft of anything like venture, that, as I have said, they are dead weights, exactly that, nothing more: and the fourth, though a brave man, yet cannot overcome the inertia of his companions."

"Well, but," said I, "couldn't you wait, and try—"

"Wait! I have waited three years; and everything of a progressive kind that I proposed was beset with insuperable difficulty, and they resisted. They have no more pluck than a babe. Ardour and courage are gone, and they are nothing but petrified caution; and there is no chance for the church till they are taken to heaven."

I was sorry to hear all this, and to find strong justification in my friend's account of his endeavours of the judgment he had passed. And yet it is what may be expected. Everybody knows that, generally speaking, as we grow older we become conservative, less and less inclined for action, and even opposed to new modes of action. I feel it myself. Of course I do not wish that signs of age should be a disqualification for office. By no means. I carry them myself. Some old men are always young, and some old deacons are "live" deacons to the end; fresh in thought, earnest and eager for advance, growing in thought and spirit to the last.

But, certainly, it is desirable that no diaconate should be wholly given up to the worship of King Bumble, and the practise of the time-honoured customs of half a century ago. New blood should be admitted, to stimulate the circulation of the old. The freshening impulses of an eager and ardent life should be suffered to stimulate the sluggish movement of men who, without much fault, have got into deep ruts, and can hardly lift themselves out. Life, energy, push and pluck, and business capacity, should be regarded as qualifications for the nineteenth century, as well as a grave aspect and a grey head, a godly character and a good purse.

Two aged deacons, to my certain knowledge, kept a pastor they loved out of an increase to his annual stipend of a hundred pounds simply because they did not initiate measures to gather the funds which the growing life of the church brought within reach, and hesitated to sanction propositions for additions to be made to their number. In another case, the addition of a young deacon with expanded ideas of Christian giving, considerable business capacity and tact, doubled the church's returns in three years.

I do not profess to know much about the first seven deacons; but I cannot think they were men of the long experience and ripened wisdom modern customs would suggest. To me the "Acts of the Deacons" prove them to have been men of immense activity, and of devotion, and of large faith; gifted in venture, in enterprise, and in endurance. Not chosen because they were young, not rejected because they were old, but selected and appointed because they were *fit* to manage Church Finance.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY AT BIRMINGHAM.

"Across the Channel to Manchester, from Manchester to Sheffield, and Sheffield to Birmingham;" so ran Mr. Moody's programme, and so, now, runs history.

Our denominational interest in the Midlands is my plea, and I trust may be found my warrant, for offering a short sketch of the recent religious campaign to the readers of "The Magazine."

The first meeting was held on Sunday morning, Jan. 17th, and was anticipated with universal interest. It began at eight o'clock; was confined to Christian workers, who were admitted only by ticket; and was held in the Town Hall. "You don't catch Birmingham people turning out to an eight o'clock meeting on a Sunday morning." "Fill that great Hall with people at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning?" "Don't you wish you may get it?" So did the Philistines challenge us.

At 7.35 a.m., the writer stood outside the Town Hall. The morning was bleak and uninviting; but behold! here they come! Up from the four corners of the town—flowing into the Hall. At 7.45, the place is full. At eight, it is crammed. Ministers, whom profane people left tenderly in bed, are on the platform in force—Baptists, Independents, Episcopalians, Wesleyans, and many other sorts beside,—in pleasant unity, are there to welcome the men of God.

At the moment, in they come, and without preface go to work, making you feel that they are downright *business* men, differing from the go-ahead tradesman only in this—that they are merchants of the Cross, whose consecrated traffic is in souls. "Soul-seekers." "Soul-winners" they profess, and *mean*, to be.

The first meeting answered for all the rest. From the Hall we went our way,—teachers to the Sunday school, preachers to the sanctuary, to teach and preach as men and women freshly come from the baptism of fire. Blessed be the memory of that hour!

In the afternoon a meeting was held for the public. The attendance was overwhelming, and the service wonderfully effective. In the evening, most of us closed our services at seven o'clock, and went to Bingley Hall. The ten thousand chairs were filled, and the large spaces in the permanent gallery running round the Hall, and on the floor of the vast enclosure, were thronged, and packed. The sight from the platform was worth going fifty miles to see. Fifteen to seventeen thousand people massed together—the hush and the look of solemn expectation upon them all. The scene roused emotions one could not repress. The singing was "a thundrous music." The sermon rang all through with the glad tidings of the grace of God, and was accompanied with the power of Pentecost, as the numbers who flocked to the inquirers' gallery abundantly proved. And so ended our first day—a day rich in gathered fruit, but richer far in promise.

Monday came; and the noonday prayer meeting, the afternoon Bible lecture, and the preaching service at night, all were made memorable by throngs, by enthusiasm, and by victories of grace. Day followed day, and still the crowds grew, until, for want of room, all the services had to be held in Bingley Hall. The town was moved as, on religious grounds, it had never been moved before. "Moody and Sankey" were the household words of Birmingham during those hallowed ten days.

In railway carriages, omnibusses, tram-cars, shops, counting-houses, manufactories, kitchens, and drawing-rooms, Mr. Moody and his preaching, and Mr. Sankey and his singing, were the irrepressible themes. To us, who understood Birmingham, and who were in the thick of the movement, the sway exerted by

the mission was full of profound significance. Our brethren seemed to be working their way into the very heart of this vast population, so that to us the cessation of their work, in the crisis of its power, appeared a grave misfortune.

It was pleasant to hear Mr. Moody's emphatic testimony as to the arrangements of the committee, the suitability of Bingley Hall as a place of meeting (the grandest, he said, in England), and the reception given his colleague and himself by the people of Birmingham.

And now that the men are gone, it is pleasant to recall the gatherings and experiences of the past. Amongst the pleasantest of the meetings, and as the most notable, may be ranked the first Sunday morning, the "All-day Convention," and the Farewell Address to Converts. The Convention assembled on Tuesday, Jan. 26th. Large numbers of ministers, including deputations from Scotland, Ireland, London, Bradford, and Manchester, were present. The business of the day ran thus: Ten to eleven, a "Service of Praise." Eleven to twelve, Lecture on "Work." Twelve to two, "How to reach the Masses:" a conference opened by Revs. J. P. Chown and Newman Hall. Two to three, "How to make our Prayer Meetings more interesting." Three to four, The "Question Drawer," i.e., questions proposed to and answered by Mr. Moody. The interest, which was well sustained throughout, culminated in the last hour. The wonderful appropriateness and common-sense of the answers fairly captivated all who heard them.

On Friday, Feb. 5th, Mr. Moody delivered his promised address to converts on the word "able."

The "converts and inquirers," who ascribed their changed condition to Mr. Moody's instrumentality, were admitted by tickets, for which they had to apply to various ministers, who took the work of distribution in turns. For obvious reasons, each applicant was questioned as to his spiritual condition, and this part of the business was extremely interesting. Very prompt and decided were some of the replies. "Have you reason to believe that you have found Christ under Mr. Moody's ministry?" "Oh yes! blessed be God, I have." "I thank God that ever Mr. Moody came." "It was that hymn, 'There were ninety and nine,' that broke my heart, and led me to Christ." Such were some of the responses given.

Two boys came for converts' tickets. The question was put to one, and he remained silent for some time. On being asked, "How do you know that you are a Christian?" he raised his head, and as the tears came up into his eyes, he said, with a great burst of feeling, "Oh! 'cause I love Him with all my heart and soul." Some, of course, were less satisfactory; and many who came for a "convert's" card only secured an "inquirer's." But that work of distribution was a "feast of fat things."

The Farewell Meeting at Bingley Hall was deeply impressive. Some sixteen hundred converts, and six hundred inquirers filled the seats reserved for them, and the remainder of the space was choked with vast multitudes. The end came at last. The crowds lingered long. Many carried away with them mementoes of the men. Birthday books, bits of paper, letters, Bibles, hymn books, were handed up in shoals, here to Mr. Moody, there to Mr. Sankey, to be enriched with the coveted autograph. But thousands who possess no visible memorial of these men of God, have them graven on their hearts as men of a blessed memory.

And now that the campaign is over, and Mr. Moody's tremendous earnestness, his wondrously-told illustrations, his epigrammatic flashes, and his magnetic appeals no longer enthrall;—now that the spell of Mr. Sankey's clear tones, and of that gospel which he so pathetically sung, is uplifted, does the past bear the calm keen glance of review? "Yes!" is the answer; and tangible results form the argument. 1. The Christian church has by common confession been roused. Ministers and people have been literally quickened into new love and new activity. 2. Crowds of the undecided, brought by the ordinary ministry to the threshold of the kingdom, have been drawn right across, and are saved. "Herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth." 3. Backsliders have been reclaimed. 4. Utter worldlings have "put on Christ." 5. The great truths of the gospel have been forced upon the attention of the public through the Press. Never in any ten days before, did our newspapers talk so much

gospel. 6. Many Christians, formerly afraid to speak to any one for Christ, have, among inquirers, so found their tongues and their gifts, that they can hardly be silent and useless any more. Without question, a fire has been kindled in the churches, which, at present, is burning with a gathering brightness and force.

The Christians of Birmingham have learnt from their recent experiences—

1. The charm of variety and elasticity, as applied to our orders of service, and modes of address.
2. The value of special agencies, such as Messrs. Moody and Sankey represent, and, yet, the *undiminished value of the ordinary instrumentality of the pulpit and the church.*
3. The rare wisdom displayed by the Evangelists in securing the co-operation of the ministry, and in seeking the revival of the churches, so that when the special agency has swept numbers into the kingdom of Christ, the ordinary agency may afterward gather and foster the converts.
4. The importance of the "after meeting." Much of the spiritual work done among the ungodly was completed in the inquirers' gallery. If we fling stones at the apple tree, it is surely worth while going to see if fruit has fallen, and to gather all we find.
5. The underlying unity of the surface-broken church of Christ.
6. The sustaining power, and the unimpaired majesty of the old gospel of the Son of God. The rich and poor, the wise and ignorant, strong men of imperious will, as well as simple, meek, timid folk, bowed beneath the might of the Cross. There, among the inquirers, sits a lady who will ride home in her carriage; and beside her, teaching her the way of salvation, is a sister, whose poor, faded, threadbare shawl contrasts strangely with the penitent's mantle and silk dress. But the rich is meekly following her yet richer sister into the kingdom. Yonder a shrewd commercial man is seeking comfort and teaching from a factory lad. We have naught to say but this, "It is the Lord's doing." "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Birmingham.

LL. H. PARSONS.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

For the Young.

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

A LADY, who thought she would do some good, called together some poor little girls on Saturday afternoon to teach them sewing. She got two or three to help her, and they gathered together quite a number of poor children whose parents did not attend church. There was present one little girl whose mother had died, and whose father kept a small store or shop. They were talking about the holy Sabbath, and the wrong of doing any work on Sabbath; and she thought took hold on the little girl's mind. They did not know who she was; but she went home, and on Saturday evening she said to her father, throwing her arms around his neck,—

"Father, you are a good father. I love you: but," said she, "sometimes you are naughty."

"Why," said he, "what makes you talk so?"

"Well," said she, "sometimes you keep your store open on Sunday, and you know you never did so when mother was alive; and it is naughty."

"Why," said he, "what makes you talk that way? Who has put that nonsense into your head?"

"Father, it is wrong. You know I love you"—and she nestled up close to him.

He tried to put her away, but she would have her arms around his neck.

"Now, father," she continued, "don't keep open the store any more."

On Sunday morning he was restless. He didn't go to open the store as usual, and said he would wait till after breakfast. Finally he said, "My little girl, put on your bonnet, and we will go to church. I will not keep the store open to-day."

And he went to church for the first time in some years; and in three or four weeks that man was converted, and all through the soft, kind entreaty of that little child.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. WHAT "THEY" SAY ABOUT US.—Our attention has been called several times this month, by letter and by speech, to things that are being said about OUR MAGAZINE. As we wish our readers to go on working for us, making the character of their own periodical known, and letting it have a chance to speak for itself, we cite these quotable witnesses. The *Literary World* says, "Mr. Clifford is making the G. B. Magazine a power in his denomination. There is something in it for every taste, and the pages sparkle with light." The *Freeman* says, "Mr. Clifford is doing his best to make it a success; and he ought to succeed. We say this very emphatically." The *Baptist* describes the February issue "as a capital number."

II. BAPTISTS AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—Our readers will rejoice with us in the success of Nonconformist students in the contests for wranglers' places in the recent examination at Cambridge. Mr. Lord, the son of a Baptist minister, heads the list; and Mr. Wilson, a member of the church at Halifax, of which our brother, the Rev. I. Preston, is pastor, has gained the high position of eighth wrangler. His father is known to and beloved by many of us as a deacon of many years of the same church. Mr. Wilson gained this post, notwithstanding he was obliged to leave Cambridge in the middle of last term by a severe illness. Doubtless his place would have been higher but for that. Mr. Wilson went to King William's College, Isle of Man, in August, 1869; and at Easter, 1871, obtained a scholarship of £50 by open examination at Christ's College, Cambridge. In the same year, at Midsummer, he received an exhibition of £40 from King William's College. The following October he entered into residence at Cambridge, and at Midsummer, 1872, his scholarship was raised to £80, and this last Midsummer to £100; and now he has signally crowned these successes with the distinction of being eighth in the wranglers' ranks.

III. THE SPRING SESSION OF THE BAPTIST UNION.—We hope the committee of the Baptist Union has seen the great desirability of a change in the order of the meetings of the Spring Session. The chairman's address, which is the *pièce de resistance* of the week, is given on Mon-

day morning at about eleven o'clock, before ministers and delegates have had time to get in from the country, and when Londoners are all engrossed in business. The attendance, therefore, is slender, and the good done is reduced within the narrowest limits. The men of science know better than this. All preliminary and routine business is despatched on Monday and Tuesday, and not till *Wednesday evening*, when every delegate is present, does the chairman of the British Association give his address. Why cannot Mr. McLaren give his address on the Monday evening, in Bloomsbury chapel, at seven o'clock? The place would be full, and the possibilities of good untold. Surely two things will be avoided, any way. Mr. McLaren will not be cooped up in the Mission House, and be condemned to deliver his address in a room out of which all the good air has been eaten; nor will the Bible Translation Society and the Union illustrate Baptist union by holding two small meetings at the same hour.

IV. "MIRACLES OF HEALING."—An obviously thoughtful correspondent, referring to the "Diary of Mr. Mathews," wishes to know whether we really intend our readers to believe in the "miracles of healing" described in the last number. Our answer to "*Thomas by name and by nature*" is, "Not that we have dominion over your faith." The accounts cited from the diary of our beloved friend are intended to show "the man in his habit as he lived." Confessedly, at the time he recorded them he believed in them. But we need not. The power of one mind over another has often had remarkable illustrations. When we were in Scotland some years ago, we were told, on the best authority, the following story:—A young lady had been ill and kept her bed for three years. A young minister, being inducted to the church of the village, paid her a pastoral visit, fell in love with her, and proposed marriage. The proposal had such an instant curative effect, that within a few hours she was up and about, busily preparing for the bridal day. From these and many similar facts, illustrative of the interaction of mind and body, and of the mediational conditions of our present life, it would be no trial to us to give credit to the records of Mr. Mathews's Diary.

Reviews.

THE TREASURY OF DAVID. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. IV., Psalm lxxix. to ciii. *Passmore and Alabaster.*

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Spurgeon on the completion of the second third of his *magnum opus*. Knowing something of the tremendous pressure of other and multitudinous claims upon him, the severity and frequency of his afflictions, it is an occasion of profound gratitude to Almighty God that he has been enabled to issue another instalment of this eminently serviceable work. Exhibiting all the qualities of its predecessors, this volume deserves the higher praise because of the increased difficulty of the task. Many of the Psalms in this section are unworked mines; and whilst Mr. Spurgeon has brought up most valuable ore, and smelted it ready for use, yet, as his plan requires the collection of the work of other miners, and they are so few, the demand on his time and patience and energy has been great. But the book proves that these have been given in unstinted measure. The selections from the whole range of literature are as varied, apt, and rich as ever; and the comments and expositions are more racy, practical, and suggestive than in any former volume. Mr. Spurgeon's genius gains force by use in this his wisely-chosen field. Men and women who conduct Bible classes, and preachers and ministerial students of all types and grades, should certainly and speedily have this enriching "Treasury of David."

A RETROSPECT OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS' CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By J. Burns, D.D., LL.D. *Houlston & Co. Dickinson and Higham.*

To the general reader this volume will prove exceedingly interesting, by its records of wide travel and long experience, its autobiographic incident and adventure, its account of ministerial eccentricities, and its fund of anecdote. To the Temperance man, who is always a general reader, the book will be attractive as a record of the career of one of the most prominent workers in the Temperance Reformation, and an effective exposition of the multiform aspects of that work. To the General Baptist, who, besides being a general reader, often is and ought in all cases to be a teetotaler, it will prove a charm by its notices of our history and work, and its numerous allusions to the men who have been associated

with us in labour and in hope and in reward. A book with such merits is sure of a wide circulation.

THE SETTING SUN: a Poem in seven books. By James Hurnard. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. *London: F. B. Kitto, Bishopgate Without, 1871.*

THE central book of the poem is devoted to a description of Colchester, its history, notable places, traditions, remarkable persons, and the author's experiences in the old town—a town interesting to the antiquarian, the topographer, and the theologian; and around this centre the other books of the poem revolve as the planets around the sun. We have but space for two samples, and we take them at random.

"I am no Goth, and love not modern Gothic;
Gothic was very well in Gothic times;
But who can bear the brand-new imitations?
Who now would walk about in Gothic coats?
This mediæval taste is covert Popery!
This passion for the quaint and the grotesque—
This taste for tawdry over-decoration—
These grand appealing to the outward senses,
Instead of to the oracle within us—
This love of legends of unreal life,
Of pasteboard heroes, and of duck-trussed dames,
The crude in art, the false in poetry—
Is all sheer retrogression back to Rome."

Again, he says,

"We all are slaves!
Some to a foolish crotchet of the brain,
Some to an idle habit formed in youth,
Some to a treacherous glass of sparkling liquor,
Some to a pipe of villainous tobacco,
But most of us to other people's eyes."

Thus, though our author "nothing extenuates" which comes in his way that is in his opinion reprehensible, we can assure our readers that he puts down "naught in malice." We commend him, therefore, as a teacher—safe, though at times severe—kind, though faithful—bold, though not presumptuous; as a writer who has much to say worth hearing, and who gives expression to his thoughts in language sometimes trenchant, often very beautiful, and always clear; and can assure our young men especially that they will find in the "Setting Sun" a book which cannot fail to afford them intense pleasure, and one which, if its teachings be received and appropriated, will brighten their own declining days, gilding them with a glory which shall only be increased and intensified in the angel land. W. C.

MODERN PLEAS FOR STATE CHURCHES EXAMINED. By the late H. W. Parkinson. *Longmans, Green, & Co.*

THIS most acceptable volume covers the whole ground of the debate on the subject of Religious Equality. The most recent phases of this controversy had rendered it necessary to discuss not only the subject in its relation to State action in reference to organized religious movement, but also many of the border questions, such as "The Idea of the Christian Church," "The Rise of State Churchism, Episcopacy, Church Property, Theories of Establishment," &c., &c. With unique ability of intellect and spirit, of logic and style, the late Mr. Parkinson has gone over the whole field, and left to his country in this book a legacy of imperishable value. It is incisive without being bitter, argumentative and not heavy, genial and yet thoroughly earnest, logical without dryness, considerate without weakness, eloquent without unreality, comprehensive and yet concise, full of allusions to the present currents of thought, and yet everywhere based upon eternal principles. Its influence will confirm many in the faith they have long held, convince some defenders of "Establishments" of the error of their ways, and where it fails to convict, will lift the veil of prejudice and reveal beauty and excellence where before only deformity was thought to dwell. Workers in the immediate struggle for religious equality will get deepened conviction, manlier grip, and stronger impulse from fellowship with this true, manly, inspiring, and spiritual book. Young men, get it at once; you cannot spend five shillings in a better way.

MEMORIALS OF GEORGE WRIGHT. Compiled by S. R. Bland. *Stock.*

MR. WRIGHT was for forty-eight years pastor of the Baptist church at Beccles, and Mr. Bland gives in this volume a brief account of his career, consisting largely of autobiographic statement—a large quantity of his letters, some of his faithful sayings, and a few of his sermons. The biography will be specially interesting to those who relish "high" doctrine.

THE SPIRITUAL LOTTERY: a Selection translated from Gerhard Terstegen's "Frommen Lotterie." By E. H. Durand. *Stock.*

VERSES full of sweet spiritual meaning, pervaded by soothing and healing influences, and rich in gently stimulating power. It is a book of gems.

THE EXPOSITOR FOR FEBRUARY. Edited by Rev. Samuel Cox. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

THE second number is richer in material, in suggestiveness, and in sterling value than the first. It leaves everything else of the same kind an immeasurable distance behind.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SCRAP BOOK, *Religious Tract Society*, is exactly the book for these winter evenings. Its chief charm is in its well-executed pictures of lions, tigers, bears, etc., etc. These abound. But with them there is a sufficient amount of information as to the habits of the animal creation, to increase the interest in the pictures, and to whet the appetite for further knowledge. Our young people will find their reward in the purchase of this book.

HALF-HOUR READINGS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS. *Religious Tract Society.* By Rev. Thos. Milner, M.A. Eleven of these "Readings" are expositions of passages of the history of the children of Israel in Egypt; others are on the sea, catacombs of Rome, etc. They are of a miscellaneous character, short, suggestive, and helpful. They will be useful where Sunday is spent at home.

THE SILENT TEACHER. *Religious Tract Society.* Brief words for the weary and afflicted, uttered with much tenderness and sympathy. As a companion in the sick-room, and a friend in loneliness, it will speak healthy and healing words.

I. JOSHUA AND HIS SUCCESSORS, Part I, by W. H. Groser, B.Sc., *Sunday School Union*, is a handy, reliable, and most useful introduction to the Books of Joshua and Judges. It teems with valuable information, brought up to the latest date, effectively arranged, and abundantly illustrated. Teachers taking their classes through these books will find it invaluable.

II. THE SMALL GIFT BOOKS published by the *Sunday School Union*, for scholars in the class, and for children in the home, could scarcely be excelled. "Sheaves from the Harvest-field of Sunday School" form a series of twenty-two stirring stories of Sunday School success. A dozen more make the series of "Olive Plants from Christian Homes." We warmly commend them to parents and teachers. They are brief, handy, elegantly got up; indeed, "just what is wanted."

Church Register.

BOOKS FOR AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR,—

Dear Sir,—I have been able, through the kindness of friends, to send to our General Baptist brethren in the United States the following books:—A copy of "Crosby's History" in four vols., the gift of Mr. Joseph Anderson, of Avenue Farm, Long Sutton; one of Dr. Ingham on the "Mode," and two on the "Subjects of Baptism," presented by Revs. T. Barrass, Watson Dyson, and Mr. G. F. Bayley; three copies of "Wood's History," from an unknown friend at Coventry, Mr. G. Coltman of Fleckney, and Mr. C. Bates of March; two copies of Adam Taylor, from Mr. J. Stanger Smith and myself; and one of Robinson's "History of Baptism," likewise the gift of Mr. J. S. Smith of March. To all I tender my best thanks.

SOLOMON S. ALLSOP.

CONFERENCE.

The MIDLAND SPRING CONFERENCE met at Hinckley on Tuesday, Feb. 16th. In the morning, at eleven o'clock, a devotional service was held, at which the Rev. C. T. Johnson presided, and prayer was offered by brethren Lacey, Springthorpe, and Alcorn. Afterwards the Rev. W. Green preached from 1 Chron. xii. 32. Subject: "The times in which we live, and the piety they demand." After the sermon brethren Evans, Staynes, and Brown prayed.

In the afternoon, at 2.15, the Conference assembled for business. In the absence, through indisposition, of the President for the year, Mr. T. W. Marshall was elected Chairman. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Wilshire.

I. Reports for the year were presented from the churches. These showed that 424 persons had been baptized since last Spring Conference; 34 had been restored; and there were 79 candidates. A considerable number of churches failed to report; and it was resolved that, with a view to secure such reports in future, the Secretary send a form to each church on which its return can be made.

II. Resolved, that the ministers of Leicester, and the members of the Home Mission Committee residing there, be a Committee to consider the Home Mission resolutions of last Association, and report to the next Conference. Rev. W. Bishop to be the Convener.

III. Mr. Winks reported the Evangelistic efforts in which our brother Lacey

had been engaged since last Conference, and the encouraging results which had attended them. Resolved,—That we receive, with unfeigned satisfaction and pleasure, the report of the Evangelistic work done by Mr. Lacey, and devote the collection at next Conference to the funds of the movement.

IV. The next Conference is appointed to be held at Ilkeston on Whit-Wednesday. The Rev. Dr. Underwood to preach in the morning; and in case of failure the Rev. C. T. Johnson.

V. The thanks of the Conference were given to the Rev. W. Green for his sermon in the morning, and Mr. Marshall for presiding.

In the evening a public meeting was held, and was well attended. The Rev. J. Parkinson, of New Lenton, presided; and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Bishop, W. J. Staynes, and by Messrs. Winks, Warner, Mason, G. Colver, and J. Colver. WATSON DYSON, Sec.

DERBY NONCONFORMIST BIBLE CLASS UNION.

ON Saturday, Jan. 23, a large and interesting gathering of the members and friends of the above Union, which is composed of the senior Bible classes of the various communions of Derby met for tea in the Temperance Hall. Eight hundred took tea, after which a densely crowded meeting was presided over by Mr. G. Dean, of St. Mary's Gate chapel, who is the promoter of the movement. On the platform were the representatives of the various denominations, ministers, and others. The united nonconformist choirs rendered selections from the Messiah at intervals, and Madame Whitaker sang with her wonted ability. W. Crosbie, M.A., LL.B., and the Revs. W. Griffiths, J. Wilshire, E. Hall Jackson (Ripley), and Mr. Simeon Smithard, gave addresses on the History and Principles of Nonconformity. The meeting, so largely composed of young men and women, was aptly termed by the chairman, "The Nonconformist Band of Hope," and was so enthusiastic, spirited, and successful throughout, that it is contemplated to repeat it soon in the great Drill Hall, the Temperance Hall, though holding more than 1,200, being too small for the numbers that assembled. We may add that the union is organizing itself into an association to watch over the interests of nonconformity in the town and

neighbourhood, and is worthy of imitation as a successful effort to gather our young men and women under the great flag of Religious Liberty and Equality, as well as to produce sympathy and unity among the various corps of the Christian army.

CHURCHES.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—The annual meeting of the Young Men's Bible Class took place on Feb. 15. Tea was provided by Mrs. Richard Smith, at which one hundred sat down. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A. The Ashby Musical Excelsior Society attended by invitation, and gave a selection of instrumental and vocal music, including "Hold the Fort," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," from Moody and Sankey's Collection. An address on Christian Manliness was delivered by the chairman. Mr. J. J. Mumford, the teacher of the class, and Mr. John Salisbury, also addressed the meeting. The chairman then distributed the ten prizes which had been subscribed for by the members of the congregation—to Jesse Stanford, "Youthful Diligence;" to James Tipping, "Seed Time and Harvest," these two were head prizes—to James Hatton, "Peter the Apprentice;" to John Farmer, "Scottish Reformers;" to Thos. Matthews, "Men worth Imitating;" to Alfred Orchard, "Life Thoughts;" to William Hunt, "Ned's Motto;" to Mark Hatton, "Pilgrim's Progress;" to Henry Cheatle, "John Ploughman's Talk;" and to John Whitlock, "Story of John Haywood." Several of the class then spoke in terms of gratitude to their teacher, and for the interest generally manifested in their well being. A collection was made at the door for the purchase of a family Bible as a prize to be given by the annual meeting. One of the superintendents of the school having offered to provide a tea at his own cost for as many of the young men of the town who are not connected with any school or place of worship, the members of this class resolved to form themselves into a committee to call a meeting of such young men, when, after tea, addresses are to be given, with selections of sacred music. The usual votes of thanks concluded a large and interesting meeting.

BARTON FABIS.—The annual members' meeting was held, Feb. 9. There was a good attendance in the afternoon, and an interesting conference on the state of the church. In the evening the Rev. J. Greenwood was publicly recognized as co-pastor. Rev. H. Wood in the chair. Brethren Cooper and Cholerton, of Swad-

lincote, were present; and while testifying to the worth of Mr. Greenwood, expressed their regret that they had been deprived of his ministrations. Speeches of an encouraging character were also delivered by Rvs. J. Mabley and J. Greenwood, and by Mr. J. Compton, Secretary of the church. Altogether our annual gathering was the most interesting we have had for some years past.

BULWELL, Notts.—On Tuesday, Feb. 9, a tea and public meeting was held in the Old Meeting House, to augment the funds for the erection of the new stone Baptist Chapel, which is to seat some seven hundred persons. About 150 persons sat down to tea. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. J. Silverton, Pastor C. Douglas Crouch, Messrs. Samuel Cox, sen., and Thos. Holmes. The meeting was presided over by Mr. R. Sankey. About ten guineas were realized.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—A public tea and concert were held, Jan. 18, under the presidency of the pastor, J. T. Almy. The friends have been making strenuous efforts, during the year, to raise funds for the erection of a new chapel, the present building having become by far too small. During the past year £400 has been raised in this fund. To show their sympathy with the movement fifty boys came forward, defrayed the expenses of this tea, and gave the concert under the leadership of their old friend Mr. Wagg, the precentor. About 230 friends sat down to tea, and at the concert the chapel was crowded in every part. About £11 7s. was realized. On Tuesday, Feb. 9, fifty girls, who were "provoked to good works" by the boys, gave a like tea and concert. Our annual meeting was held Jan. 25. The reports of the year were of a cheering character. Will not the Lord's people help us a little?

ISLEHAM.—This church is now without a pastor, owing to the removal of Mr. Towler to Long Sutton.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—The Rev. J. Fletcher's first anniversary took place on Feb. 14th. A. G. Brown preached in the morning to a crowded congregation; Mr. Fletcher in the evening. On Monday, Feb. 15, the school-room was filled to overflowing for tea. At the after meeting in the chapel the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, late of Southsea, offered prayer. The pastor gave a most gratifying account of the year's work, reporting increased and increasing congregations, a good surplus in the exchequer, and forty-one baptized. The senior deacon, Mr. Quiney, also spoke of the happiness and prosperity the church had enjoyed during the year. The other speakers were Rev.

A. G. Brown, J. Clifford, W. Cuff, and W. J. Inglis. It was the best meeting of the whole year. The chapel is now closed for complete renovation at an estimated cost of about £400, and will be re-opened on Sunday, March 28th. Articles sent to 322, Commercial Road East, for the bazaar, to take place the first week in May, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mrs. Fletcher.

LONGRON.—To the Editor,—Dear Sir,—In my present efforts to raise funds for our new chapel my hands have been greatly strengthened, and my heart much cheered by the sympathy and aid of friends. Please give insertion to the following letter, just received, from a gentleman personally unknown to me:—

“C——, Feb. 8, 1875.

“My dear Sir,—I enclose a banker's cheque, value £5, towards the building fund of the proposed new chapel. I heartily sympathize with the object, and my wish is that you may soon have funds enough to justify you to rise and build. If you can get the one hundred subscribers of £10 each, as was suggested in the Magazine sometime ago, I will send the other £5. My eldest son and daughter send 5s. each. Believe me to be yours sincerely,
T. G——.”

Will the numerous members of our various churches, whom the Lord has blessed and prospered, respond to this timely and generous proposal?

C. SPRINGTHORPE.

MACCLESFIELD—*New Chapel and School.*—A Bazaar will be held 17th, 18th, and 19th March, for the purpose of reducing the debt on the above. The building has been raised on a most eligible site, but is encumbered by a debt of about £1,000. Will the many friends reading this appeal send us help for the bazaar towards the reduction of this heavy liability. Contributions of money or goods may be sent to Mrs. Bury, Byron's Lane, Macclesfield; Mrs. Wm. Hilton, Bridge Street, Sutton, Macclesfield; or the pastor, Isaac Watts.

MOUNTSORREL.—We have been favoured with the services of the Evangelist, Mr. Lacey. Five weeks he has been labouring here and at Rothley, holding three meetings in the week, besides the services on the Lord's-day, and visiting the members of the church and congregations. All the meetings have been well attended, and we have evidence already that the word of life has been blessed. Our brother is better known at Mountsorrel than at any other place; but we can testify that the word of God never came with such power as on this visit. The last Sabbath was a high day—it was

a young people's day—eight of the elder scholars received a copy of the Scriptures in the afternoon, and a most impressive service it was, some young friends from Nottingham taking part. We hope soon again to have another visit. The church at Rothley has been quickened.

NORWICH—CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I much rejoice to report that, through the liberality of two dear friends, we have secured from our generous helper,

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| Mr. Thos. Jarrold, a 2nd donation of . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. M. Stubbs, " " . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. —, Norwich " " . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. G. S. Barrett, B.A. . . . | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. S., Norwich . . . | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Jarrold, Norwich . . . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. B. Allen, Norwich . . . | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Cozens-Hardy, Norwich . . . | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. A. Towler, Norwich . . . | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. Blakeley, Norwich . . . | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Vgume, Norwich . . . | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. J. Jewson, Norwich . . . | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Andrews . . . | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Collected by Miss Wilkinson . . . | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| From an Old Indian, through Dr. Burns . . . | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Rev. J. C. Pike . . . | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Messrs. J. and J. E. Gromitt . . . | 1 | 0 | 0 |

We still require £220 more to complete the amount of purchase money, and earnestly appeal for help on this behalf.

GEO. TAYLOR, Somerleyton Street.

Feb. 15, 1875.

P.S.—In Jan. Magazine, Mrs. and Miss Bond, should have been Mrs. and Miss H.

SAWLEY.—On Sunday, Dec. 27, Mr. Millington, of the College, preached two sermons, and collections were made towards defraying expenses incurred in re-lighting the chapel. We have introduced lamps of a more modern construction which, besides supplying more light, have also beautified the chapel. A Christmas tree was also held for the sale of useful articles, on the Wednesday and Thursday following, for the same object, and we are glad to say the debt has been discharged, with a balance in hand. We had the annual tea meeting and concert on Shrove Tuesday. One hundred and twenty sat down to tea. The room in the evening was full to overflowing. Some of the pieces were well rendered; this has been one of the most successful gatherings of the kind we remember to have held.

TAGG HILL, HEANOR, Derbyshire.—The friends here have long needed more room for their school work and for worship. It is resolved to build a chapel and school-room, at a cost of about £800. The people are mostly poor; but have generously raised the first hundred, and intend to have a bazaar on Easter Tuesday. This is village work, and help is

greatly needed and deserved. Rev. J. Wilshire, Derby, or I. Birchenshaw, Tagg Hill, will gratefully receive goods or money towards this object.

TODMORDEN.—On Saturday, Jan. 16, the annual meeting of our church and congregation was held and presided over by our pastor, E. W. Cantrell. After tea addresses were given by Messrs. W. Shackleton, J. Speak, E. Barker, J. S. Gill, and B. Midgley. A report of the church's work during the past year was read, showing that seventeen had been baptized, leaving a nett increase of fifteen. The financial report showed that about £270 had been raised for various purposes in connection with the church and denomination. It was generally felt that a time of spiritual blessing was at hand.

VALE, near Todmorden.—On Shrove Tuesday a tea meeting was held at Vale to initiate a movement for the reduction of the debt on the chapel. Forty trays were given of ten shillings each. The entire profits amounted to about £23. At the public meeting after tea a plan of operations was laid before the meeting, which was very heartily adopted. What added immensely to the interest of the meeting, at any rate so far as the pastor was concerned, was that the friends had prepared for him a very pleasing surprise. Mr. J. Horsfall, one of the deacons, presented the pastor, in the name of the church, a purse of twenty guineas "as an expression of their esteem, appreciation of his ministry, and with the hope of encouraging him in his work."

WALSALL.—The annual congregational tea meeting was held on Feb. 8. The room was crowded, and good addresses were delivered by several ministers and friends. The past year has been, on the whole, successful. The agencies of the church have been well sustained. Thirty-three members have been received into the church. For various purposes we have raised as follows—for General Fund, £300 10s. 6d.; Trust, £45 4s.; Liquidation of Debt, £219 9s. 4d.; School, £25 7s. 4d.; Mission, £43. Total, £633 11s. 2d. Several of Mr. Sankey's hymns were sung. All felt that this was one of the best meetings we ever held.

MINISTERIAL.

GAMBLESIDE.—On Saturday, Jan. 23, a public tea and meeting were held in the school-room, Clow Bridge, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. James A. Andrews, as minister of the place. A large number of persons assembled. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. J.

Maden. Mr. Ashworth Maden related the circumstances which led the church to give a unanimous invitation to Mr. Andrews. The latter then replied, giving a brief account of his spiritual experience, call to the ministry, and the reasons why he had accepted the invitation of the church at Gambleside. The meeting was further addressed by the Revs. W. H. Allen, — Fifield, and B. Bowker. The general aspect of affairs at Gambleside, is hopeful and encouraging.

WATTS, REV. ISAAC, of Macclesfield, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Northgate, Louth, and hopes to commence his ministry on the first Sunday in April.

BAPTISMS—JAN. 16 TO FEB. 16.

COALVILLE.—Six, by C. T. Johnson.

DESFORD.—Two, by H. Wood.

DUFFIELD.—Four (from Windley), by H. A. Blount.

HITCHIN.—Four, by J. H. Atkinson.

HUGGLES-COTE.—Four, by J. Salisbury.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—Five, by J. Fletcher.

LONG SUTTON.—One, by G. Towler.

NOTTINGHAM, Prospect Place.—Two, by A. Brittain, from the Sabbath school.

MANSFIELD.—Nine, by H. Marsden.

PETERBOROUGH.—Three, by T. Barraas.

RYDE.—Two, by J. Harrison.

TAUNTON.—Two, by J. P. Tetley.

TODMORDEN.—Nine, by E. W. Cantrell.

WALSALL.—Nine, by W. Lees.

MARRIAGES.

CROSSLEY—MURGATROYD.—Feb. 6, at Enon Chapel, Burnley, by the Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. John Crossley, to Miss Martha Murgatroyd, both of Burnley.

CUNLIFFE—GIBSON.—Feb. 11, at Wellington Road Chapel, Todmorden, by the Rev. E. W. Cantrell, Mr. Amos Cunliffe, of Little Knowl Terrace, to Miss Sarah Gibson, of Calder Street, Todmorden.

HORSFIELD—ATKIN.—Jan. 19, at the Baptist Chapel, Northgate, Louth, by the Rev. W. Orton, T. Horsfield, Esq., architect, of Manchester, to Emily, second daughter of the late John Atkin, Esq., surgeon, of Billesdon, Leicestershire.

MARDEN—LEA.—Feb. 2, at the Baptist Chapel, Osmaston Road, Derby, by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., the Rev. Henry Marden, of Mansfield, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Lea, of Derby.

SMITH—DENNIS.—Jan. 20, at Huggles-cote, by the Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A., John, oldest son of Mr. James Smith, of Donington-le-Heath, to Marianne Dean, daughter of Mr. Dennis, of Hugglescote.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MARCH, 1875.

THE ORISSA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

SECOND NOTICE—BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

RESUMING my account of the Conference, I am reminded of the first missionary sermon I heard, now more than fifty-two years ago. It was, I believe, the first missionary sermon preached in my native village; at least it was the first in our little chapel. It was preached on a Thursday afternoon, and in our boyish days Thursday was always described as "three-o'clock day," because on that day we left school an hour earlier. The preacher was a worthy and faithful servant of Christ, not extensively known, but much esteemed by all who knew him, and most by those who knew him best (Thomas Orton, of Hugglescote, grandfather of my esteemed brother at Bourne). The text was exceedingly appropriate, Daniel xii. 4, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." This prediction has been wonderfully exemplified wherever missions have been established, and not least so in Orissa. In this province the first press was a mission press; the first English school was a mission school; the first female school was a mission school, and though it is nearly forty years since it was established very very little has been done even to this day—indeed nothing efficient—for the instruction of half the population of Orissa, except what is done under missionary superintendence. The first English students of the language were not government officers, but missionaries. The missionaries felt from the beginning that a competent, indeed thorough, knowledge of the native language was essential to the efficient discharge of their mission; while the magistrates, collectors, judges, and commissioners of Orissa, for more than half a century discharged their high and responsible functions without this prime qualification. Some of them, it is readily admitted, were able and energetic men, and may be truly spoken of as benefactors of Orissa; but if to other high qualifications this had been added, surely they might have been benefactors of a higher order. This, however, is a matter much better understood now than formerly, and Government is alive to the importance of its officers understanding Oriya and remaining among the people. To the point with which I set out. "Knowledge," useful knowledge of every kind, has "increased," remarkably increased, by the "running to and fro" of missionaries in Orissa, and by the agencies which they have set in motion; and most important of all, the knowledge of the one true and living God, and of Jesus Christ our Saviour, has increased to a delightful extent.

To return to my story about the Conference. Our efforts to extend the excellency of the knowledge of Christ *by means of Scriptures and Tracts*, came under consideration. We all feel that this is an essential and very important part of our work; and it was very seriously and fully considered. The generous help of the Bible Translation Society (£150, and £50 for Scripture distribution) was suitably acknowledged; and I may add, it has been happily supplemented by individual contributions (one of which was from England) amounting to £20. The work done in this department was reported, and the report was deemed satisfactory. 4,000 copies of each of the Gospels have been printed. The edition of the New Testament in small type, foolscap octavo, has been completed, and so has the edition in the same type super-royal octavo. This was felt to be very satisfactory, especially the latter, as it is of the same size and type as the Old Testament, and as it enables us to have, for the first time in Oriya, the whole Word of God in one portable volume. It is true Dr. Sutton once published a folio edition, but a very limited number of copies was struck off—the form was unwieldy, and it was chiefly restricted to pulpit use. The value of having the whole Scriptures in one volume convenient for use will be obvious when I state that the first edition of the Bible in Oriya by Dr. Carey was in five vols. octavo; the edition published thirty years ago by Dr. Sutton was in four vols., having a total of 2,330 pages. The edition recently published is Old Testament, 689 pages; new 226; total, 915 pages. The brethren expressed their hope that these efforts to spread abroad heavenly light and truth would receive the effectual blessing of the Holy Spirit. Much more remains to be done. I do not mean in the way of revision: this, I think, should rest for some years to come. Rash intermeddling with the Word of God, or ill-considered alterations in the terms used to convey divine truth in a language spoken by millions of people are very dangerous; but imperfections pertain to everything that man does; and as time rolls on imperfections will be found in the Bible of Oriya christians, and when found will, I trust, be corrected wisely, and with much consideration. But *our present work* is to spread abroad, judiciously and prayerfully as we have opportunity, the most important portions of that blessed book which reveals the “one pearl of great price.”

Our *Tract operations* were fully considered. It was found that more than 33,000 tracts were in stock, but this should always be the case, as tracts cannot always be examined and printed as soon as they are sanctioned. It was reported that *four new tracts* had been printed since last Conference—“Life of Erun,” by Mr. W. Bailey; “The Parables of Christ;” “The Wonderful Works of Christ;” and “Comment on the Ten Commandments,” by Makunda Das. *Three small illustrated tracts* translated from the Bengali had also been printed, and a considerable number of them sold at a small price. Favourable reports were given of two new tracts in MS., “Christ the only Saviour,” by Shem; and “The True Christian described,” a dialogue tract by Makunda Das; and both were directed to be printed. It was also reported that the printing of “Sweet Story of Old” had been finished, and that it was likely to be interesting and useful to the lambs of the flock. The illustrations render it very attractive. Much consideration was given to the question of enlarging our Oriya christian literature. On the great desirableness of this there can only be one opinion; but with so small

a number of missionaries who are familiar with the language, and whose hands are full of work, though we have able fellow workers in the native ministry, rapid progress is out of the question. Much labour, as well as much money, will be required before the object can be satisfactorily accomplished. Still we are doing as much as can be reasonably expected; and the reports given to the Conference showed that the brethren had not neglected their appointments. A new edition of "Companion to the Bible," is very desirable, and the work has been committed to me; but as the Tract Society was bringing out a new edition revised and much enlarged, it was thought by all desirable to wait till this had been received; and as it only came to hand about two months ago, there has not been much progress. Mr. Miller reported that he had translated a considerable portion of "Stories and Pictures of Church History," and it was thought desirable to begin to print at once, as it is hoped that copy for the remaining portion will be ready by the time this can be printed. Mr. T. Bailey presented to Conference a translation of "Precious Remedies against Satan's devices," which was gratefully received; and it was decided that as soon as the printing of the other was finished this should be begun. Both these works will be welcome additions to our scanty literature in Orissa—the narratives in the former are interesting and quickening; the raciness and abounding illustrations of the latter render it well adapted to the Hindoo mind. Mr. Brooks reported that the printing of the Oriya and English Dictionary had advanced to p. 138. This is a work that belongs rather to the printing office than to the Conference; but it has been for several years greatly needed, and its early completion is very desirable.

We had, as in former years, to acknowledge the generous help of the *Religious Tract Society*; but I am sorry to say that the *American Tract Society*, which for more than forty years has liberally aided us by money grants, has been unable to do so this; and a letter received from this Society since the Conference renders it very doubtful whether they will be able in the future to do what has been done in the past. This will involve us in difficulty and anxiety; but our motto is "*Nil desperandum.*" We shall not, like Jacob's sons, "look one upon another;" but after doing what we can ourselves we shall, dear friends, look towards you, nor shall we look in vain.

We had a very interesting meeting on Friday, the 13th, with the native preachers, though it was not one of unmixed pleasure. Arrangements were made, with their concurrence, as to their stations during the coming year; and the business of Conference was fully explained, and their opinions solicited. A paper was read by Shem on "Evangelistic Work in Orissa." It was marked by holy fervour, but on one or two points was not sufficiently discriminating. The next paper is to be by Ghanushyam on "Christian Liberty"—a subject on which I trust our native christians are learning a little; but they need "line upon line, and precept upon precept." I have said that our meeting was not one of unmixed pleasure, for I am sorry to add that there was a case of discipline affecting one of their number—Makunda Sahu,—requiring attention. (Readers should distinguish between Makunda Das, the poet, and Makunda Sahu.) The charge was that he had prevaricated or concealed what he knew to be true in giving his evidence in a court of justice. We referred it to their consideration; and at a subsequent

period of the Conference they gave their report, stating that in their judgment the charge was proved, and they recommended his suspension for three months. This recommendation was adopted. Such cases are painful, but discipline seriously and impartially exercised has always a salutary effect.

The business of *The College* was attended to; and after the report of the examination had been given, *two* of the students from Berhampore, who had been on the funds for three years, were received on probation as native preachers—Balagi Jenna and Narain Varsistan. They were appointed to Berhampore; and the fruit of the instruction they have received will, I trust, be manifest in years to come. Several applications for admission into the College were considered, and *two young men*—one from Berhampore, and one from Piplee—were received on the usual probation. It is peculiarly gratifying to add that the one received from Berhampore is Soda Sebo Paharaj—the young brahmin from Pooree who was baptized by Mr. Hill a few months since. May he walk humbly with his God, and may his profiting appear to all men. He may then be very useful; and from his intimate knowledge of Sanscrit, may bring the precious truths of the gospel before many who would not so willingly hear the message from others. *Three* other applications were deferred till the close of the cold season, to give opportunity of testing the aptness to teach of the applicants. It is pleasing to state that one of the three who is most anxious to be admitted receives twelve rupees (£1 4s.) per month from the clerkship he holds in the Government service; while in the College he would not have half so much—not more than five rupees (10s.)

Several other questions were considered. The *Piplee Chapel* was reported on by Mr. Bailey; and the Conference trusted that this important object would receive, both from England and in this country, the help which it well deserves. The *Opening of the New Chapel at Cuttack*, and the sums expended on its erection, were also reported, and the brethren expressed their hope that “the glory of the latter house” might be greater than of the former, endeared as it is to many of us by the hallowed associations of many eventful years. It was agreed to present a *copy of the Bible in Oriya to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I.,** on his visit to Cuttack; and this, I may add, has been done. An interesting letter was laid before the brethren from brother Phillips, senior; and the secretary was instructed to express our sympathy with our esteemed fellow-labourers in Northern Orissa. It has been a year of mercies and trials to our brethren and sisters at Balasore, Santipore, Jellasore, and Midnapore. The Mission staff has been reinforced, and others are shortly expected. Happy converts, too, have been from time to time added to the church. But weakness and suffering with them, as well as with us, have been the portion of one and other. Mrs. B. B. Smith, who nobly remained at her post after her beloved husband’s death, was compelled to seek a change, and went for a few months to the Neilgherries; but I am glad to say that we have recently heard that she has returned to Balasore greatly benefited by the change. Mr. J. L.

* I may as well say, for the information of your readers, that K.C.S.I. signifies Knight Commander of the Star of India; and that the motto of the Order is “Heaven’s light our guide.”

Phillips, after labouring with much zeal and devotedness, is obliged to seek restoration of health by returning to America; and it is expected that his wife and his sister, Miss Phillips, both of them earnest workers in the vineyard, will accompany him. Your readers, too, will remember that I reported only a month ago the death of Mudhoo Das, one of their native preachers, by the recent cyclone. This was a severe trial; but trials that befall us by the hand of God, though sometimes heavy, are much lighter than those which the devil and sin occasion. The chairman closed the Conference with prayer.

LETTER TO THE SECRETARY FROM THE REV. W. HILL.

Camp, Ganjam, India, Dec. 12th, 1874.

You will rejoice to hear that the brethren are again permitted to engage in cold season preaching tours. Three of the native brethren have gone in a south-westerly direction from Berhampore; and Mr. Smith, Tama, Balagi (who has just left the College, Soda Sebo, and I are come in this direction. Soda Sebo applied at our recent Conference for admission to the College, and was accepted. Having heard him preach twice, once in the chapel at Berhampore, and once at Padre Pella, I was able to support his application most cordially. His first chapel sermon was preached at the latter place on Lord's-day morning, Oct. 11. His text was Psalm iv. 4, "Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." To say that I was pleased would be to say far too little, for I was delighted and astonished both with the young man's prayer and his sermon. His text at Berhampore was Phil. iii. 3, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." Before commencing his text, he said, "You know that I have been brought up in the Hindoo religion; but now, by the mercy of God, I have become your brother in Christ. As the Lord may give me strength, it is my wish, as a young brother, to give you a little instruction from the Holy Book." His exposition and denunciation of pride in its manifold forms was lively and interesting. Considering, too, that it is only a few months since he embraced christianity, his references to Scripture indicated aptitude in acquiring as well as in applying the truths of God's Word. The orphan girls said that they had had "*acha upadase*," i.e., good instruction; and Mrs. Smith observed that though she had not been able to understand all he said, he was "*certainly a preacher*." Upon this point, indeed, I have never heard but one opinion; and should the young man walk according to the admonition contained in his first two texts, I cannot but think that, by God's blessing, his conversion and labours will have a beneficial effect upon his fellow-countrymen. The European school master at Berhampore, a graduate of the Madras University, speaks of him in high terms. Some weeks ago he said to me, "Your young brahmin seems as if he meant to convert the whole of Berhampore. He has always a lot of people talking to when I see him." The report of his having become a christian has spread throughout the district, and has created no little stir among the people. Yesterday and to-day, as he stood with us in the street, I could hear first one and then another of the by-standers saying, "That's the young brahmin who has '*mixed up gone*' with the christians."

My old pundit still attends chapel, and frequently comes to our house; but he has not yet been baptized. He shows, by partaking of food from our table, that he cares nothing for hindooism, and he strongly protests that he is a christian; but I often fear that he will never make up his mind publicly to profess his faith in Christ. Several weeks ago a deputation of six or eight brahmins waited upon me, stating that they had heard that MRUTUNG JAYA (i.e., the "*Conqueror of Death*," that being the meaning of his name) had been eating at my house, and they had come to ascertain whether it was true. Not wishing to precipitate matters by getting the man put out of caste, I evaded their questions. If he has become so very bad, I said, surely you will be able to find it out; and if you cannot find anything amiss in his moral conduct, why should

you come to me? Failing to obtain any satisfactory information from me, they went to Daniel Mahanty. Having learned from them that they had been to me, and that I had declined to answer their questions, our native brother determined to adopt a similar course. "Had the pundit," he said, "been to a liquor shop, or house of ill fame, you would not have taken the trouble to inquire about it, why then should you be so anxious to know whether he has eaten with christian people?" To this it was replied that the former was *not* contrary to their religion, but the latter was, and that, therefore, they were anxious to find it out. What an admission! and what a comment on heathenism! Moral laws a man may break with impunity, and maintain his reputation; but for the breach of a ceremonial law he must be degraded and cast out of society. Truly the Hindoos of to-day, like the Pharisees in the time of our Lord, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

From the medical testimony forwarded a week or two ago, you would learn that "Mrs. Hill's return to Europe is imperative and absolutely necessary; and that to remain in India another hot season would incur very grave risks." Unless, therefore, she is to succumb to the climate, she must return home. This return, however, occasions another difficulty, as Mrs. Hill will not consent to return and leave me in this country. In the exigencies of the Mission, when I thought it my duty to return to Orissa, she determined (though at what cost no human being but herself knows) to sacrifice her own feelings, to part with her children, and to hazard her life, in order to accompany me. Now, however, that, in the providence of God, her health has failed, she feels that I ought to return with her. She has, she says, endeavoured to view the matter in all its bearings—in its bearings upon the Mission, upon ourselves, and upon our children,—and her settled conviction is that she ought not and cannot return home and leave me in this country. Should I so decide, she is prepared to remain here and die, but cannot make up her mind to go to England without me. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: either Mrs. Hill must remain here, humanly speaking, to die; or I must accompany her home. The Committee—not knowing fully the circumstances of the case, or the issues involved—strongly recommend me to remain at my post; and had it been practicable, I should have been happy to comply with their request; but as to do so involves, humanly speaking, the sacrifice of my beloved wife, and the mother of my six children, I hope the Committee will not consider me wayward or disrespectful if, under such circumstances, I return home with Mrs. Hill. I trust I love the work as much as ever, but I feel that I must bow to uncontrollable circumstances as to the will of God, and leave the work and the future in a wise and loving Father's hands. Our prayer is, that this and other circumstances may turn out or be over-ruled for the furtherance of the gospel.

A BAPTIST PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—Before embarking for Corfu and the East, I avail myself of a spare hour to redeem a promise that I would write of the progress of our mission in Rome, in time for the *March Observer*. I spent last Sunday in Rome, and managed in the evening to be present at two evangelistic services—with GRASSI at the *Moriti*, and With Mr. Wall at his *locale* in the Piazza San LORENZO. I had also several interviews with Mr. Wall, Grassi, and other Evangelists, from whom I learnt good tidings of christian work in which they are all heartily engaged. Of Grassi more especially it was cheering to hear that he goes on steadily with his work, and that good fruits are ripening to cheer both himself and his supporters. His enlarged preaching room looks very pleasant, and is always well filled with attentive hearers. Several have been baptized and added to Mr. Wall's church, and there are twenty candidates for baptism, who will all be scrutinizingly watched and examined before they are admitted to the church. A school would be a valuable addition to the preaching of the word.

I never saw Grassi look so vigorous or heard him preach so energetically. The punishment of sin was the theme of his discourse, and deep solemnity rested upon the audience.

Mr. Wall has a pretty hard time of it between his architect, chapel builders, and antagonistic lawyers, who, in behalf of a neighbouring Catholic proprietor, are jealously watching against lateral or elevated encroachment. But the workmen go on without interruption, in the hope of completing the edifice by Palm Sunday, for which occasion it is proposed to have a Baptist Pilgrimage to Rome. For this event I have drawn a programme, showing how by an absence of only two Sundays closely engaged ministers may make the trip, have peeps at Turin, Milan, Venice, spend a Sabbath in Florence, and have a day there to see picture galleries, &c.; then have six days in Rome, covering the opening Sunday of the chapel, and on the following day make a visit to the Baptistry found in the catacombs, attend a soiree, and get back to home work before the third Sunday. I have provided a home for the party in Rome, and have engaged Mr. Shakespeare Wood, the eminent archæologist, to take them to the excavations, monuments, galleries, &c., for three days, lecturing on the ruins and recent discoveries, and presenting to the visitors all the great features of ancient and modern Rome.

I have tried to make the whole tour as cheap as possible, providing all needful accommodation at hotels all the way, conveyance of persons and baggage, Mr. Wood's lectures, &c., &c., for sums varying from £28 to £32 for this "outing" of twenty days. I have ordered advertisements to be inserted in Baptist papers and periodicals, and programmes to be sent to every Baptist minister whose name can be found in the new *Year Book*.

I hope this new Pilgrimage will be patronized by a good number of ministers and other brethren (and sisters too), whom I may be privileged to meet in Rome, on my return from Palestine, on the 20th or 21st of March.

I hope I shall not be blamed for arranging this Pilgrimage, as I do assure all your readers that there is no papal superstition in my nature. The word pilgrim has been made odious by some proceedings, but it is a precious and suitable word after all. It has been immortalized by the famous Bedford Dreamer, and I hope that in visiting Rome

"Pilgrims of the heavenly King,
Will, as they journey, sweetly sing"

of Him whose work, at the seat of the Papacy, they go to contemplate, and by their presence to strengthen. An old pilgrim was the first to suggest this new pilgrimage, which is worthy of the support of liberal and wealthy christians. There are many who may not be able to go themselves, but they may aid ministers of limited means, to whom such a trip could not fail to be eminently useful.

As my time now is very short, and I can only catch the moments as they fly to write this letter, I will not trespass further on your space, but refer to the advertisement ordered for the cover of the *March* magazine.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

Brindisi, Jan. 29, 1875.

THOMAS COOK.

CHILDREN'S BAZAAR, BROAD STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

THE young people of our Sunday school decided about the end of November last, after hearing of the success that had attended the Juvenile Missionary Bazaar at St. Mary's Gate school, Derby, that they, too, would have a bazaar in aid of the funds of the Orissa Mission; and pledged themselves, at a meeting of teachers and scholars called expressly to consider the matter, to do their utmost to make it a success. A committee was appointed, who purchased and prepared materials; and a sewing class being formed, the young people met together

once or twice a week, as was convenient, in one of the large class rooms, and carried on their work in right good earnest. At the same time there were others who undertook the task of collecting subscriptions; and all progressed satisfactorily until the grand day for holding the bazaar arrived, when all the young friends connected both with the school and congregation were on the tip-toe of expectation.

The bazaar was held, as had been previously arranged, on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 9th, in the large school-room, which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and was opened at eleven

o'clock in the morning by John Renals, Esq., of Lenton.

There were five stalls, consisting of No. 1, drapery goods; No. 2, fancy articles; No. 3, toys; No. 4, refreshments; and No. 5, an assortment of boots, kindly sent by one of the friends, who allowed the bazaar the whole of the profits on those sold.

The friends connected with the chapel showed their appreciation of the efforts made by the young people by coming in good numbers to the opening; and throughout the day the attendance was very large; but in the evening the number present was so largely increased that it was difficult to move about the room.

The young people are exceedingly gratified with the result of their ten

weeks' labours, for after all expenses are paid they are enabled to place in the hands of the treasurer the handsome sum of £70 for the Orissa Mission.

May God grant success to all their future efforts in His cause! W. H.

SWADLINCOTE.—On Sunday, Jan. 31, two sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel, Swadlincote, by the Rev. W. Bailey. On the Tuesday following the annual missionary meeting was held; the chair was taken by Mr. C. Crane, and interesting and earnest addresses were given by the Revs. W. Talbot, T. H. Leeson, T. Imms, and W. Bailey, the deputation. Subscriptions and collections at the services realized about £23, £17 of which was collected by the scholars in the Sunday school. T. C.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

ASKA—J. H. Smith, Jan. 20.
CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, Jan. 9.

GANJAM—W. Hill, Dec. 15.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
January 18th, to February 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. | SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND. | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|--|---|----|----|
| Bradford, <i>Infirmity Street</i> | 8 | 15 | 3 | Barton and Barlestone | 2 | 2 | 6 |
| ————— <i>Tetley Street</i> | 0 | 15 | 0 | Bradford, <i>Tetley Street</i> | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Burton and Overseal | 53 | 5 | 0 | Burnley, <i>Ebenezer</i> | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Castle Donington | 10 | 0 | 0 | Chellaston | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Caversham | 22 | 0 | 0 | Coalville | 1 | 4 | 7 |
| Coalville | 4 | 15 | 5 | Coningsby | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Halifax | 43 | 9 | 0 | Desford | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Hitchin | 6 | 1 | 0 | Dewsbury | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Hugglescote | 21 | 0 | 0 | Duffield | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Ilkeston and Newthorpe | 20 | 4 | 6 | Earl Shilton | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Kirton Lindsey | 4 | 17 | 6 | Hose | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Leeds, <i>Wintown Street</i> | 3 | 3 | 0 | Kirton Lindsey | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Leicester, <i>Dover Street</i> | 0 | 10 | 0 | Leeds, <i>Wintown Street</i> | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Magdalen | 0 | 13 | 0 | Lineholme | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| St. Albans | 2 | 0 | 0 | London, <i>Commercial Road</i> <i>Præd Street</i> | 1 | 14 | 3 |
| Stockport | 0 | 5 | 6 | Loughborough, <i>Wood Gate</i> | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Swadlincote | 24 | 6 | 9 | Louth, <i>Northgate</i> | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Thurlaston | 7 | 0 | 0 | Mally | 0 | 13 | 4 |
| Walsall | 41 | 8 | 10 | Nazebottom | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Welford | 0 | 10 | 6 | Nottingham, <i>Prospect Place</i> | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Wheelock Heath | 23 | 7 | 5 | Smarden | 0 | 13 | 10 |
| Wisbech | 3 | 4 | 4 | Tarporley | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| | | | | Walsall | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | | | | Wendover | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | West Vale | 0 | 10 | 8 |
| | | | | Wirksworth | 0 | 17 | 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.

APRIL, 1875.

THE HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH ;

OR, "INCREASED UNION IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK."*

THE subject of "Increased Union in Sunday School Work," may be regarded in two ways: first, in reference to the principal parties directly and indirectly interested in carrying that work to its highest ranges of efficiency, and securing results of the purest and most abiding quality, viz., Christian churches and pastors, parents, and Sunday school teachers; and secondly, it may be viewed in reference more particularly to those who are immediately and regularly engaged in the act of tuition.

I purpose to discuss the topic under both divisions, beginning with the wider and passing to the narrower field.

I. In olden times it was the custom, when an ox was led out by the priests for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk over all the dark spots, and so give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Men really anxious for increased union and effectiveness in Sunday school work have long since flung the chalk away, if they ever had it, and have been and still are prepared to allow that their sacrifice, however acceptable to Him who in His infinite mercy blesses much work done by mistaken men, is nevertheless marked by many obvious defects. Glad as we are for what our eyes see and our ears hear of the brave love, and heroic patience, and winning wisdom, and abundant success of our labours on behalf of the spiritual culture of the young, and of the degree of co-operation attained by churches and teachers, pastors and parents, yet a solitary glimpse of the ideal condition of that work reveals a pressing need for a much more thoroughgoing and practical unity than any that exists now. The vision of the glorious possibilities of our toil is mantled with a deep shadow as soon as we suffer the actual facts to enter within the horizon of our view.

1. Our *theories* of co-operated endeavour are rapidly becoming all that we can desire. No doubt, fathers and mothers, ministers and church members, are interested with a growing ardour in the work of training the young in the Lord's own nurture, and according to His gracious monitions. They see that the ends of the Sunday school are their ends, its work their work, and that in the largest and best issues they have

* A Paper read at the Second London Convention of Sunday School Teachers, held at the King's Weigh House Chapel, Feb. 10, 1874.

the largest and best share. It is everywhere admitted that the church is as incomplete as a limbless man if it has no agency for the spiritual training of the young: and even atheistic and godless parents have felt constrained by the very gloom and unrest of their atheism to afford their children the guidance and help of our schools. Pastors habitually look to our classes as so much stock-ground, just as naturally as the husbandman to his nursery for saplings, and the nation to its homes for men; and the whole church has at last learnt to fix its gaze in the same direction for its principal recruits for every department of active warfare, strenuous exertion, and enthusiastically sustained endeavour. Never was there more expected from the Sunday school than there is to-day!

But with all this, and much besides that might be stated of the same sort, it is still only a generous view of facts which compels me to affirm that the church is a long way from perfection, as much in its habitual mood of feeling towards the culture of the spiritual life of the young, as in the methods adopted for the expression of whatever feeling it has. True! nobody opposes, nobody questions, nobody condemns. True! the hardworking pastor gives an address once a quarter, and in many cases does even more. True! there is the inevitable collection once a year; and there are ten subscribers of the ubiquitous guinea, and half-a-dozen more who pay half that amount as regularly as they pay their water rate, and with equal devoutness of spirit, and the same degree of inward excitement. But the church does not carry the young in its heart. It has no sacred on-pressing passion about them. One day a year the fire burns brightly, but for the rest of the twelvemonth smoulders and dies. It substitutes interest in an institution for sympathy with a soul; gifts to a machine for loving, yearning effort to redeem the lost. Not yet has the church been seized and held with a grand passion for yoking all the young life of the nation to the chariot of King Jesus. There has been a passion for preaching, and it has yielded magnificent results. A passion for saving the heathen has "possessed" the church for nearly a century, and the uttermost ends of the earth are being brought to see the salvation of God. And now, carried on the breast of the "flood-tide of high profits, a roaring trade," and unprecedented material prosperity of all kinds, the church is filled with a passion for building. Let us hope the next sublime and all-swaying enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that will rid us of all self-illusions, and burn up our indolence and error—will be that of carrying the children of England into the Good Shepherd's arms, and keeping them there till they are able to go in and out of His fields and find pasture.

Then, instead of leaving a work we know the angels toil at with joy to a small but willing and able and truehearted section of the Christian brotherhood, crowded, according to general confession, with "babes in Christ," and lamentably deficient even yet in men of ripened judgment, large home experience, and knowledge of Divine training, we shall have the whole of the church vitally interested in the religious life of the young, praying for it, conferring about it, anxious that it may be carried on without waste of energy and resource, and with the slightest risk of missing its end; adapting the manifold forms of church activity to the needs of the young life, framing its teaching and worship so as to make sure of detaining them within the sphere of its influence; and tell-

ing off the best hearts, the best brains, the most perfectly disciplined and powerfully suasive spirits, to this most blessed and momentous ministry.

The outlook is unfortunately worse as we go further a field. The want of union in work between *parents* and Sunday school teachers is as painful as it is unexpected. We might justly have thought fathers and mothers would have been the first to rally with unbroken unanimity to our side. But alas! whilst some are all we can desire, and accept our aid in a work they feel to be their own with great joyfulness, others are as stolidly indifferent as stones, and still others as actively and more effectively counterworking our purposes than the seductions of the streets, and the delusive falsehoods of a pernicious literature. Some, again, only use the Sunday school to file down to an imperceptible tenuity their sense of responsibility for the religious culture of their children; and others, though meaning well, and desiring the best for their offspring, are so unaware of the simplest laws of spiritual training, that they hinder where they seek to help, and blunder where they feel most sure they are right. I do not know that anything is more urgent than that we should strive by all means to get the parents to co-operate in an intelligent and earnest and persistent way in this good work.

2. The *causes* of this defective union on the part of parents and church members with us are manifold, and *need* only to be stated with the utmost brevity. They are:—false theories as to child piety, a wanting to pluck mature fruit whilst there is not and ought not to be anything but beautiful and delicate blossoms; theological misconceptions of the spirit and range of the gospel of the Lord Jesus; the presence and influence of a host of spiritual neuters in the church; the love of ease and of luxury; the engrossing demands of trade; the worship of fashion; and a fatal readiness to believe that we can discharge spiritual obligations by subsidizing institutions: all these dim the soul's vision of eternal things, push the interests of the spirit behind those of the world, of business, and of art; and so it happens that whilst everybody flaccidly assents to the need and wisdom of our work it is still practically left to be done by an over burdened few.

But better times are close at hand. The enthusiasm for the culture of child piety that shall completely unite us is beginning to move. The spiritual climate of the church is more invigorating than it has been for years. The inglorious laziness that suffered the young to slouch into evil before they were taught the care and love of God in Christ Jesus, and even thought such an experience a necessity, is passing away in an eager desire to direct the dawning intelligence and trust towards Him who is as truly the Friend and Saviour of happy, joyful, and romping children, as He is the comfort of the careworn, the rest of the weary, and the solace of the sad. The signs of desire, and even of preparedness for thorough-going and intelligent co-operation in endeavouring to lead the young to the Lord Jesus, and secure them in loving allegiance to Him by the bonds of early habit, were never more clear and distinct than they are to-day.

3. Two reasons are in themselves sufficiently cogent to constrain to strenuous efforts for increased union and co-operation: (*a.*) the difficulty, immense and protracted, of the culture of the spiritual life of the young; (*b.*) and our imperfect knowledge of the best methods of seeking to realize our aim.

Our work is mainly spiritual. Like the mothers of Peræa, we seek to bring our children to Christ; but to us that is only a beginning—a good beginning, but still no more than that. Putting seed in the earth is only a small part of the farmer's work. Grafting the living twig on the right stock is not a guarantee in itself of an orchard full of fruit. Sending a boy to a good school is the merest fragment of the work to be done in his education for life and the world. We seek to foster growth in goodness after the highest type and pattern—Christ Jesus our Lord. We aim at fixing principles in the mind, forming habits of character, and infusing a spirit so Christ-like that it shall be more difficult to go wrong than to keep right, more easy to be true than false, noble than mean, gentle than cruel, spiritual than worldly. Our work is not literary, or rather it is only literary that it may be spiritual, and deals with Jewish history, biblical geography, Oriental manners and customs, that it may the more effectually present the counsel of God to the heart and conscience, disclosing the central truths of the faith of Christ, and saturating the souls of the children with His grace and spirit. To us the intellect is one highway to the heart. Its culture is aimed at only as a means of accelerating the growth of godly disposition and character. Does not so difficult a work, having to be done in a world like this, require all that parents and churches, pastors and teachers, can give of delicate sympathy, of fervent devotion, of diligent study, and of wise zeal?

And all the more, seeing how little we really know of the best ways of doing this work. It is only within this century that the religious culture of the young has been attempted on any extensive scale. Direct, organized, and intellectual effort to attach *all* children to Christ in a loving subjection of will is a recent outgrowth of the fulness of His life, who is the head of His body, the church. And therefore it is not singular that we should be more ignorant about this than about many other things the church has to do.

Human progress is remarkably slow in any department; much slower than many of us are aware in this age of rapid achievements and blind forgetfulness of the evils and struggles of the past. Centuries before the Christian era it was observed that the yellow amber, dropped as a gum on the shores of the Baltic, when rubbed possessed the power of attracting light bodies; but the interval between that discovery and the joyous shouts which attended the conveyance of the first message by electricity is filled with prolonged inquiry, much endeavour, frequent failure, and little success. And the higher the quality of the work the slower the process of perfecting it. So that in this work, which is to me the loftiest of all, I verily believe we have more to learn than in any other. Yes, wise as the church is, and I believe it never had more wisdom or more of the spirit of Christ, yet are we with the utmost difficulty spelling our way through the lesson God is now giving us on the training of children for Him. We know how to shape an artificer in wood, or stone, or brass. We can make able chemists, clever mathematicians, and successful engineers; but of the art of growing children into Christly men, of educating them in piety, binding them to God and goodness in the dawning of their intelligence, of this we have nearly all to learn. To secure the right message at the right crisis, to prevent our word from creeping over their souls like a clammy mist, to guarantee

that their religious life shall not be shallow or transient, but real and deep and natural, always natural, to give them armour for every attack ; ah ! who, who, who is sufficient for these things ?

This, then, is what we want, more union of feeling, more union in prayer, more union in conference about work, and more union in the work itself. Let churches, parents, and teachers be pervaded with a true sense of the character of the work to be done, and the need for doing it at once and in the best possible way, and then it will be seen that this is not a question of voting power, but of conviction ; not of the appointment of officers, but one of intelligence, of interest, and of heart. Parchment unions will not suffice. Paper resolutions will not conquer the difficulty. The world cannot be saved by machines ; it must have men—men filled with the life of the Son of God, and really alive to the urgent claims of the rising race upon their prayers, their sympathies, and their efforts.

United prayer would cheer and encourage all the workers, and bring them under the influence of the things unseen and eternal. It would stimulate zeal, purify desire, cleanse the vision, and secure the power of the Spirit of God. We know we have God with us. I no more think of contending for this than I do of arguing that the sun will shine on the freshly turned soil, and reach with its life-evoking powers the silent forces of the buried seed. I am more sure of God's Spirit for my child than I am of God's sunshine for my garden. "For if we being evil know how to give good gifts to our children, how *much more* will our Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." But He who said, "He that believeth in Me shall do greater works than I do," also said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will do it." Let at least one Sunday evening prayer meeting a month be set apart for special and united supplication by church members and parents and teachers for the salvation of their children.

We might also help one another greatly by the free and frank interchange of thought about our work, its difficulties and trials and successes. Fathers and mothers could supply many suggestions of large serviceableness to teachers, if we only gave them the opportunity. Let us afford them a chance of talking to us as well as hearing us. Free speech would greatly help co-operation ; and if the atmosphere were genial and friendly and social, there would be no lack of topics ; for what is there parents can talk so eloquently about as their children ?

The modes of service in which *all* may so engage as to contribute to and co-operate in securing the desired results are numerous and manifold. Mainly, and in the first place, the church should strive to make its teaching and worship and spirit of life such that the children will as naturally graduate into its fellowship as they pass from class to class in the Sunday school. The church must be suited for the reception and nurture of child piety, and should so act as to encourage godly children to expect a place in the church family, and to pass into it by a transition as easy and as natural as that by which the fragile bud becomes the expanded flower, or the delicate and many-tinted blossom the ripe fruit. In this, as indeed in everything else, the privilege comes to the pastor, and the profit too, of leading the way, acting as a centre of cohesion, a fount of inspiration, and the living sap that holds together every graft

on the parent stock. With his eye on everything and his loving heart in everything, known to all, known of all, and knowing all, he will be able as a father in a family to shape his preaching and pastoral work so as at least to give serious attention to these *first* things, and gather the lambs, *as lambs*, within that enclosure which of all others should be the most protective, helpful, and agreeable of any they know. Link on to this, parental work and influence, in speech, in catechising to gather the results of the teaching, in kindly interest, in leading the children to talk to God for themselves, and in holy living, and verily the beauty of the Lord will be upon us; He will graciously establish the work of our hands, and His work shall appear in manifest and palpable blessing to us, and His glory unto our children.

II. On the second and narrower branch of my subject I have little to say. (1.) In every successful Sunday school there will be the unity of a full, throbbing, and richly diversified life; teachers will be animated with a common spirit of love for their work, a warmer love for their children, and warmest of all for the Christ who gives them their call to and fitness for His service. Caste will be totally excluded. Divisions will not be known. Cliques will shrivel into nothingness. The atmosphere will be pervaded with unity; unity of faith in the possibility of immediate child-piety, unity of prayer and of purpose, and unity of teaching plan. The same lesson all around will be fuel for the common fire. Teachers will gain unconsciously, but still really (as we all do from thinking and talking on what other people are thinking and talking about), as their minds move towards the same goal and along the same road. They will experience a subtle companionship of thought and speech that will strengthen sympathy and perfect work. Let this brotherly love and brotherly work continue, yea! let it increase and abound. Foster it in every Sunday school by friendly talk on the common cause, the particular difficulties and the special encouragements of the work; by social meetings; by the use of the international lessons and the more regular and importunate approach in prayer to the God of all unity and of all life.

(2.) Economy suggests another direction in which this unity may be advantageously carried. All vigorous and well-trained churches will have more teaching power in them than they are able to utilize on their own premises, and will be able to send detachments to Ragged and Mission Schools; to form separate classes in private houses; to attend to week-evening services for the young, and so forth. Might not some of these, gathered from the *different churches of different denominations in a district*, unite together, and taking advantage, say, of the School Board or other premises, to carry on a school for the simple purpose of teaching the way of salvation? I know one church of over five hundred members which supplies the principal teaching force of three schools, besides the one in its own home, two of them being quite undenominational. If we are to overtake the needs of Britain, and fully use the power of the church, we must grow along this line.

The main needs, then, my brethren, in the School, in the Church, and in the Home, are a deepening sense of the value of child-life and of the possibilities of child-growth in the knowledge and *grace* of our Lord

Jesus Christ, and a converging of impassioned enthusiasm, strong faith, and radiant hope on this one object of the salvation of the young. If the young are to be saved from the increasing perils to manhood and womanhood, we must do this; if they are to be fortified against the sceptical criticisms of our day, we must get them rooted and grounded in a living experience of the love and friendship of Christ: if we mean that the faith of the next generation of Christians should be vivid, and not numb, and religion should be the supreme, penetrating, controlling, and decisive part of human life, we must unite in this effort to bring them to Christ.

We cannot get men of Puritanic temper and force in any other way. Those princes of decision, courage, and spiritual power, Baxter, Howe, Owen, Henry, and their companions, started early in the work of religious culture, gave their youth to godliness, and so attained a manhood of invincible patience, incorruptible purity, and lasting usefulness. Let us have that trinity of blessed influences, the Home, the School, and the Church, all uniting together in intelligent, prayerful, sympathetic, and loving endeavour to save the young, and assuredly they will become partakers of the Divine nature, escape the corruptions which are in the world, be the joy of the church, and the strength and safety of the state.

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

COME, lovely Spring, and deck our sea-girt isle
 With thy pure matchless robe of varied hue,
 Making the meadows green, and valleys smile
 With daisies, buttercups, and violets blue.
 Adorn the budding hedgerow, scent the grove;
 Once more thy joyous grateful offering bring,
 Raising an anthem to the God of love,
 Making the woodlands with sweet music ring.
 Bid the young lamb bound with a pure delight;
 The loving kine salute the sun's bright beam;
 Reviving nature glory in his light,
 And with new forms of life the glad earth teem.
 Waft from the distant hills a zephyr sweet
 To cheer the workroom and the busy mart,
 To fan the crowds who throng the city street,
 And make the gloomy winter storms depart.
 Lead the imagination, fresh and free,
 Up the steep mountain, by the flowery dell,
 Where the young hare is skipping wild with glee,
 And the wild goats in peace and safety dwell.
 Lift from the weary one the load of grief;
 Tell of a spring whose flowers for ever bloom,
 Where the sad stricken soul may find relief,
 Beyond the dreary winter of the tomb.
 Tell of that Spirit which can give new life;
 Rouse to fresh energy the dormant soul;
 Subdue the storms of passion and of strife;
 Bind up the broken heart and make it whole.
 Tell of that day when all the sleeping dead,
 With life renewed and bodies changed, arise;
 Burst through their dark and dreary winter bed
 To meet their Judge and Saviour in the skies.

MILLCENT STORER

CONSECRATED FRIENDSHIP.

A STORY FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES.

A BRIGHT and bonnie girl was Alice Williams. For many years, indeed almost from infancy, she and I had been true friends, close companions; and the friendship thus early formed had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our ripening years, until at length it almost seemed as if we two shared but one heart. And so it was, that when Allie, in response to the loving Saviour's gracious invitation, yielded herself to Him, and then, coming to me, told of the love and joy and peace with which He had filled her heart, I felt that I could not bear to be left behind; and thenceforth rested not until I, too, felt myself gathered in the arms and folded in the very bosom of "Israel's gentle Shepherd."

And now, indeed, the friendship that had been sweet before became as the very intercourse of heaven. Allie and I were never weary of talking together of the Saviour, and the great love wherewith He had loved us; and solemnly, as in His sight, we pledged ourselves to seek henceforth each other's highest welfare, so consecrating to His service, not only ourselves, but the very friendship which bound us together. By and bye we were permitted to share the privilege of His people, being baptized in His name; and on the same day our aged and venerable pastor gave to us the right hand of fellowship, and with words of tenderness and love welcomed us, his children in the faith, into the church of Christ.

Never shall I forget the feeling of joy and gratitude that thrilled through my whole being as, hand in hand, Allie and I that evening sought our homes; with hearts too full for utterance, we pursued our way in silence, until at length, seated in Allie's quiet chamber, she said, "Jenny, are you now perfectly happy, or is there anything you still wish for?"

"I am happier," I replied, "than ever I supposed it possible to be in this world; there is but one thing I want now, and that is, some way of showing my gratitude to my precious Saviour."

"That," said Allie, "is the only thing that troubles me. But what can we do? We are both too young to teach in the Sunday school, and shall be for some years yet; you are but just fourteen, and I am two months younger. I do not know of anything that we can do; and yet I feel as if I cannot remain idle when Christ has done so much for me."

"Allie," I said, "do you remember what Mr. D. said this afternoon, in his address to us, about taking all our perplexities and cares to God, and how we must never think anything too trifling for Him to notice; for He loves us so that nothing that affects our happiness is insignificant in His sight? Suppose, then, we tell Him about this, and ask Him to find us something to do for Him."

"I think it is just what we ought to do," said Allie. But here we were interrupted by a gentle voice calling me away. I knew it was my dear, good mother coming after her child, and hastened to obey her call. Mr. Williams, however, insisted that we should stay and all have supper and prayers together, a thing we not unfrequently did, as we were near neighbours as well as dear friends.

We read together the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel ; but when it came my turn, and I read, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven," I could scarcely believe the words had been there before ; it seemed as if they must have come there just then for the especial benefit of Allie and myself, and so, before parting for the night, we resolved to take advantage of the promise, and ask constantly—until we were answered—that God would show us some way in which we might serve Him.

I believe it was the second day after this, when, as Allie and I were walking home from school—for we shared the same lessons both on week-days and Sundays,—we met a young girl who for some months had attended our Sunday school, but who had proved so troublesome in one or two classes, that the superintendent had been on the point of expelling her, when our teacher, a lady with a truly marvellous stock of patience, had requested that she might come into our class for one more trial ; the superintendent gladly consented, saying he was very sorry to have to take such extreme measures, but really she had been such an annoyance that he did not know what else he could do with her. And so for about six weeks she had been in our class ; but during all that time she had never joined in the reading of the lessons ; sometimes she would open her Bible, but more frequently she would sit with it closed in her lap, and take no notice of what was going on in the class ; coaxing, entreaty, persuasion, had all in turn been tried to induce her to read, but to no purpose. And to this general sullenness of demeanour she added one habit which was particularly disagreeable, the unaccountably strange habit of spitting on the floor, or over the dresses of the girls who might at the time be nearest to her ; this was the more surprising as her general appearance and her manner of speaking, when she could be induced to speak, indicated that she had had a respectable, even gentle, up-bringing. At first, when she came into our class, we had, of course, all spoken cheerfully to her, but she so seldom answered, that of late we had just left her alone ; and so, meeting her this afternoon, we passed her with scarcely a look of recognition. By and bye, however, we began to talk about her. "It is strange," Allie said, "that she comes to school at all, as she seems to dislike it, and all about it, so thoroughly." Then we wondered if she had parents, where she lived, what kind of a home she had ; and, in short, we wondered and wondered till we became decidedly interested in her, and determined to find out more than we yet knew about her ; when suddenly Allie said, "Jenny, do you think this is the answer to our prayers?"

"How?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "do you not think it possible that we have been led by God to thus speak of her, and that He may intend to make us a means of good to this girl? Perhaps we, being more her equals in age and the like, may have more influence over her than older persons, such as Miss Hill, our teacher, have had."

"So we might," I said ; "at any rate, God can give us the influence, and you know the promise we read on Sunday night ; so suppose we agree now to try what we can do, and especially to pray constantly for Olive, until God gives her a new heart."

"Agreed," said Allie; and so we parted.

Not until the following Sabbath did we again see Olive, though we looked for her each day in our journeys to and from school; on Sunday morning, however, we were early at school, and were delighted to see Olive already there, and alone in the class. "Good morning, Olive," we said, coming up and seating ourselves one on each side of her; "you are here in good time this morning." And then, in answer to Allie's gentle enquiry, "Are you quite well?" she answered, "Yes, thank you," with so much cordiality, that we began to feel already as if our prayers were partly answered. By and bye I ventured to ask, "Do you live near the school, Olive?"

"I live," she said, "in St. Jude's Place."

"Indeed," I replied; "why we both live very near there; it is strange we do not oftener see you. Do your parents live there?"

"No," was the quick answer; and burying her face in her hands, she gave way to a passion of grief, such as I should scarcely have thought one so young could have felt. I was sorry I had asked the question, and did my best to comfort her, while Allie said tenderly, "Do not cry, Olive darling, we are very sorry for you."

By this time the superintendent had taken his place at the desk; troops of happy, light-hearted children gaily entered the school, and returned the pleasant greetings of their respective teachers. Olive quickly dried her tears, and by the time school fairly commenced, no one, looking at her, would have noticed that anything was amiss. During the morning lesson she sat quiet as usual, her book unopened; but for a wonder her large dark eyes were fixed on the teacher as attentively as those of any other scholar. After the service in the chapel we waited for Olive, and all three walked home together; very silently, however, for we were afraid of saying something that might again hurt her feelings. In the afternoon, when school was over, we asked her if she would like a walk, saying that if she would we should be very glad to have her company. For one minute she hesitated, then said, "I should like to go well enough, if you really would like me to." And so we went.

During our walk Allie asked, "Do you like coming to our Sunday school, Olive?"

"No," she said; "and if my own parents had lived they would not have allowed me to come:" then she added quickly, "I like you two though, and the teacher; but I do not like the lessons, except sometimes when we read in the Old Testament, as you call it."

Surprised at this, we asked her why, saying that *we* liked the *New Testament* best, because it told most plainly all about Christ.

"Yes," she said, "I dare say you believe it to be true, but my father and mother taught me that Jesus Christ was a base deceiver;" and as she said the words she spat on the daisied grass by the side of which we were walking.

Very much shocked we were to hear such words from lips so young and fair; but we deemed it best not to say much about it; and soon, by gentle words and kind inquiries, we got from her the whole story of her young life.

Her parents, it appeared, were Jews, and very strict in observing the forms of their Jewish worship; Olive was their only child; and while they had taken pains to instruct her in all the truths of the Old Testament Scriptures, they had taught her to regard the New as a wicked fiction, and the Christ therein revealed as an impostor. The true Messiah of their nation, they said, was yet to come. "And yet," said Olive, "I am obliged to sit in a Christian school, and hear taught the religion which my parents hated so much."

She then went on to tell us how it happened that she had come to live in B——, and begun to attend our Sunday school. Twelve months ago her parents were both living; and she, of course, was with them, in the city of Manchester. Her father had died suddenly, and her mother, always delicate, proved unequal to the shock of her sudden bereavement and widowhood. She had barely time to see her husband's prosperous business disposed of, and a comfortable provision settled on her only child, when she sunk beneath her sorrow, and was laid beside her husband. Two short months saw Olive a desolate orphan, with not a relative in the world. A lawyer who had managed her mother's affairs, and who was brother to the gentleman with whom Olive now lived, seeing her lonely condition, and knowing that his brother, who had no children of his own, was desirous to adopt one, wrote to him, telling him of the young Jewess who, by the sudden death of her parents, was thus left in his charge. The result was, this gentleman and his wife went to Manchester, saw Olive, and being pleased with her, and she being glad to find a home and friends, they brought her back with them to B——.

"And are they kind to you?" we asked.

"Yes," she said, "they are as kind as kind can be; the only thing I do not like is this Christianity. They sent me at once to your Sunday school, thinking, I suppose, that if I only knew more about the religion they love so much, I should come to like it too: but I never shall."

We, however, hoped differently; but deeming it advisable not to say so, we only said, "Poor, dear child, we are very sorry for you:" and as Olive again gave way to her grief, we put our arms about her neck, mingled our tears with hers, and from that moment we were friends.

We felt now that a very important point was gained. Olive, we knew, had hitherto resisted all overtures of friendship; and we doubted not, that as God had favoured us thus far, He would ultimately give us our hearts' desire, and we should yet see Olive a believer in our precious Saviour.

But my story would be too long if I were to recount all the talks we had together; suffice it to say, that from that time there was little trouble with Olive in the Sunday school. Before next Sunday she had told us the reason of her spitting on the floor; she said, "The Jews always do so when they hear any one utter the name of Jesus." I cannot say that she never did it again; but it certainly was not long before the habit was entirely given up, and Olive became a model of good conduct. For quickness and intelligence she had few equals in the school; and from being dreaded by some and disliked by others, she became a general favourite. Allie and I remembered her constantly in our prayers, and in every possible way sought, by kindness, gentleness, and love, to recommend to her conscience and her heart the character

and religion of Christ, never wavering in our belief that God would give us the blessing we desired. Nor was our hope confounded. Gradually light dawned on her young mind, and ere long we had the unspeakable happiness of seeing Olive a disciple of our loving, gracious Lord, and rejoicing in His precious love.

It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath evening early in June, just twelve months since Allie and I had been baptized. We were sitting in the same room where we had spent that memorable evening a year ago. The day had been one of great gladness, and gratitude filled our young hearts, for it had witnessed the baptism of Olive Clay, the subject of so many earnest prayers, and so much tender solicitude. God had been very good to us; and to-night we thanked Him, not only for the result, but for the work itself. It had been very pleasant to labour for Him, and we felt that during that year He had taught us to watch for souls; and we blessed Him for the lesson, and prayed that we might never forget it, resolving still to take advantage of His gracious promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven."

JANE WHITAKER.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. XI.—*Growth of Ideas on the Church.*

IN 1832, after intinerating in various parts of Scotland, preaching as many as twelve times a week, baptizing believers, and forming new churches, Mr. M. was invited to take the oversight of the congregation meeting in East Clyde Street, Glasgow, recently vacated by Dr. McLeod Campbell, who had been previously ejected from the Established Church of Scotland. Under Mr. M.'s preaching the congregation became convinced of the necessity of believers' baptism; and submitting to the rite, formed themselves into a Baptist church. This result will not surprise any one who reads the convictions expressed in the following letters, and remembers the fervour and zeal with which Mr. M. held and advocated what he believed to be true. He clung to the Scriptures with the utmost tenacity; and in this his transition state (for he was only recently baptized) he insisted upon his ideas of the New Testament pattern of the Christian church with an unwearied persistence and glowing earnestness that were sure to infect many minds. Not to misinterpret the exaggerated importance attached to ordination, and the exclusiveness of his exposition of the Christian society, three things must be borne in mind: (1.) the *date* of these letters; (2.) the transitional condition of Mr. M.'s mind; and (3.) the beautiful and high conscientiousness that ever adorned his spirit.

To his friend Mr. Booker, of Nottingham, he writes in 1832:—

Dearest, beloved Brother,—You must long ere now have lost sight of me; I will therefore recount something of what the Lord has done with me during these nearly twelve months since I had the joy of seeing you; and greatly do I desire that this letter may be the means of bringing me nearer to you in a short period again. On leaving you I came into Yorkshire, thence to my father's in

Northumberland, then to visit our dear Mr. Erskine in the West of Scotland, to see and to hear for myself the wonderfully gifted persons of whom I had heard so much in Hamburg. While at Helensburgh, a Mr. Dickie there, finding me baptized, and there being two or three more with him, we broke bread together, and I preached the gospel. A little church was founded, which, through mercy, still subsists, though I think they are only seven in number. He, good man, alone contrived to get me a pulpit in Glasgow for one evening. I preached; and went on to remain in Edinburgh during the winter, by permission of the church in Hamburg; but, strange to say, Mr. M., who was going to France for the winter, altered his mind; and so I was making preparations to return to Hamburg, when I received a letter to return to Glasgow for the Sabbath, and was then requested to remain during the winter. Some persons applied to me for baptism; I performed that solemn rite, and broke bread with them; and these became a little church, and in March, when I was to leave them, they required that I should continue with them altogether. So I did. We are now seventy-five members, I believe; and five have been excluded, or have left us. Last week, also, a little church, holding the free gospel of the grace of God, was formed in Edinburgh. But oh, my brother, I am ill at ease about ordination. Our dear brother, Von Lucken, in Hamburg, thought it was agreeable to the mind of God that, as there were no bishops at all, the church should ordain; and the brethren there agreed to it, and ordained him, all the brethren laying their hands on him. I do not, however, feel quite satisfied, and desire to inquire of you what you know of the right ordination, whether you are ordained, and whether you would ordain me. There was, but I knew it not in time, a blessed man of the name of Wills, in London, believing in the full and free salvation, atonement for all mankind, and likewise the necessity of the baptism of believers; but in the midst of great apparent life and power he was carried off through cholera. There is also a German preacher who agrees with believers' baptism and a full gospel at Bristol; and I wrote to him, but he took no notice of the question of ordination. Dear brother, it is a most important doctrine. I find it among the assured foundations of the doctrine of Christ (Heb. vi.); and I find my need of it in the church every day. May God, find us this one thing, this doctrine and means of order. Is dear Mr. Fluker yet with you, and well? Yet unbaptized? Oh! show him John iii. 5, Mark xvi. 16. The dear people in Germany are suffering dreadful persecution. Three in prison; and Mr. Von Lucken is handled like a beast by soldiers. Brother, are you very strictly keeping up the discipline in the church? In all the devil's music there is not a lovelier instrument, nor a more hollow cymbal, than this sprinkling of infants. It is to deny the nature of baptism (Mark xvi. 16; Rom. vi. 3; Gal. iii. 27). It is to deny the nature of the church as a body of believers (Acts v. 14; viii. 37; Rom. i. 7, 8; 1 Cor. i. 2; 2 Cor. vi.) It is to deny responsibility; for if it would be my duty had I not been as an infant sprinkled, but having been, it is not my duty; then another's doing this duty exempts me from mine. It is to teach that all unbaptized infants are damned John iii. 5, compared with Mark x. 14). It is to confound the world and the church together. To ruin the world by the poison of flattery: the church by believing in "wood and hay and stubble" as its walls. Break not bread with any one whom you do not feel to be walking in the spirit and truth of God. Be not partaker of others sins, nor suffer sin in a brother. *Write soon and fully.*

As further indicating the state of Mr. M.'s mind at this time we cite a letter sent to Mr. W., who was unwilling to make baptism a condition of church membership:—

My dear Friend,—Though I do not feel that the solemn question between us is one of human law, and pray God that you may be preserved from the sin of treating it so; yet because of my promise to send you a view of baptism as the sign of the visible church, and of the reasons why, I feel that, in your present state of mind, our connection with each other as church members is not the will of the Lord, I sit down to fulfil that engagement.

The church, you must acknowledge, is a society distinct from the world, in the midst of which it subsists, and from which it is designed to be constantly gathering new members. "They are not of the world." "These are in the

world." In order to make this distinctness visible, some mark must be put on those who compose it, such as will be acknowledged both by the world and by the church, to insure that purpose. These marks must be appointed by the Lord Himself, for none else is competent to appoint them. He has appointed two. The disciples shall break bread together, for they are one bread; but how are men to become acknowledged disciples? It was by baptizing them in water He made disciples during His ministry on earth, and He has commanded the preachers of His gospel to do so still (Matt. xxviii.) This was also the uniform practice of those men whom He left to be the foundation of the church (Eph. ii. 20). And the Lord has expressly declared that except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. This kingdom may there mean the kingdom now on earth, that is the church, or the coming kingdom of glory. A man to enter it must be born of water as well as of the Spirit. He that *believes and is baptized* shall be saved. Moreover, dear friend, there are descriptions of baptism which I think you must acknowledge will not accord with the notion that persons are or can be members of the church before baptism, or become so by some other act performed subsequently. Surely, church members have put on Christ; but it is in baptism, the Scriptures say, we put on Christ, and thus become one in Christ (Gal. iii. 27, 28). Surely, church members are raised to a new life; but this is attributed to baptism. But if baptism be not a being born into the church, then there are some of the saved not of the church, or some (*viz.*, all unbaptized) members of the church not saved; and these same are members of the church who have not put on Christ, who are not buried with Christ, and who have not washed away their sins. If, now, the blessed Lord Himself and His apostles declare the necessity of baptism, and did universally admit persons to the church through that ordinance, and have given to me no other mode of admitting them, how dare I regard the unbaptized as church members? If they believe, let them show it by their works. Let them repent and be baptized, every one of them, and save themselves from this untoward generation. If they be disciples in heart, let them observe what their Lord and Master commands; then I will believe them. I may add that baptism has been universally regarded as the mode of admission to the church. As the visible church must have some entrance, any reader of the New Testament, having no controversy in his eye, would at once feel that entrance to be baptism. Do not all doubts concerning this arise from not reading the Bible? From the effort of the flesh to make it suit the present state of the world? From the pain which the tenderness of our natural flesh feels when we are called upon to give testimony against the unfaithfulness and disobedience of so many whom we would fain hope to be born of the Spirit, from some of whom, perhaps, we have received great spiritual good? What the Lord may do with these precious souls we may not dare to judge. Our part is to testify with Him, except ye be born of water and of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. To modify the doctrine for the sake of the man, is to know Christ after the flesh.

Yesterday it was twelve months since I was baptized. Well, I am pleased with what the year has brought forth. I left all to Jesus Christ, and He has not left me nor forsaken me. Jesus, I pray Thee, never do. Keep me, for Thou canst. To Him who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory for ever.

On Thursday last Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, was in town. He said some precious things, among which was the connection between Gal. ii. 20 and iii. 1. The Galatians had had Christ, not before their ears, but before their eyes; for they had seen Paul, who was himself Christ crucified. A solemn lesson for preachers and for me.

HISTORICAL CAMEOS.

No. II.—*The Regicides.*

“‘SOUND Trumpets! Charge!’

“The soft June wind blew over the breezy uplands of Naseby, but it was laden with the smoke of battle. The air was heavy with the scent of blood, and the shrieks of the dying mingled strangely with the cries of charging squadrons. Our men, under the colonel, with Rainsborough and Hammond, were in reserve. I had ridden over with a message for the Lieutenant-General, who commanded the right wing of our army. I found him on horseback, surrounded by a group of officers. He knew me at once, and cried as I rode up, ‘Ah! friend Blackshaw, we shall avenge thine ears to-day, I think! Hast thou brought us a word of cheer? Truly the Lord is good to us, and to-day the New Model shall triumph. What saith the Psalmist? ‘Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: and let the wicked perish in the presence of God!’ The troops were drawn up in battle array, and the horses stood pawing the earth, and impatiently champing their bits. The famous cavalry which the General Cromwell had trained, sat upright and motionless in their saddles, like Ironsides as they were. But as the General rode along the line, and spake words of exhortation, methought I never saw a sight so glorious. They seemed filled with his own enthusiasm. As Oliver galloped down the ranks, his middle-sized thick-set frame seemed to expand into that of a giant. Man and horse moved together as though they were one, and the strides of the charger were answered by the flutter of plume and scarf. He was saluted by the soldiery with tremendous plaudits, and as he rode back to the colours, I felt that I was in the presence of a hero. He paused for a moment, lifted his hat, and bent his uncovered head in prayer. Then drawing his sword, his voice rang through the field like a clarion call—‘Sound Trumpets! Charge!’

“The trumpets pealed forth the signal from their brazen throats, and amid flashing steel, and the glitter of cuirass and helmet, that stern host, with the discipline of veterans and the precision of machinery, thundered on to the charge. Hoarsely from a thousand throats burst forth the battle cry, ‘God our strength!’ The earth trembled and the chargers neighed with the lust of battle, as in serried phalanx the Ironsides swept on. Sir Marmaduke met them bravely with the cry of ‘God and Queen Mary.’ But in a little while, a fierce conflict at sword’s-point decided the affray, and his troops were broken and driven in headlong slaughter and confusion over the fallow fields.”

Our fighting chaplain records some further notes of the battle and of the spoil taken therein—colours, cannon, baggage, small arms and powder, together with over 5,000 prisoners. More than all this, the King’s private cabinet was captured, and the damaging revelations it afforded sealed the monarch’s doom. How crushing and complete was the defeat of the royalists at Naseby, was made evident by the King’s surrender. After months of hopeless wandering he delivered himself up, disguised as a groom, to the Scots encamped at Newark. His imprison-

ment by the parliament; the negotiations with him, constantly interrupted by his bad faith and duplicity, the fruitless efforts at settlement, with his subsequent trial and condemnation by the High Court of Justice, are matters of history. Let our diarist sketch the scene in the hall of judgment.

"*Saturday, Jan. 27th.*—I have just returned from a great sight. The King hath been brought to trial, and sentence pronounced upon him. Seven days the High Court hath held its sittings in the great hall at Westminster. The upper end, where the courts of Chancery and King's Bench held their sittings, was fitted up for the purpose. The scene was wonderful; and that was done openly, which will ring through every court in Europe, and be a warning to tyrants in all succeeding ages. The proceedings were solemn and decent, conducted with gravity and earnestness befitting the occasion. The great gothic hall was divided by barriers, and immense crowds of people assembled to witness the trial. Soldiers under arms kept the approaches, and maintained order. Sergeant Bradshaw was the president, and John Lisle and William Say his assistants. The king was brought to the bar in a sedan chair, and a seat covered with velvet was prepared for him. From the first he disputed the authority of the court, and treating it with contempt, sat down without removing his hat. His judges, sixty of whom were present, also remained covered. A strange thing, which some did think to be ominous, happened when Mr. Solicitor Coke stood up to speak for the prosecution. The king held up his cane, and crying 'Hold! Hold!' tapped him two or three times on the shoulder with it. As he did so the gold head of the staff fell off, which was much noted. Nevertheless by order of the Court Mr. Solicitor went on to read the charge, the king meanwhile looking sometimes at the court, sometimes at the galleries, and turning round with his back to the court, looked also at the guards and the people. He then sat down, looking very sternly, until Coke denounced 'Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and a traitor,' at which he laughed aloud in the face of the court."

After much disputing and many adjournments, the court, not permitting its authority to be questioned, proceeded, for its own satisfaction, to hear witnesses in the Painted Chamber. On the 26th they proceeded to consider the sentence, and resolved that the king should die. The sentence, drawn up by the Vice-Presidents of the High Court, with Harry Marten, Ireton, Harrison, and Love, was ordered to be engrossed. On the morrow the king was condemned. Our diarist shall describe it.

"The court this morning wore a very solemn aspect. The Lord President was robed in scarlet, and the commissioners were in their best habits. As the king entered, the soldiers cried for justice. He still kept his hat on, but when he noted the altered aspect of the court, his firmness seemed to forsake him. Hitherto he had refused to recognize the court, but now he pleaded earnestly to be heard. It was a solemn scene. The most profound silence reigned in the hall. The light from the great gothic window streamed upon the royal prisoner. The carved figures with folded wings that supported the hammer-beam roof, seemed to look down with eager curiosity upon the spectacle. The surging crowd, the spectators in the galleries, the dark robed judges, with the crimson robes of the President like a flaming vengeance in the centre—

the patches of coloured light from the windows falling upon plumes and weapons and uniforms—made up a picture I shall never forget. A king of England tried for treason and conspiracy in the great hall of his ancestors!

“The king was greatly agitated when sentence was pronounced. He had repeatedly declined to plead, and had rejected the authority of the court; affirming his own authority, as king by Divine right, to be above all law and authority whatever. He now urgently desired to be heard. But Bradshaw, courteous but inflexible, ruled that the time was past, that he had had too much liberty already, and called upon the clerk to read the sentence, which was, that ‘the court doth adjudge Charles Stuart a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation; and that he be put to death by the severing of his head from his body.’”

We cannot afford space to quote the diarist’s graphic description of the execution of the sentence. Most students of history are familiar with the scene enacted before the Banqueting Chamber at Whitehall on that eventful 30th of January. The scaffold, with the axe, block, and masked headsman,—the discrowned king, Bishop Juxon, and the group of officials charged with the carrying out of the sentence,—all this seems to present itself as a picture in the dull grey atmosphere of that raw winter’s day. The king’s anxiety for the axe, “Hurt not the axe—it may hurt me,”—his farewell to Juxon, with the gift of the George, and the single word “Remember,”—the kneeling form,—the signal of the outstretched hands,—the uplifted axe,—the single flash of the downstroke,—and then the dripping head, held up to the multitude with the exclamation, “This is the head of a traitor!” All this is engraved on the memory; and the quiet, noble bearing of the king, with his earnest devotion on the scaffold, has, coupled with his domestic virtues, aroused a feeling of sympathy in the breasts of many who detest his crimes, despise his shuffling duplicity, and would themselves have fought against his cruel despotism.

The expediency of the sentence which made Charles into “a Royal Martyr” may be doubted, but its legality cannot be questioned. His judges for the most part were Godfearing men. Every means had been tried for securing the liberties of the people, before the last dread act was resorted to. And this thing was not done in a corner, but before the eyes of an astonished world. It was not the blow of a midnight assassin, but the relentless stroke of offended justice. And to-day, it is impossible to say how much of our civil and religious liberty we owe to the decision and inflexibility of “the Regicides.”

We have not space to follow the writer of this diary through his record of personal experience and public event, though there is much that is quotable and deeply interesting. He appears to have risen in Cromwell’s favour, and to have enjoyed considerable intimacy with him. We cannot refrain, however, giving the following glimpse of the private life of the Protector at his favourite residence—Hampton Court Palace. The splendid successes of Cromwell’s foreign policy are well known. His famous declaration, “I will make the name of an Englishman as much feared as was ever that of a Roman,” was no vain boast. The haughtiest powers of Europe courted his alliance and trembled at his

frown. The maritime supremacy of England was established beyond challenge, and the sea generals of the Protector carried her flag victorious in every engagement. The bloody hand of persecution was stayed at his bidding, and he threatened that the thunder of his cannon should be heard at Civita Vecchia, if the "heretics of the valleys" were not suffered to dwell in peace. All this is widely known; but the purity and sweetness of his domestic life, and the quietness and decency of his court, is not so familiar to the ordinary reader. And many are not aware that the Lord Protector was an ardent lover of music, and a generous patron of the arts. The true aspect of the home life of English Puritanism, is a genuine surprise to those who think that Puritanism is only a synonym for sour fanaticism, and snuffing, canting hypocrisy.

"*July 18th.*—At Hampton Court, on the invitation of His Highness. Here I did greatly enjoy the society of many learned and distinguished men. The old Tudor palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey, is the favourite home of Oliver, and right hospitably he entertaineth his guests. His court is quiet and sober, but not wanting in solid magnificence. His Highness's guard of halberdiers are on duty, in gray coats welted with black velvet. Captain Strickland hath the command of them, and a gracious and obliging gentleman he is. The beautiful gardens and aviaries delighted me much, and I wandered at ease in the pleasant walks and shady woods which surround the palace. The Protector is not greatly concerned about state, but delighteth to take his ease in the bosom of his family. His habits are as simple, and his own diet as spare as ever; but on Monday in every week he provideth a sumptuous repast for his officers, with whom he dines in public. He is full of humour, and much given to joking. Delighting in the society of literary and scientific men, all such are made welcome, and he enters with them into familiar discourse. At such times his countenance beams, and his eye sparkles, and men are astonished at the fulness of his knowledge of things they deemed quite beyond him. He hath an air of quiet, easy, natural, self-possessed majesty, which proclaims him worthy of holding the staff of power. We had a most delightful entertainment in the great gallery of the palace, where a large company were assembled together. Here the great organ which formerly stood in Magdalen College, Oxford, hath been set up, and Mr. John Hingston, His Highness's organist, discoursed most excellent music thereupon. Mr. John Milton, who, I am grieved to say, is now quite blind, also played upon the instrument at the special request of the Lady Elizabeth, urged also by her honoured father. I hear that Mr. Milton hath projected a noble poem, and awaiteth only sufficient leisure to carry out his intention. Mr. Hingston spoke to me of Oliver's love of music, and said that he was often honoured by his presence at private concerts given at his own house. He also told me that one of the Protector's first acts, when he had the power, was to stop the dispersion of the late king's pictures; and that he had recovered many—including the cartoons of Rafaele—at a great price for the nation. I had other conversation with men of letters and divines of eminence during this fortunate evening, which must ever remain marked with a red letter in my calendar; the more so since I had the honour of being presented to the lady of the Lord Protector. She is a very modest, quiet woman,

and beareth her exaltation right well and nobly. Amusements were provided elsewhere for such of the officers and guests who cared not for music, and all seemed quite at their ease in pleasant enjoyment. The contrast between the sober state and rational amusement of the Protector's court, and that of the late king, with its punctilious ceremonial and costly shows, is said to be very marked by those who have known both."

If the contrast with the court of Charles I., comparatively moral and decent, was great, the contrast with that of his debauched son Charles II. was greater still.

After the death of the great Protector, and the brief sway of the feeble and irresolute Richard, "His Most Sacred Majesty" returned from Breda in outward triumph, though with much inward fear and trembling, as Clarendon himself confesses. And when, in the words of the ranting Cavalier song, "The king enjoyed his own again," the nation was treated to an experience, which it is to be hoped it will never forget. Promises made with Stuart ease and prodigality, "upon the word of a king," were broken with Stuart facility and Stuart shamelessness. There was to be toleration and liberty of conscience. The infamous penal laws against Dissenters, and the ejection of the two thousand ministers on "Black Bartholomew," was the result. There was to be morality and good government. And by way of fulfilment, the court became a shameless and extravagant brothel, and places and titles were openly sold by the king's mistresses. The honour of England was to be redeemed and exalted. And straightway the English flag was trailed in ignominious defeat. The Dutch sailed up the Thames, burning and destroying, with a broom contemptuously tied to their masthead. And Dunkirk was sold to the French, that the money might be spent in gambling and profligacy by "Old Rowley" and his creatures. Indemnity and oblivion were guaranteed to all who had been concerned in the late troubles. The whole of the Records and State papers of the Commonwealth were destroyed, as a beginning. And the drivelling Stuart debauchee tore the body of the great uncrowned king from the grave, hung it on Tyburn gallows, and spiked the head, before which he had so often trembled, on the gable of Westminster Hall. Nor did this small vengeance satisfy him. By way of illustrating the reliance to be placed on "the word of a king," the Regicides were brought "to trial," and executed with every device that cruelty could invent. They were bullied and badgered, browbeaten and threatened, during "the trial." Personal enemies sat in judgment upon them, and the judges themselves gave evidence. Points of law were strained, juries were packed, and witnesses were suborned to give false evidence. And feeble old men, wasted with sickness and anxiety, were condemned to be hung, drawn, and quartered. The hangman stood by with a rope during the trial. The prisoners were drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, with every circumstance of outrage and indignity. They were compelled, waiting their own turn, to stand on the scaffold, and see the horrible sentence executed on their friends. And, as the yet living bodies were disembowelled and quartered, they had to submit to the cruel jibes and mocking insults of the officials. But they died with a calm heroism and undaunted faith, that betokened an easy conscience

and a good cause. And a profligate court was at last compelled to modify the sentences and alter the time and place of the butchery of such as remained unexecuted because the populace were evidently moved by the heroic bearing and Christian fortitude of "the Regicides." While many suffered, others escaped, and lived in retirement upon the continent, or helped to build up a commonwealth in the New World.

This and more might be told in the very language of the diary, but we forbear. The entries in the book cease suddenly, without explanation, other than that afforded by the piece of yellowish paper wafered inside the cover. From which we conclude that the writer, involved in some accusation, or perhaps drawn into some plot, escaped, by a hasty flight, from sharing the doom of "THE REGICIDES." W. H. ALLEN.

MR. MOODY AS A PREACHER.

SEVERAL times over, on the day after the opening of the Revival Services in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, we were accosted with the remark concerning the Chicago preacher, "Well, I cannot see his power. I do not see any reason for all this ado about him." To many observers, if not to most, the character and extent of the effects experienced under Mr. Moody's preaching appear out of all proportion to the causes apparently at work; and in most cases, all further inquiry is suspended, and rest is found in the gratifying conclusion, "This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

Immense crowds of people, hundreds upon hundreds strong, come from all parts of the metropolis, and from different grades of society, and sit often breathlessly still, eagerly listening to the preacher's burning words. Ministers who have been preaching twenty, thirty, and forty years, and made preaching a daily study, bend forward all alert to catch his rapidly uttered sentences, their hearts glowing with the fire he has kindled, and as much spell-bound as if they were listening to one of the first orators of this or any other time. Men who went to study a religious phenomenon forget criticism and give free way to tears and prayer. Certainly, under few speakers have we felt so profoundly stirred, so inwardly quickened, as under his earnest, simple, and strong words. Yes, we rejoice to record it. "This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

And because it is His doing, therefore it will be marked by a real, if hidden wisdom; and will swiftly vindicate the divine saying that even the foolishness of God's choice of workers is wiser than the faultless wisdom of man's election. "His ways are not as our ways." They are infinitely wiser, and display a fitness and adaptation to the end designed, so exact, so surprisingly complete, that we never can hope to rival it. He always works by the best men. There is no mischance or mistake with Him. The elections of Abraham and Joseph, of Moses and Joshua, are the supreme of far-sighted wisdom. Not in all Greece and Rome and Palestine together were there men better suited to the task of laying the foundations of the kingdom of peace and righteousness than those despised Galileans, free from fettering prejudice, unhampered by Rabbinical rubbish, unconquered by Greek pleasure, untainted by Roman vice, simple-hearted as children, and capable of being lifted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Verily the wisdom of our Lord's choice stands justified in these His children! And we believe, that if we could come upon the secret springs of power over vast masses of men, the ways of reaching their souls, and converting the vague impressions of a life into the sharply defined and moving convictions of the hour, we should see that Jesus, the Lord of the harvest now about to be reaped, has as certainly sent the most fitting reaper in the case before us, as when He appeared to Saul of Tarsus and sent him on his saving mission to the Gentiles.

The first things that strike you are Mr. Moody's defects. His appearance is by no means attractive; and neither inspires awe, nor creates hope. His face gives no promise of a capacious intellect; his mouth cannot be seen for the mass of hair about it; his small eyes betray no thrilling eloquence, no possible depths of unfathomable pathos. He has no studied elocution. Rhetoric knows him not; and of all school logic he is innocent. Rules of Syntax do not oppress him; nor does he carry Webster's Dictionary in his pocket to fix his pronunciation. He forgets his "nominative," but takes no trouble to look it up. We know local preachers by the dozen who could easily beat him at turning a period; logicians by the score who could triumphantly expose the flaws in his reasoning, and could cite a host of do-nothings who far excel him in accuracy of phrase, and refinement of style. Mr. Moody, obviously, does not owe his success to any of the enticing arts of man's wisdom.

And yet we were never at meetings where the forces that touch the deepest springs of man's spiritual nature were present in larger quantity, or more economically or skilfully directed. The new Woolwich steam-hammer is not better fitted for making iron-plates than Mr. Moody for the conduct of this movement for the spiritual awakening of the British nation.

The basis upon which his power rests, as nearly every one has remarked, is the massive and strong reality of the man. Like all God sent Revivalists he is independent of routine, incapable of being held down in the deeply cut "ruts" of Christian work; fresh in his views of familiar truth; scathing in his rebuke of established hypocrisies, and deeply tender in his pity for the erring. Meet him where you will, hear him speak or pray, converse with him in the "inquiry room" or in the street, and you are everywhere made to feel how thoroughly real he is in his talk, in his purposes, and in all that he does. Not a shred of artifice is upon him. No microscope can detect any make-believes and pretences and shams. There is nothing hollow or metallic in his tones. You never catch the faintest chuckle of vanity, or the clink of self-seeking. Not even his humility is unreal: nor is his solemnity exaggerated. A living, burning reality, that comes with almost tremendous force upon you, is the core of his manhood.

How you hear this in his preaching! As Melancthon said of Luther, so we may say of Mr. Moody, "His words have their birth not on his lips but in his soul." You feel this alike when he narrates one of the old stories of the Bible, or gives you an incident obtained from the inquiring room last night. This gives authority to his statements, and pungency to his appeals. By it he captivates the hearts, and awes the consciences of his hearers. He has a point to gain, and goes straight to it at once. He has no "rhetorical fireworks" to play off. His style is made as it is wanted, to express the spirit that sways him, and is vigorous, direct, sharp, incisive, made up of strong and familiar words, and carries all before it like the waters of Niagara. So completely are his hearers absorbed in *what* he says that they must postpone to a season when feeling is still and calm all considerations of the *way* in which it is said.

This powerful style is mainly due to that realism which rules his imagination as imperiously as it does any part of his nature. His pictorial faculty does not poise itself according to the canons of criticism. The colours are laid on thick, and they often glare. The strokes are rough, rude, and rapidly given. No detail is omitted if it is necessary to give a pre-Raphaelite realism which shall make the picture live and speak and breathe. It will seem an exaggeration to some, but it is plain fact, we have been haunted by his description of Elijah and Elisha arm-in-arm ever since we saw it sketched, just as we were by Doré's famous picture of "Christ leaving the Prætorium." The Bishop of Peterborough defines preaching as "word-painting—the attempt to make ideas visible upon the canvas." If Dr. Magee is right, then Mr. Moody surpasses most preachers we have heard. In one of his addresses he tells the story of a lad who, sent by his father to sell a load of grain in Chicago, falls into the hands of gamblers, who cheat him out of both team and produce, so that stung with shame, the youth flies to the Pacific coast. No sooner does the lad's father hear of it than he arranges his affairs at home, and sets out in pursuit of him. The father, who is a preacher as well as farmer, goes from place to place, preaching and seeking, and seeking and preaching, and concluding every sermon with a description of the prodigal he yearns to find. At last the father

gets to San Francisco, and away there under the gallery is the boy he has been looking for so long. He sees him, runs up to him, will not let him say a word about the money; but just takes him in his arms and asks him to come back to the love of home. You see the whole search as vividly, and feel it as keenly, as if you were son and father too; and are ready to be merry because the lost is found, and the dead is alive again.

Akin and accessory to this power of *picture* is the kindred power of *pathos*. His imagination always works in the most really human colours. Home, with its sorrows and joys, its fears and hopes, the trials of life, the strokes of death, these and the like are the materials over which he spreads his fancy and his feeling with marvellous effect. In each service we have attended emotion has been a decided element of power: the more so because it has not had that excess of play which is weakness, but has been forcibly suppressed, hidden and not obtruded, travelling along the utterance and bathing it with quivering feeling but never choking it. Both in prayer and in the recital of anecdotes, men, strong, critical, and ordinarily stoical, have felt they could not restrain themselves from tears.

Inspiring and energizing, the whole man is a simple and immense faith. He started his work in the metropolis with a characteristic and faith-creating exclamation, "Let us praise God for what He is about to do in London." He is not more sure of his mission and his message than he is of his God. He has "few purposes and great," has conceived great things and attempts them, is animated with a confidence that relies directly and implicitly on God, and believes that nothing, absolutely "nothing, is too hard for the Lord." Every step he takes is with this living and immediate faith in the God of the gospel. He has no questions, knows no hesitation, is without doubts, and so tells men not what he thinks or imagines or can reason out, but what he believes with all his heart and soul and strength. This gives a certitude to his preaching which makes it like the mandate of a king, and clothes his addresses with irresistible power.

Moreover he knows how to manage men. He has studied them long. He has been in training in this special work for twenty years. He has a vivid perception of outward facts, and a vigorous practical judgment of men and things. He is a keen man of business, a capacious general, a born leader. He is stored with the results of experience, and works by a tact that rarely errs, and a method that is not often at fault. It was a stroke of genius to link Mr. Sankey with his work. His song opens the heart for impression, prepares the way for appeal, and is by no means a part of the service of *worship*, as singing usually is, but is substantially a part of the preaching, and meant to be a *singing* of the gospel of the Lord Jesus to men.

See, again, with what skill and common sense Mr. Moody conducts a prayer-meeting. He is always punctual at both ends, and keeps his hand on the pulse of the meeting from the first to the last beat. Hardly a moment is wasted. Never is the attention suffered to flag. Scarcely is a prayer concluded than a hymn is announced; and as the sweet strains of praise cease his voice is heard again. There is no weakening pause. Everything is short, stimulating, and, as far as he can secure it, to the point. Most of the faults of the ordinary prayer-meeting are conspicuous by their absence.

Now put in parallel columns, on the one hand, the subject of the churches prayers two and three years ago; the object of these services—which is not the instruction of saints, not the building up of believers, but the *awakening* of British Christians to active effort for the lost, and the urging of instant decision upon those who know but do not accept Christ: and place on the other hand this answer to our prayer, and see how he focuses in himself the business capacity of the merchant, the simplicity of a child, the pathos of a brother, the imagination of an artist, the living earnestness of an apostle, the faith and reality of a prophet, the humility which holds "that a man can be useful if he will only get down low enough for God to work through Him." And surely whilst we recognize him as the Lord's gift, no false and vain preferences for our own ways will hinder us from glorifying the wisdom of God therein revealed.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

BUSINESS AT OUR ASSOCIATION

WE very cheerfully give place to the following letter. It brings before us at a convenient date questions of vital moment to us as a denomination, and we have no doubt that its statements will receive the most careful consideration from the pastors and officers generally of our churches. The letter is from our friend, Mr. Thomas Hill, the Treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society. He says:—

“I am desirous, before the next Association, to call the attention of those who make the arrangements to the very inadequate time which is allotted to business: and consequently, important business is either left undone, or done in a hasty and unsatisfactory manner. I presume that this felt want of time has led to the relegation of much business to committees—who bring up reports for *adoption rather than for discussion*,—and thus the Association is gradually becoming an assembly for the confirmation and registration of reports of committees; and I confess that there is not, under present arrangements, time for careful discussion. Although the appointment of committees expedites business (or at any rate gets it done), yet if the result be that the friends generally feel less interest therein, and comprehend it less clearly, I think we lose more than we gain; and the meetings will lose their interest, the business being done by some dozen persons, and these same brethren have to say and guide almost everything.

“Any person who regularly attends the Association must have observed that, in consequence of the desire to close business on Thursday night, many important things have to be hurried through, and much, also, left undone.

“I see on page seven, Year Book, 1873,—‘N.B.—The last meeting of the Association shall be a Free Conference.’ Is this ever attempted?

“There are many important and interesting subjects connected with denominational interests which *ought* to be taken into consideration, but which cannot well be introduced by a regular motion, there requiring much interchange of thought before a motion ought to be submitted to a meeting.

“In looking over the Minutes of the Association fifty years ago, we find on the list several churches that either are extinct or cease to report; ought we to rest content, and do nothing? This would be an interesting and proper subject for discussion.

“The Association will have to take up the question of the Roman Mission in all its bearings; and there is no time for this in the two and a half hours allotted to the Foreign Missionary Committee; neither do I think it should rest with the Committee.

“The hours strictly devoted to denominational business in the Association week are not more than *fifteen!!* viz.:—Monday: College Committee—two hours. Tuesday: after Chairman’s Address—two hours, much of it routine. Tuesday afternoon: Foreign Missionary Committee, 3.0 p.m.—two hours. Wednesday, 9.0 a.m.; Sunday School Conference, which generally has to break up just when the meeting is beginning to grapple with the business—say, clear time one and a half hours. Thursday: eight hours. Included in this space of time we have the circular letter, and all other things that turn up, such as deputations, welcoming town ministers, votes of thanks, arrangements for next Association—which I think will take one and a half hours. Leaving not more than thirteen or fourteen working hours for the year’s business.

“I am aware that some business is prepared in committees; but it is often difficult to get the whole committee together; and the friends upon these committees have scarcely rest from morning till night. I will not trespass further, as I am persuaded that many brethren will agree with me that we require more time if connexional business is to be done well.”

As it is desirable the whole case should be before our readers, so that the suggestions for amending our business procedure may be made in the light of all the facts, we append the following observations:—

I. On the twenty-sixth page of our current Year Book occurs the following resolution:—“Resolved,—*That it be an instruction to the Business Committee to take in the FRIDAY MORNING in their arrangements for business at the Association.*” This

concedes the one important point, and shows that the Association is quite awake to the imperative necessity for more time for the transaction of denominational business. There really is no reason why we should not employ the *whole* of Friday, if necessary, for the attainment of the objects which gather us together. The Pic-nic is desirable, if we can get it. It is as eminently "Associational" in its influences as it is inspiring and refreshing, and every way an admirable thing *when the work is done*. But the work must be well done first, and then the play will be all the sweeter, if we can obtain time for it, and will be the more cheerfully foregone, if we know that it is good and useful work which has debarred us from it. Any way, the Business Committee for the future will ARRANGE business for Friday morning. That is the necessity. It must not be said we can go into Friday *if* it is desired, and then send us through our work with that sense of impatient haste and fevered hurry which is next to intolerable. That, then, we understand. Work will be planned for Friday morning. Pastors and representatives will plan to stay and do it; and so we shall add five or six hours to our time for business at one stroke. Surely that will be an immense gain.

II. The object of remitting items of business to Committees is threefold: (1.) to secure a full and thorough discussion of the propositions suggested by men who may be supposed to have given special attention to them; (2.) to prepare such matters of business in so faultless a way that all needless discussion may be avoided, *i. e.*, discussion arising out of the crude and immature form in which the business is brought forward, and not from the essential nature of the point to be gained; and (3.) to effect a saving of time. It generally happens that new business, and indeed any business except that which partakes of the character of routine, is brought in by one individual. It is certainly undesirable on several grounds that any proposal should be discussed in an assembly where one individual only is familiar with its details, and can speak to the questions which it may raise. Moreover, a committee will be likely to detect faults the proposer could not see, and to suggest amendments which may save hours of talk in the large Assembly.

Besides, it may be desirable to save the Association from the calamity of an avalanche of needless discussion. There are meetings, not General Baptist, we readily allow, where the *insanabile cacoethes loquendi* is very prevalent. Now when once that disease shows itself, you may expect what Robert Hall calls a fearful "running at the mouth," for it is strangely infectious. The only patented disinfectant we know of for this contagion is a wise and far-seeing committee. It makes every proposition transparent; anticipates and answers every question; enables the deliberative body to fix its entire attention on the absolute essentials of the proposed measure; and leaves no place for men, if there be any, who can only fritter away time by chattering of trifles.

But it is objected, that if business is brought on and despatched in this perfect style, the representatives will display a rapidly diminishing interest in it. The answer to this objection is, that since we have adopted this system, now some eight years, instead of there being a weakened attachment to the meetings of the "General Assembly," it has become stronger and stronger, and was, I suppose, never shown in greater force than at our last Association. The error has been in the inevitable hurry, and not in the more perfect preparation of business.

Nor is that the only objection. It is said this restricts the Association work to the hands of a few. If it does this, it is the misfortune of the Business Committee, and not their fault. For the last few years we have witnessed the strenuous exertions of its members to carry out in the most extensive way the adopted rule of employing everybody who can aid in the common work; and we know individuals who have refused again and again to accept positions of service from no other reason than that of risking an apparent restriction of work to an elect few. All committees are more or less afflicted with the common vice of humanity—laziness, and will mention the first name that occurs to them, or propose the man who is near them, not from any wish to omit any one else, but because they prefer to do their work with as little cost as is necessary. But whilst we are sure our friends will say that our Business Committee has had less of this than many others, still, even if they have had a little of it, some chastisement is deserved: and we sav. let them have it.

Here comes a question which has been on our mind for years, and of which we have given "notice of motion" at several Associations. Is our Business Committee elected in the best way? Is it sufficiently large? Should the element of haphazard which is in it be suffered to go on unbalanced by an element of certainty? That Committee consists of the President and Vice-President of the preceding Association, the President elect, Secretary, and Minister or Ministers of the place where the Association is held. Good, so far as it goes. But is it large enough? Would it not be a gain to elect in addition and from year to year four or five men of proved business capacity, well stored with the customs and precedents of our body, free from all self-seeking, and as void of vanity as men of business ability usually are? We have been waiting for years to propose something like this. Will our friends think about it before we gather at Wisbech next June.

May we venture another suggestion? Would it not be well to *print* on Monday night, ready for distribution on Tuesday morning, the *agenda* for the whole session of the Association, in the order in which the business will be taken up? This could easily be done, and it would facilitate and illuminate our work in many ways. The more perfect plan would be to print, in addition, each night the work done in the day, the committees appointed, and where they would meet next day, and at what hour; and, in fact, print everything necessary to make the representatives as well acquainted with the order and state of the business as the President and Secretary themselves.

Of suggestions we have "more to follow;" many more; but these will suffice for the present. One thing is certain. We are organizing more and more every year. We must do it. The necessities of the nation, of the churches, and of our work, require it; and therefore we must have time, and be willing to give the pains necessary for doing business well.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. IV.—"Pew-Rents," or not?

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

I SHOULD have liked, Mr. Editor, to have postponed the question of "Pew-rents" a little longer, and continued discussing matters less likely to excite differences of opinion; but the letter you have forwarded me makes it imperative the subject should be dealt with without delay.

"Pew-rents: ought we to have them?" that's the question. The answer cannot be given in a monosyllable, as your correspondent seems to think. They are not necessarily from the bottomless pit, because we do not read in the accounts of the church at Jerusalem that Stephen let sittings at half a shekel a quarter, and at eighteen inches a seat. The first seven deacons may not have discovered all the good and divinely approvable things in connection with church finance; and therefore the mere absence of "Pew-rents" from their "Acts" will not compel us to write them down as being wholly and in every case an unjustifiable method of obtaining the funds necessary for the conduct of the worship of Almighty God, and the promotion of the spiritual welfare and work of the church.

In their favour some very strong points may be urged. They supply an easy, expeditious, and certain way of raising funds. The money comes with little labour. A few hours a quarter will suffice. Deacons are mostly busy men, and cannot afford to ignore a recommendation so strong as this. You can reckon your income to a few pounds, and so prepare your budget with accuracy. The uncomfortable element of uncertainty is removed. There is little risk. It is business-like; as much so as letting houses, or, if you will forgive the allusion, as letting places on a stand on a race-course. For ease of collection; for despatch; for saving of time and trouble; for certainty in forecasting; for compelling the stingy to give; and for close affinity to the methods of commerce,

the "Pew-rent" system, without question, carries the palm over every other financial system church officers have yet discovered.

But there is another side altogether. Church Finance, I have always held, should be a department of Christian cultivation. The grace of giving ought to be one of the most helpful "means of grace" in the Christian brotherhood. It should evoke generous feeling; stimulate the action of conscience as to property; provide an altar for the offering of heart-sacrifices to God; and be one of the principal aids in the sanctification of our commercial life. The "Pew-rent" system reduces all this to its lowest degree. I suppose most people think less of the kingdom of Christ when they pay their seat-rents than in any other financial acts connected with their Christian life. The spiritual work to which the money is appropriated scarcely comes into view. There is not a pulse of sentiment in either the name or thing. It is cold, hard, and harsh as a market bargain; and has no more unction in it than the payment of an income tax. And so the churches lose one of the finest opportunities of counterworking the covetousness engendered by the commercial strife, and of giving free and healthy stimulus to a generous feeling in the consecration of all property to the service of the Lord Jesus.

Another defect is the retention and powerful obtrusion of mere monetary distinctions in the house of our common Father. The "communion of saints" is not very easy when everybody is labelled according to his week's earnings, and placed in the building so as to proclaim how much he is worth. Money rules in Covent Garden. It puts one man in St. Giles, and another in Westbourne; but it is hardly desirable, to say the least of it, that it should banish Robinson and his family into a corner of the chapel, where he can scarcely hear or see, and locate Smith and his daughters in a large and well-placed and well-cushioned pew, simply because Smith has more money than Robinson. I have a strong notion some deacon had been suggesting a "Pew-rent" scheme when St. James wrote his "catholic" epistle, and exhorted the saints, saying, "My brethren have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ the Lord of glory with respect of persons." Certainly that part of his epistle was meant for deacons and pew-openers, was it not?

Nor is the quarterly system of payment an unmixed good. An individual is tempted to think, as he looks on his receipts for four pounds paid for seat accommodation for himself, his wife, and family of four, for a whole year, that he has done great things, and is far from being an "unprofitable servant;" but if he were to call to mind, what no doubt he knows well enough, that he has given little more than threepence a week per head, he might be saved from a mischievous delusion. Though, of course, this quarterly or annual payment is not an essential element of the system, yet it is so commonly bound up with it, that it is quite fair to set it down to its hurt.

"What, then? Do you propose the instant and unceremonious abolition of the system, and the substitution of free seats, appropriated to each attendant according to length of time in attendance, without respect to condition, and on the understanding of the payment of a self-assessed weekly amount?"

No. I would not counsel haste. Do nothing without full consideration, frank exposition, and thorough oneness of opinion and desire. Do not upset a faulty system, working well, heartily, and successfully, in order to replace it by a better system, to be worked with suspicion and distrust. The best plan, by all means, if you can induce the people to work it; but it is better to keep to the old plan with unanimity and life and energy, than to create disaffection by trying to work the most perfect machinery with unwilling hands.

Keep the right idea in the diaconate, and disseminate it assiduously and wisely through the church, viz., that all giving is to spring from the personal consecration of self and property to the Lord Jesus. Teach each man by word and deed that his money is a sacred trust from his Lord, and that the sense of direct responsibility to Christ is to be kept keen and fresh. And then try gradually to adopt plans so as to quicken the feeling of obligation to the Saviour for the right use of all He bestows, to foster thankful and bounteous giving; and to make all money gifts in the church an occasion of promoting the feelings of brotherhood and of fellowship. In this way "Pew-rents" may be made to give place peaceably and without risk to a more excellent way.

THE REV. JAMES WOOLLEY.

THE Rev. James Woolley died at Leicester, March 4th, aged thirty-four years. Many of the readers of the Magazine will remember that our departed friend was trained for the ministry in our College, and was afterwards associated with the Rev. T. Stevenson as co-pastor of the Archdeacon Lane church, Leicester. The training which he had received from his earliest years, fitted him, in an eminent degree, to minister to an intelligent and cultured people. His physical strength, however, proved to be unequal to the strain of regular ministerial and pastoral work, so that after leaving Leicester he did not undertake the charge of another church, but was engaged, till within about three months of his death, as an assistant teacher in a school at Ashton-under-Lyne, his native place. About two months since he returned to Leicester with the intention of residing there; but it was manifest to most of his friends that his stay here could not be a long one. His health, which for a long time had been gradually failing, was now such as to prevent his engaging in any work. After coming to Leicester he sank very rapidly; but as his physical strength ebbed away his faith and hope in relation to the future seemed to gather strength. His one regret was that he had been unable to do more for the Saviour whom he loved; but he knew that he had to do with One who not only died for our sin, but who is also full of gracious considerations for our weakness and infirmity, and in Him was all his hope. As we stood beside his bed and listened to his utterances of faith and hope, and saw how Christ sustained him amid his weakness, and pain, and in prospect of death, we were constrained to glorify the Saviour on his behalf. His kind and genial disposition endeared him to a large circle of friends, who, while sincerely mourning over their loss, as sincerely rejoice in the promotion conferred on our departed brother. W. E.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. ALL BACKWARDS!—The Tories are showing their colours. They have fairly started on the backward road to perdition. They can only maintain their ground by corruption; and therefore they seek to legalize it in the army, although it is but yesterday it was ignominiously cast out. They have neither conscience nor shame. The Regimental Exchanges Bill is as base as it is gratuitous. It ought to be resisted by the vigorous use of every form of opposition the customs of the House permit. The Judicature Bill is given up at the bidding of a "caucus;" and the Cabinet put under the heel of a blind oligarchical Toryism. The Bills for preventing "Adulteration of Food," "Transfer of Land," etc., are framed on the principle of doing as little real good as possible. Toryism is hopelessly stultifying itself. So let it be!

II. "THE HOME MISSION SCHEME," described on pages 22 and 23 of our last Year Book, calls the attention of Conferences to the desirability of appointing members of the Executive Committee at their next meeting, who shall be in readiness to carry out the Unification of Home Mission Work according to a plan to be settled at our Wisbech gathering. This is the only part of our work that is not in a state of efficiency and progress. Our *Foreign Mission* thrives at home and abroad. We love it, and pray for it, and are intent on reinforcing the labourers in

the Orissa Field. The *College* is full and popular. The *Magazine* increases in its hold on the affections of the denomination. Only the *Home Mission* lags in the race. We must not rest till it is filled with life and efficiency, and made adequate to the demands of the hour.

III. CHAPEL PROPERTY RETURNS.—As the time for our "General Assembly" is swiftly coming within sight, it is the more desirable that the returns asked for by the last Association concerning Chapel Property should be speedily made, (1.) so that a general statement may be based upon them for the Association, and (2.) that any suggestions for rendering property safe may be made without delay. In case any of the secretaries of churches have lost the schedules, they will find a copy appended to the "Year Book." Every return should be made by the 10th of May.

IV. "MIRACLES OF HEALING" AGAIN.—A correspondent recurs to this subject in the following apposite style:—I believe in the Bible, and I believe in the eleventh chapter of Mark; I also believe that the twenty-third verse is a true record of what our Lord said. Considering that we have there a *whosoever* and a *whatsoever*, the only hindrance to the working of miracles that appears to my eyes is our want of faith. A poor old woman last Sunday week asked God for some firewood, she also asked no one but God;

half a load was sent to her on Monday, the next day. Two young men in business required about £100; they asked God for it, and He sent them £96. I can see nothing more wonderful in the sick

being restored to health by the Lord than I can in the wondrous answers any Christian may obtain to prayer, if he will only fulfil our Lord's command in Mark xi. 24.

Reviews.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD, IN RELATION TO MODERN CRITICISM. By F. L. Steinmeyer, D.D. *Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. London: Hamilton and Co.*

THERE has long been a tendency in English thought to depreciate the miracles of our Lord as a source of apologetical evidence. The influence of Schleiermacher in the first instance, and the persistent naturalism of a domineering science in the second, have led even theologians to place the evidential importance of miracles in the background, and induced a degree of indifference to their claims as proofs of the Divine origin of Christianity which, although harmless to minds sufficiently fortified by other defences, has been exceedingly injurious to others not so well off. The idea that the spiritual operations of Christ, and the success of Christianity in the past, are enough, without the attestations which gave the early teachers such power over their hearers is erroneous, and required to be dealt with in a thoroughly effective way. Dr. Steinmeyer has done this with signal success. His work is at once a storehouse of suggestive exegesis and an armoury of defensive weapons. His classification of miracles is fresh and luminous; and the imaginative skill and keen sympathy shown in tracing the *motive* which inclined Christ to put forth His almighty power are such as to create a forcible argument for the occurrence of the deed, and to disclose its most interesting aspects. Both as a commentary upon the miracles of our Lord, and as a defence of the supernatural element in Christianity, the work is invaluable.

BABY DIED TO DAY, AND OTHER POEMS.

By the late Wm. Leighton. *Longmans, Green & Co.*

A TENDER and soothing influence breathes through these songs of the heart. They are sweet and healing as the balmy breezes of a sunny morning in spring. Marked by beauty, force, and feeling, they give strong evidence of a spirit that was filled with the true poetic fire. The present popularity of so pathetic a strain as "Baby died to-day;" and so stirring a refrain as "What ails thee, O Sea?" will

ensure a large, interested, and growing audience for the other songs of this too soon departed singer.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD. By Lewis R. Dunn. *F. G. Longley.*

It is a significant and suggestive feature of this age that the movement for increased holiness has proceeded so far as to have established in the United States a National Publishing Association for the Promotion of Holiness, and appointed an agent in this country. This tract is the first of a series, and it answers the question "What holiness is," and describes the holiness of God. Our friends who are interested in the "Higher" Christian life will find this series to their mind.

TEMPERANCE WORKER AND BAND OF HOPE CONDUCTOR. Vol. II. Edited by F. Wagstaff. *Tweedie.*

To mention that our friend Mr. McCree is sub-editor of this periodical will be sufficient commendation to our readers. The volume, which is full of useful articles, can be had for two and sixpence.

LIGHT OF FERN GLEN; OR, LILIAN GREY. By M. H. Holt. *Marlborough.*

A STORY distributed into two portions: the first narrating the troubles and joys of school-girl life; the second the cheering and elevating influence of a right-hearted girl in the home. Our young readers will delight in a race through this volume, and will be much better for it.

THE MISSING CERTIFICATE, by Charles Stanford, (*Hodder and Stoughton*) is a perfect gem. A more appropriate and beautiful message for a languid piety we have never read.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

A Catechism of Revealed Truth. By H. D. Brown. (*Yates & Alexander.*) This is based upon the Westminster Assembly Catechism, but excludes controversial matter as to doctrine, and states the Baptist view of ordinances. It has in some instances a too antiquated style of expression.

What became of Mr. Unilas, the Unitarian Minister, "who did as he was told;" a Tale of Sloopy Hollow. Told by Injudicious. (C. Watt's, 17, Johnson's Court, E.C.) A most racy brochure: hitting hard some of the obvious faults of a type of religious life that is sufficiently self-satisfied and vain-glorious.

Anti-Smoker Selections. Edited by T. Cook. (Stock.) In these two pamphlets our friend amasses a quantity of forcible teaching against the prevalent and per-

nicious practice of smoking. Science and common sense surely ought to be heard on such a subject.

The Message of "The Times" to the Christian Church, by W. E. Winks, is a discourse based upon a leader of the Times newspaper of Christmas-day last on the present state of Christianity; repeating that article, and stating, in an able way, certain useful and necessary inferences suggested by it.

Church Register.

CONFERENCES.

The next half-yearly meeting of the CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Poynton, near Macclesfield, on Tuesday, April 6. Rev. J. Walker, of Congleton, to be the preacher; or, in case of failure, Rev. W. March. Service in the morning at 11.0. Business in the afternoon at 2.30.

W. MARCH, *Secretary*.

The next LINCOLNSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at March on Thursday, April 15th. The Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., is appointed to preach in the morning. Important business will require attention in the afternoon, and a Home Missionary Meeting will be held in the evening.

WM. ORTON, *Sec.*

The next half-yearly meeting of the WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held at Longmore Street chapel, Birmingham, on Tuesday, April 20th.

LL. H. PARSONS, *Secretary*.

CHURCHES.

HUCKNALL TORKARD, *Notts.*—The friends here are making strenuous efforts to build a larger and more commodious house of prayer. They have purchased a splendid site, at a cost of £375, all of which they have paid. In 1874 they raised in the building fund (principally among themselves) the noble sum of £400. A gentleman in the congregation kindly promised £50 when they had accomplished £500; and on Feb. 28 the pastor received a letter from Mr. Spurgeon, generously promising to give another £50 when the £500 was raised so as to make it £600. Sixty-two pounds were then needed to make up the sum; but the friends determined, by the help of God, to make it up by Monday, March 8. Earnest efforts were at once set on foot,

and on Monday evening a tea and concert, given by fifty boys and girls from the Sunday school, formed the culminating point in the effort; when it was found that not only was the object accomplished, but there was £2 12s. on the right side. Thus was £64 12s. raised in one week, which, with £120 in a building society, makes £724 in the building fund. The pastor, Mr. J. T. Almy, desires gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of £5 from Mr. T. Greenwood, of Brixton; 10s. from Rev. E. Edwards, Redruth; 5s. Mrs. Norton, Poole; 5s. Mr. Smith, Ilkeston; £1 1s. a member of the Church of England, Brighton; 5s. Mr. A. Allen, Poole; with several smaller sums. These sums are independent of the effort above mentioned. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the various appeals we have made through the Magazine and otherwise, we have never, with but one exception, received a penny from our General Baptist friends. We trust that they are reserving their fire.

LONGTON.—The following sums are acknowledged as received or promised since the date of last advertisement:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| Previously acknowledged | 1097 | 17 | 3 |
| Mr. G. and Miss Sutcliffe, Slack | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. M. Greenwood's card, do. | 8 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Shackleton's card, do. | 2 | 4 | 6 |
| Mr. W. Greenwood, Birchcliffe | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Birchcliffe, collection | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| Mr. J. Oakes, Halifax | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. D. Smith, Ashton | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. Bottomley, Woodleigh Hall | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Shackleton, Todmorden Vale | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Gill, Todmorden | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Cockroft, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Johnson, Derby | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Stevenson, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Renwick do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. T. H. Bennett, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Derby, Osmaston Road, collections | 11 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Gutteridge, Coalville | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Porter do. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Two Friends do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |

| | | | |
|--|---|----|---|
| Mr. J. Smith, Donington | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Green, Hugglescote | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Dennis, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Brewin, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs Salisbury, Ashby | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Geo. Orchard, do. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Orchard, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Wileman, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Oakey, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Thos. Orchard, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Geo. D. Orchard, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. E. Miles, do. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Scott, do. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Deacon, Barton | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Deacon, jun., Carlton | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Deacon, Ibstock | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Sherwin, Burton | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Poynton, do. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Tomlinson's card, Longton | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Blackwell's card, Leicester | 3 | 12 | 6 |

Total £1,191 2 0

March, 9, 1875. C. S.

NORWICH.—Since I last wrote another generous friend, following Mr. Jarrold's example, has offered to *double* his subscription of £10, if any other subscriber of a like sum, or any two donors of £5 each, will double theirs. Allow me earnestly to appeal to friends who are interested in the work of the Lord here for a speedy response to this liberal offer; and further, to ask the aid of *all* who may be in circumstances to help us. We still require some £200 to complete the purchase money, which *must* be paid in full on the 1st of *May next*, or in a little more than a month.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street—Bazaar.—Dear Sir,—Permit us to call the attention of your numerous readers to the advertisement on the cover of the Magazine respecting the Bazaar which we intend to hold the first week in May, in celebration of the Centenary of our church. At it we need to clear £460 to free us from debt on the chapel and school. Since 1869 we have paid off £1,420; and now we want kind friends to help us, every one of them, a little in this our last effort. Donations, either in money or goods, will be thankfully received either by T. Ryder, Pastor, 10, Colville Street; E. Barwick, Sherwood Rise; W. Roe, 34, Cranmer Street; or C. Booker, Ossington Villas, Sherwood Street.

NORTHALLERTON.—On Feb. 14, an explosion of gas destroyed the vestry, and seriously damaged the chapel. This has placed the church in a distressing situation. The estimated cost of repairs is about £87. Our case is an urgent one. Any donation will be most thankfully received. The directors of the County Fire Office have promised £43 ls. With grateful thanks we acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions—Per J. Clifford, J. Harvey, Esq. £3 3s.; E. Cayford, Esq., £2 2s.; Mr.

R. H. Pomfret, Sunderland, £2; Mr. J. C. Gray, Birchcliffe, 5s.

NUNEATON—New Chapel.—The memorial stone of the new chapel was laid, March 1, by Mr. J. Adler. Rev. J. P. Barnott delivered an address. Mrs. Brown, the minister's wife, presented a silver trowel and a mallet to Mr. Adler, who proceeded to deliver an appropriate address, and then formally laid the stone. In the evening Rev. J. Brown, the pastor, gave a brief history of the church; and stated that the new site, which is forty-four feet by forty-nine feet, and has on it a building called the Gauze Hall, which cost £3,000. It is proposed to alter and adapted this building at a cost of £1,000. Towards this £300 are raised. £700 more are needed. This work deserves the sympathy and help of all our friends.

MINISTERIAL.

LAWTON, Rev. J.—On Feb. 20, a public tea and recognition meeting were held at Heptonstall Slack to welcome the Rev. J. Lawton as pastor of the church. A large number of friends assembled on the occasion. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over, in part, by Mr. D. Dearden. Rev. I. Preston offered prayer. Mr. Sutcliffe stated the call of the church, to which Mr. Lawton appropriately replied. The Revs. G. Needham, I. Preston, J. Green, W. Chapman, E. W. Cantrell, W. Gray, and Mr. J. Haigh, also addressed the meeting.

PARKINSON, Rev. J.—A public tea and recognition service was held, Feb. 23, to welcome the Rev. James Parkinson to the pastorate of the church at Lenton. Mr. J. Saxby, deacon, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Goadby, B.A., W. R. Stevenson, M.A., J. T. Almy, W. Dyson, and the pastor.

ROBINSON, Rev. W. W., has resigned the pastorate of South Wimbledon, Surrey, and accepted the assistant pastorate of Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

CHILWELL COLLEGE.

Thirteen young men are now studying at Chilwell, and four have settled as pastors of churches since Christmas. Seventeen students in all have been connected with the College this session. Our churches were appealed to a few years ago to send suitable candidates for ministerial work to Chilwell. It is necessary now that the churches be appealed to on behalf of those who are sent. The funds of the Institution need considerable increase adequately to meet the unavoidable increase in expenditure. The financial year closes at the end of

May. It is very desirable that all our churches make collections for the College before that time; and that in every church some onergetic friend be appointed to solicit and collect subscriptions. Some subscribers have kindly doubled the amount of their annual contributions. It is hoped this excellent example will be widely and generally followed. The health of the students is good; by the kindness of friends a gymnasium has been erected; and the Tutors speak hopefully of the diligence and application of the young men in their studies.

THE LIBRARY.—Two volumes of Grote's History of Greece (VIII. and IX.) and one volume of Macaulay's History of England (I.) are missing from the College Library. It is supposed they have been borrowed and laid aside and forgotten. The President will be glad if this notice should "stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance."

BAPTISMS—FEB. 17 TO MARCH 16.

- ALLERTON.—Fourteen, by W. Smith.
 BOSTON.—Two, by J. Jolly.
 BRCHCLIFE.—Thirteen, by W. Gray.
 BULWELL.—Six, by C. Douglas Crouch.
 BURNLEY, *Enon*.—Three, by W. H. Allen.
 BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Two, by Dr. Underwood.
 COALVILLE.—Five, by C. T. Johnson.
 CONGLETON.—One, by J. Walker.
 EDGESIDE.—Nine, by J. Watmough.
 HALIFAX.—Six, by I. Preston.
 HUCKNALL TORKARD.—Four, by J. T. Almy.
 KIRKBY.—Six, by Mr. Fox.
 LOUTH, *Northgate*.—Five, by I. Watts.
 MILFORD.—Two, by G. Slack.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Four, by T. Barrass.
 RIPLEY.—Four, by E. H. Jackson.
 SHORE.—One, by J. Maden.
 SPALDING.—Twenty-two, by J. C. Jones (one the pastor's daughter).
 STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Five, by W. March.
 TAUNTON.—Five, by J. P. Tetley.
 TODMORDEN.—Three (from the same family), by E. W. Cantrell.
 WALSALL.—Six, by W. Lees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HALIFAX.—The revival movement has reached here. Prayer meetings at noon daily. 600 to 800 present. Service every evening in the Mechanics' Hall crowded. 100 to 130 inquirers each evening. On Thursday, March 4th, large meeting in Drill Shed. 3,000 at least present, and a chapel adjoining filled, both conducted by clergymen, and at least another thousand unable to get in.

STALYBRIDGE—*Sunday Afternoon Lectures.*—On Sunday afternoon the large room in the Town Hall was again crowded with people who had again assembled to hear the Rev. E. K. Everett's address, under the title of "Trespassers will be prosecuted." It was a very interesting discourse, interspersed with humorous sayings, which gave much satisfaction to the audience.

MARRIAGE.

SMEDLEY—EGGLESTONE.—March 15, at the G. B. chapel, East Leake, by Rev. W. Morris, Mr. Owen Smedley to Miss Elizabeth Egglestone, both of East Leake.

Obituaries.

BROWN, HARRIET, who entered into rest Jan. 30, was early in life brought to the Saviour. Her parents were amongst the few who commenced the cause of Christ in the General Baptist chapel, Dover Street, Leicester. The subject of this brief notice became identified with the above church, and continued a consistent member thereof till her death. Hers was a very quiet life, being intimately acquainted with but a small number, by whom, however, she was highly esteemed. She was a constant attendant on the means of grace, and took an interest in every movement to promote the well being and advancement of the church to which she belonged. It was her practice to visit the poorer members, who were glad of her sympathy, and to whom she cheerfully rendered what help she could, believing she was the more faithfully serving her Lord in thus ministering to the wants of His humble followers. The affliction to which she succumbed made its appearance several years ago. She was, however, able to perform her accustomed round of duties for a considerable time, although disease was surely doing its work. Various remedies were applied, and advice obtained, but all to no purpose; and it became apparent to her relatives that it was only a question of time. About six months before her decease she removed to Nottingham, to be under the care of her nearest relations. Her last days were cheered by the ministrations of loving hands, but above all by a sweet sense of her Saviour's presence. Her sufferings were great indeed, and she frequently prayed most earnestly that the Lord would take her to Himself

which in His own time He did. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

DEAN.—Jan. 4, at Longford, Warwickshire, Mrs. Dean, widow of the late Mr. John Dean, of Ibstock, Leicestershire, aged sixty-six years. Her end was peace.

HARRISON, ROBERT, was born at East Butterwick, Lincolnshire, in 1794. His father and mother were attached to the Established Church, lived Christian lives, and died happily in the Lord. "Good professors can make good scholars, but good mothers can make good men." The holy influences of a Christian home, the example there given, the prayers there offered, and the instruction there imparted, early bore fruit, and ripened into a happy, prayerful, believing, earnest Christian life. Under a sermon preached by the late Rev. David Chessman, then pastor of the church at Epworth, our brother became fully decided for God, was baptized, and joined the church at West Butterwick in 1814, when in his twentieth year. And from the time of his conversion to the close of his life (sixty years) he maintained a steady, consistent Christian walk and conduct. Our brother had not long been converted before he began to put forth efforts to convert others. He was a self-denying local preacher for nearly sixty years. His labours were abundant and hearty. When the chapel was opened at Crowle in 1820, he assisted in the gathering together of the Sunday school, walked eight miles every Sabbath morning, and back again in the evening, so dark sometimes he could scarce see his finger before him. Hail, rain, snow, or blow, he never missed an appointment, except in case of sickness. He preached occasionally at Crowle for several years, and his labours were not in vain in the Lord. During the last twenty years of his life his efforts were chiefly confined to East Butterwick, where, at his own expense, he built a small chapel, and regularly preached the gospel without money and without price. He was on the Epworth and Butterwick plan when he died, and was always an acceptable preacher. He was a prayerful, believing, earnest, working Christian, full of good counsel and tender sympathy. A man who, as the result of his piety and consistency, was really esteemed by all who knew him. His last illness was not long, but severe; but there was a feeling of perfect resignation to the will of God. He frequently repeated the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou

art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." It was particularly gratifying to the Christian friends, as well as the members of his own family who stood around his dying bed, to observe the calmness with which he met death. He knew in whom he had believed; and now he experienced the inestimable value of that Saviour, whom he had recommended to others, as "Worthy of all acceptance." He fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 21st, 1874, in the 81st year of his age, and is buried in Owston churchyard. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Weep not for him, the dear departed one,
His warfare o'er, his palm of victory won:
Weep not for him whose venerable brow
Is circled with a crown of glory now:
Weep not, all keenly though we feel the loss
Of so faithful an herald of the cross."

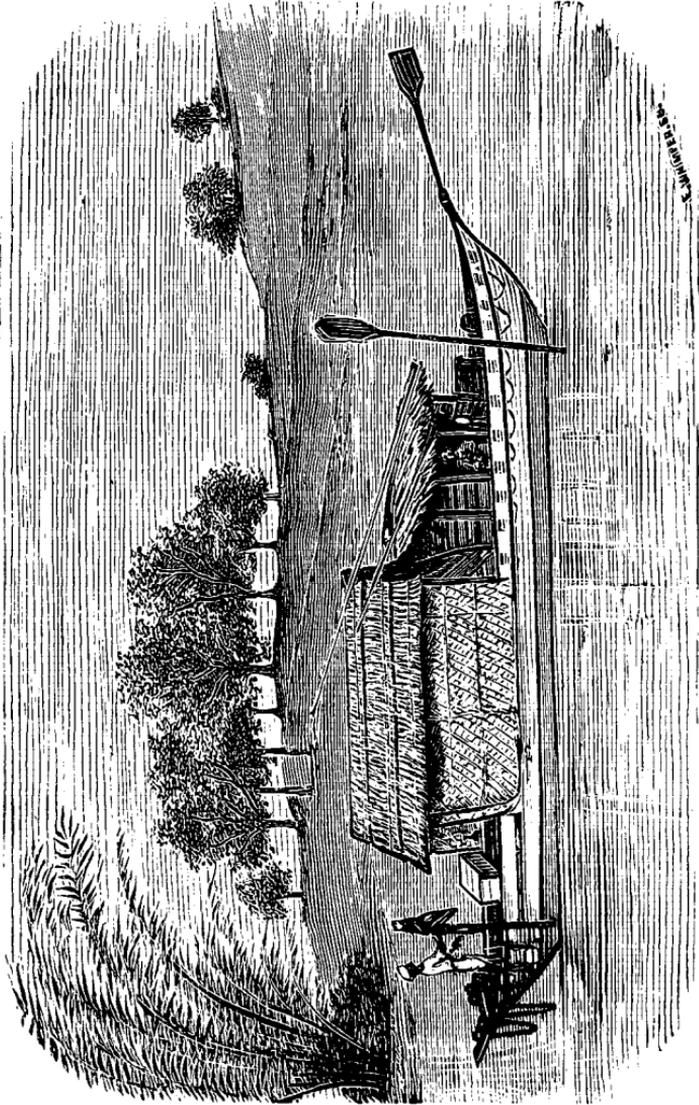
HOLDER.—Mr. Henry Holder, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Holder, formerly of March, Cambs, met with instant death in a quarry, by the falling of a crane, February 17th. From an early age he has been connected with the General Baptist chapel, Edgeside. He became a scholar in the Sunday school when about ten years of age; and at the age of seventeen he joined the church; he was baptized October 20th, 1865. In the Sunday school and in the choir, and in other forms to many unknown, he has rendered valuable service; and the vacancy made by his death will be a considerable time before it is forgotten. As a man he was generous, cheerful at all times, and never but of an amiable disposition; and these excellencies combined with others have won for him the respect of all who knew him. He was married not quite two years ago, and as a husband he has always been kind and affectionate. His home was his pride; and on his own hearth, and at his own fireside, he was happy and joyous. We lament his loss as a church and people, and sympathize with those who feel it most. But we sorrow not as those without hope. In the background of this dark picture there are cheering rays of light furnished by the assurance that in heaven we may meet him again; that he is not lost, but only gone before. J. W.

NEWBOLD.—March 5, at Ibstock, Joseph Newbold fell asleep in Jesus, in the 96th year of his age. He continued an eminently pious and useful member of the Baptist church at Hugglescote upwards of seventy-seven years.

NEWLING.—March 12, Mr. David Newling, in the eighty-second year of his age, for over fifty-four years a member of the General Baptist church, Spalding, and for many years a deacon of the same.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

APRIL, 1875.



NATIVE INDIAN BOAT. (See page 155.)

LETTER FROM REV. T. BAILEY TO THE SECRETARY.

Encouragement in the work—Progress of New Chapel—Scholarship obtained by a youth named "Carey"—Visit to Bonamalipore.

Piplee, Feb. 6th, 1875.

I HAVE just returned from my second tour in the country to attend to matters of urgent importance at home, and though the time has not arrived to present a report of our proceedings, I may say that the work done this season has been very interesting and encouraging. I have never known the gospel to be preached so clearly, persistently and acceptably, in any of the tours I have previously taken. The spirit of the people has undoubtedly undergone a change, and the native brethren have seemed to rise to the occasion; and I cannot but hope that times of great blessing are at hand. All our preachers are out still and will probably remain several weeks longer, and I shall gladly join them again if I can.

You will be glad to hear that we are making good progress with the new chapel. The walls are raised to their full height, sixteen feet six inches, and the beams for the roof are now being hoisted up. They are splendid Sal timbers, twenty-seven feet long; and as they have all to be raised by hand it is no small piece of business, and the amount of shouting and excitement as they near the summit is in keeping with everything of the kind that Asiatics do. I am, moreover, reminded again and again that it will be a part of my duty to distribute sweetmeats when all are in their places, and what the consequences might be in case of neglect it is rather alarming to contemplate. Now that the walls are up the building appears to great advantage, and many passing natives linger on the high road to have a good look; the site is a very noble one, and all our people are very enthusiastic in its favour. Several of the most respectable natives (Hindoos) of the neighbourhood have assured me that they intend coming occasionally to worship with us when it is done. The verandahs will be supported by eighteen pillars, with octagonal shafts and pretty though plain base and summits. They are ten feet wide, and cover a larger area than the whole interior of the chapel. This arrangement will not only make the building cooler, but will afford ample accommodation for any who desire to come and listen but who would hesitate to venture further. Mr. Bond now thinks that the whole will be finished by the end of May.

The builders are also busy at the Pilgrim Hospital. The walls are about six feet high, and the whole is to be completed as soon as possible. The doctor arrived several weeks ago. He rejoices in the name of Baboo Koylas Chunder Chuckerbutty, and is from the Endemic Hospital, Burdwan. Though a young man he is said to have had a good deal of experience. He is now occupying temporary quarters in the bazaar, and has a good supply of medicines and instruments. He is intelligent and friendly, and has already been a great help and comfort to us, as one of our boys dislocated and fractured his elbow in a way that would have necessitated his going to Pooree had there been no efficient help here.

I am happy to inform you that one of our boys has successfully passed the Anglo-vernacular Junior Scholarship Examination in the

second class, and receives a scholarship of five rupees per month tenable for two years. He bears the honoured name of Carey, and well deserves the distinction he has earned. I am hoping that though Piplee is in the Pooree district he will be permitted to pursue his studies in the High School, Cuttack. He has for several years been a consistent member of the church. His success is quite an important event for Piplee, and has acted as a surprising stimulus both to masters and scholars in the schools, so that there are now several who wish to compete for a similar honour next year. Another of our scholars has been accepted on probation as a student in the College at Cuttack, and will commence his studies there in the ensuing session. He is now with the brethren in the country. His name is Daniel. He has good abilities, and will, I trust, be useful.

During my late tour I spent, in company with brother Buckley, several days at Bonamalipore. There was a baptism of three on the Sunday, and the people in general seemed greatly improved. Though there had been no additions from the heathen during the year, there had been no less than ten births to a population of sixty persons, representing an annual increase of more than sixteen per cent. One circumstance interested me greatly. I saw, for the first time, two stalls or shops in the large market there owned and served by christians—one is an ornament maker's, and the other a weaver's, and both appeared to be driving a brisk trade. A young brahmin was sitting at the latter freely handling the cloths; and I thought I saw in the fact the dawn of a new era in the history of christianity in Orissa. Our people formerly found the prejudice against them so strong that they had small or no chance of success in the open market; but times have changed, and an immense incubus is silently sliding from the shoulders of the missionaries. The natives—christians and all—will be able to manage their worldly affairs themselves, and “we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.”

NOTES OF A TOUR UP THE BRAHMINI RIVER.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

We started on Friday, December 4th, and reached home on Monday evening, January 4th. The direction was the same that Mr. Miller took with Mr. Smith last year, only we were able to journey some forty miles (by river) further, whilst we ascertained it was possible, by starting very early in the cool season, to get considerably further still; this will doubtless be done in future years.

We travelled the whole of the way by boat; but in returning we made a short cut through the jungles, being indebted to the kindness of the Maharajah of the Dhenkanal, who sent us horses for one stage, and then lent us an elephant, which took us within a few miles of Cuttack. It took twenty-eight days to reach Talcheres, the limit of our journey, and only four to return to Cuttack.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Pike accompanied us as far as Jenapore; this part of the journey was by canal. They then returned to Cuttack, and Mr. Miller and I proceeded up the Brahmini.

I send you a rough sketch of our boat, which I made one afternoon. It is a country boat, with one part transformed into something like a cabin by means of bamboos and matting, the roof being thatched with grass. This compartment, which measured ten feet by five feet six inches, was our dining room,

parlour, reception and bed room in one; you will readily perceive there was no superfluous accommodation. It was a marvel to us that we did not get a ducking in the river, as we invariably found in the morning that the outer legs of our beds were some inches over the sides of the boat, and only supported by the mat walls of our frail abode.

Some years before Mr. Lacey's death, he and those that were with him were very much alarmed by a tiger attempting to leap into the boat. At the very same spot where that occurred (a jungly region) we had two visits from a leopard, which the fears of some exaggerated into a tiger.

Next to us was a compartment for the native brethren, provided with a thatched screen to shelter them from the sun; but they had a good tent, which was pitched every day on the sand that a few months ago formed the bed of the river. Very easy it is thus to build on this sand, and very warm and comfortable for the occupants at this season; but woe to the foolish man who waits till the floods come.

At Jenapore a tract of high sand was pointed out to me, many feet above the present level of the water; but I was assured that a few months ago that sand was eighteen feet below the water.

The average breadth of the Brahmini appears to be about three-quarters of a mile, but just now the greater part of its bed is bare, and in some places there is only a passage of a few feet through which a boat could pass. In the rainy seasons the fierce currents take a zigzag course, as though the angry river rushed first to one side and was then thrown back to the other in its struggles to get free. As a consequence, the course of our boat was circuitous to the last degree, and we had a vast expanse of sand first on the right hand and then on the left. This, together with the strong currents which we met in the narrow parts, made travelling extremely slow work. There was an advantage, however, in this, because we were enabled to visit most of the villages which were on or near the banks of the river. My impression is that some two hundred were visited. I think from six to eight were visited every day. My experience yet is very small, but I incline to the belief that this village preaching is not second to bazaar preaching. The congregations are not so large, but neither are they so noisy. The minds of the people are probably freer to attend to the message which is brought to them; and then you cannot get to more than one bazaar in a day, but (at least in this district) it is possible to visit three or four villages. Our congregations ranged from a dozen to a hundred and fifty; but then this has to be multiplied by six or eight for one day's work, for with the native brethren, Paul and Makunda, there were always two parties. I think at the lowest computation not less than ten thousand people heard the gospel preached, many of these probably for the first time, and for the most part under favourable circumstances, calmly and quietly, and free from the interruptions of the brahmins. The interruptions were of a very different kind, reminding one rather of our Primitive Methodist brethren at home—"Ah! that is the truth;" "Hear that!"

You have heard more than once of the old gooroo who has many thousands of disciples in this district—"The father of dust." He appears to be a veritable John the Baptist in preparing the way of the Lord. He is most decided in his testimony against idolatry, and he condemns the use of narcotics such as gunjah (I believe a great proportion of the cases of madness in India may be traced to the use of this drug). He told Mr. Miller that he had been telling the people that Christ was the only Saviour, and that much of the persecution that he and his disciples have undoubtedly undergone was on account of this testimony.

His disciples were very anxious to know what was thought of their teacher, and were pleased to have his teaching endorsed, and that in the presence of their heathen neighbours. Many seemed quite prepared to believe that the gooroo's work was only preparatory; that he was cutting down the jungles; and that the missionaries came to cast in the seed.

I cannot give my personal impressions of this most interesting journey better than by saying the whole country side seemed to me in a ferment on the subject of religion. There were some occasions when, if I had heard the questions put in the English language and had shut my eyes, I could have fancied myself in an

inquirers' meeting at home. Once, on entering a village, an old man accosted me by exclaiming, "Our gods that we have been serving for generations are all myths. What are we to do?"

We saw whole villages where the people had practically cast off idolatry; and in one or two instances the village gods had been thrown out of their temples.

The old man who last year wrote the name of Jesus Christ on the wall of his house was still living, and he wept much as Makunda spoke. "I know," he said, "that Jesus is the only Saviour; but will He receive me, who all my life long have been sinning against Him?" His son, a very intelligent and nice fellow, a brahmin, said plainly, "We all know that this is the only true religion; but what must we do? We are receiving each about ten rupees per month (*i.e.*, a comfortable livelihood) from land devoted to Mahadabe, and we cannot take that and become christians." I am not without great hope from the earnestness of the man that he will be able to give up all for Christ; but people at home can have little idea what the sacrifice involves.

We had many most interesting visitors to our boat; and I might add that about two thousand five hundred tracts were given away, and about three hundred testaments, single gospels, or small illustrated tracts, were sold during the journey. The fields are white to the harvest. Pray that the Lord of the harvest would thrust forth more labourers into His harvest.

A RECENT PREACHING TOUR

BY THE REV. J. H. SMITH

Dec. 10th.—To-day we leave Berhampore for what is really my first campaign, for though I travelled with brother Miller during a great part of last cold season, I could not enter into any active service; even now my knowledge of the language is very imperfect, and I fear my awkward attempts to blow the gospel trumpet may annoy more practised ears; still, if by God's blessing they shall fall pleasantly upon the hearts of some who have never heard its sweet notes before, I shall rejoice.

Our company consists of brother Hill and the native brethren, Tama, Balagi, and Sebo; the latter have gone on two days before us. Brother Hill travels in tonjon, and I in palkey. The weather is cloudy and cold, and occasionally a few drops of rain fall. We start about four p.m., and reach Jagernatpore about six p.m. Four mud walls, nine feet by seven, to keep out the wind, and a thatched roof to keep out the rain, shelter us for the night. Our two little cots, a small table, and a couple of chairs, quite fill this little shed; nevertheless, we are not going to grumble at our blessing because it is not bigger. Here beginneth our sorrows; we discover that one of the legs of our cot has sustained a severe fracture, and that the shed is tenanted by a large rat; a cord for the one and a stick for the other puts all right, and we are soon horizontally happy.

Dec. 11th.—To-day we reach Ganjam, and joining our brethren, find that all has been going well with them. The bungalow here has one common room and two bath rooms; its furniture consists of a table and a bottomless chair; altogether inferior to the bungalow accommodation afforded in the Cuttack district. In the evening we went to the bazaar; brethren Sebo, Tama, and Hill addressed the people. Two or three brahmins were disposed to be very annoying; at one time asking again and again the meaning of words which they knew full well, and at another seeking to create a diversion by asserting that one of the brethren had urged them to believe in Krishna and another in Christ. A young brahmin who had acquired a little knowledge and very much conceit in the government school asked a few questions, in seeming sincerity, about Christ, taking care in the meantime to display all his little stock of acquirements in Sanscrit, English, and Hindoostanee; and then he coolly said to brother Hill, "All that you have said is false, every word of it." Of this brother Hill demanded proof, and holding him to the point, he became somewhat confused, and fell back upon a book of English poetry which he had with him, quoting from it one of Watts's Songs, "Lot dogs delight to bark and bite," etc. If

he intended us to infer that brahmins were as dogs who delighted to bark and bite, the quotation was somewhat appropriate and relevant, not otherwise. Brother Hill, suspecting that he did not know very clearly what he was saying, asked him to give the meaning of that verse in Oriya; this he was obliged to confess himself unable to do, as he did not understand it. His ignorance being now sufficiently apparent, there only remained for us to wave our hand and bid salaam to this would-be pundit, leaving him in his discomfiture to humbler reflections. Here I would take the opportunity of saying, with regard to the attitude of the young men of this country towards christianity, that there is a marked difference between those who have been trained in Mission schools and those we have received their education in government institutions; the former are respectful in their behaviour towards christian teachers, and have a greater or less degree of faith in christianity, not only because they have learned its principles, but also because they have come under the irresistible influence of christian example; the latter, on the contrary, have their old faiths destroyed and receive nothing in their place, grow up into infidelity, affect a contempt for all religious and moral restraints, and take no pains to conceal this contempt in the presence of christian teachers. Vicious in character, contemptible in behaviour, too blindly ignorant to find their way to the truth, too foolishly proud to be taught, they are becoming an increasing source of anxiety to the well-wishers of India.

Dec. 12th.—This morning we set out to see the specialities of Ganjam; not a very difficult matter, for though this was once an important station, and had an English regiment, its glory is departed; it is no longer either a civil or a military station, for a plague breaking out frightened its European inhabitants away many years ago. On our way to the cemetery we passed the tops of cocoa-nut trees where brother Wilkinson's bungalow had stood; only the gateway remains. The cemetery is surrounded by a good wall, and is quite full of memorials of our departed countrymen; the monuments of some whose bones were buried here, and others whom death slew in distant districts; several sleep in nameless graves. Of one it is written that "he walked with God;" the memory of others is tarnished with fulsome praise. The oldest stone bears date of 1764; amongst the latest is that of a doctor, who escaping almost miraculously during the mutiny, perished by the merest accident while attempting to go on board at Ganjam. We next visited the fort, which is rapidly falling to decay, the magazine being the only part of it which has not begun to yield to the rapidly destructive influences of this climate.

Dec. 14th.—This morning we accompanied brethren Tama and Balagi to Damoda Gar, a village of fishermen; and after Tama had spoken a short time about the fishermen disciples, and their wonder-working Master, I made my first attempt at preaching in Oriya, speaking of our need of a Saviour, and the way in which God had met that need. The people listened attentively and respectfully, making scarcely any objections. During the day several persons came to the bungalow for religious conversation, keeping the brethren hard at work. In the evening we went to the bazaar; numbers heard not only quietly but attentively; evidently our short stay has made an impression on Ganjam. Sebo was chief speaker on this occasion. His knowledge of the Hindoo systems, especially of the vedas, his proficiency in Sanscrit, his courteous demeanour, humility, and aptness to teach, daily call forth our gratitude to the Divine Father for the grace given to him.

Dec. 15th.—After visiting one or two villages this morning, we proceeded to Gopalpore, a distance of four miles. The shed which we must occupy here furnishes us with very incomplete shelter, there being only the framework of walls. We visited a very destitute village in the evening; the people were dirty, ill-clad, ill-housed, and utterly ignorant; not one could read; they had never seen a missionary or native preacher, or heard the blessed sound of gospel truth. Sebo explained to me that their worship consisted in throwing flowers and a certain kind of wood into the cooking pot. We only spent a short time there, unfolding to their wondering minds some of the simplest facts of Christ's redemptive work.

(To be continued.)

RETURN OF MISSIONARIES.—We hear that our esteemed friends Dr. Buckley and Mrs. Buckley were expecting to leave Calcutta early in April, probably by the "Viceroy." It is not unlikely that brother W. Hill and Mrs. Hill will return to England by the same vessel. In the view of these changes, temporary or more permanent, we are constrained to ask, "Whom shall we send; and who will go for us?"

LETTER FROM MRS. THOMAS BAILEY TO HER SISTER AT BARTON FABIS.

Piplee, near Cuttack, Jan. 30th, 1875.

You wish me to tell you some particulars about our orphans that will be interesting to read to your scholars; another friend has made a similar request: and if it were possible to kill two birds with one stone I should be glad, as there is so much to be done in connection with the school that time becomes very valuable; however, I will try to give you a hasty sketch.

We received three little girls last year, the oldest not more than six years of age. The first, when brought here by a policeman, looked as unpromising for good as ever savage did. When they called me into the verandah to receive her, she screamed out, "She'll beat me, she'll beat me;" whereupon I offered her a plantain—a fruit of which Indian children are very fond,—knowing that that would be the surest way of gaining her confidence. Shall I describe her to you as she was then? There she stood before me, a little wild thing, looking terribly suspicious of every one; her hair, according to native custom, allowed to grow long, and tied up in a knob behind with dirty bits of rag, and looking as if it had not been touched or cleaned for many months. Her only clothing was a rag tied round the loins; on her tiny brown fingers were small brass rings, and in her nose and ears were other ornaments of the cheapest kind. But worse still, her mind was as uncared for as her body; though so young, she could tell lies to any extent, and had no thought of obedience; but she was not naturally bad, a few days' training made a great change in her, and now no one would know her for the same child; she has grown not only pretty but tractable and very intelligent; she already knows all her letters, repeats and sings several hymns nicely, is learning quickly the Lord's prayer, and to know that it is wrong to say what is not true. The two other little ones we admitted into the girls' orphanage last year have also very much improved. Their father, who was a poor working man, died suddenly of cholera during the rainy season, leaving four little children quite unprovided for, and another has been born since. The other of our four youngest is a very lady-like child, thoughtful and womanly when occasion offers, but full of fun and frolic at play time. They are all affectionate to each other, and very happy. We have several about ten who can read fluently, and in that and other things would bear comparison with most children of the same age at home.

But your Sunday school children would like to see them all when collected together for worship. Both schools meet at half-past nine every morning; the girls are arranged according to their classes on a gallery rising by steps from the ground, and very interesting they look with their white clothes contrasting so well with their dark skins; the boys sit on the floor in true native fashion, but very orderly, and also according to their classes. The names having been called over, they all join in singing a hymn; this they do very heartily, and with a good degree of harmony too. After the hymn, a chapter is read, the boys reading in turn one morning, the girls another; they are then questioned on what has been read, and their answers would do credit to many an English school. They possess, indeed, a very intelligent knowledge of the Bible; it is, with very few exceptions, their only book, and is their constant companion; they *delight* in reading it; I have many times been struck with this, they do not read it as a *duty*, but as a *pleasure*. Then follows the closing prayer, and from the eldest to the youngest every head is bowed in reverence; and I believe many hearts join sincerely in it too. Many, both amongst the boys and girls, are themselves very fluent in prayer. When my dear husband is away preaching in the district, I have two of the elder girls to sleep in the house with me at night, and after reading a chapter, one or other of them engages in prayer, very naturally, and without any hesitation. They never forget to pray for their own country people; and it is very touching in a heathen land to hear those who were once themselves idolaters praying that those around them may forsake their worship of wood and stone, and be brought to the knowledge of the one true God; such will, we know, not be without acceptance before the throne of grace, and our heavenly Father will in His own good time send an abundant answer. Often, too, they pray with great affection for those who send the glad tidings of salvation to them; and so the children at home and the children in far off India, although they may never know each other in this world, still,

" Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat."

The boys, too, are very interesting, and at times display a hearty and genuine affection, which is none the less welcome, though it takes a curious way of manifesting

itself. On New Year's Day they all clubbed together to get up a grand feast, telling us several days before that they intended to invite us and a number of people from the village. Great was the bustle of preparation. They erected a sort of shed made of bamboos and covered with cocoa-nut branches; this was prettily decorated with wreaths of the beautiful lotus. At the entrance they put up, in large coloured letters, an inscription in English and Oriya; the English ran thus—"We heartily welcome the invited christian guests." On the ground they had spread native mats, on which they sat in groups, and entertained us with singing hymns, accompanied by the native drum, clapping of hands, and ultimately an English fiddle; and though to English ears their music is not very sweet, their bright, happy faces, their warm enthusiasm, and the sweet name of Jesus running through all their hymns, made up for every deficiency.

It is very cheering to those who are working far away from their native land, in the midst of a heathen and degraded population, to know that there are many around them who are true christians, following humbly and faithfully in the footsteps of Him who shed His own precious blood for all the nations of the earth. Last Sunday, though several of our people were away itinerating with the brethren in the district, the school-room was so full that had not many of the women sat in the verandah we should not have had room for all. The chapel work is again progressing, and we are longing for the day when we can take possession. Not many yards from where it is being built, I saw a man measuring his way to Pooree by the length of his body; as he lay down he kissed the ground, and with his arms stretched out as far as he could reach, made a mark with a piece of wood he had in his hand, then getting up he walked to the mark and lay flat down again, repeating the same thing, and so pursued his weary way. Such men are regarded as very holy; they take neither money nor food with them, but are well cared for by the people as they pass along. The one I saw certainly looked as if he had wanted for nothing. But one turns away from such a scene with mingled feelings of sorrow and disgust, longing for the time when all nations shall be brought into the one fold of the true Shepherd. Happy English children, who are rejoicing that you were not brought up to worship blocks of wood and stone, will you not pray for those who are sunk in heathen darkness—pray that God may put it into the hearts of earnest, good men and women to come and teach their dark fellow-creatures the way to the better land.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—J. H. Smith, Jan. 29.
" W. Hill, Feb. 19.
CUTTACK—J. Buckley, Feb. 9, 16.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, Feb. 23.
PIPLEE—T. Bailey, Feb. 6.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
February 18th, to March 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Birchcliffe—for Rome | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Birmingham, Lombard Street | 66 | 11 | 1 |
| Coalville | 8 | 10 | 0 |
| Derby, <i>Mary's Gate</i> | 13 | 8 | 7 |
| Gambleside | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Kirkby-in-Ashfield | 21 | 12 | 0 |
| Leeds, Northgate | 38 | 0 | 0 |
| Leicester, Friar Lane | 54 | 8 | 8 |
| ————— Archdeacon Lane | 77 | 11 | 4 |
| ————— Dover Street | 54 | 9 | 9 |
| ————— Victoria Road | 8 | 3 | 0 |
| Long Wharton and Belton | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| Newthorpe | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Norwich | 14 | 16 | 0 |
| Nottingham Auxiliary next month. | | | |
| Quainton, near Aylesbury | 3 | 12 | 6 |
| Smarden | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Vale, near Todmorden | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Wymeswold and Wysall | 11 | 10 | 7 |

SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| Arnold | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Clayton | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Derby, <i>St. Mary's Gate</i> | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Kirkby-in-Ashfield | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Lydgate | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| Ramsgate | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Shore | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Vale and Hurstwood | 1 | 0 | 0 |

NOTE.—We are requested to mention that £3 0s. 10d. of the amount acknowledged last month from *Halifax* was for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

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. PRIKE, 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.

MAY, 1875.

LESSONS FOR THE CHURCHES FROM THE REVIVAL.

Now the revival movement is actually in our midst, and the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at the Agricultural Hall is before us in some of its results, it is possible to discover and register a few of the best proved lessons which the church of the Lord Jesus may learn from an awakening whose enormous magnitude is attracting the attention of the whole country. The ultimate effects on the religious life of the nation, —the possibilities of serious reaction, are known only to the Head of the church. We speak not of them, further than to say that they will depend largely upon the attitude taken by the churches generally toward this work, and the means adopted to mature and perfect the results placed within their reach. Certainly there are sheaves of corn brought to our very doors in sufficient quantity to enable us to judge of the character of the work being done by these God-sent husbandmen, and to profit, if we will, by their way of doing their work.

This religious awakening is a real quickening of spiritual emotion, not a passing sensationalism, or a fitful excitement dependent upon unworthy manoeuvres and questionable methods of activity. Making all necessary deductions for hero-worship, which is abundant in most persons; for the love of being in a crowd, which is a metropolitan passion; and for the operation of inferior motives, which is a general weakness; still there is a large residue of good, in no way whatever connected with revivalistic galvanism or American eccentricity. Messrs. Moody and Sankey tell "the old, old story;" believe in and employ the power of prayer; adopt many of the methods of work consecrated by "the use and wont" of centuries; adhere to the most fundamental truths of the gospel; and steer clear of the Shibboleths of party and sect. They aim to utilize to the utmost all the latent forces in our Christian communities; seek to reduce the evils of an inevitable denominationalism to their smallest limits; preach the necessity and obligation of every Christian to speak to his neighbour about the salvation of his soul; and in many other ways keep to the lines on which the church in Britain has been working for the last half century at least.

In what, then, do these American evangelists differ from other Christian workers, and where are the permanent lessons for men anxious to gain the utmost advantage from the course of the revival movement?

VOL. LXXVII.—NEW SERIES, No. 65.

First, we may mention the *special directness of aim* so eminently characteristic of these, and indeed of all effective men. They mean one thing. They aim at one result. Napoleon did not seek with more directness the gains of conquest than these workers toil for the *immediate* salvation of souls. Thought and feeling, heart and soul, song and speech and prayer are gathered and concentrated by one intense and absorbing passion, and then directed straight to the one goal of awakening Christians and bringing to instant and *avowed* decision all who know of, but do not savingly trust in the Lord Jesus. There is no indiscriminate hitting; no drawing the bow at a venture; no vacillating purpose; no wavering weakness of policy; no hesitation as to means and ends; but, like Paul, preacher and singer say, "One thing I do." Nothing decoys them from their steadfastness. Not criticism, however severe; not slander, however base; not success, however unprecedented. The one idea rules them with kingly force, and their work is crowned with a kingly efficiency. Little souls will think to get the same crown by repeating their anecdotes, singing their hymns, adopting Americanisms, asking people to stand up and be prayed for, and the imitation of other accidental features of the movement, altogether blind to the springs of power hidden in the almost fierce and irresistible directness with which these workers aim to compass the supreme desire of their hearts.

The *second* necessity of the religious life of the nation made apparent in these services is, *greater elasticity in our Christian worship, and a more complete adaptation of means to ends*. Generally speaking our occasions of public worship are suffered to become a weariness to flesh and spirit by the persistent sameness and dull monotony reigning throughout. The dominion of order and regularity of procedure is becoming intolerable. We sing and pray and read and preach by the clock. Everything has to be shaped to the demands of the inexorable timekeeper. A variation is an offence. Prayers have a tendency to become stereotyped, impersonal, oratorical, and powerless; singing to be artistic and cold; preaching to take the mould of carefully prepared essays, and to become strongly soporific. It is to be hoped that there are few cases now where the congregation has to submit to see a text treated with the regularity of stroke that distinguishes the butcher as he cuts up a sheep; and behold it set out in three main divisions, each having three subdivisions of exactly equal length, and the whole concluding with an application to "three sorts of persons." But still we are the victims of monotony to a fearful extent. If a man wishes to call the attention of the people to an important subject, he must go through the hollow farce of reading a text, which he dexterously leaves altogether as soon as he can. And if the pastor, however much he may wish it, cannot, being ill, either call the attention of the people to a text, or to a subject, still the pulpit must be filled with a man of the preaching profession; and not even for once may the voice of a Christian brother be heard bearing witness for the Lord Jesus as a help in the sanctification of business, and a victor in the conflict with covetousness, before the great congregation.

These, and similar evils, receive a severe rebuke in this awakening. Here are neither gowns nor bands, reverends nor "locals," deans nor bishops, but there is life, earnestness and power, even the power of God,

and they secure an attention to the claims of the gospel all the consecrated priests and ordained ministers of Christendom could not have obtained. Here are services, not ornate or æsthetic, not gorgeously imposing or impressively operatic, but marked with freshness and change, elastic and saturated with life, and thus made marvellously strong for the pulling down of the strongholds of sin. The sermons are not elaborate arguments, and yet there is a real logic pervading them; they are not drily doctrinal, but still they are full of Biblical instruction; their style is not classic but colloquial, and so they come to men's hearts and consciences with the witness of the Spirit of God. Were we always to ask ourselves, what is the end to be gained by this song, and that prayer, this reading and that sermon, and, in a word, by the whole service, changes would be much more frequent, weariness less felt, and efficiency greatly increased.

A *third* lesson for ministers and office-bearers, for young and old, taught by this revival, is the necessity for a *thoroughgoing realism in all religious work and worship*, in every effort to win the lost to Christ, and to raise to a higher devotion and larger unselfishness those who already know and love the Saviour. The air of unreality has no space left for it in these services. Every part of it is charged to overflowing with reality. The singer's heart is in every tone. The preacher's voice rings with the accent of conviction. You *feel* the reality of the whole scene, and of every part of the service.

In this, the present awakening concurs with every revival the church of God has ever experienced. Essentially, a revival is a *protest* and an *impulse*: a protest against the formalism, stagnation, oppressions of routine, and weakness and incapacity that come of trusting to mere mechanism; and an impulse from the ever full fountain of spiritual life and truth to do old work with fresh life, and to begin fresh work with the old truths. Periods of torpor occur in the history of the church with a frequency that is full of warning. They are not the results of a divine fore-ordination: they are not the issues of a blind caprice. Summer and winter, in their ordinary course of divinely arranged change, are *not* their fit parallels, but the irregular alternations of health and disease in a humanly ordered and ignorantly spent life. Churches are smitten with the paralysis of indolence; the palsy of an unguided activity, or the hot fevers of worldliness and covetousness; and the lips of the prophets are locked, and the kingdom of heaven suffers no violence—no one presses into it. In His mercy God sends a new prophet to electrify the torpid conscience, stir the slumbering emotions, and flood with new life the diseased body. "The law and the prophets were until John." God kept these old servants in their place and doing their work till the forerunner appeared. When the law had become a dead letter, and from very familiarity ceased to reveal the holiness of God, and the spiritual life was rapidly becoming fixed, hard, and inelastic, without spring and without energy, then God raised up the prophets; and as they successively appeared, each one was a voice calling aloud to Zion, and saying, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength!" It is here, "Put on thy beautiful garments." They are ready.

All that is typical. Every true revivalist is a prophet, a voice calling us to reality, to thoroughness of faith and love and service. St.

Bernard was the revivalist of the twelfth century. His work was the regeneration of a corrupted monasticism, and led to the founding of the martyr-church of the Waldenses, and so pioneered the great Reformation. Luther, again, was a man with real convictions and real purposes, in an age of torpor and of seething wrongs; and so wisely and divinely did he work, that he not only rebuked the Popes and Princes of the Church, but revived faith in God and in His freely justifying grace. Nevertheless Whitfield and Wesley found the torpor back again; and, inspired of God, they travelled the country fearless of opposing bishops, freely and frankly preaching the gospel of the grace of God, as if it were really good news from a real God to real sinners.

And though on a much less extended scale, yet we were moaning the same gathering supineness, the same leaden propriety, the same fear of the bursting and free energies of the Spirit a few years ago. To quote one striking example out of many, even the successors of John Wesley had, in many parts of the country, become as formal, stiff, and coldly respectable, and as afraid of fire, as was that church out of which John Wesley came. Indeed it is human nature; and there is a great deal of human nature in the church of Christ. It is the course of life all through; and we are only saved from being utterly destroyed by this tendency to become formal and unreal as we live in perpetual fellowship with Him who changes not, and bathe our minds, day by day, with thoughts concerning Him and His abidingly real work. Thanks be to God who has heard the cry of His servants and sent to the churches a messenger calling us back to a vivid faith in Himself and His gospel, and to an undiluted reality in all word and work, and thus to genuine efficiency and increasing success. Out of His fulness of grace and truth, or reality, may we receive, and grace for grace!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

How the years are passing onwards

In the march and roll of time,
Themes for genius great or lowly,
Simple prose or verse sublime.

Slow and measured were the paces

Of our sires in days of yore—
Time but leaves them far behind us;
Dreams of ages past are o'er.

Onward is the theme inspiring

In each rank and grade of life,
In the world of pride and fashion,
With its spirit all are rife.

Art and science are awakening

Souls that seemed to life as dead,
While religious thought and action
In the van of progress tread.

Men of cultured thought and feeling,

With their learning strive to read
On the passing scroll of ages
What is still the nation's need.

Wealth and knowledge though abounding,

And the cry for learning rife,
Social crime and foul intemperance
Mingle in the daily strife.

Homes there are where *one* vast evil,

And of Britain's curse, is seen,
Scattering seeds of vice and discord
Where domestic bliss had been.

Leicester.

Train the early buds and blossoms

In school learning as ye may,
Still their cry is, "Oh! ye sages,
Something more we need to-day."

Spirit vaults and vile casinos

Reared well-nigh in every street;
Say, are these for youthful virtue
And for manhood's safety meet?

For Heaven's sake and for the future,

Wisely for them legislate,
That our own drink-ridden nation
May in moral power be great.

Free her from the unrighteous traffic

Leading souls to lasting death,
And the leprosy it spreadeth
With its ever poisonous breath.

Duty calls us still to labour

In the Temperance battle-field,
For the drink is slaying thousands—
Let us never, never yield.

Be our armour ever brightning,

Flashing as the noon-day sun,
And our hearts be brave and hopeful
Till our task is nobly done.

Ye, our brother Templars, rescue

Soul's from endless ruin's brink;
Not a land enjoys true freedom
Where is rampant England's drink.

GEORGE BURDEN.

UNDER THE OLIVE TREE.

BY REV. H. WOOD.

THE olive tree is one frequently referred to in the Scriptures. Its nature has been understood from the earliest times. Its growth is slow and long; and though it attains to a great age, its height is rarely more than from twenty to thirty feet. Its trunk is generally irregular, and bent like the form of an old man. Its branches bear a thick foliage, and its flowers come by millions. Its leaves are in one sort long, like the willow leaf, and in another broader, and more like the leaves of the rose. The fruit, which is a berry, is in shape like a plum.

Its home is in countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In Syria it will not flourish more than three thousand feet above the sea level; and far from the coast, not so high. Because it is not found in countries near Ararat, it has been objected that the story of the dove's returning to the ark with a branch in its mouth is not true. But this assumes that olive trees never did grow there, and that the dove could not fly far enough in the course of the day to bring the branch from the regions beyond, both of which assumptions are entirely gratuitous. The olive grows abundantly in the south of Europe, and it is from the countries there that olive oil and olive wood are imported to Britain.

The age of the olive is quite venerable. In England there are trees which certainly were standing at the time of the Norman conquest; and there are others which were full grown when these were striplings. On Mount Lebanon there are cedars standing, which, those who have questioned them say, have confessed to three thousand years; but, as old folk will, they left the rest untold. There may be mistakes about the ages of trees, as there are about the ages of horses, but it is a difficult matter to corrupt a register, and history says of one old olive, standing as a boundary between Tivoli and Palestina, that it was there before the Christian era. In the garden of Olivet, near Jerusalem, the olives under whose shade our Saviour prayed are still standing; and Bovi, a naturalist who examined them, calculates that their age must be two thousand years.

There are two kinds of olives mentioned in the Scriptures—the wild, and the good. The wild olive tree is almost destitute of fruit, and the few berries that it does bear are dry and useless for the oil press. The good gives plenty of oil, but will degenerate unless the husbandman looks well after it. The wild olive tree, like most other things that are wild, will grow of itself. It need not be cultivated. Leave it alone, and it will increase by its own nature. Behold in this how naturally evil will make progress. It is as easy for men to grow wicked as it is for the olive tree to grow wild. Its nature is changed by grafting. But the remarkable fact is that the branch grafted into the tree changes the nature of the tree: whereas the tree does not change the nature of the branch. A good branch will make a wild tree good. A wild branch will make a good tree wild. So that we may understand what St. Paul means when, in Romans xi. 24, he says, "If thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted *contrary to nature* into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which be the

natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?" Or, as we may explain, if God in Christ, as a good olive tree, has, contrary to the law of nature, communicated His goodness unto us wild branches, the Gentiles, how much more shall He unto those separated branches, the Jews, when again they are united to Him. And thus we, who are in Christ Jesus, may see how we have infused nothing good into Him, but have only received good from Him; and are encouraged by the thought that however close we may be, and however vile we may be, we can never infect Him, but must at length become like Him, having appropriated His pure, loving nature as our own.

By some the olive is described as beautiful. Others, however, have failed to see any loveliness in its appearance. Perhaps they saw it at the wrong time, or had not a keen sense of beauty. Peter Bell knew that a primrose was yellow, and that was all. He could see no more heaven in it than in a single straw, and perhaps not so much.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries."

They are enamoured of the fruit; and so it is with many who look upon the olive. Some may see beauty in its rich profusion of flowers, not more than a hundredth part of which come to fruit; others see it only in the berry. God would have us see it in both. We should first be pleased with the beautiful flower, and still have our pleasure increased by the thought that after the flower He will send us the fruit.

The olive mostly rests upon the solid rock. Sometimes it appears to be growing out of a loose soil; but on examination it is found that it goes right through this, and finds the rock underneath. Its root fibres are sent down the clefts, and into the cracks, laying hold with a grasp that never can be relaxed. You may break it away perhaps, but make it let go you cannot. Its life and health are in its clutch. I have seen trees that have been wrenched out of their bed by the violence of a storm that has wrestled with them. Like a conqueror, it has left them there to die. But the storms of a thousand years would not pluck up the olive from the rock; but rather tighten its grip, and make it more secure. We may be so united with Christ that all the conflicts which the prince of the power of the air can send upon us shall never rend the union. Let us send the roots of our soul into this Rock, and we shall be safe, and flourish for ever.

Yes, there is benefit to be derived from the union. The olive tree, which cannot find its way to the rock, is poor in production and stunted in appearance. Whereas, if it can, it will bear a plentiful crop of rich berries. Large trees thus situated will yield from ten to fifteen gallons of oil; and though it does not bear fruit every year, but only in alternate years, yet its fruitfulness extends over twenty generations, and it brings forth in its old age. All this through being on the rock. There is something more than salvation; there is life. The olive tree refuses to be slain, however the furious winds lash it. Unseen, below the ground, vitality is infused into it; and thus it defies death. Happy are the men who, thus joined to Christ, can say, and show by the manifestation of the fact, We live, and yet not we, but Christ liveth in us. Life is the

result of this union. We cannot have the union without the life; and we cannot have the life without the union. Oh that all would seek the union, that so every soul of man might be delivered from the doom of death. Moreover, by this union health is obtained. There is not existence simply, but an active, vigorous existence. The reason why we see so many dwarfish and fruitless professors of religion is, because they are like those olive trees that have nothing but the loose, shifty surface soil to nourish them. They have not struck their roots through the soil to lay hold of the rock's treasure.

The *usefulness* of the olive tree lies mainly in its berries. The farmer and his labourer eat them to their bread; and thus the tree provides food to satisfy the hunger of men. This is one of the reasons why it is planted on the rock. And it is one of the reasons why men are united to Christ. If the Lord feeds us, we ought to feed others. He is a poor olive tree who does not feed some hungry soul. That tree which brings forth no fruit does not fulfil its natural functions, is as good as dead, and might as well be cut down, for it is nothing but a cumberer of the ground. It is a perilous thing for a Christian to be simply taking up space, for he cannot do it long. Christianity is an outflux, as well as an influx; and where the current is stopped it will turn off in another direction. Not only is a nominal Christian not beautiful, but he is not happy in the truest sense, and he is in danger of losing his faith for want of a practical application of it. We cannot see the Rock; and the only safe evidence that we are on it is our fruitfulness.

Again, the olive berry yields the oil by which the lamps of the people in the East are supplied. If there be no oil in the vessel, as with the foolish virgins, the lamps go out. Let the fruit of the olive be withheld, and the poor, if not the rich, must sit in darkness. And so, if we Christians are unfruitful, darkness will reign in many houses where otherwise there would be light. We do not presume too much when we thus regard ourselves as responsible for the world's enlightenment; for as God gave the Israelites of old "oil out of the flinty rock," so we derive our light from Christ; and He Himself, while He taught us our dependence on Him, said, "Ye are the lights of the world." It is night therein. The sun has gone down long since; and men wander at their peril every step they take, save as we fulfil the direction which bids us hold forth the word of life, in Christian fruitfulness and wise counsel, godly living and self-sacrifice.

Another purpose to which the olive berry is devoted is the cleansing of the unclean. The oil it yields is the only soap that commonly obtains in the countries where it grows most extensively. We thus see that God has committed a cleansing efficacy to the olive tree. And so He has to the Christian. He cannot wash away sin that has been committed, and

"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart;"

but He can furnish that by which a man may cleanse his life. There is none upon earth who can forgive sins. The right of absolution rests with Christ alone. But He has committed a power to us, by the exercise

of which a defilled and loathsome sinner may be transformed into one of the excellent of the earth. Not unto us, but unto Christ, be the praise. We defraud Him in not using and acknowledging what we have. Have we not this power? Look at Robert Moffat, at Wesley, and Howard, at thousands more, and their labours. If the church would only put forth all the fruitfulness of which it is capable, the whole world might soon be cleansed from the festering corruptions of sin and all uncleanness.

Again, the oil of the olive berry is used as a balm for the wounded. As it was an article so extensively used, and for so many different purposes, probably it was this kind of oil that the good Samaritan poured into the wounds of the traveller whom he found half dead by the wayside, between Jerusalem and Jericho. Oil and other similar substances were very frequently used in the East, and are still, for healing cuts and bruises. Hence we read of the "balm of Gilead;" and "marrow," or, as it should be, "medicine for the bones." No Christian ought to be without balm. In the battle of life we are called upon to act the part of the good Samaritan, as well as to face the foe in fight. And although there are some who will persist in looking for comfort when they ought to be in the ranks, we are nevertheless called upon to bind up the broken-hearted and comfort them which mourn. There are real wounds and true sorrows which we may soothe and heal. Our Master was a kind Physician, as well as a great Captain. He was a Comforter; and His words of comfort even now remove our pains and make us stronger to do His will. And if we have received the oil of consolation, we must not keep it all ourselves, for we are comforted "in all our tribulation that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God."

As Christians, we have to fight, but we are not warlike. We are assailed, even as the rock upon which we grow is assailed, by the waves of the sea. But there is not an olive tree that grows whose every branch does not say, "On earth peace, good will to men." From the earliest times the olive branch has been a symbol of peace. When God was appeased after the flood, He sent the harmless dove back to the ark with this branch in its mouth. And all round the world, among civilized and barbarous nations, where the olive tree is known, its branch is the token of peace from man to man. Captain Cook found it so used by the islanders of the South Seas. The time is coming, though it has been so long delayed, when the Christian shall be the man of peace to which his religion prompts, and when he shall be recognized as such. Blessed will England be if her Christian sons can lead the nations in a lasting policy of peace. And may the time soon come when all Christians, as good olive branches, shall find in the peacemaker's mission the fulfilment of Israel's old prophet, "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

HUMILITY is a delicate and fragile flower that grows with rich luxuriance in a lowly and sheltered soil, but is no sooner plucked by its owner and handed about for inspection than its beauty fades, and its loveliness withers away.

WELSH PREACHING.

No. I.—*Its Principal Features.*

MOST of my readers would find a Welsh sermon to be very unprofitable—it would be all Greek to them; yet we may find some instruction in examining the characteristics of Welsh preaching, since preaching is in Wales a threefold greater power than it is in England. The servants of Christ should always be willing to investigate the causes which make preaching powerful or proportionately powerless in a nation. Those who have seen gatherings of twenty thousand people come to hear the sermons preached at a Welsh association, who have heard the stirring tones of the preacher in the “*hwyl*,” must confess that England can supply no counterpart to such scenes. Especially when it is remembered that the population in the immediate neighbourhood of these gatherings is comparatively sparse. We must not compare the gathering to one in Birmingham or Manchester, but rather to those in remote districts. What should we think of twenty thousand attending an open-air service in Loughborough? It may be said that this is a result of the fervency of the Celtic nature; possibly this may be true, but it cannot account for the mighty hold which the pulpit has on the Welsh nation.

I must at once explain that I do not in any way allude to the preaching of the clergy whom the so-called majority of the English people choose to establish in each parish. The apostolic success of Welsh preaching has nothing to do with apostolic succession. The preaching of these Crown-sent men is sometimes, to say the least, queer. A clergyman named Lewis, at Chapel Colman, speaking of man's depravity, said to the surprised congregation, “Every man is very tall by nature.” Tall by nature! what about the babies, thought the people? till they understood that he had used the word *dal* instead of “*dall*,” thus saying “tall” instead of “blind.” A late dean in North Wales, repeating a hymn signifying,

“Arise, O Lord, and shine above
The earth and air and sky,”

astonished his congregation by pronouncing the Welsh words so that they signified,

“Arise, O Lord, above the head
Of two hens, and the crow's egg also.”

Whatever, then, may be said of Welsh preaching, refers to those who received their commission from Christ, and not merely from the English government. Salutory lesson—that where preaching is the greatest power the Established Church is weakest!

One important advantage the pulpit possesses in Wales is the character of the Welsh language. It is made up of native roots; so that the long and strange words, owing to their being made up of smaller well-known words, are readily understood. I do not suppose that any language is equal to the Welsh in this, excepting, perhaps, the Greek. The German has similar advantages. The English preacher who, in a village congregation, uses such words as “ossify,” “disintegrate,” etc., must know that the people cannot understand him. You may suppose the case of an English boy who has never heard the word “fortress” used with a definite idea. The preacher who uses the

word "fortress," therefore, fails to convey any meaning; but if he uses the word "stronghold," the lad, knowing what "strong" signified, would understand. The Welsh strange words are, like "stronghold," formed out of known words. This is a great advantage to the orator or preacher, for every word in a sentence which is foreign to the hearer is like a chip in the broth. There are many like the English clergyman's groom, who was in church when his master preached an elaborate sermon against pride. The clergyman had some misgivings as to whether the congregation fully appreciated its beauty, and understood the well-chosen words. He therefore called in his groom to put a test, and asked him, "John, do you know what is the meaning of the word 'ostentation,' which I often used this morning?" "Oh yes, sir, I know." "Well, what is it?" "Something as has to do with a horse, sir," replied John, with a knowing grin. This difficulty, arising from the numerous foreign roots in English, is very much avoided by those preachers who "pelt the devil with Saxon," as one of them said. The Welsh preacher has thus a considerable advantage.

Preaching in Wales is characterized by the fact that the preachers do not read their sermons. I do not suppose that English *preachers* do, though the custom is somewhat rife among essayists, for whom I have profound respect.

The principal features of Welsh preaching are the absence of new doctrines or German theology, and the peculiar intonation known as the "hwyl." The word "hwyl" signifies "sail," the idea being, perhaps, that the preacher is in "full sail," though the word also signifies "condition," such as "being in good condition." The French have a similar idea in connection with their preaching. The speaker changes his voice with much the same effect as when a piece of music changes from the major to the minor scale. A string of words are uttered in one tone, with a recurring modulation at the end of each sentence. The effect upon the congregation is marvellous. The whole audience seems to hang upon the lips of the speaker. Many weep. Yet, when the excitement is intense, there is no ranting. There is none of the boisterous calling out and wailing which characterizes Methodism. As a matter of fact, the Primitive Methodists are the least successful in reaching the masses in Wales. The power in a Welsh service is not in the loud and excited praying, not in the appeal to the penitent form, but in the *preaching*: all these forces are concentrated into the pulpit, for Christ has said, go and *preach* the gospel.

As to German theology, it must not be thought that the ministers are ignorant of modern thought. The absence of these dissertations on novelties is due to the fact that "the old, old story of Jesus and His love" is the only theme of preaching. In England, the great preacher is generally the great man—mighty in power of mind and original thought; in Wales, these things are much prized, but the grandeur of the man matters less than the way in which he tells "the grand old story." We may depend upon it that our preaching will be all the more powerful in proportion as we deliver the gospel as the Word of God, rather than as the theology of modern thought and criticism.

From what has been said, it will be seen that there is a possibility that Welsh preaching may insufficiently show that greatness of soul that marks the preaching and epistles of Paul. Small and narrow

minds may be the acknowledged great preachers. Talent in preaching may be prized above sterling character. This is often the case in Wales: but we have to examine what are the causes of the pulpit having such a hold on the people—not to inquire how it may be greater. In another article we may note the style of some of the heroic Welsh preachers of the last generation. R. FOULKES GRIFFITHS.

FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

BY REV. W. E. WINKS.

THERE is at least *one* subject that never grows old; there is one theme that is incapable of becoming threadbare; "the word of the Lord endureth for ever," and the life of Him who is the word made flesh furnishes a topic of undying interest to Christian readers. It was, consequently, no uncertain adventure for Messrs. Cassell to engage the services of a writer like Dr. Farrar in preparing a new life of Christ. The author of "The Silence and Voices of God," and "The Witness of History to Christ," is one of the fittest men the Christian church of the present day could furnish for the task; and the issue of *nine* editions of a valuable work in the course of a few months affords the best possible proof of the popularity of the subject and the talents of the writer.

It was time that England should be represented in the literature of the present period by an able treatise on this incomparable theme. Germany and France have each been characteristically represented in the writings of Neander and Strauss, Renan and Pressensé; and American fervour and vigour of thought are well expressed in the first instalment of a work on this subject by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The works of the last three of these writers have all been issued since 1860; and during this period of fifteen years the voice of the Christian church in this country has only been heard in the attractive humanitarianism of "Ecce Homo," an avowed "fragment," in which "no theological questions are discussed," and in the hastily written "Ecce Deus," an unceremonious anticipation of the purpose of the author of "Ecce Homo" to prepare another volume having for its subject "Christ as the creator of modern theology and religion."

Not one of these treatises, clever and useful as they are in their way, exactly supplied the want of the time in regard to the Life and Character of our Lord. And some may be disposed to question whether a work like Dr. Farrar's is adapted to that want. Their complaint will be that it is not sufficiently argumentative and controversial. It does not meet the objections and difficulties raised by modern criticism and scepticism. Its tone is altogether too calm and confident. It is manifestly the work of "a believer," not of a student, an enquirer, and a free and independent thinker. The writer, it will be urged, is quite content to state what he believes to be facts, without reasoning about them, and searching into the question of their validity; he takes everything on the credit of the gospels, without enquiring into their authenticity and truthfulness. In short, there is not sufficient of the doubter and enquirer about Dr. Farrar to suit the demands of the present day, in which every deduction of the scientist,

* *The Life of Christ.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

every declaration of the historian, every dogma and doctrine of the theologian, is subjected to the most rigid and searching analysis.

In reply to such objections, we have to say, that we frankly admit that doubt and enquiry are frequently deserving of profound respect, and have often been made the means of immense gain to the cause of truth, that is, when doubt has been honest and enquiry candid. But there are others to be considered besides the doubters—the “honest doubters,” of whom we have heard quite enough of late. There are persons who are deserving of even more respect than doubters, and they are *believers*, honest believers, who have conquered doubt by dint of patient, courageous, reverent enquiry. Their faith has gone through the fire and come forth purified and strengthened. Their feet are now upon a rock, and their goings are established. Such men are our best teachers, for they can speak with the emphasis of clear and intelligent conviction. No waverer can establish others; the blind cannot lead the blind; doubt, however “honest” and “interesting,” never yet proved itself a power in the church, except to propagate doubt and unsettle faith. It is belief, whether true or false, intelligent or otherwise, that exerts the greatest influence over the human mind. We rejoice, therefore, in these volumes as the work of a believer, intelligent, candid, scholarly, devout.

And we are satisfied, too, that the want of the age is best met by the method Dr. Farrar has adopted in these volumes. He abandons altogether the thorny paths of controversy, and the mazes of speculation, for the plainer and more direct path of the historian. He recounts the incidents of that marvellous life, and portrays the features of that perfect character, at once human and divine. This is the most powerful argument, after all, for it allows the life and character of Christ to speak for themselves. By such a method of treating the subject we obtain the best testimony available to the Divine Mission of Jesus Christ—the testimony of history, and the testimony borne by His own incomparable and faultless character. This is of far higher value in the service of Christian truth than ingenious argument and plausible speculation. Genuine history repeats and perpetuates the evidence of the first witnesses of the resurrection, and prolongs the echo of the solemn words of John, “That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; (For the life was manifested and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.” Faithful portraiture of the Saviour’s character brings the sacred influence of that character to bear upon our spirits, and thus the apostolic privilege of fellowship with Christ is realized by us, and the apostolic purpose in preaching and writing is accomplished: “That ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.” Such is the influence of this valuable work upon the mind. It enables the reader to realize the incidents and surroundings of the life, and to feel the spell and charm of the character of the Redeemer of men. The moral power of these volumes is, to us, their most remarkable feature; and every one who has learnt to look upon Jesus Christ as his Saviour and his friend, his example and his hope, will be thankful to God for the opportunity of perusing these glowing pages.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

No. II.—*The Eighteenth Century Papers.*

BY REV. G. W. MCCREE.

THE eighteenth century was one of great interest in the history of newspapers. In 1704 the *Observer* was prosecuted for libel; and as much of the writing of that time was low, vulgar, and scurrilous, hence such actions became very common. The trial is worthy of note because it was then revealed that the editor was paid half-a-guinea a week.

The first daily journal was the *Daily Courant*, issued in 1702, and was printed on one side only—the other side being blank. The excuse for this was quaint:—"This Courant," says the proprietor, "will, as the title shows, be published daily, being designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half the impertinence of ordinary newspapers."

Some of the newspapers of this era had strange titles, and a very ephemeral existence. One was called, "The Morning Mercury; or, a Farce of Fools." Another was entitled, "The British Apollo; or, Curious Amusements for the Ingenious; to which are added the most Material Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen." This singular production came out twice a week for three years, and was much used by its readers in "deciding wagers at cards," a fact which shows how debased and frivolous society must then have been.

The year 1706 was notable for the advent of Daniel Defoe, the famous author of *Robinson Crusoe*, as a newspaper man. He then commenced the *Review of the Affairs of State*. Before this he had written his popular satire, *The True-Born Englishman*, the first lines of which were as follows:—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there,
And 'twill be found upon examination
The latter has the largest congregation."

Although Daniel Defoe published two hundred and ten works, and some of them had a great sale, he died in great poverty.

We must here notice a class of publications, not precisely newspapers, but closely resembling them; we refer to the *Tatler*, which began in 1709, and was edited by Sir Richard Steele, assisted by the great Joseph Addison, the best writer of pure English of his day. The *Tatler* was imitated by the *Female Tatler*, edited "by Mrs. Cracken-thorpe, a lady who knows everything," and who left behind her, we fear, a number of daughters, grand daughters, and great grand daughters. The *Spectator* was issued in 1711; the *Englishman* in 1713; and the *Freeholder* in 1715. In the first Addison published his finest essays.

We have alluded to the vulgar and abusive style of some of the journalists of this time. It would indeed astonish us, in 1875, to find such vile abuse in our morning papers. Thus, John Dunton, in 1714, published a paper called *Dunton's Ghost*; and feeling offended at another writer, he thus poured forth his abuse:—"This sot of an author is a compound of all that is vile, dull, and absurd in the

Moderator and *Wandering Spy* (two of the newspapers of the day), with this addition, that Phillips is the greater sot. His head is like an Irish bog—a spongy quagmire; his brains are in a perpetual souse-tub. This profound soaker is one of the common scorns of all civil people, as carrying about him all the signs and tokens of a shameless sot. His eyes are ready to tumble out of his head; and as the beast hath on him the drunkards' mark, so he hath their rewards—shame and poverty."

Another example of his style may be given. A Mrs. Matthews, who owned the *Wandering Star*, having displeased him, he wrote in this manner:—"Matthews rails at other women. She is a female slanderer. Her very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such design upon you: and she is the only person you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful. I may justly reckon it among my calamities that ever I listened to her double tongue, or suffered myself to be treated by her. This woman and these careless fellows, if they had their due, are such a rabble of noisy, empty, scandalous authors, that, if they should provoke me a second time, as they are beneath my pen and sword, I will only stoop so low as to hire some able porter to kick them down stairs."

The manners of the people, as seen through the medium of the newspapers of the day, were simply brutal. Ignorance, drunkenness, and cruelty reigned supreme. "Merrie England!" We should not like to see it back again. Let our readers ponder the following advertisements, and form their own conclusions as to the state of society when Addison wrote and Queen Anne was on the throne:—"A trial of skill to be performed at His Majesty's Bear Garden, in Hockley-in-the-Hole, on Thursday next, being the 9th inst., between these following masters:—Mr. Edmund Button, master of the noble science of defence, who hath lately cut down *Mr. Hasgit* and the *Champion of the West*, and four besides, and James Harris, an Herefordshire man, master of the noble science of defence, who has fought ninety-eight persons and never was worsted; to exercise the usual weapons, at two o'clock in the afternoon precisely."

"Challenge:—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Ryfield, and requiring satisfaction, do write her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle." The half-crown was held in the hand to prevent scratching.

"Answer:—I, Hannah Ryfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resolutions of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping."

"At Mr. Stokes' Amphitheatre in Islington Road, this present Monday, being the 7th October, will be a complete Boxing Match by the two following Championesses:—

'Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke Newington, ass driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence, whenever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European Championess, to fairly invite her to a trial of her best skill in boxing for £10, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs

of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.'

'I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the City of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke Newington ass woman dares me to fight her for the £10, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than any she ever gave her asses.'" What do our gentle readers think of the good old times?

Between the years 1730 and 1740 it was customary to announce weddings in a very singular style. Thus, in 1731 we have this announcement:—"The Rev. Mr. Rogers Haines, of York, twenty-six years of age, to a Lincolnshire lady, upwards of eighty years of age, with whom he is to have £8000, and £300 a year, and a coach and four during life only." One of the last of these curious notices has an historical interest, and appeared on July 18th, 1800, in Aris' Birmingham Gazette:—"Yesterday the Right Hon. George Canning, Secretary of State, was married to Miss Scott, sister of the Marchioness of Lichfield, with £100,000 fortune." We live in more refined days, and may feel thankful that our ages and fortunes are not published under the head of marriages. If they were, some of us might prefer to remain single.

THE FIRST OF GENESIS RE-WRITTEN.

ACCORDING TO TYNDALL, HUXLEY, SPENCER, AND DARWIN.

THIS satire on Extreme Evolutionism is so incisive, thoroughgoing, and instructive, that we are sure our scientific readers will be glad to make its acquaintance. It "hails" from the land of "big" things, and its style betrays its origin in no feeble way. We find it in the *Baptist Union*, an American newspaper devoted to the unifying of all American Baptists, a task apparently as tough as that of unifying all scientists. It is the *Cincinnati Commercial* that has the credit of originating it.

"1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

"2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

"3. And the Unknowable said, 'Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.'

"4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.

"5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.

"6. And cell, by nutrition, evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene; and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

"7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

"8. And earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

"9. And animalculæ in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

"10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca; and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.

"11. Now these are the generations of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period, that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.

"12. And every man of the earth while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

"13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian, and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadæ in all their tribes.

"14. And out of the simiadæ the lemur prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrrhine monkey.

"15. And the platyrrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.

"16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod, and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

"17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

"18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the tarragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

"19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

"20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous; for the weakest died, and the strongest grew and multiplied.

"21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

"22. For behold the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten, and the slow men starved to death.

"23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

"24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish, and secured the survival of the fittest."

THE HIGHEST CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. III.—*Growth by Knowledge.*

Two things are certain: first, that the highest Christian life consists in perfection of character, in righteousness and true holiness; and secondly, that the pattern of that perfection is the living and loving God. Paul says, "Be ye imitators of God as dear children;" Peter, repeating the ancient message which came by Moses, "Be ye holy, for God is holy," sets it in an evangelical framework when he reminds us that "Christ has also left us an example that we should walk in His steps." John inspires and reanimates us in every endeavour to be conformed to the image of God's dear Son, by the assurance that we are now, and already, the sons of God, and that it never yet was manifested what we shall be—so unspeakably limitless is the progress before us; but we know that if He be manifested we shall be like Him, because we shall see Him as He is. Still, all this is little more than the resonant echo of His teaching who said, "Be ye merciful, even as your Father also is merciful. Love ye your enemies, and do good . . . and ye shall be the sons of the HIGHEST;" manifestly possessed of those qualities of spirit and character which prove a Divine lineage.

To imitate God we must know Him. The highest life is impossible without a knowledge of God and of His Son Jesus Christ whom He has sent. What soil and sun and rain are to the growth of plants, that and even more to spiritual growth is a scriptural understanding of what God is, what He has done for men and in men through the ages, what He is doing now, what He designs, how He works, with what in-pressing reality and meek condescension He approaches us, and what are the essential qualities of His personality. Spiritual progress, in its depth, rate, and continuance, depends in the first instance on this. Perfection of character cannot be reached whilst the mind is clouded with false ideas of the Divine nature and will. Errors of the understanding breed vices of the heart and life. Like God like worshipper, is a doctrine sustained equally by the idolatries of ancient Scandinavia and of modern India, by the practices and rites of the wild tribes of Africa and the persecutions and intolerances of the civilized races of Europe. A devotee of the Sun is a man of larger thought and purer spirit than the worshipper of stocks and stones. Narrow ideas of God make bigots. A hard metaphysical Deity, a sovereign enacting decrees like an autocrat, and executing them like a county court judge, may give you strong men here and there, but it will never beget men of tenderness and wide sympathy. Shrivelled, shrunken conceptions of the Lord of our days produce a dry and sapless life. To think of God as light without cloud, love without weakness, mercy without injustice, just and yet gracious, is to find life enriched and beautified with charity and strength, with tenderness and grace. We grow by and according to our knowledge of God.

The three chief Rabbis of the young church show their keen sense of the overwhelming importance of a true knowledge of God as the foundation on which the Christian character is to be built, and (to change the figure) the food by which the inner life is strengthened and perfected. They write that men may grow thereby. The function of

the epistolary part of the New Testament is specially to supply the knowledge necessary for the development of the living character. They write for disciples, learners already in the school and waiting for further instruction, and deliver to them intelligible principles of truth, which at once throw a flood of light on the meaning of the older Testament, and make explicit what is implicitly contained in the four gospels. They supply doctrinal knowledge in its completest and most expanded form, and teach us how to apply it to the actual exigencies of life, so that the whole man may be worked on the principles of Christ, and trained for the attainment of the highest manhood.

Intense is the eagerness of these teachers that their converts may grow in the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ our Lord. Paul asks that the Colossians "may be *filled* with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, so as to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, *and growing by the knowledge of God.*" For the Ephesians, the Christians who of all others in the first century seem to have come nearest to the highest ranges of spiritual experience, he implores "the spirit of wisdom and revelation in full knowledge of Him, having the eyes of your heart enlightened, that ye may know (1.) what is the hope of His calling, (2.) what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and (3.) what the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe." And when the aged pilgrim describes his own attitude, after more than thirty years' experience of the grace and power of our Lord, it is in language which shows the ineffable estimate he set upon the value of the knowledge of God—for "what things were gain to me, those for Christ's sake have I counted loss. Nay more, and I still count them all loss:" he does not repent the bargain made so long since, "for the excellency of the *knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord*, for whose sake I suffered the loss of all things, and count them but dung, that I may . . . *know Christ*, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings."

Peter is even more emphatic than his beloved brother Paul. With charming variety of figure, and incisive force of appeal, he insists on the knowledge of Christ as the central fact of the Christian life, and the prime condition of the highest participation of the Divine nature. In his first letter we have a glimpse of this truth: in the second it recurs perpetually. In no portion is its influence absent, and never is it assigned an inferior position. It is the mould in which his salutation is cast; and his concluding exhortation repeats the same form. Grace and mercy flow along the channel made by the *knowledge* of God and of Jesus our Lord. The condition of salvation (i. 8, ii. 20, iii. 18); it is also the principal agent in the Christian's progress. "The Divine power," he declares, in a passage which ought at once to lift us to the highest possibilities of faith, and control our energies in their diverse activities, "the Divine power hath given unto us ALL things that pertain unto life and godliness through the knowledge of Him that called us." Even Omnipotence can only bless us with those things that concern the higher life, as we cast up the stumbling stones of ignorance, and let the winds of truth cleanse our minds of the mists of error. Moreover, besides being one of the seven graces of the Christian character, it is a means of escaping the pollutions of sin; and the crowning glory of the Christian life, "for if these things be in you and

abound, ye shall neither be idle nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Add to these testimonies the fact that the writings of John go to the very springs of this knowledge, and supply us with the marks by which we may gain that full assurance of understanding which is the source of peace and the guarantee of progress: and surely it will be sufficiently evident that the three principal teachers and educators of the Christians of the first age sought with constant assiduity first to make the followers of Christ aware of the need of knowledge as a condition of progress; and having awakened that sense of want to satisfy it in part by the communications they themselves made, and in part by referring them to that anointing of the Holy One by which they should know all things.

What, then, is the knowledge of God that supplies the richest nourishment for the spiritual life, and facilitates in the largest degree the attainment of perfection of character? This question we will endeavour to answer next month.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. XII.—*A Collection of Sayings.*

God does not pardon people for faith, but justifies them by faith.

Agreement with God is righteousness.

The more we have of the faith of Christ, the more we have of the nature of Him.

Works of the law are slavish, inasmuch as they are done from downright terror; but the works of the Spirit are good, inasmuch as they proceed from a heart thoroughly attuned to approve and delight in Him.

How can a man love that religion which requires him to love the will of God, unless he knows that will is for him?

A righteous man has the same set of feelings God has.

He has a good conscience alone who knows and loves the will of God, and knows that his heart and conduct are conformed to it.

False morality observes such religions and social duties as are respectable before the world; but leaves out of view that whole human race as our brethren and sisters, and their Maker as the supreme object of delight, adoration, and obedience.

If we are afraid of God, we do not believe. Faith puts the heart right with God; and how can God see thy heart agreeing with His heart without approving it?

What is sin? Unbelief. What is righteousness? Faith; and faith is our justification, because it is the foundation of all that is good.

It is one thing for the Holy Ghost to be *given* to us, and our *receiving* Him is another. It is one thing for Him to dwell with us, and another for us to be conscious of His so doing.

Christian liberality consists in contributing to the happiness of another.

Your state of mind before God is something that fluctuates like the ripple of the ocean.

Examine your *actions*. If you are not planning to be of service in the world, you will never do any good.

Examine your *tempers*. If they are not good, you are not fit for heaven, for we are to be *saved* from these things.

Examine your *words*. Are they good, useful, salutary; so that your fellow-creatures feel themselves the better for being with you?

Examine chiefly your *motives*. If you have done this or that because it was creditable, it was a bad action.

We are not to examine in our own hearts to find out God's heart; no, let us look into the Bible for God's heart towards us, and into our own heart for ours toward God.

When thou art in the mind of Jesus, thou art dwelling in God's own house.

Thy relation to Christ is the ground of thy guilt.

Thou art not thy own, and so no man has a right to feel that he is at liberty to do his own will.

Prayer is just the putting up of the hand to take what has long, long been waiting for it.

The joy of the Lord's supper ought to proceed from a remembrance that Christ will again eat this feast with us anew in His kingdom.

If thou art not more glad of God than of any of God's gifts, thou art sinful and devilish.

We ought to be conscious that we have already in us eternal life, but at the same time be sensible that the gift is a most fragile one, which will lead us to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, lest by any carelessness on our part we should be dispossessed of our treasure.

A Christian ought to be as much moved by the Spirit of God as a clock is by its machinery.

In looking at a Christian, we ought to see God.

Jesus is come to show unto us the Father. Would not the prodigal, when doubting as to whether he should return to his former habitation, have rejoiced most joyfully at seeing a messenger who had come to tell him his father's mind towards him? Ought not we, then, just thus to receive Jesus, the Messenger of peace and glad tidings to our souls.

Jesus is God's pardon to a guilty rebel.

Whosoever sees Jesus as He really is, sees God's mode of forgiveness to the sinner.

No man perisheth for *lack* of perfect power to be saved, but because he *avails* himself not of that power.

It is our eternal duty to do whatever good we can.

Unless you intend to part with every sin from this moment, the Saviour hath died for thee in vain.

In the gospel God shows us that what He has told *us* to do in the law in a small degree, He *does* and *is* in an infinite degree.

Christians are people who cannot free themselves from trouble, sacrifice, prayer, etc., for sinners.

A man cannot love the gospel if he love not the law, for the gospel is merely our being able to keep the law. Heaven is a ceaseless keeping of God's law, and this keeping of God's law is a constant, conscious desire to do His will.

Angels can say no more than "My God."

Though you pray morning, noon, and night, and desire not at the same time holiness with all your heart, you are not a believer.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. V.—“*Weekly Offerings.*”

BY A “LIVE” DEACON.

ONE of my fellow-officers says that weekly offerings of a purely voluntary character, not collected by system, nor recorded with such regularity as to acquaint the givers with the fact that their gifts are known, may do very well for a church made up of angels, but certainly will never do for ordinary Christian men and women; for though a few of them may be true to God in using their money so as never to waste it, never to fritter it away, but always to spend it for God's glory, most of them will require to have their pure minds stirred up by way of remembrance. Unless this is done, this profane deacon says “weekly” will have to be spelt with an “a;” and then he quotes the quiet humour of the late Mr. Lynch, who, on reading the amount collected on a previous Sunday, said it was “two pounds, two shillings, two pence, and *“too little;”* and insinuates that the concluding characterization would have to be given every week.

But “weekly offerings” need not be such impracticable and unbusinesslike things as that statement assumes; nor are they where they are taken up with spirit, and made the chief means of evoking and directing the benevolence of the Christian church. They admit of systematic and most effective handling. There is already existing an apparatus of large extent ready for the use of any who wish to surrender the old and time-honoured pew-rent method in favour of the new candidate for diaconal favour. Ledgers prepared in the most business-like style for the entry of the accounts of a whole year; envelopes named and numbered for every week, receipts arranged for comparing the amount promised with the amount given, for every individual: all these and other parts of the machinery may be obtained of Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. Possessed of these tools, an efficient and hard-working diaconate speedily gets the new plan in operation. Lubricating literature describing its nature can be obtained in abundance, and some of this is used to oil the wheels and prepare the way. Then each member is asked privately to say how much he will give, and receives envelopes lasting for half a year. The envelopes are collected, the accounts are entered, and each donor receives quarterly or half yearly a receipt for the gifts made. If this is not methodical, mechanical, and business-like, then I am ready to ask, what is?

But the objector passes to the other side: “Indeed, it is business-like; the danger seems to be of too much business.” Look at it. A thousand people; and every Smith and Jones and Robinson, each with his two or three or four Christian names, has to be entered in a book; and with each one the number of pew, the amount promised, the sum given, and the arrears; the envelopes have to be distributed, collected, and opened; and I know not what else: why the work is endless! Yes, but we are agreed that deacons must be ready to do more work than they have done for developing the financial resources of the church; we admit that churches will not thrive in a monetary point of view on inattention and neglect: so that this objection cannot be allowed much weight. Besides, a thousand people would have at least a dozen officers, several of whom would be quick at accounts, and could with half-an-hour's work a week each, and three hours at the end of each quarter of the year, transact all the business required.

The weekly offering system is objected to by some because of its inapplicability to the ineradicably stingy, in that it allows unrestricted self-assessment. There is, perhaps, some weight in this; but not more than attaches to its competitor, the “pew-rent.” Joseph M. Iserus bargains for the cheapest seat in the synagogue, passes the collecting plate whenever he can, and only puts in the most delicate of “threepenny bits” when escape is impossible. It is just possible that the idea that his name, “Joseph M. Iserus,” is written down at length in the officer's book and against it that miserable pittance week by week, may be a more effective goad to a relaxed grip of gold than any other you could use. At all events, rules for benevolence should hardly be made only for those who are strangers to that pleasurable emotion.

But the "pews!" How about allocating them? Will not serious difficulties crop up? All sittings are not alike in advantage, and the pew-rent plan settles that question in a rough and ready way which is certainly a great relief, however objectionable it may be in some of its aspects. This difficulty would require men to master it—men with the Christian spirit, and with much tact; but such men could vanquish it. The present letting should be taken as the starting point in the allocating process, with a promise, to be carefully kept, of diminishing any hardships it might involve as changes occurred through the departure of old members of the congregation and the coming of new ones.

But "will it pay?" This is the question a responsible deacon is tempted to put before all others; and it will be of comparatively little use to satisfy him on other points, if this is left untouched. On this, then, I cite one or two of the testimonies collected by the chief apostle of the weekly offering system, the Rev. J. Ross, of Bedford. The following cases are recently given by him:—

The Rev. Josiah Bull, M.A., whose church at Newport Pagnell raised weekly offerings successfully for some years, having retired to *Selhurst*, has written a tract to improve the offering there. Mr. Bull views the offering as the most easy, pleasant, and productive method, fraught with the best moral and spiritual influences, and practicable by every sincere learner, saying, "Our conviction of the certain success of this plan, if rightly understood and carried out, is unflinching, and we speak from the experience of fifteen years. We believe it is the best of all methods."

A deacon at *Hornsey* writes:—"You will be glad to hear that our circulars have been successful in bringing in voluntary periodic offerings, amounting to one-sixth more than the three funds which this one contribution supersedes—pew-rents, weekly offerings for incidental expenses, and subscriptions."

The February "Messenger" of *Stapleton Road Church, Bristol*, records:—"Average offerings in 1867, £2 16s. weekly; 1868, £3 11s. 6d.; 1869, £3 7s. 6d.; 1870, £3 11s. 2d.; 1871, £4 6s. 10d.; 1872, £5 9s. 3d.; 1873, £6 11s. 1d.; 1874, £10 0s. 2d." The March "Messenger," 1875, records:—"February average, £11 1s. 4d."

The Congregational Church at *Tynemouth* has obtained its home income, during its history of seven years, by weekly envelopes alone. In 1868 it raised thus, "£434; 1869, £438; 1870, £506; 1871, £570; 1872, £599; 1873, £633; 1874, £655." This church strongly urges this practice instead of pew-rents and various other modes. Besides the above sums, it also gave and obtained £4000 for different objects during these seven years.

Mr. Ziba Armitage, having induced the Congregational Church at *Warrington* to raise home funds by weekly offerings, reports:—"Our income in 1873, from pew-rents, boxes, and collections, amounted to £499. The weekly offering in 1874, including £58 subscriptions, raised £714. I believe that we have not yet reached our highest point, but that spiritual enlightenment, coupled with noble example, will bring about a state of things of which our predecessors could not have dreamed."

After long consideration, the Richmond Chapel congregation, *Salford*, added weekly offerings to pew-rents, to secure home funds, which, in 1873, raised together £768.

Such facts tell their own tale, and need no comment for practical men.

OUR SMALL CHURCHES.—A correspondent asks, "Can anything be done to help our small churches to greater usefulness? Could the forthcoming Association establish a consolidating fund to aid them in the support of pastors? Other denominations seem wiser in this respect." This is one of our "irrepressible" questions. Notwithstanding numberless suggestions as to grouping of small churches, the co-operation of local preachers, the extension of Home Mission operations, and the like, we seem to be little nearer the removal of this difficulty. We hope the time will come when some scheme will be invented by which the large churches of our towns will be able to render aid to the small churches in a regular and thoroughly effective way.—*Scraps*.

APOSTLE *VERSUS* PASTOR.

IN the February Magazine, an essay, entitled "Paul claims, and waives his rights," by Mr. Samuel Cox, has the following passage:—"All men live by their labour; why are not ministers and apostles to live by theirs? And the argument is just as cogent now as it was then. Ministers are still the only men whom some persons expect to work for nothing, to serve them without a wage."

Is not this closing declaration unfair? I never heard of such a proposition urged by any party. But are you quite sure that you are putting your own proposition logically, by which I mean scripturally, or as the apostle Paul would have put it? Are you sure that under the doubtful term "minister" you are not assuming, claiming, and appropriating, in the character of a home-manager, the beneficiary action of principles which point to a totally distinct class? In short, do you see no difference between a paid pastorate and a paid apostolate? I admit that great confusion prevails in many minds on this topic; and the outcropping of corrupt usages, ratified by the custom of centuries, has a tendency to lead us all in captivity. Habit, we are told, is second nature; and truly with many of us it also becomes canonical law. Still, this hesitancy is not for want of apostolic definition, as I hope to establish; but to this end it will be necessary in the first place to be somewhat elementary.

When Paul was spending at Corinth those two years, more or less, which were so prolific of church growth, he not only gathered "much people," but he gathered large wisdom; and the results of that wisdom are seen in his subsequent epistles. Church organization was systematizing itself in his mind; and while he saw the paramount importance of discipline and authority, can we for a moment doubt that the mode best fitted to attain that desirable end was that which he afterwards formulated under the guiding hand of the Divine Spirit? Can we doubt that, so long as human nature remains what it is, every departure from the Pauline code ought to be regarded as a culpable licence and a dangerous experiment?

But "the church," say our Anglican brethren. "hath authority to decree rites and ceremonies;" and Richard Hooker seems to have half persuaded even Protestant Dissenters that altered times and altered conditions of the money market warrant a reformed ecclesiology; whereas the apostle himself was so impressed with the necessity of uniformity of principle in the management of settled churches that when writing to Timothy expressly on this matter of discipline, he breaks out with the emphatic appeal, "I adjure thee, before God and Jesus Christ and the elect angels, that thou observe these things without prejudice, doing nothing by partiality;" and again, towards the close, "I command thee, before God, . . . that thou keep the commandment, without spot, irreproachable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ" (*Alford's version*). The keen eye of Richard Hooker saw in a moment that this adjuration was destructive to the towering fabric of his hierarchical architecture, and he sought to evade its force by a grammatical quibble. How the keener eye of John Milton unearthed the subtilty is known to the readers of his prose works.

But why all this anxiety to preserve a certain model? The fact of its dictation by an inspired apostle ought, of course, to be sufficient to secure our compliance; yet surely at the same time we may both lawfully and profitably study its rationale. I would say, then, in the first place, that God and His apostle are for ever forcing upon reluctant churches and upon reluctant men a responsible sense of that dread inheritance, personal liberty, whose exercise shall quench their indolence and timidity, and whose non-exercise so much retards the advance of Christ's kingdom. This sense of responsibility is well secured by the primitive model of self-government, but is sure to become enfeebled if not obliterated by whatever verges on the nature of proxy. It was only last week that Mr. Penfold Cope, at the meeting of the London Baptist Association, lamented the stunting and paralyzing effect of the gregarious instinct in modern religious action. Yet he needed not to go far in search of his remedy, only that it lay just in that direction where perhaps he would rather not seek it.

Then again, Paul was constantly reminding the converts that their enrolment in the church was a personal and individual privilege; and he resolved that, so far as he was concerned, they should never associate that event with the name of any one man. "I thank God," says he, "that, with the exception of two or three unavoidable cases, I baptized none of you." And this brings us sequen-

tially and without further delay to take notice of that machinery for building up and sustaining a church which the wisdom of the Holy Ghost decreed.

Immediately on the gathering of a church, the evangelist as a controlling power dropped out of sight, and the church was divided into three bodies—first, the body of presbyters, elders, or bishops, men venerable for age, character, or aptness to teach; secondly, the body of deacons, or men fitted for the executive department in provinces too numerous to be here recited; while the third group comprised the less demonstrative members and the neophytes. The single pastor is nowhere discoverable. His presence would have gone far to neutralize the entire system, or at least to put it out of gear; for his post of concentrated interest, though suitable enough for worldly success, was just the very thing which a plurality of bishops was designed to obviate, for a reason to be exhibited hereafter.

Of the evils flowing out from such an innovation as that of chief presbyter, only a few can here find place. One undoubtedly was that the body of presbyters would come to be superseded and absorbed in his single person, as we have constantly seen down to our own day; and though the other order, viz., that of the deacons, is nominally retained, they in reality constitute his privy council. The term, "Presbyterian form of government" (in Scotland or Geneva, for instance), covers a gigantic untruth, for every professional member of the synod, each in his own parochial capacity, negatives and annihilates the government of presbyters so soon as he gets back home. Their system may, if you will, be called "government of the church of Scotland by presbyters;" but "government of Scottish churches by presbyters" it is not, but just the reverse; and their high court is simply a congregation of autocrats. I have also heard Mr. Spurgeon say that the order of presbyters or elders is restored in his church; but so long as a chief presbyter is retained, such chief presbyter is thereby simply lifted one degree higher, and his pontificate embraces a wider area.

But further, your chief presbyter will also control the faith and the usages of the church; and under this head a long chapter might be read out from mediæval history. As for New Testament history, just one example of a chief presbyter occurs in it, namely, that of the usurper Diotrephes; and what his course of action was I need not recite. The chief presbyter will also indirectly control the finances; and (must the result be whispered?) he will eventually come to share a large portion of them. The monarchical principle being once introduced, the office holder will fraternize with others in the like position: hence the inevitable *esprit de corps*, concerning which it will be sufficient to add that in proportion as the cordon is strengthened which separates the clergy from the rest of the church, just in that proportion will the cordon be obliterated which ought to separate the church from the world. From the universal recognition of this *esprit de corps* will issue a graduated scale of preferment, culminating in a pope; and in fact we have the candid admission of a modern Independent divine of considerable eminence, the late Dr. James Bennett, that "the first step in the devious course was the adoption of the monarchical principle, that there must be but one bishop in a church, where the Scriptures clearly show there may be more"—*Theology of the early Christian Church*, p. 239. The next step was to make the office a money power, from which point it went on culminating in iniquity, until bishops became the "grievous wolves" of which the apostle had given the churches such distinct forewarnings. (See Dr James Lillie's "*Bishops and Councils*."

One more objection (referred to above), and I have done. It is found that the best method for ensuring success in a commercial company is to pay the managers well, and by giving them a large stake in its prosperity to enlist their undivided co-operation. Now this I conceive to be the very reason why an opposite policy was decreed for churches. Their exclusiveness has to be cut out of them, root and branch; and church history (unless I have studied it in vain) seems to show conclusively that nothing keeps Christian bodies from fraternizing like the payment of separate advocates. The sluices are then opened to rivalries, sections, schisms, heresies, and all uncharitableness.

Mr. Cox's contention, therefore, about the support of ministers is anticipated and swallowed up by the prior and major question of church organization. I know all that can be said about the pleasure and profit of sitting beneath the shadow of a downright good preacher once a week, and I know at what a frightful cost to himself that service is often rendered. I am most ready to

admit that the indolence of thought in a congregation which expects a man to sacrifice his entire life in their behalf, and to do all their thinking for them by proxy, is a most ignominious spectacle, and ought to be exterminated at any cost of order and decorum. It offers constant temptation to young men to make preaching a trading profession; and by the force of all-conquering law it causes that profession to flourish and be kept alive by the propagation of infinite shades of speculative opinion, and by mutual theological antagonisms, under the guise of what is called faithfulness to conviction. The one maxim which is alone sufficient to make all the churches fraternize, and to cause every action of church life to fall spontaneously into its right place without the aid of a salaried controller is, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Meanwhile, there is not a word to be said against a church's supporting its own preacher or preachers—with this one proviso, that payment disqualify for other office.

The church of Christ will never lack (when the need arises) apostles, prophets, evangelists, and reformers; and the pecuniary support of some of these may very possibly be legitimate church work to the end of time. Besides which, whenever the true hero appears, men instinctively recognize him, and pour their substance into his lap. The exhortation in the eighth verse of John's third epistle, "We ought to support such," then becomes almost superfluous, for really we cannot help doing it. But this is a very different thing from systematically maintaining an order which is seen to be the foundation of the most corrupt churches, and to which unthinking Dissenters are reconciled by the overshadowing and venerable examples of the Vatican and of Lambeth.

JAMES WATLEN.

For the Young.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

"DEAR Gertrude," I said to a young friend, "why are you not a Christian?"

"I do not know," she answered; "I wish I did know. I have long wanted to be a Christian. I have prayed for it continually these three years, ever since mother died; and I am not one yet."

"But, Gertrude, Jesus Himself says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come to Him, my dear; take Him for your Saviour, your Master, and your Lord."

"Take Christ!" said Gertrude, with wondering earnestness; "I thought I was to wait till Christ took me."

"But what are you waiting for? Christ has provided a full salvation. He has invited you by His word; and more than this, He has called you by His Spirit, for this earnest desire of yours is His special, individual call to you. It came from Him."

"And what am I to do?"

"Give yourself to Him. Say, 'Lord, I am a lost sinner, but Thy grace is infinite. Save me.'"

"I have said that a thousand times."

"Then you have come to Him. But remember that when you take Him as your Saviour, you must also take Him as your King. Henceforth He is to be your Master, and you are to spend your life in His service."

"That is just what I want to do. Is that coming to Him? Is it so easy as that? Are you sure this is coming to Him?"

"Yes, if you do it with all your heart."

"I do, I do; but how am I to know that He accepts me?"

"He says He does. His word is enough. Believe Him. He says He will 'in nowise cast out.' He does not answer audibly, nor give a visible sign. You must just trust His word."

"Is this so?" said Gertrude, very solemnly. "Why should I wait any longer? Why should I not take Him for my Saviour now? It is what I have desired all these years. His grace aiding me, I will serve Him all my life. It is what I sincerely wish. And am I indeed His. Already a new light dawns on all things."

That new light has gone on brightening ever since. It was the gleam of the "Day-spring from on high," which "hath visited us."

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. WHAT TO KEEP OUT OF CHAPEL.—An "Old General Baptist," who, by the by, is a form of animate existence held in the highest esteem by us, says he should like to have the opinion of the churches in reference to the use of our chapels for political, scientific, and entertaining lectures, concerts, total abstinence and good templars' meetings; and he adds, "if some of these are allowed, I should like to know where to draw the fast line, because we do not know what next may crop up and claim our sympathies. I see no way out of the difficulty but keeping our sanctuaries sacred for the worship of God and the preaching of the gospel." Though we do not know this friend, yet we do know that he expresses an idea which others hold, and which we can respect, although we deem it so closely akin to error that it might pass for it and not be misnamed. But being an "Old General Baptist," it is certain our correspondent will not attach any sacredness to bricks or stones, or whitewash or colouring. The building is not sacred. It is the purpose to which it is put that is sacred. The only "fast line" we know is in the old book, and it runs thus, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are seemly, whatsoever things are right, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise, think on these things." Anything that cannot get into that verse easily, we would lock the chapel door against. The two reasons urged for the "fast line" suggested by our correspondent are—(1.) that it is a divergence from the intention of the contributors to these erections; and (2.) that if some allowable things are admitted, we may find it difficult to deny the claim of unallowable things. Now, as to the latter, our deacons know how to say "No," and when to say it: and as to the former, if the intentions of contributors is to rule everywhere, we must not chant the Psalms of David, save in the metres of Watts and Doddridge, nor may we surrender the "long prayer."

II. CHURCH REFORM.—The Executive Committee of the Liberation Society have published a special minute respecting the Bills brought in by Mr. Salt, Lord Lytton, Mr. Cross, and the Bishop of Peterborough, which they regard as indications of a consciousness that the Church of England needs serious reform, which, however, cannot be effected without going to Parliament. The Public Worship Facilities Bill is regarded as an abandonment of the parochial principle,

but will not afford adequate liberty; while it will add to the confusion now existing in the Church. It is objected to the Bills for increasing the Episcopate that the new bishops will be State-functionaries, and ultimately sit in Parliament—that the Bills maintain the *congé d'élire*, and create both additional ecclesiastical courts and cathedral establishments. Admitting that more bishops may be needed, the Committee "believe that that increase ought not to be secured by an extension of the episcopal system as now established by law." Of the Church Patronage Bill it is said that, "instead of putting an end to the sale of either next presentations or advowsons, it frames new regulations for carrying on the reprobated traffic. What is declared to be a sacred trust will still be a marketable property. Promotion by purchase, instead of promotion by merit, will continue to be a characteristic of the Establishment, and the interests of parishes be sacrificed to those of individuals." While the Committee respect the aims of their framers, they believe these measures will fail to be efficacious. "The Church of England cannot, in their judgment, be brought into harmony with the feelings and the wants of the age merely by changes in the ancient machinery of a State Establishment. That it may be thoroughly reformed, it must first be disestablished. Its members will then possess the freedom enjoyed by other bodies, but now necessarily denied to them; and, in the exercise of that freedom, can carry on the Church's work without appealing to Parliament, and free from the corrupting influences of a political Establishment."

III. CHEERING NEWS.—Glad tidings abound in the church register this month. Our Conferences have been refreshed with the signs of reviving in the churches. The waters of baptism have been often stirred. The Lord is at work amongst us. Praise His name.

IV. LIBERAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Last year a gentleman who was interested in the circulation of Sunday school works offered to bear the loss of supplying five hundred Sunday school teachers with the annual volume of the *Hive* at one shilling per copy. We understand that the same liberal offer has been made for the supply of the volume just issued. Those of our readers who may wish to obtain this helpful work should apply to F. L., care of Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row; and if the volume is to be sent by post, should enclose five stamps extra.

Reviews.

ON THE HISTORY OF EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY. By S. R. Pattison. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

THIS is a remarkable book, and it appears at a most opportune time. Its object is to demonstrate that the doctrine of Atonement is the real essence of Christianity, and that as it has been definitely realized and profoundly felt by the church, so has Christianity flourished amongst men, retaining at once its purity and its power. As a history, it gives one of the most important and instructive chapters that could be written. The citations are taken from the whole range of authorities on Christian doctrine; the arrangement is effective, both from the logical and the artistic point of view; and the style is clear and forcible. As an argument it successfully refutes the objection so often brought against Christianity, that its teachers are like the clocks in a jeweller's establishment, no three of them accordant; for it makes evident the settled and central oneness of doctrine at the basis of our religion. It will form an admirably helpful class book in theological colleges, and would at this juncture be more useful than any more comprehensive survey of the whole field of doctrines. Thoughtful Christians will find refreshment and stimulus in its pages, and the doubtful may obtain firmer hold of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We can scarcely imagine a more useful act than giving a copy to every student in our colleges for the training of ministers.

The typography, paper, and binding of the work are all that can be desired.

THE LAND OF THE PIGTAIL. By Benjamin Clarke. *Sunday School Union.*

THIS is China from "a boy's point of view," and it is *par excellence* a boy's book. The condition, customs, manners, trades, religion, and life of the Chinese are "made easy" of apprehension, and interesting as a magic lantern lecture. The work will satisfy the boy's love of fun and jollity, and at the same time will give him a large quantity of solid and useful information concerning a people at whose ways we still open our eyes with astonishment. Let all the boys get this volume forthwith.

KIND QUESTIONS. By A. M. Stalker. Second edition. *Stock.*

We very cordially welcome a second edition of this work on baptism. The

beautiful way in which argumentative force is blended with Christian consideration, logic with love, energy of appeal with good temper, certainly ought (in so far as the mode of treating such a question affects its reception) to make the book as acceptable to opponents of believers' baptism as it is to those who support it.

THE POOR CLERK, AND HIS CROOKED SIXPENCE, by George E. Sargent, *Religious Tract Society,*

Is one of the best stories of the kind we have read. Brief, pathetic, and fascinating incidents, full of the reality of life, are deftly woven into the singular autobiography of a crooked sixpence; and the history of the sixpence is set with admirable skill in the affecting annals of a city clerk, who early falls into vice, but is at length led into the ways of righteousness and peace. This book is sure to be as popular as it promises to be useful.

THE TREASURE ON THE BEACH, AND WHAT IT DID FOR GILBERT WEST. By M. A. P. *Sunday School Union.*

THIS tender and touching story shows how a boy may lose the treasure he actually sets his heart upon; and yet vastly more than the coveted treasure is worth, by the labour spent in seeking it. The libraries of the home and of the Sunday school will be enriched by this addition.

EXPOSITOR, April. Edited by Rev. Samuel Cox. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

THE April issue of this new Magazine more than keeps pace with the promise made in the programme. Mr. Cox's "new parable" is a beautiful specimen of his style of exposition. We hope all our ministers and teachers are by this time familiar with this most valuable help in Biblical tuition.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIZED INDEPENDENT CHURCH, SALENDINE NOOK, HUDDERSFIELD. By J. Stock, LL.D. *Stock.*

A CHAPTER from the Baptist Chronicles of the North, brief, well written, and interesting to all students of the origin and growth of Baptist church life.

Church Register.

THE NEXT ASSOCIATION.

THE Ministers' Reception Committee for 1875 are the Rev. W. E. Winks, Rev. T. Barrass, Rev. S. S. Allsop, Messrs. F. C. Southwell, Gromitt, and Ekins. All communications to be sent to the Rev. W. E. Winks, Wisbech, Convener.

The deacons of our churches are requested to remind the ministers who may have been elected to the pastorate amongst us during the year, and who may not be aware of the regulations of the denomination, that no names are inserted in the list of accredited ministers published in the General Baptist Year Book, unless the minister make application to the Ministers' Reception Committee before the sittings of the Association.

C. CLARKE, *Association Sec.*

CONFERENCES.

The next LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE will be held in Burnley Lane Chapel, on Wednesday, May 19th. Service to commence at 11 a.m. The Rev. J. Lawton is the appointed preacher.

J. MADEN, *Secretary.*

The LONDON CONFERENCE will be held, Tuesday, May 25, at Berkhamstead. Rev. J. Fletcher will preach.

J. W. CHAPMAN, *Sec.*

The next meeting of the MIDLAND CONFERENCE will be held at Ilkeston on Whit-Wednesday, May 19. In the morning, at eleven o'clock, there will be a devotional service, after which the Rev. Dr. Underwood will preach. In the afternoon, the Conference will meet for business, which will include, amongst other matters, the new Home Mission arrangements. The Annual Collection will be made, and will be devoted to evangelistic work in the district (See *Magazine* for March, p. 109).

WATSON DYSON, *Sec.*

The half-yearly CHESHIRE CONFERENCE was held at Poynton, April 6. Rev. J. Walker preached in the morning from 1 John iv. 14, and the thanks of the Conference were given for his excellent sermon. Rev. G. Walker presided at the business meeting in the afternoon. There was a marked and gratifying increase in the number of baptisms, thirty-six having been immersed since last Conference. Reports from the churches in several cases were particularly encouraging. Attendance of delegates was moderate. Revs. C. Springthorpe and E. K. Everett took part in the devotional proceedings. The business of the Home Mission Committee was attended to after dinner.

I. That the Secretary's Annual Report of the Home Mission Committee now read be adopted, and presented to the forthcoming Association at Wisbech.

II. That Mr. R. Podley be appointed by this Conference as its representative on the General Executive Committee for the Home Mission Unification Scheme.

III. That we cordially recommend the Association to receive the Poynton church into the Connexion upon its application.

IV. That the churches be requested to fill up the Schedules as to Chapel Property, to be sent in to J. Clifford not later than the 10th of May.

V. That the next Conference be at Macclesfield on Tuesday, Oct. 5, Rev. W. March to read a paper on some religious subject in lieu of the morning sermon; Rev. R. P. Cook to preach in case of failure.

VI. A proposition having been made to the Conference as to starting again a G. B. cause at Stockport, Rev. R. P. Cook was requested to communicate with Messrs. Borrodale and Newell by letter, so as to lay full particulars before the Home Mission Committee.

VII. That the Conference send a petition to the House of Commons in favour of the Permissive Bill; the petition to be drawn up by Rev. R. F. Griffiths and Rev. R. P. Cook, and signed by Rev. G. Walker as Chairman of the meetings.

WILLIAM MARCH, *Sec.*

EASTERN CONFERENCE. — The half yearly meetings were held at March, April 15. An interesting sermon was preached in the morning by brother H. B. Robinson from Matt. xxvi. 41. Brother Allsop preached in the afternoon. The reports from many of the churches were unusually cheering, 110 having been baptized since the last Conference; 45 received, and 73 now being candidates. A message of hearty thanks was received from the church at Northgate, *Louth*, for the assistance rendered by the ministers and churches in supplying the pulpit during their long and severe trial.

Brethren Allsop, Winks, and J. Stanger Smith, were requested to visit *Stowbridge* and advise the friends there as to the appointment of Trustees.

The financial statement of the *Home Mission* was received and passed; and Mr. Roberts was requested to serve as Treasurer during the next year.

A grant of £10 was made to Chatteris; and it was agreed to take into consideration a grant to Fleet for Holbeach at the next Conference.

The thanks of the Conference were given to the Secretary, and he was re-

requested to continue his services during the next three years.

It was agreed to appoint brother H. Watts to represent this Conference as a speaker at the Home Missionary Meeting of the Association; and brethren Allsop, Barrass, and J. C. Jones to represent this Conference on any business that may arise at the Association on the Unification Scheme.

A valuable address was given by brother J. C. Jones on Inquirers' Meetings, and some useful statements were made by brother Watts, of Louth.

The next Conference will be held at Peterborough on Thursday, Sept. 16th, when brother Jones, of Spalding, is to be the preacher. W. ORTON, Sec.

CHAPELS.

BRADFORD, Infirmary Street.—The church and congregation met together in good force, March 29, to celebrate the extinction of the chapel debt. More than twenty years the friends here have been burdened with this debt. James Rhodes, Esq., occupied the chair, and gave a brief sketch of the building of the chapel, the formation of the church, and its various struggles from that day to the present. This same gentleman, who is the senior deacon, has, during the past eighteen months, given over £300 for alterations and decorations in the chapel, besides another £100 towards the removal of the above debt. The Revs. R. P. Macmaster, R. Hardy, J. Russell, B. Wood, W. Smith, and the pastor, J. J. Dalton, gave hearty congratulatory speeches. Brotherly and sympathizing excuses for unavoidable absence were received from Revs. J. P. Chown, W. H. Ibberson, J. Dann, and Dr. Russell.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—The annual tea meeting on Good Friday was well attended. A good feeling prevailed. £170 was realized, which clears the chapel of debt, and leaves £50 in hand for further improvements. God is with us, and souls are being saved.

CHESTERTON, Staffordshire.—An elegant and commodious chapel, seating about 350, was dedicated for public worship on Sunday, March 28th, when sermons were preached by Rev. W. H. Allen, of Burnley, to large congregations. The services were continued on the following Sunday by Richard Pedley, Esq., of Wheelock Heath, and Rev. H. C. Field, of Newcastle. The collections were liberal, and the services altogether encouraging.

COLEORTON—New Chapel.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel at Coleorton was laid April 14, by Mr. Porter, of Coalville. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. Salisbury, minister of the

church at Hugglescote, of which Coleorton is a branch station. The Revs. J. T. Hardy and J. Guy took part therein. After Mr. Porter had laid the stone, delivered a suitable address, and presented a generous offering, many other friends followed his example. After a tea meeting in the old chapel a public meeting was held, at which Mr. William Smith, of Coalville, presided. The minister read an interesting statement respecting the past history and present state of the Baptist cause at Coleorton. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. J. T. Hardy and Messrs. Porter and Ball. The meetings were well attended and deeply interesting. £40 were realized by the proceedings of the day. The new chapel will be erected near the site of the old one, and will be a neat and commodious structure.

EDGESIDE.—The chapel anniversary sermons were preached, March 28, by Rev. J. Watmough. Collections, £17 5s. On April 10th our annual tea meeting for the liquidation of the chapel debt was held. The tea was given, and we realized £11. Mr. Heyworth Stott, of Bacup, presided at the public meeting. Addresses were given by the Revs. A. J. Parry, J. Watmough, R. Dixon, Esq., and others. For the last ten years this place has been burdened by a heavy debt. Happily this impediment to religious prosperity will soon be removed; brighter and better days are dawning upon us, for which we are devoutly thankful. Twelve months ago the debt was £520; since then, by our own efforts, and the practical sympathy of others, we have raised £200, leaving our present debt £320, which we hope will be entirely paid off by the October of next year. Mr. Joseph White, of Crawshawbooth, a member of a Particular Baptist church, has made the noble offer of £25 towards the £320 above named, provided we raise it by October, 1876. This certainly ought to stimulate our General Baptist friends, whom the Lord has blest with riches, to give a helping hand in this work. We are all poor. The best we can do is but little; help, therefore, will be needed. We have received donations from Messrs. D. Wilson, Halifax; J. Sutcliffe, Slack; A. Stanesby and J. S. Sutcliffe, Bacup; and we shall be glad if others will come forward and help us in giving the death-blow to our expiring adversary. Donations for this object will be thankfully received by the pastor of the church, Rev. J. Watmough, Plantation House, Cloughfold, near Manchester. Post office orders may be made payable at Cloughfold.

HEANOR.—A bazaar was held in Easter week at the Town Hall, the pro-

ceeds to aid in the cost of the erection of a new chapel at West Hill, Heanor. The amount realized, with the addition of the proceeds of a concert on Good Friday, amounts to £122 3s. 9d.; we have promised donations and previous collections, £109 11s.; total, £231 14s. 9d. The committee take this opportunity of thanking the friends who have so kindly helped them in the undertaking. They would also be glad to receive subscriptions from any in sympathy with the project. The proposed chapel will seat 500 persons, and will cost from £800 to £1000, so that much remains to be done.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—The annual meeting was held, March 29. Rev. W. Evans presided. The Secretary reported the income of the year. Weekly offering, £244 2s. 0½d.; bazaar, £500; foreign mission, £62 19s. 9d.; home mission, £8 15s. 9½d.; College, £12 18s. 10d.; Sabbath school, £32 3s. 7d.; Infirmary, £9 1s. 8d.; Lord's Supper, £22; anniversary services, £38. Total £930 1s. 7½d. Tract Society numbers 60 members; and Benevolent Society 19 members, relieving 92 cases. Baptized, 14; received, 9; clear increase, 18. Addresses were delivered by several ministers of the town.

MACCLESFIELD.—Our bazaar was held in the Town Hall, March 17, 18, 19, and was opened by the Mayor, in the presence of a large company. In the course of an excellent speech he congratulated the Baptists of Macclesfield on the handsome building they had erected—a credit to them, and an ornament to the town. He wished the Baptists great success in this their great effort. The grand total of receipts were £476. Too much praise, says the local paper, cannot be given to the friends of the cause for their spirited exertions to reduce the debt on their commodious chapel. The debt was £1,300.

NORTHALLERTON.—After repairing, colouring, and painting, our chapel was re-opened, April 11. The Rev. W. Jarrom preached. Collections, £5 14s. 6d. The cost is £94. We still require £35.

NORWICH.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I rejoice to inform you that the liberal *challenge* of our warm friend—Mr. H. Trevor, of this city—has been accepted by our generous friends, Mr. F. C. Southwell, Wisbech, and Mr. Robert Claxton, of Norwich; and beg, with best thanks, to acknowledge their donations, and those of other helpers. viz.:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Mr. Robert Claxton | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. H. Trevor, 2nd | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. F. C. Southwell, 2nd | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Robert Claxton, 2nd | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Charles Roberts, jun. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Salisbury, Ashby-de-la-Zouch | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Thos. Kirkman | 1 | 0 | 0 |

Also the following from India, and which have afforded me special joy, viz.:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| W. Fiddian, Esq., B.C.S., Orissa .. | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| David Lacey, Esq., Cuttack | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Brooks, Cuttack | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. E. Wenger, Calcutta | 1 | 0 | 0 |

The balance yet to be obtained to complete the amount of purchase money is about £170, and the money is required *at once*. Therefore, *men and brethren, HELP!*
GEO. TAYLOR.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street.—The bazaar is postponed until the autumn. Contributions in money or goods will be thankfully received by the pastor, Rev. T. Ryder, 10, Colville Street, Nottingham.

SWADLINCOTE.—Anniversary services were held March 21st, the Rev. J. C. Forth preaching to large congregations. Collections liberal. On Good Friday three hundred sat down to a public tea in the market hall. Mr. Henry Cooper, senior deacon, presided at a public meeting afterwards. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Goadby, B.A., E. H. Jackson, and Mr. C. Crane, treasurer of the church. Our anniversary services were of unusual interest, as it was the first appeal to the public in behalf of our proposed new chapel. Amount realized, £20.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—A meeting of unusual interest was held, March 26, beginning with tea at five o'clock. After tea the chair was occupied by the pastor, the Rev. J. Dunckley. In 1863 the chapel was enlarged at a cost of £682 9s., and a debt of £461 10s. was left. The money was borrowed at five per cent., and secured by notes of hand which were signed by several friends belonging to the place. At the beginning of February last the minister, encouraged by the offer of very liberal donations from Mr. H. Hudson, Mr. T. Taylor, Mr. H. Weaver, Mr. F. W. Holland, Mr. J. W. Read, and Mrs. Fowler, resolved, if possible, to clear off the whole of the debt in three or four months; but owing to the prompt and liberal help of many friends in different parts of the country this had been done in less than *two* months. The money having been paid, with all interest thereon, on the 25th ult., the notes of hand were now burnt, to the great satisfaction and joy of all present. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Holland, Drinkwater, Hudson, Lane, Taylor, Fluek, Read, Woodward, Viner, Spiers, and Hill, all of whom had given liberally, or had worked hard for the extinction of the debt.

VALE, near Todmorden—Re-opening of Chapel.—The improvements in the chapel at Vale have been completed by painting the walls inside, and by pointing and drawing them outside. The colour of the painting inside is a light green, with a

breadth of about four feet of darker green from the floor of the gallery aisle, and a neat stencilling just above. The wall line at the roof is also neatly stencilled in another pattern. The rafters in the ceiling were very dark in colour, but have been painted to match with the pitch pine of the pews below. The centre pinnacles on the coiling, and the gas pendants are beautifully done, the stems of the latter being green, and the ornamental parts mauve and tipped with gold. The gallery for the choir is behind the platform, and on the wall at the back of the choir an arch has been painted to imitate a recess. The pilasters and crown of the arch are in imitation of marble, neatly stencilled round. Within the arch is the figure of an open Bible, resting on a crimson cushion, supported by a cherub, and above the Bible the figure of a dove surrounded by a halo. A local paper says, "Pride is not a Christian virtue, otherwise we might say the chapel is now one of which the congregation may be proud." The chapel was re-opened on Sunday, April 11, when two sermons were preached by Rev. R. Silby. The cost of painting is about £50, and the subscriptions and collections amount to £58 13s.

WEST VALE.—A very interesting meeting took place on March 27. A goodly number sat down to tea, and then the chair, at the public meeting, was taken by the pastor, Rev. W. Jarrom, who presented, in the name of the subscribers, a handsome timepiece to Mr. Jonathan Horsfall, the treasurer of the church, and one of the deacons; and to his devoted wife, as a token of the esteem in which those friends are held. After this Mr. Dempster, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Horsfall, presented to him, in a very touching manner, an address beautifully illuminated and framed, expressive of appreciation, on the part of the church, of his valuable services in connection with the cause of Christ in this place, and of the hope and prayer that they may be long continued. Suitable addresses were delivered by Revs. I. Preston, W. Sharman, W. Gray, J. Wilde, and Mr. Mollor, a worthy deacon of Mr. Wilde's church.

WHITWICK.—A bazaar was held here on Easter Monday and Tuesday for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the debt of £130 remaining on the new chapel. On the Tuesday evening a public meeting was held, when Mr. J. Smith, of Donington, presided, and the Revs. J. Salisbury, M.A., C. T. Johnson, Messrs. Butler, Porter, and Smith, delivered addresses. The report showed a deficiency of £11., which was gathered in a few minutes, and £1 9s. over, and the chapel was de-

clared out of debt. It is thought desirable to erect a gallery in the chapel, and this, it is hoped, will now be proceeded with. The Baptist cause in this now large village is very ancient; the small church holds well together, and are very desirous of having a resident minister among them, as there is no nonconformist minister in this parish of upwards of 5,000 inhabitants. But Popery and Puseyism seem at present to prevail.

SCHOOLS.

GREAT GRIMSBY, Freeman Street.—On Good Friday a public tea. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, the Rev. R. Smart, when addresses were given by several of the teachers, interspersed with singing by the children, the proceeds to be devoted to the school library.

ILKESTON.—The anniversary of the Sunday school in connection with the above place of worship was held April 11 and 12. On Sunday the Rev. T. Ryder preached. In the afternoon a scholars' service was held, when some interesting recitations and dialogues were given by the children. Several pieces of sacred music were very effectively rendered by the choir, and an address was delivered by Mr. Ryder. On Monday afternoon a public tea meeting was held, at which a large number of friends were present. After the tea an entertainment was given in the chapel by the scholars and the choir, over which the pastor, Rev. J. Wild, presided. The various services were crowded. The total proceeds from all sources amounted to £37 10s. 8d.

NETHERTON.—A tea and public meeting was held, April 12, on behalf of the contemplated new Sunday school and class-rooms. About 340 to tea. The public meeting, presided over by Mr. Councillor Cowper, was addressed by the Rev. D. D. Robertson, M.A., G. Cosens, M. Rollenson, Mr. T. Lewis, Cinderbank, and the pastor, R. B. Clare. Funds are much needed for this object.

MINISTERIAL.

CLARE, REV. R. B., owing to the delicate state of Mrs. Clare's health, has been compelled to resign his pastorate at Dudley, and has accepted a cordial and unanimous call from the church at Appledore, North Devon. He leaves the church in a prosperous condition; in fact in the midst of a revival.

CROSS, REV. H., (late of Coventry), is now pastor of the first Baptist church in St. Paul, Minnesota, United States.

DAVIES, REV. W. E.—The church at Isleham has given a hearty and unanimous invitation to Rev. W. Embery

Davies, of London, to become their pastor. Mr. Davies commenced his ministry, April 11, with good prospect of success, several having recently been brought to accept a "present salvation." On the same day, through the kind and liberal offer of Mr. B. Diver, a member of the congregation, a neat and fine-toned organ was played by Mr. Diver himself.

MCCREE, REV. G. W.—Some friends at Borough Road recently presented the pastor, the Rev. G. W. McCree, with a black gown, cassock, &c., for the baptismal service. The baptistry has been completely renovated, painted, and beautified, and it now presents quite an attractive aspect. On Wednesday evening, April 14, its use was resumed, and six friends were baptized in the presence of a large congregation.

TAYLOR, REV. J.—A purse of ten guineas was presented by the church at Denholme to the pastor, Rev. J. Taylor, at a meeting held April 3. Mr. T. Pickles presided. Mr. J. Dean, in making the present, highly eulogised Mr. Taylor, and short addresses were given by brethren G. Pickles, G. Hargreaves, J. Benn, H. Rawson, L. Horsfield, and H. Crossley.

WATKINSON, REV. T., who was unanimously invited to become co-pastor with the Rev. F. Chamberlain, has been invited by the church to be the resident pastor at Fleet, the Rev. F. Chamberlain having resigned last December.

BAPTISMS—MARCH 16 TO APRIL 15.

BARTON.—Two, by H. Wood.
 BASFORD (NEW).—Five, by J. Felstead.
 Eight, by J. Edwards, for the pastor.
 BASFORD (OLD).—Three, by W. Dyson.
 BIRMINGHAM, *Lombard Street*.—Four.
 Longmore Street.—Twenty,
 by L. H. Parsons.
 BULWELL.—Seven, by C. D. Crouch.
 BURNLEY, *Ebenezer*.—Six.
 DENHOLME.—Four, by J. Taylor.
 EDGESIDE.—Eight, by J. Watmough.
 FLEET.—Nine, by T. Watkinson.
 GAMBLESIDE.—Three, by J. A. Andrews.
 LEEDS, *Wintown Street*.—Nine, by R. Silby.
 LONDON, *Borough Road*.—Six.
 Commercial Road.—Four.
 Præd Street.—Twelve.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter Gate*.—Eight,
 by E. Stevenson.
 MANSFIELD.—Eighteen, by H. Marsden.
 NETHERTON.—Twelve, by R. B. Clare.
 NUNEATON.—Thirteen, by J. Brown.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Two, by T. Barrass.
 STROKE-ON-TRENT.—Eleven, by W. March.
 TAUNTON.—Eight, by J. P. Tetley.
 WALBALL.—Six, by W. Lees.

MARRIAGES.

BARKER—ROTHERHAM.—March 30, at the Baptist Chapel, Measham, by the Rev. Watson Dyson, assisted by the Rev. W. Millington, George Barker, former pastor at Measham, now of Beoston, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Rotherham, of Measham, Derbyshire.

CANNELL—GARDINER.—April 13, at Enon Chapel, Burnley, by Rev. G. Needham, Mr. Edward Cannell to Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, both of Burnley.

COLLINGS—MALTBY.—March 29, at the G. B. Chapel, East Leake, by Rev. W. Morris, Mr. Herbert Collings, of Loughborough, to Miss Elizabeth Maltby, of the former place. On this, and the previous marriage, the brides were each presented with a very handsome copy of the Scriptures.

DEAN—THORNER.—March 26, at Enon Chapel, Burnley, by Rev. W. H. Allen, Mr. John Dean to Miss Sarah Thorne, both of Burnley.

FRANKS—CROSBY.—April 14, at the G. B. Chapel, by the pastor, Mr. H. Franks, to Miss Crosby, the former of Gedney, and the latter of Long Sutton.

HEAP—DUGDALE.—April 1, at Enon Chapel, Burnley, by Rev. W. H. Allen, James, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Heap, contractor, Burnley, to Miss Sophia Dugdale, of Burnley.

Obituaries.

COLLINGS.—March 16, at Stacksteads, near Manchester, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Collings. For the greater part of her life she attended the State Church. It was not till 1866 she came to the Baptist Chapel, Edgeside, and almost immediately settled down and felt at home. In 1868 she was baptized and joined the church; and by her consistent life and contributions she has been a help and support to the place. For the last three years of her life it pleased the Lord to afflict her. Her sufferings were great as well as protracted, but in her patient endurance of the same, and trustful submission to the will of God, we have seen the reality of her religion, and the sustaining power of Divine grace. We have every reason to believe that she is now in that bright and blessed land where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." Amongst her last words were these, "I am going to Jesus." And as her strength enabled her she sung the verse, only a few hours before her death—

"My God! the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!"

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MAY, 1875.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY
COMMITTEE.

UNDER the new regulations the whole Committee, consisting of twenty members, retire every 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 12th 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 31st of May, as the accounts for the year will be closed on that day.

H O M E W A R D .

BY REV. W. HILL.

*S. S. "Duke of Sutherland," Red Sea, off Egypt,
April 9th, 1875.*

WE are hoping to reach Suez on Saturday and post letters for England, so I must try to write a few lines to let you know how we have fared thus far on our journey. I forget whether I wrote you from Calcutta, but if not, I may say that we left Berhampore at four o'clock on Friday morning, March 5th. For several days previously we had been very busy selling off, packing up, and in other ways preparing for our departure and journey. Most of the native christians, too, came to have a little chat with us, and to bid us "good bye." All seemed very sorry at our leaving, especially as they had known us, and we had been associated with them, so long. They referred to us as "*prachena*," or elderly; and as it is between nineteen and twenty years since we first arrived at Berhampore, perhaps the term may be allowed. In any English church or christian community twenty years make a great difference, and particularly is this the case in India, where life runs so rapid a course. Of those who were the

members of the Berhampore church twenty ago very few are now left. And only those who have known native christians from the beginning of their course can tell what separation involves. Had it been practicable, I should have rejoiced to remain at my post; but as I had no alternative but to return, I must bow to circumstances as to the will of God. The orphan children sorrowed and wept at our departure, and were all up to bid us "good bye." We had, of course, to make them over to their "new father and mother," Mr. and Mrs. Smith; and as they have a wonderful facility of attaching themselves to new parents, no doubt they will soon feel at home. Six or eight of the native christians accompanied us to Gopalpore, and went with us across the surf to the ship. To see the large, fine steamer they were not a little astonished. Tears were shed at our separation; an interest was solicited in our prayers; hopes were expressed that we might return; and that, if we did not meet again in this world, we might meet in heaven. So may we come from the east and west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of our Father.

We left Gopalpore about noon on Saturday. The next morning we were at False Point, and on the following evening landed in Calcutta. Here we remained till the Monday following, when we came on board this ship. The first day we only "dropped down" the river for a short distance, and then came to an anchor. The next day we proceeded towards Diamond Harbour, where we had to anchor on account of low water. On the following day, Wednesday, we got out to sea, and the pilot left us about three p.m. At the Sandheads we saw the wrecks of the two ships, an account of which appears in the *Observer* for February. Only the masts were standing above water. When our captain first saw the ships the sails were set, so rapidly did they go down after being in collision.

On Saturday evening, March 20th, we sighted the Madras light, and anchored in the roads between seven and eight o'clock. The next day was spent in discharging and taking in cargo, so that it was anything but a quiet day of rest to the officers and sailors of the ship. Indeed, so strongly has the spirit of gain taken possession of ship-owners, that the observance of the Sabbath has been banished from their creed. When at sea, a ship must not be neglected, or the loss of life, as well as property, might be the result. But that large and wealthy ship-owners, and some of them professed christians as well as strict sabbatarians, in England and Scotland, should require their servants to work all through the Sabbath in discharging and taking in cargo is a reproach and disgrace. Said the officer to me of one ship—a British India steamer,—“Our owners prohibit our working on the Sunday; but they so arrange our time-table and work that they know we shall be compelled.” Said an officer of our present ship, “What an example to set before the heathen! What can they think of our religion? We arrived in port on Sunday evening; we commenced working at twelve o'clock the same night, and have been working day and night ever since.” This remark was made on the Monday but one after. This officer left the ship, one of his reasons being that he “had no Sundays.” From many of the sailors, too, I have heard similar remarks; and if some of their professed christian employers would only reflect how their mercenary conduct becomes a stumbling-block to others, and a reproach to the religion they profess, surely they would be led to pause in their career. Would that there some *Seaman's Sabbath Friend* to call public attention to the matter. Here is a field for the Lord's-day Observance Society. But I must pass on.

We left Madras just about dusk on Sunday evening, and soon after starting the captain discovered that he had come away without the “Bill of Health” and other “ship's papers.” He ordered the ship to be put back, kept the whistle going for about half-an-hour, and fired several blue lights. At length a boat came off to inquire what was wanted, but as it did not bring the papers, he determined to go on without them. Personally I was glad to get out to sea, as there were twenty-five ships in the roads; and to be knocking about among these when it was dark seemed anything but safe. Let us hope that the absence of the papers will not occasion difficulties in any other ports of call. After a very pleasant passage we arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, on Wednesday afternoon. Soon after coming to an anchor, whom should I see approaching the ship but my old friend and fellow-student, T. R. Stevenson, with a pressing invitation for us to go on shore, and spend as long a time as we could at his house. Little

did we imagine when we parted at Odstone, near Barton, that our next meeting would be in Asia—would be where

. . . "the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

It is not, however, in man to direct his steps; and from all I heard, I have not the least doubt but that the Lord has directed the steps of my friend to Ceylon. As may be supposed, we were very glad to have the opportunity of setting our feet once more on *terra firma*, and were not long before we were in a boat, and on our way to the shore. After a drive of about two miles we arrived at Mr. Stevenson's house, where we had another hearty welcome from Mrs. S. and their younger daughter—the elder, much to her mother's sorrow, though for her good, being left in England. In the evening we were taken a drive by one of Mr. S.'s friends (a son of the late Dr. Leechman) to the Cinnamon Gardens. In a pre-eminent sense it may be said that "every prospect pleases." All round the island, or nearly so, there is a fringe of cocoa-nut trees, which extends a considerable distance inland, and which is supposed to contain between twenty and thirty millions of trees. Another of Mr. S.'s friends was kind enough to invite us out for the evening; but we preferred to remain at home, and talk about distant friends and *avuld lang syne*. As may be imagined, we scarcely knew where and when to leave off, and so continued our speech till midnight. Early the next morning we were taken another drive, after which we went to the above friend's house—which to all missionaries is an open house—for breakfast. Both by Mr. and Mrs. F. we were very kindly received, and more interesting and instructive company it would have been impossible to find on the island. Upon all matters relating to Ceylon, Mr. F. is quite an authority. He established the *Ceylon Observer*, the principal paper on the island, of which he is still the proprietor and editor. In this, however, he has the assistance of a nephew, and of a young man, formerly a member of our church at Wisbech. Mr. F. has also a coffee plantation, which is managed by his sons. His only daughter has been recently married to a Baptist Missionary in Bengal. From what I heard, Mr. Stevenson appears to be the right man in the right place. Since his arrival, the congregations have very much improved, and it is hoped that great and lasting good may be the result of his labours. His engagement is for three years, and it is trusted that his health, and that of his family, may be preserved. Cholera was prevalent in the lower and densely-populated parts of the town, and of two or three hundred cases, about two-thirds had proved fatal. I did not hear, however, of any cases among Europeans. Still, the authorities could not give our ship "a clean bill of health," and it is possible that on this account we may be put in quarantine at Suez for three days. In passing through the streets at Colombo we saw disinfectant fires burning, and the disease was on the decrease. To protect the poor natives against themselves is no easy matter. Owing to the increase of coffee and other cultivation, Ceylon is in a prosperous condition. The island pays or meets all expenditure, besides providing a surplus for effecting improvements. The roads are in excellent condition; and the railway is the property of the state. At Colombo a new breakwater is being constructed, and this port is likely to become the principal port of the island. We took in between two and three hundred tons of coffee, and left on the following *i.e.* Thursday afternoon. Regret was expressed that we did not make a longer stay. But, short as it was, we all felt greatly refreshed by our visit; and even now I cannot but regard it as remarkable that we should meet in such a place, so far from home and fatherland.

But I must proceed with our voyage. I may say, however, that the *Duke of Sutherland*, like all the steamers of the "Ducal Line," is a large, fine vessel. Over all she is four hundred feet; and besides her coal and other stores, she carries three thousand tons of cargo. Of coal she burns thirty tons a day, or twelve hundred tons each voyage to and each voyage from India. From Calcutta we have brought about six hundred tons of Indian tea, and from Madras and Calcutta a similar quantity of coffee, the cultivation of all being on the increase. We have a pleasant though not a large company of passengers, twenty-five adults and seventeen children. More than half are Baptists. Besides myself, there are three missionaries—Mr. Kennet, of the Propagation Society; Mr. Duthie, of the London Mission; and Mr. Williaus, of the Baptist church, Calcutta. The services on the Lord's-day are conducted by us in turn,

in the morning on deck, and in the evening in the saloon. We have also worship every morning in the saloon, so that even on board ship we are not without our religious privileges. It is pleasant, too, to meet with brethren from other parts of the field, and to hear of the Lord's work in their midst. With what I have heard from Mr. Duthie respecting Travancore I have been particularly interested, but have not time to enlarge here. Hitherto we have had a prosperous voyage, and so steady has the ship been, that we have at times been scarcely able to perceive her move. We have now, however, a strong head wind, and the thermometer is nearly thirty degrees lower than it was a few days ago. To have it so cold in the Red Sea is very unusual; this part of the voyage being dreaded on account of its intense heat. The Red Sea, too, is very difficult to navigate, owing to the numerous rocks and shoals, some of them being in the direct course of ships. Upon several of them ships have been wrecked, and light-houses have been erected. Through all danger, however, the Lord has brought us in safety, and to His name be all the glory. We have just been reading at morning worship portions of Exodus xii., xiii., xiv.; and as we are near the spot where the events therein recorded took place, these passages were particularly appropriate.

But I must close. I am thankful to say that Mrs. Hill has greatly improved by the voyage. In a letter received from her medical attendant after I reached Calcutta, he said that he felt sure she could not have lived another year in India, and he urged her getting away as soon as possible.

P.S.—*Suez, April 10th.*—We have just arrived here, and hope (D.V.) to reach England about the end of the month.

OPENING OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL IN ROME.

A LARGE party from England, including amongst our own friends, Rev. J. Jolly, of Boston; Messrs. W. B. Bembridge, of Ripley; T. H. Harrison and Geo. Dean, of Derby, visited Rome on the above occasion.

The opening services held on Sunday and Monday, the 21st and 22nd of March, were deeply interesting and very successful. On the morning of the 21st, a service was held, partly in English and partly in Italian. Rev. J. Wall commenced by giving out an Italian hymn, and praying in the same language; after which he read part of John xix., also in Italian. Mr. Wall then read verses 26 and 27, and spoke for some time. After this a member of the Italian Parliament spoke, without being called upon; and on his sitting down, a young man, a member of the church, spoke; and then another hymn was sung. Up to this time the service was entirely Italian. Rev. E. Edwards, of Torquay, followed with a short address. Then an Italian minister from Florence spoke; and after Mr. Wall had read from Matt. xxvi. 26—30, an Italian brother prayed, and Mr. Wall broke the bread. Rev. J. H. Millard, of Huntingdon, having prayed, the wine was dispensed. The service concluded by singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," in Italian, and with prayer by Signor Grassi.

In the afternoon Dr. Underhill preached from Rom. i. 16; and in the evening Mr. Wall preached in Italian, and was followed by others in the same language.

All the services were well attended, the place being full. Many, especially at night, evidently came from curiosity. They stayed a little time and left, when others came and did the same, though by far the greater number remained to the end.

It had been intended to visit the catacombs of St. Ponziano on Monday morning, and to have a love-feast with the brethren here on the Campagna; but the morning was so wet as to render this impracticable, while the Cardinal Vicar of Rome threw some difficulty in the way of our seeing the catacombs. This difficulty, however, was surmounted in the afternoon. At night a most interesting public meeting was held, with G. T. Kemp, Esq., of Rochdale, in the chair. After the address of the chairman and a speech from Dr. Underhill, Mr. Wall gave a deeply interesting account of his coming to Italy, and especially of his work in Rome. He spoke very feelingly of his difficulties and his encouragements, and of his determination, by the help of God, to hold on. Signor Gavazzi then gave an address, and completely electrified the meeting,

his peculiar style of oratory making as deep an impression on the Italians present as on the English. Mr. Clarke, of Spezzia, next spoke, giving an account of his work there. He was followed by Mr. Bateman Brown, of Huntingdon, in an earnest address, when Signor Grassi spoke at some length in Italian. After him followed Dr. Haag, of Chicago and of Boston, U.S.A. The last speaker was the Rev. Edward White, of London, whose wise and suggestive remarks added much to the high character and value of the service.

The situation of the chapel is one of the best that could have been found, and when completed it will be a most comfortable and convenient place of worship. It will seat about three hundred and fifty people. Since Mr. Wall has been in Rome he has baptized about two hundred persons, though, being compelled to remove so often, the number of members is only ninety-one. But this by no means represents the work of Mr. Wall. By the personal exertions of the members, nearly the whole of Rome receives the message of the gospel through tracts and copies of the Scriptures.

We hoped to have received particulars of the interview of our friends with Signor Grassi, our esteemed Evangelist in the city of Rome; but, after waiting till the last moment, are reluctantly obliged to go to press without them.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM THE NATIVE PREACHERS IN ORISSA TO THE TREASURER.

To our very dear brother in Jesus Christ, the respected Thomas Hill, Esq.

It is now nearly two years since we received, with great joy, the very loving letter you sent. We were glad to receive it, for we were thus reminded that though there are few in Orissa—a country wholly given to idolatry—who sympathize with us in our great work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, yet there are many in England who do so; and though we have not seen each other's faces in the flesh, yet they love us; "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" they are our "companions;" and they pray for us "that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with them; and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." It is true we were very glad to receive your letter, but till now we have not been able to send a reply. In this, however, we must acknowledge our fault; but as you are a disciple of Christ, and as He has commanded us to forgive our brother seventy times seven, we are bold to ask forgiveness for this one fault, and confidently believe that you will graciously grant it.

In your letter you ask us several questions, and we would here reply to them.

1st.—We are all married. Our ages vary from twenty-five to seventy years. According to the blessing pronounced in the beginning on our first parents, the Lord has greatly blessed our families, causing them to increase and multiply; some have two, others four or five or six children, yea, a few are almost as much prospered in this way as Jacob was. We hope that our beloved wives love and fear the Lord, though it may be that the piety of some is greater than that of others; and we fear that, as they are of an idolatrous race, they cannot be compared as to devotedness to Christ with holy women in England. Our great grief is that there are those among our children who have not yet begun to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who walk contrary to our teaching and example; but over a few others we rejoice, who walk in the truth, and are found in the ways that are ways of pleasantness, and the paths that are paths of peace.

2nd.—We regard family devotion as highly proper and necessary, and endeavour as we are able diligently to attend to it, as in this way true religion is preserved and increased in the heart, and our sons and daughters are instructed in the faith.

3rd.—The Pilgrim's Progress has been extensively circulated amongst us, and a few of us even read it in childhood; and no doubt, to a greater or less degree, we all understand its design: but we have not in our language, as there are in English, a considerable number of books conveying religious knowledge; and hence those brethren who understand a little of English get English books on religious subjects, and are thus much helped in their preaching.

4th.—We are exceedingly thankful to state that we have the Bible in our own language. It is the holy book—the book of books,—and the source of all religious knowledge. In the first part (*i. e.*, the Old Testament) there are narratives of many eminently holy men, whom on various accounts we love; but the Psalms of David, the sweet singer of Israel, are especially consoling and interesting to us.

You inquire as to the three distinguished persons in the New Testament whom we especially and affectionately regard. We love others, but we especially love Paul for his zeal in holy service, as well as for his teaching and conduct; and John, the disciple whom the Lord loved, and whose heart was inflamed with love; his mild and loving words are especially pleasant to us.

5th.—Walking in the way of righteousness, we feel at times full of fear and sorrow and unbelief; still, we are thankful that, when our hearts are overwhelmed, there is a rock higher than we, and to that rock we can go. We constantly pray, with the apostles, “Lord, increase our faith.”

6th.—We briefly reply to your question about our daily work. In the cold season we leave our homes and itinerate to preach the gospel: at other seasons of the year we witness for Christ at festivals and other gatherings of the people. When at the station, we preach in the bazaars and markets, as well as preach in the chapel on the week-evening, or on the Sabbath-day: nor do we forget the advice of Paul to Timothy, his son in the faith, to “give attendance to reading,” and this occupies some time. Over and above all this, we endeavour in various ways to help the missionaries in matters pertaining to the church.

Finally, we fear that our letter will be thought rather long, and therefore will not write more, only our loving salutation to you, to your companion in the faith, to your children, and to all who love us, and inquire concerning us.

We are in Christ your dearly beloved brethren.

(Signed in the original by twelve Preachers.)

A RECENT PREACHING TOUR

BY THE REV. J. H. SMITH

(Continued from page 158.)

Dec. 17th.—We got five miles further on our journey yesterday, to within a short distance of Pratapore. Pitched our tent, and visited a village near, by no means a small village, and quite a busy one; all the brethren spoke, and the people heard well. Visited the village again this morning in company with two of the brethren, the rest of our party visiting Pratapore in the meantime, where they were well received. Two old men professed to be trusting in Christ; but, they said, being so old they could not leave caste, which, of course, means home and friends too. In the evening we visited the village again, going first into a street of brahmins, where we accomplished little, a long discussion ending only in abuse. Then we went to the farther part of the village, and gathering a good number of people together, the brethren found a very attentive audience, and one or two who seemed quite disposed to accept our message. Tama tells me that when he was here several years ago the tent was visited all day by men who appeared desirous of embracing christianity; now all trace of that desire is gone. An argument for frequent visitation.

Dec. 18th.—Removed our camp to Poorusotumpore, a distance of five miles. Visited the bazaar in the evening. The congregation was noisy and ill-disposed. When we left they tried to raise a shout, but failed. In the earlier days of the Mission, when Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson were here, we understand that the people of this village were quite violent. We made the acquaintance of the schoolmaster, who speaks English, and was for some years a pupil in the mission school at Vizianagram. He is fully persuaded of the truth of christianity, but having lost most of his earlier religious impressions, and being alone in his opinions, and so far removed from christian teachers, and withal sincerely attached to his monthly salary as head-master in a government school, he has not moral strength to take up the cross.

Dec. 20th, Sunday.—To-day we have been fully engaged. Brethren Hill and Tama being very unwell, have left for Berhampore. With such force as we had we went to the village, and obtained a good hearing. We urged the people to flee to Christ as the only refuge from impending wrath. A few followed us to the bungalow for tracts.

About mid-day we had service; and an hour later, several natives being present, we had a second service. When we visited the bazaar in the evening the people were very disputatious.

Dec. 21st.—The people seemed much more favourably disposed this morning, and, though still persisting in argument, gave up first one point and then another, like men who are thoroughly conscious of being beaten. Visited the school and examined the children. The master complains of the little progress which the Oriyas make; this may be due to the fact that the master is a Telegu, and understands Oriya very imperfectly. Removed to Boirancee this afternoon. As the distance was ten miles we did not arrive before sunset. The traveller's shed not being weatherproof we had to search for a suitable place to pitch our tent, and this was not easy to find. Fortunately the moon furnished us with ample light, but it was nine o'clock before we could get our dinner.

Dec. 22nd.—We went to the village this morning. It appears to swarm with human life. The brethren spoke as much as they were able, for a loquacious brahmin wasted both our time and patience. In the evening we gathered a large congregation in the bazaar. Sebo held a lengthy argument in Sanscrit, in which he is so well versed that his opponents had but a poor time of it. I spoke on the wages of sin, and the gift of God; and with greater ease than I have been able to do before.

Dec. 23rd.—The people heard well in the bazaar and the village to-day. Brother Hill has returned. The place where we are staying is very beautiful. There is a long stretch of hill tops, blue as the sky, and looking rather like a storm tossed sea, with its thousand waves suddenly arrested, only that they wear no angry blackness, and there is nothing but azure overhead. There are numbers of trees in the foreground, and piles of houlder rocks with green shrubs and mosses creeping everywhere amid their crevices, like the green hopes of a brighter and blessed future creeping everywhere amid the grey superstitions and follies of this sin-cursed land.

Dec. 24th.—Went to the village this morning. Brother Hill commenced by asking the people what they would think of a woman who, no longer able to see her husband, he having gone to Calcutta, should go to the carpenter's and get him to make her a wooden image to supply his place. Applying their conclusions to idolatry, he next assailed the common notion that God is in everything, by asking one of the company whether God was in him? The man promptly answered, "Yes!" "Is God omnipotent? Yes. Then (pointing to a large stone) lift that. Is God omniscient? Yes. Then tell me, in what village was I born? Look you: the maker is one thing, that which is made is another. Is the weaver in your cloth? Is the potter in your handy? Is the carpenter in that door? No! Then God is not in you." This kind of argument is most effective with the natives, objections are removed, and the way prepared for the reception of the truth. Two other brethren spoke, explaining the way of salvation, and making known the true incarnation. The people heard with evident interest. Went this evening to a village of brahmins; they were very noisy and abusive.

Dec. 25th.—Christmas-day. It might be Lady-day or Michaelmas though; for as soon as the morning grew grey we were packing up our furniture, stowing it away in little boxes, performing feats of legerdemain with the furniture, making marvellous contractions of the beds, tables, and chairs, and resolving our washstand into a stick, in preparation for departure. And the landlord might be impatient to get us gone, for while we stand drinking a cup of tea to fortify ourselves against the cold world out into which we are going, down come the walls of our house, and the four winds cool our tea for us. A few minutes more and we are flitting, tenant, house, and furniture. A few hours later and we find a resting place near Autgudda, and pitch our tents amidst a wealth of forest beauty, clear sky above, and blazing sun. It is impossible to realize that it is Christmas-tide.

Dec. 28th.—We started for home this morning. The people in the Autgudda have been very friendly, and visited the tent in such numbers that we had not much opportunity of going out. Sebo has lived here, and is consequently well known. The Gudda, like, most royal residences in this country, is beautiful for situation, chosen not for its beauty though, but for its strength, being set in a circle of hills. The village is shorn of its glory, for the rajah is dead, and the ostate sold.

Dec. 29th.—Home again! But not all joy in our reception, for Mrs. Hill is very unwell. We cannot help feeling much regret that our force must be so weakened now by the return to England of experienced brethren, yet we cannot but feel that God's ways are the best; and though this must be brother Hill's last cold season tour for some time, we know he will find many a spiritual jungle at home in which to pitch a missionary tent.

A BELL FOR THE NEW CHAPEL AT PIPELEE.

THE friends connected with the Free Church at Caversham, near Reading, have taken a deep interest in the Orissa Mission. We have much pleasure in giving the following extract from the Report of their Juvenile Mission Working Society:—

“During the year the young people have had the great gratification of a visit from Miss Packer, who has long been in charge of one of the Orissa Orphanages, and with whom Miss Leigh spent several months in hearty co-operation after her arrival in India. Through the kindness of friends a tea was provided, when Miss Packer gave very interesting details of her experience in the Orphan School at Piplee, and of the happy results in the cases of several of the poor children committed to her charge.

“On her informing the young friends that there had been, up to the present time, no proper chapel for christian worship at Piplee, but that one was now being built on a site near to which many of the roads from the larger portion of India converge in the direction of Juggernath’s celebrated temple, and by which thousands of pilgrims pass to and fro every year, there was a very strong desire awakened to render some help towards completing the building; and it was decided, if the funds this year would allow, to appropriate £5 to that object, in addition to the support of the Orphans under Miss Leigh’s care, and possibly some help also to the West African Schools.

“It is understood that, as very few of the natives in Piplee or its neighbourhood have any means of marking time, save by the position of the sun in the heavens, or the length of their shadows, the chapel will hardly be complete without a bell to announce to the people the time of commencing service. The Superintendent of the Working Society would like exceedingly to have the £5 at first decided upon so augmented as to provide the *entire cost* of such an addition to the building, that so it might remain, for many years, not only as a memento of Miss Packer’s visit to Caversham, and the interest awakened by it, but as a voice from Caversham calling the attention both of the resident heathen of Piplee and of the thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India passing by, to the fact that within that building there are to be heard glad tidings of a salvation far surpassing everything they could ever have hoped to obtain by their visit to the shrine of Juggernath.”

The sum asked for by Miss Packer, £15, was soon realized. A fine-toned bell from Messrs. Taylor’s bell foundry, Loughborough, weighing 215lbs., has been selected, and this, with all requisite fittings, has been sent out by the steamship *Duke of Devonshire*. The total cost is £19 13s. 5d. W. BAILEY.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Brooks, March 23.
 “ Miss Miller, March 9.
 “ J. G. Pike, March 2.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, March 19
 SUEZ—W. Hill, April 11.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
 March 18th, to April 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|---|-----|----|----|
| Grant from American Tract Society | 35 | 9 | 10 | Leake | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Bacup | 1 | 0 | 0 | Leicester, <i>Victoria Road</i> | 4 | 3 | 0 |
| Bath—Dr. Eyre | 1 | 0 | 0 | Lincoln—for W. and O. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Billesdon | 7 | 4 | 3 | Longford | 31 | 3 | 6 |
| Birchcliffe—for Rome | 0 | 10 | 0 | Louth | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Birmingham, <i>Longmore Street</i> | 10 | 2 | 7 | “ <i>Northgate</i> | 88 | 5 | 8 |
| Burnley, <i>Ebenezer Chapel</i> | 9 | 2 | 0 | “ <i>Eastgate</i> | 29 | 0 | 2 |
| Carlton | 1 | 4 | 4 | Maltby | 11 | 19 | 0 |
| Carrington | 3 | 11 | 6 | Peterborough | 116 | 18 | 0 |
| Chatterley | 16 | 0 | 0 | Quorndon—for W. and O. | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Coningsby | 5 | 14 | 0 | Sutton St. James—for W. and O. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Derby, <i>Watson Street</i> | 4 | 10 | 0 | Ticknall | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Denholme—for W. and O. | 0 | 5 | 0 | Todmorden—for W. and O. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Desford | 0 | 10 | 0 | Wisbech | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| Dewsbury | 9 | 18 | 0 | | | | |
| Finchley—Rev. J. Batey | 0 | 10 | 0 | | | | |
| Gosberton | 4 | 6 | 0 | FOR PIPELEE CHAPEL. | | | |
| Hunstanton St. Edmunds | 5 | 15 | 0 | Daybrook | 19 | 6 | 3 |
| | | | | Mr. Beardall | 1 | 0 | 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.

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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1875.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE FENS.

SUCH is the dignified title given to the town in which our Association is to be held this year. Who is responsible for that honourable designation, and when it originated, it is impossible to say. It is evidently of no very recent origin, for it speaks of a time when the Fens were *fens* indeed, and not, as now, well-drained and highly-cultivated plains, whose soil is second to none in England for the variety, the quality, and quantity of its grain produce. At the present time the term *fen*, as applied to the wide district of which Wisbech is the centre and so called metropolis, is a misnomer as complete and misleading to the stranger, and withal as interesting to the historical student as is the name "Forest," which is still applied by the people of Nottingham to a district bordering the town and running northwards towards Hucknall and Newstead, in which factory chimneys, domestic dwellings, corn-fields and meadows, are vastly more numerous than any relics of the ancient Forest.

In these days of universal study and scientific congresses and associations most readers will expect that any description given in this magazine of the town our Association is about to visit will not be strictly confined to its denominational history. There are few educated people, in such an age as this, who take no interest whatever in the geology, archæology, and general history of the neighbourhood in which they may happen to make a brief sojourn. No apology need, therefore, be made for a brief reference to these topics. The neighbourhood of Wisbech affords a fair illustration of the general features of what is called the Fen district. These features are summed up in two words, flatness and fertility. To the great majority of those who are native to the district the monotony and dulness of the former are amply compensated by the beauty and charm of the latter. To the farmer, no doubt, this is invariably the case. He recks nothing of the absence of woodland beauties, the silvery music of a meadow brook or mountain stream, the delightful variety of hill and dale, or the ever-varying charms of a "distant prospect looking fair." There are charms enough for him in the rustle of full-eared corn and the creak of loaded waggons, in the changing colours of his wide fields of yellow turnip or golden

mustard, gaudy flax or sober wheat; and as for distant prospect, give him a fair view of a goodly harvest and he is amply content. And so the law of compensation works happily for all in every part of this richly varied earth, which God has filled everywhere with the tokens of His goodness. It were hard to find, from the frozen pole to the sultry tropics, a people more completely satisfied with their home, more difficult to move from it, or more ready to return to it after long absence, than these "dwellers in the plains."

It may be supposed by those who examine the formation of the soil for the first time that its history will present few points of interest to the geological student. Such was the impression with which the Government Geological Surveyor, who has recently gone over the district, commenced his operations, two years ago. But a few weeks' work, as he informed the writer, was quite enough to cause him to alter his opinion. Evidences of marine formation, traces of primeval forests, and the relics of vast floods, altered for him the character of the Fen country altogether as a field of investigation. If it will not compare with many other districts in England in this respect, its character is unique, and its charm is all its own. All the low-lying country around "the Wash," and as far inland as a boundary line marked by Tattershall, Bourne, Peterborough, Ramsey, and the old Bedford Level up to Lynn, belongs to the newest, or most recent, geological epoch. The foundation of gault and clay, on which the fen soil is deposited, may have been laid beneath the sea ages before the glacial drift and boulder clays of Norfolk and Suffolk were formed, but the upper layer of silt and soil are undoubtedly much more recent than the products of the glacial epoch. The tertiary clays of Middlesex, and the coralline crags of Norfolk, which are commonly regarded as representing the youngest geological strata, contain remains of a wonderful vegetable and animal life which flourished for ages ere the dry land appeared over the vast area now called the Fens. Yet such is the enormous length of time required for the production of these formations that none can compute the age of even the most recent alluvial deposits. Many parts of this new land, up to the present coast line, are older by far than the oldest records of the human race, Celtic, Phœnician, or Egyptian. The earliest settlers in this country found it a fairly habitable region. The discovery of rude implements of stone and metal, remains of Roman dykes and banks, the survival of Celtic, Saxon, and Latin elements in the names of towns and villages, the use of archaic words and forms of words in the provincial dialect, all point to the fact that, however badly drained and unhealthy the country may have been, it was, nevertheless, pretty well populated from the earliest times.

The change which this whole region has undergone since its first occupation is immense. Few parts of England will compare with it in this respect. Its peculiar geological formation, already referred to, will, to a large extent, of course, account for this. The causes are still at work which have produced the rich soil of the Fens, and brought the country to its present condition; and these causes have been in operation ever since the ancient Girvii "dwelt in the land;" ever since the days when Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, queen of the East Angles, was married to Tonbert, a prince of the

southern Girvii, and received in dower from her husband the Isle of Ely, and finding it a place difficult of access, retired thither and built a monastery for persons of a retiring disposition like herself. The monks of Ely found the district allotted to them well adapted to the quiet life they wished to live, for few could, or would, disturb them in their solitary fen-land home. Another, and totally different, class of persons found this region congenial to their tastes and manners of life—men of the type of “Hereward, the Last of the English,” outlaws and rebels, who felt themselves secure from pursuit when they retreated into the dismal swamp and dreary marshland.

Since that day when the Fens were to be seen at their best, as a perfect paradise for fish and wild-fowl, vast districts have been reclaimed and protected from the periodic inundation of river or sea; immense watery wastes, and desolate patches of swamp and bog and fen have been transformed by drainage and culture from haunts of bittern, heron, curlew, and wild swan, into a rich and fruitful soil, in which nearly every kind of grain will grow to perfection. Typhus and fen ague, the plague and scourge of the country only a few years back, are now almost as hard to find as a genuine relic of the ancient bog, or a specimen of the golden-crested wren. So greatly has the land increased in value that Church livings once comparatively poor and precarious on account of the marshy and unprofitable nature of the farm lands by which they were supported, are now reckoned amongst the prizes of ecclesiastical preferment. The Fen and Marshland Churches are, indeed, alike remarkable for the wonderful beauty and perfection of their architecture,* and the wealth of the livings belonging to them. There are rural parishes not ten miles from Wisbech with livings amounting to £1,500, £2,000, £3,000. And within the last half dozen years political nonconformists and liberal churchmen were alike interested in observing the humble endeavours of the Vicar of Doddington to provide “things honest in the sight of all men” on the moderate allowance of £15,000 per annum. But he is gone, and his comfortable living has fallen into the hands of those who have succeeded in making half a dozen clergymen comfortable out of it. How wretchedly poor must the land have been when all that this vast sum represents was required in order to provide a maintenance for a country parson. Like luxuriant fruit trees, many of these livings have become so encumbered with the burden of their wealth that they have needed pruning; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been doing a useful and much needed work lately in dividing parishes and appropriating livings. Success to their well-meant endeavours!

It may very naturally be supposed that the peculiar features of the Fen country, the absence of hills and woods, and the prevalence of dykes and drains, would influence the climate, and tell upon the character and temperament of the people. Such consequences are inevitable; and the climate has long borne an ill-name for its enervating and depressing influence, particularly upon strangers. It must also be confessed that the temperament of those who are

* As illustrations of fine church architecture we may mention the Parish Church, Wisbech affording specimens of nearly every order of architecture; Walsoken, famous for its specimens of Norman work; Walton, Walpole, St. Peter's, Terrington, Leverington, &c.

native to the district is inclined to the passive rather than the active virtues. Yet there is plenty of quiet energy and steady perseverance about the men of the Fens. They can rouse themselves well enough when occasion requires. Let a flood break out, like the famous inundation of 1862, when the marshland was inundated from the Middle Level up to Walsoken, and none will deny them praise for spirit and courage and endurance in their endeavours to drive back the dreaded foe. Let the rights of water-way be interfered with, as was the case at the time of the famous "Battle of the Dams," when the upland waters were held back and diverted a few miles above Wisbech, by the Waldersey and Guyhirn dams, and the Wisbech river began to silt up, threatening the destruction of the trade of the port, and then you shall see how British pluck and energy are as indigenous to the Fens as to any part of British soil.

If mixture of races should conduce to improvement of the physical and mental type, the people of this neighbourhood ought not to be a whit behind their compatriots in any part of England. In addition to the Celtic, Roman, Saxon, and Danish elements of the earliest times, the Conquest gave the country a good infusion of Norman blood; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew sent hither numerous bands of Huguenots, whose descendants—with their French names, *Le Pla*, *Le Tall*, *Treloar*, and the like—still linger in the town and neighbourhood of Wisbech; the extensive drainage works carried on from the times of Elizabeth to the reign of George II. by the Dutch brought over a considerable number of settlers from Holland; and Scotchmen, too, the captives of Cromwell's army after the battle of Dunbar were also located here, and compelled by the sturdy and practical Protector to labour on the drainage works then in progress, and having learned to love the land of their exile, remained as willing residents in the country after the Restoration. And after all that may be said about the ennobling effects of mountain air and scenery upon the races of mankind, the nations whose history is identified with plain and level lands will compare not unfavourably with such as have been nourished among the hills, and braced by mountain breezes. In Asia, the Chaldeans and Assyrians—in Africa, the Egyptians—and in Europe, the Dutch and the Prussians—have secured a foremost place in the roll of fame.

It would be no very difficult task to prepare a goodly list of Wisbech worthies. The majority of these would be found to be men whose reputation was of a peaceful and benevolent character; their "good report" was obtained "through faith." Foremost amongst them stand the names of Thomas Clarkson, the slave emancipator, and William Ellis, the well-known and universally esteemed missionary to Tahiti and Madagascar. Efforts are now being made to raise funds for the erection of a handsome monument in the town to the memory of Clarkson; and a fine bust of William Ellis may be seen in the Wisbech museum, and his portrait, presented by a friend to the committee of the Working Men's Club and Institute, hangs in the large hall of the Institute. Our own denomination, also, has been honourably represented in the mission field of Orissa by members of the church at Wisbech and other places in the Fens. It has often been remarked that an unusual number of ministers and missionaries belonging to the

Independent and Baptist denominations have been sent out by the Wisbech churches.

To the members of our section of the Baptist denomination it will be interesting to remember that the "Academy" was located in Wisbech for a period of twenty-five years. During the whole of that time it was under the sole presidency and tutorship of the Rev. Joseph Jarrom. Those were days of hard work and scanty remuneration. Few men, however willing, would have had the mental qualifications, or the powers of physical endurance, adequate to the herculean task performed by Mr. Jarrom during his ministry of thirty-five years in this town. All the duties of his two-fold office of pastor and tutor were faithfully performed; the church grew under his care; a large new chapel was erected on the site occupied by the present church and schools; the Academy was most efficiently conducted; and a large number of able and faithful men were prepared for the ministry. Mr. Jarrom was held in much esteem by his fellow-townsmen of all sections of the Christian church.

The history of the church at Ely Place is full of interest. It extends over a period of two hundred and eighteen years. Its earliest records are said to date from the time of the Commonwealth. During the reign of Charles I. a number of societies holding General Baptist views had been established in the Eastern counties. Taking advantage of the religious freedom enjoyed under the protectorate of Cromwell, many of these societies were formed into churches, having a settled ministry, and suitable buildings erected for public worship. The congregation at Wisbech was one of these. In the year 1655 they sent a message to the church at Fenstanton, asking that ministerial brethren might be sent over "to do the work of the Lord, and to administer His ordinances to them amongst them whose hearts were free and ready to receive the truth." John Denne and Edmund Mayle were sent by the Fenstanton church, in compliance with this request. Their report of the visit to Wisbech, the constitution of the church by prayer and the ordinance of laying on of hands, the election of elders (*i.e.* preachers) and deacons, etc., may still be read in the ancient records of the Fenstanton church. One of the first entries in the Wisbech General Baptist church book, which is dated 1697, and reads as follows, is evidently a "renewal of the church covenant:—"We agree to incorporate ourselves together in one church state." In the same year the first meeting house was erected in Place's Yard, near the canal. This building was thirty-five feet by thirty-two feet, and served the purposes of worship for one hundred and six years. During that period five ministers were settled over the church—J. Sharman, in 1710; W. Fisher, in 1732; J. Proud, in 1756; J. Freestone, in 1784; and J. Jarrom, 1802. On the death of Mr. Jarrom, in 1841, the pastorate was transferred to the Rev. J. C. Pike, who had been Mr. Jarrom's co-pastor for several years. Since Mr. Pike's removal to Leicester, the pastoral office has been filled by Mr. I. Haycroft, Mr. T. Watts, and the present minister, whose settlement took place in 1867. The foundation stone of the present elegant and commodious church and schools was laid October 24th, 1871, by R. Wherry, Esq., J.P., senior deacon of the church, whose work in connection with the erection of the new buildings

cannot be too highly esteemed. The cost of these premises, amounting to £4,500, is, with the exception of the residue of the building fund loan, entirely defrayed.

The last Association held in Wisbech took place in 1860. The members of the Ely Place church have pleasant remembrances of that time of joy and blessing, and every effort is now being made to offer a hearty welcome to those who will visit the town at the end of the present month, and to make the various meetings of the Association a thorough success. The programme is full of promise. From the president, chairman, preachers, and speakers, faithful, useful, and stimulating addresses may be confidently expected. The "Unification" Scheme of the Home Mission Committee, and the meeting on Tuesday evening, will awaken unusual interest. The Foreign Missionary Meeting will doubtless be rendered memorable by the address of the chairman, Sir George Campbell, M. P., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal,* and the presence of our beloved and venerated friends, Dr. and Mrs. Buckley, and Mr. and Mrs. Hill.

If every reader of these pages will fervently ask for the benediction of the God of Assemblies upon this annual gathering of the tribes of our Israel, the success of our meetings will be guaranteed. God grant that all our brethren may have reason to remember with gratitude their visit to the Association of 1875 in the "Metropolis of the Fens."

W. E. WINKS.

THE PARENT'S PRAYER.

O! SON OF GOD, we bring to Thee
 The darlings of our hearts and home;
 Thy tender hands upon them be,
 Thy loving arms around them thrown:
 Allure them with Thy word of love,
 Till each shall find Thy home above.

So weak are we, so high the charge,
 Our hope would tremble to despair
 But that we know Thy love so large,
 And Thee so sure to answer prayer:
 Allure them with Thy word of love,
 Till each shall find Thy home above.

Our follies are so plain to view,
 And they have eyes so quick to see,

Lest one should our false steps pursue,
 O turn their eyes from us to Thee:
 Allure them with Thy word of love,
 Till each shall find Thy home above.

A thousand paths seductive lie
 From centres where they feebly stand;
 To wander any is to die—

O, Saviour, take the youthful hand!
 Allure them with Thy word of love,
 Till each shall find Thy home above.

O, hope so sweet! O, comfort kind!
 The children's Saviour is Thy name;
 Faith whispers 'tis Thy loving mind
 That this low prayer shall not be vain—
 Allure them with Thy word of love,
 Till each shall find Thy home above.

E. HALL JACKSON.

* In an article in the *Athenæum*, December 10th, 1874, a writer says—Sir George Campbell bears a deservedly high name among Indian politicians. Sir George Campbell's "omnivorous energy" was a household word in India. He owns a spotless name, and has won the highest political laurels in the East. He is universally respected; his opinions carry weight; and the fruits of his proverbial energy will long remain as a blessing in the land in which so lately he was a Lieutenant-Governor.

THE HIGHEST CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No. IV.—*The Character of God.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the widely known and deservedly honoured philanthropist, expressed a short time ago, in a number of *Fraser's Magazine*, her strong sense of the painful avoidance of the character of God practised by the theologians and religious teachers of the day. In her judgment, the men who ought to speak on this fundamental theme wholly neglect it; and those who should be the leaders of thought fail to give the word of guidance. On a matter of fact of this kind, of course, every one must speak according to the preaching he hears and the books he reads. Of necessity, we know but little of the preaching of the day; but what we *do* know not only does not sustain the charge of Miss Nightingale, but positively and fully contradicts it. In the Nonconformist pulpits, the character of God is an ever-recurring theme, underlies every discussion of practical Christianity, and penetrates with irresistible urgency every appeal for a higher type of Christian life.

But no doubt the writer had sufficient grounds within her own knowledge for such strong and weighty sentences as these, "Surely it is the most important, and at the same time the most neglected point in theology to determine *what* God is—what His character is like. Reams of sermons are written on every point but this. And yet this is the foundation of all." And again she adds, "Indeed it does not seem to be included as a part of theology, as a point of inquiry, as a basis of all sermons, the knowledge of—the acquaintance with God." "It always seems to be a fact ignored, or put out of sight, that for no one of our beliefs—religious, physical, moral, scientific—have we any dependence, but—the character of God. And this seems to most people to be a very poor dependence. At least, few take the pains to find out what is the character of God."

Objecting as we do, from our reading and experience, to this serious charge, in so far as it relates to theological literature and to Nonconformist preaching, we are nevertheless compelled to admit that the closing reference to the mass of professing Christians, and to men generally, is mournfully true. The enormous errors, the heathenish superstitions, that cling like a thick cold mist to the minds of many who are supposed to know God are the most painful witnesses we know to the absence of real earnestness of thought and independence of spirit in the study of the Word of God. Moloch has a larger place in Christendom than the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Paganistic ideas enwrap and hide the revelation made by the Son of Man. The human heart still cries, "Show us the Father;" and the nineteenth century priest holds up to view an image of his own making. The nations have yet to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him.

Further, the dwarfed, shambling, hesitant, unmanly, and joyless Christian life of this age is due to the curious mixture of thought that fills the minds of Bible readers as to the Deity. They do not attain the highest life, because they lack the highest ideal. The excellence, beauty, and strength of the human character depend upon those ideas of God that touch every side of our nature, and bathe us with

their influence from day to day. Poison here is fatal. Misconception withers faith, dries up joy, and kills hope. Haze and fog will drive a paralyzing weakness and an enervating sadness into the spirit. "They that know Thy name"—its glorious significance, its wealth of joyous meaning—"will put their trust in Thee, and will be joyful in Thy salvation."

But whatever may be the faults of Christian teachers and professors, it is certain that this avoidance of the character of God is in no way due to the Scriptures. The Bible reveals God. This is its main business, its distinguishing excellence, its imperishable charm, its grand utility. These testaments make *Him* known—not a set of propositions about Him. They do not discourse of an impersonal "power that makes for righteousness;" but they show us the righteous Lord Himself, making for righteousness with all His might of love and grace and help, filled and fired with an intense and passionate love of right, working for its victory and enthronement amongst sinful men, entering into covenant with them, shielding them, inspiring them, punishing them, and helping them in their battle with wrong till sin is utterly defeated and cast out, and righteousness is crowned by the free choice and loving loyalty of redeemed men.

Speaking of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the apostle Paul says, with significant emphasis, "But now, apart from the law, the *righteousness of God* hath been manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets, even the righteousness of God through faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all that believe." Every body admits that the righteousness of God was manifested in Noah, who preached it with such persistent courage and unquenchable faith; in Abraham, whose faith in God was credited to him as a love of right; in Moses, and the law which he announced and illustrated; in the judges and prophets of Israel: but it is not always distinctly and definitely held that Jesus Christ manifested the same love of right, that He completes and crowns the series of revelations of the righteousness of God. This, however, is Paul's answer to the question, "What is the character of God—what is God like?" Paul's, did we say? It is the answer of every line of the Scriptures, and of every passage in the immense and yet incomplete Bible of human life.

But what is "the righteousness of God?" Never may we allow ourselves to think of it as a passive, inactive quality—a magnificent and splendid attribute, to be gazed upon and adored—simply a garment, woven and finished, without a broken or even a puckered thread, and standing separate from the weaver. God's righteousness is, in fact, God's love of right, *at work* for sinners, and in sinners, and on behalf of sinners, with a view to making an end of sin, and bringing in an everlasting righteousness. There is no dead, inoperative righteousness revealed in the Scriptures. Never is it a mere robe, which may be put off or on like a coat. It is a leaf, a bud, a fruit, which springs from the living, burning love of right in the heart of God. Never is it manifested in the abstract as a dry and sapless proposition: but you always see it in movement, an energetic, all-conquering love of absolute right, coming forth in its strength to make covenants with men, searching out the pure-hearted to show them friendly aid, entering into an

alliance, offensive and defensive, with men, and never resting, no, not even when the death of the cross is in the way of perfect obedience, till sin is overthrown, and sinful men have become animated and pervaded with the righteousness of God through Christ Jesus.

Faraday delighted to show that water possesses positive antagonism to all impurities, and that, by a series of processes, it gets rid of them. For example, if you freeze impure water, coloured, soiled, or charged with acrid or bitter salts, acids, or alkalis : in its frozen state it forms a block of clear ice, free from all pollution, agreeable to the taste, and brilliant as rock crystal. So God's love of right is a positive antagonism to wrong in men ; and by a series of processes, of which three of the most impressive are the law, the prophets, and the work of Christ, He shows the perpetual effort that He is making to cast out that wrong, so that, at last, redeemed and purified men may be without spot or blemish or any such thing. "For the eyes of the Lord *run* to and fro" —so eager and incessant is His activity—"throughout the whole earth," missing no spot, passing by no garret because it is small, no cellar because it is deep and dark, no forest because it is lonely, no city because it is crowded ; but "throughout the whole earth" His eyes *run*, "to show Himself strong on the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards Him."

No passive spectator is our God. He never holds Himself aloft and aloof from men in their struggle for purity. His presence glows on every page of the Bible, and His activities crowd its records with all the thrilling power of a sublime drama. It is His *dealings* with men we read about ; His dealings more than His teachings. His words are simply parts of His acts. We have a brilliant succession of concrete dealings with men about facts and events close to hand ; and those facts and events become the vehicle of His teachings for the ages. He appears in close contact with men ; making Himself known to them ; leading them to warfare ; talking with them in their tents, on mountain tops, in deserts ; speaking now in soothing psalm, now in cheering prophecy, and now in the painful death of the cross : but always disclosing Him personally, and how intensely He loves the right, and with what energy and determination He works for its final triumph.

And this, too, is the meaning of Christ's mission, the essence of His work. He was, even His enemies confessed, a righteous man : they could not convict Him of sin. His character is still the one unique marvel of human history. Righteousness, the love of right, at work for sinful men, never took on such strong, positive, and irrepressible forms as in His brief career. Sinners that loved and hugged their sins were cowed in His presence, and slunk away, unable to bear the fierce glare of His wrathful purity : whereas guilty souls that had forgotten to hope looked into His face, and turned their feet at once into the ways of righteousness and peace. What He taught in deed He enforced by speech. His longest recorded sermon is on the righteousness of God, which is to be sought for as the chief prize of life, the one supreme good here and hereafter. And then on Calvary He sealed both word and work by the sacrifice of Himself for our sins, so that we might be *made* the righteousness of God in Him. He dies in His war with sin, for sinners—He the just for us the unjust ; and so

He comes into men's hearts with a warrant of pardon, complete and lasting, a full remission of guilt, and an inspiration to the love of what is right towards God and towards men that has been new life to thousands, and is to this hour the only fountain of a true and strong morality.

Regarding the sacrifice of Christ simply as an expression of the emotion which stirred so deeply the heart of God, we say, with Paul, "God commendeth His *love* towards us, in that while we were sinners Christ died for us." Love of men is the source and spring of the sacrifice. But viewing it as an expression of the active effort of God to save men, we say, with the same Paul, "Herein is the righteousness of God manifested, apart from the law." Calvary repeats and reinforces Sinai. God is indeed our Father, our loving Father, making for righteousness—working to it as His one grand and comprehensive end in His government of men.

This, then, is the message we hear from our Bible—from Old and New Testament alike,—God is light—active, radiant, all-penetrating, life-giving light, and in Him is no darkness at all. God is love—love of men, and love of right; love of men, though they have forsaken the right, and therefore He hath sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the highest Christian life. It is an intense, passionate, soul-filling love of right, *at work*, always at work; speaking and bearing itself in loving, helpful deed towards sinners; pitying them; taking trouble for them; entering into covenants with them; fighting their battles, and inspiring them to fight; suffering much, even to death, for them, if need be; and always so loving and acting as to secure the extinction of wrong in men and in society, and the survival and coronation of goodness and right. This is the divine life. This is the perfected and perfecting state. This is the imitation of God. This is the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. JOHN CLIFFORD.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

2 Samuel xxi.

ON the brow of a hill,
With a resolute will,
There she watched by them still,
Reclined on a stone,
That mother dejected,
So sadly neglected,
And all unprotected,
Was watching alone.

Through the heat of the day
She was chasing away
All the wild birds of prey
From the bones of her boys.
And all through the cold night,
Till the breaking of light,
Prowling beast to affright,
Resounded her voice.

Her devotion was told—
Her devotion so bold,
That no terrors could hold
From her lonely toil.
To the king 'twas recited
How Rizpah affrighted
The birds that alighted
To seize on their spoil.

Then the king gave command,
To their own native land,
By the tenderest hand,
They should all be removed.
By the royal behest,
In the grave they should rest,
In the land he possessed—
Those bodies beloved.

So she watched not in vain,
Though she watched them in pain
Till the time of the rain—
Till the summer was past.
They should all be interred,
After hope long deferred:
Glad the message she heard
To cheer her at last.

Thus they all should repose,
After numerous woes
From their numerous foes,
In the land of their birth.
Her love was rewarded,
Her zeal was applauded,
Her bravery lauded,
Aloud in the earth.

E. K. EVERETT.

HISTORICAL CAMEOS.

No. III.—*Dreamer, Witness, and Worker.*

THE prisoner is a tall, burly man, broad set, with ruddy complexion, sparkling eyes, and reddish brown hair. He has been apprehended on a warrant from Justice Wingate, and has just been subject to re-examination by another Justice Shallow of the period,—one Mr. Foster, of Bedford. The indictment runs against “John Bunyan, of Bedford, labourer,” and he is charged with being an upholder of unlawful conventicles, and refusing to conform to the national worship of the Church of England. He might easily have escaped apprehension, for he had ample notice of the issue of the warrant. But as a servant of the Lord, he felt bound at all hazards to witness for the truth. Refusing to give any pledge for the future, the mittimus is made out, and the culprit committed to prison.

What his fate may be when he comes up for trial, may easily be guessed from the way in which the law was administered in high places. Of this we have an admirable example, in the treatment Richard Baxter received at the hands of the infamous Jeffreys, at Westminster Hall. “Yonder stands Oates in the pillory,” shouted the Judge, “and if Baxter did but stand on the other side, I would say that two of the greatest rogues and scoundrels in the kingdom stood there!” And then snorting, snuffing through his nose, and squeaking, he ridiculed the prayers of the Puritans. He mimicked their manner and burlesqued their tone. With uplifted eyes and clenched hands, he snorted, “O Lord we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people!” “Why, my lord,” urged the counsel slyly, “some will think it’s very hard measure to stop these men’s mouths, and then not let them speak through their noses!”

Bunyan has left us a tract containing a racy account of his trial. It is put in a strongly dramatic form, and the dialogue is characterized by all his mother-wit and caustic humour. The bench declared that he was possessed with the spirit of delusion, and of the Devil. Justice Keelin said that he ought not to preach, and asked where he had his authority. Bunyan quoted, “As every man hath received the gift, so let him minister the same one to another.” Keelin interrupted him. “Let me open that scripture to you a little,” said he. “As every man hath received the gift—that is, as every man hath received a trade, so let him follow it. If any man hath received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast, let him follow his tinkering. Thy gift is in mending pots and kettles—follow it then, and let the divine follow his calling.”

Judgment was pronounced without the production of a single witness. It was as follows—“You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months end, if you do not submit to go to church and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm: and if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly.” “But upon this matter,” says Bunyan, “I told him I was at a point with him; for if I was out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again tomorrow by the help of God. Whereupon he bid my jailor have me away, and so I was had home to prison.”

That prison was by no means inviting. No John Howard had as yet

gone on an errand of mercy through the dungeons. The various Nonconformist memorials show plainly enough how that, for conscience' sake, men were confined in damp, dark, and loathsome dens, into which, to-day, we would not thrust a dog. And such an one, doubtless, was the gaol at Bedford. Its character is grimly hinted at by Bunyan, when he says, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream." His imprisonment was but an illustration of the fact—

"High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control,
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes."

It has been well said that the devil made a great mistake when he imprisoned John Bunyan. If the preacher was silenced, the dreamer became strangely eloquent. His powerful imagination, which had been so wrought upon, in the old time made familiar to us in his "Grace Abounding," was to be yet more powerfully stirred. If, under conviction, his imagination had filled him with anguish and despair, under grace it was to reveal to him the sunlit slopes of the Delectable Mountains, and fill his soul with glimpses of the glory beyond. He had been tortured by doubt and consumed with fear. He had passed through a darkness that could be felt, and had been appalled by the lurid flashes of judgment. To him, the enemy of mankind and his agents were very real. They swarmed around him, and hissed their vile temptations in his ear. He had wrestled with them, had struck at them in fierce and impotent anger. O the agony of those days, the darkness of the shadow of death! "Sell Him!" urged the fiends. "Sell Him! *Sell Him!* SELL HIM!" "Never! Never! Not for thousands of worlds; not for thousands!" he cried aloud. But at length, worn out with the persistency of the attack, the words, "Let Him go if He will!" passed through his mind; and then the pall of blackness fell upon his soul. He envied the crow as it flew overhead; he envied the dog as it ran along the highway. Stones underfoot and tiles on the houses were inanimate, and therefore better off than he—the doomed one. "None," says Bunyan, "know the terror of those days but myself."

But long since the clouds had rolled away. The light of Calvary had beamed upon his soul. The Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings. The shadows had dispersed. Doubts and fears had given place to joyous confidence. Henceforth all his deep experiences, all his terrible conflicts, were to contribute to the intense realism of his great life-work. His previous history was to run in the same deepening channel. His own recollections of military life, with the godly troopers of Cromwell and Fairfax, should furnish illustrations. The experience of "Holy Mr. Gifford," who in his earlier days had been a ranting, roaring, royalist major, must add to his stock of martial lore. And the Baptist pastor of Bedford, in his later years a valiant soldier of the Lord, should sit as his model for Greatheart, the pilgrim's guide. Persecution had shut him up—it should furnish leisure for

study, and time for thought. Prison life, it is true, had curtailed his library; but he who possesses the Bible and the Book of Martyrs, is passing rich in material for work. The very narrowness of his studies should add to their depth and intensity.

But let it not be imagined that our prisoner enjoyed a life of leisure. His family must be supported. His first wife was dead; she from whom he received his first impulses towards religion, and who brought him a marriage portion of pious books. But her place was supplied by one who was a true help-meet—a most heroic, leal-hearted woman. She cared for his children with motherly tenderness, and pleaded for him before the courts with wifely constancy. He says, “The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me, in this place, as the peeling the flesh from the bone; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I had often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them—especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. O the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind child might go under, would break my heart in pieces! Poor child, thought I, what sorrows art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, must suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind to blow upon thee.”

For the support of these dear ones, then, Bunyan wrought laboriously. No easy student life was his. The exercise of the gift of tinkering being impossible, he learned to make tagged thread laces. These were sold to the hawkers who travelled the neighbouring country; and a precarious living was thus secured for his family.

But while his hands were engaged, he ministered to the spiritual wants of his fellow-prisoners. To these he preached as opportunity offered. The prison was crowded with captives for conscience' sake, and from their ranks a little church was formed, to which he ministered with rare unction and power.

During a portion of the weary twelve years of his incarceration, some liberty beyond the precincts of “the den” was accorded to him by the kindness of the jailor. But this becoming known, his imprisonment was made more rigorous. It is said that, having on one occasion been permitted to visit some friends, Bunyan was seized with an unaccountable presentiment that he ought immediately to return to the gaol. He became restless, and could not sleep. At last he told his wife that he must return at once. He did so, and aroused the anger of the jailor for disturbing his rest. But scarcely was he quietly settled in his bed, before an officer, sent down by the prelatial party to make inquisition into the matter, knocked at the prison gates. “Are all the prisoners safe?” enquired he. “Yes,” was the rejoinder. “Produce John Bunyan, then; I would see him.” The officer was satisfied, and departed; whereupon the jailor informed his prisoner that he could go in and out when he chose, for he knew, better than he could tell him, when to return.

His time in prison was incessantly occupied. Preaching and praying, reading and writing, thinking and working, the twelve years at length wore away. Elected pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford, he came forth to yet more exhausting labours. A ready and forcible speaker,

powerful at once in his rude eloquence and his intense sympathy for the sorrows of men, he drew crowds wherever he went. In the den he had dreamed his dream. Now in the world he was manfully acting his life. He became in labours more abundant. Not without peril, however, for tradition affirms, that after his release, he had sometimes to meet his congregation disguised as a waggoner, with a cart whip on his shoulder. He made an annual journey to London. There he was listened to with unmingled pleasure by men so distinguished as the great John Owen. One day at court the king twitted Owen for going to hear an illiterate tinker prate. "Please your majesty," said the scholar, "if I could possess the tinker's ability for preaching, I would gladly surrender all my learning." And the common people bore testimony to his power. Upon one occasion they crowded around him as he descended from the pulpit. They gave him unstinted praise for preaching "so glorious a sermon." "Yes, my friends," said Bunyan drily, "the devil told me as much, before I left the pulpit!"

A thorough Baptist, Bunyan was yet large-hearted and charitable. None could determine from his *Pilgrim's Progress* to what sect he belonged. There is no trace of Baptism in it. It has been wittily remarked, indeed, that "if he had dipped his pilgrim, he would have stopped his progress." Be that as it may, he was a staunch upholder of Christian union, and declared that he would resist certain practices, which in his opinion tended to the division of Christians, "until the moss grew on his eyebrows!"

Of his great work, we need not here speak. It takes its place in the boy's estimation, along with *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*. It is treasured by the Christian the wide world over. To the scholar it is a well of English undefiled. It has softened the rugged criticism of Samuel Johnson; it has drawn forth the enthusiastic praise of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Editions, sumptuously bound and illustrated, are found on the tables of the rich. Copies, thumbed and dog-eared, are found on the shelves of the poor. Next to the Bible, it is the universal book.

Witness, dreamer, and worker, all his parts were played well. An indefatigable preacher, he was also a voluminous author. He was engaged in preparing a collected edition of his writings for the press, when stricken by his last illness. He fell gloriously. Always an active philanthropist, he had, when weakened in body, undertaken a long journey in rainy weather, in order to reconcile an erring son to his father. Successful in his mission, he returned to London shaking in the gripe of an aguish fever. At the house of a friend, on Snow Hill, he breathed his last on the 31st of August, 1688, in the sixtieth year of his age, and the thirty-second of his ministry. Full of joyous confidence, his last words were of hope and comfort to others. His pilgrimage was accomplished. For him, surely, as he crossed the river, the bells of the Celestial City would ring for joy. Its gates would be flung wide open. Midst dazzling splendours, escorted by crowned harpers, white-robed and glad, he would have abundant entrance into the place of his glorious imaginings—the city of joy and song!

For "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; *they rest from their labours,*
AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM!"

W. H. ALLEN.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY THE LATE REV. J. T. JONES, OF CHELTENHAM.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is to some the misery of life. In vain they try to conquer and to crush it. Self *will* assert itself, will seek its own gratification, will feel its own importance, will creep into all our actions, will underlie and influence all our aims. Man's self thus becomes man's misery. It may be useful to inquire into those things which contribute to self-consciousness, and those reasons which urge us to aim at self-loss. One cause of self-consciousness in many may be traced to their *physical organism*. There are bodies so constructed that self-forgetfulness would be almost a miracle. So delicate is their nervous texture, that every influence surrounding them acts upon them, and creates sensations. An unfortunate being possessing such a body becomes what is termed a nervous man, which means, more correctly speaking, a *nerveless* man. A man all sensibility will find self-forgetfulness to be almost a hopeless attainment. A nervous man and a self-conscious man are almost identical expressions.

Another cause for self-consciousness may be found in the *possession of an introspective order of mind*. There are minds natively centripetal. Mentally and physically, self becomes the centre of existence. In the little world within, every thought is revolved. The passing word, the casual event, the sorrowful scene, strike home. The mind is *so* introspective that, when it has no food presented to it to "inwardly digest," it feeds upon and eats away itself. It would be as great a marvel for an introspective mind to become objective, as for a centripetal force to become centrifugal. One feels all the while that mental analysis is a torture, and yet one cannot help stretching one's wretched self on the dissecting board for the incisive knife to do duty on.

Another cause may be found in *unchecked and untrained early developments*. All human beings *aim to be*. To fill a place in human opinion as well as in human society. Self-consciousness will begin to be felt and to show itself in the home. Happy is that parent who trains his child to forget himself by living for others. In most cases the early developments of self-consciousness are allowed to grow, whilst vain and foolish parents, wishing to make their children prodigies, nurse the selfishness they ought to rebuke. And so it happens generally that a self-conscious boyhood is followed by a self-assertive youth and a selfish manhood and old age. We *may* undo, perhaps, the defects of early life. It will be a painful struggle to do so, and seldom is it done by a self-imposed discipline. Sharp, severe, smiting, must be the discipline that crucifies self.

The *mode of life* is either a friend or an enemy to self-consciousness. Some occupations take a man out of himself by not affording leisure for introspection. Some occupations afford the leisure without fostering the inclination for self-inspection. But some of the occupations of life can hardly be filled without involving daily processes of self-examination, and thus foster self-consciousness. The student and the preacher, for instance, as a rule, must have many interviews with self, and much intercourse; and when the intercourse becomes a habit, there is a danger of becoming on very good terms with self.

A *morbid temperament* promotes self-consciousness. A diseased way of looking at things, and receiving communications. There are some who regard every remark as directed against them; put bad constructions on well meant efforts for their happiness; if you praised them, would suspect you flattered them, or that you were ironical and insincere; if you censured them, would think you made no allowance for their infirmities; if you cheered them, would think you unacquainted with their sorrows, and inexperienced, or you would not think them so easily relieved. And hence we learn to be weary of a morbid mind, and *leave it to itself*. Alas! how much it *is* left to itself.

Sometimes a *sorrowful life-history* has much to do with self-consciousness. A blow on the body attracts attention to the smitten part. Pain creates consciousness, or rather quickens it. And some lives are a succession of painful circumstances and heavy strokes. Some seem a target for the poisoned arrows of misfortune; and the majority of human beings have *enough* sorrow to make them think of self. Sorrow acts on an introspective mind as a moth acts on a garment—pierces it, gains a lodgement, then eats it away. Sorrow promotes solitariness, and it is well if solitariness does not build around the human spirit a dark prison of self-consciousness. *How* dark, only those know who have felt the chill and straitness and misery of its imprisonment.

Cherished grief deepens self-consciousness. Grief is intended to be felt when God sends that which causes it. To feel grief is natural and wholesome. Stoicism is as remote from the spirit of religion as it is unnatural. Grief, however, must have its limits. Expressed: it will do the soul good. The outlet of smothering emotions removes obstructions to the healthy exercise of vital functions. But grief nursed inexpressed, unrelieved, will eat like a cancer into the soul's health, and will make its possessor, by the indulgence of grief, become an object of self-pity. Once let grief be nursed into self-pity, and the whole aspect of the economy of Providence will be altered towards us. We shall deem ourselves harshly and unkindly dealt with, and it will only be the action of a natural mental law if that feeling of self-justification passes into stolid indifference, or wild, reckless, extravagant complaints.

The society we choose, or into which we are thrown, either corrects or cultivates self-consciousness. We shall be most likely to choose that society with which we have most affinity. Wiser should we be, if we chose the opposites to our habitudes and organism, that our humanity might obtain an equilibrium or balance of power by antagonism. But wisdom is the result of experience, a quality we are not inclined to borrow, although we do not possess it. So, commonly our uneducated instincts guide us in the choice of friends, and thus our self-chosen society increases our self-consciousness. And if our occupation, or accident, throw us into society which is uncongenial to our taste, we fail to be benefited by friction with our opposites, because we endure it, feel uneasy and restless in it, and gladly return to our self-chosen society. The society whose atmosphere we daily breathe will as much affect our moral and mental traits for good and evil as the air will the lungs

of him who inhales it. We should always embrace the opportunity of throwing ourselves into that society which will *educate* not *pamper* our peculiarities. A man self-conscious should *aim* to live in that society which, whilst by its superiority it reduces self-importance, attracts and invites emulation by contagious moral force.

Unsuccessful aims often intensify self-consciousness. When men float along the stream of success there is little time and less inclination to examine the vessel in which they sail. Self-elation, perhaps, may be a delirious form of self-consciousness, but, generally speaking, men of success are more elated with the success of their plan than with their share of the toil in unfolding it. But when men fail, they are thrown back by reflection and inquiry upon themselves, to find out the cause of failure. And, unfortunately, the men who do fail are generally self-conscious—perhaps fail because they are so,—and if so, self-examination ends in a morbid feeling of being a child of misfortune or ill-luck. Nothing paralyzes exertion like self-consciousness fed and nourished by the feeling that *wisely* and *cleverly* laid plans have failed. A being so benumbed is unimpressible by any stirring monitions or strong appeals. There is no inclination to try again.

Many other reasons might be assigned for the growth of self-consciousness. We have pointed out those most common, and which ought to be avoided. It may be wise, however, just to point out the *folly* of self-consciousness, for we are sometimes more influenced by the ridiculous than the rational aspect of a question.

If we cultivate self-consciousness we shall unavoidably become either self-assertive, or self-important, or self-elated, or self-despairing: either of these, and perhaps all of these. And it may be well ever to remember that however big we may feel we shall always find some to *dispute our size*, some to *depreciate* it, some to *deny* it, some to *exceed* it; and this will expose us to disappointment, envy, mortification, and distress. It is wise to *aim* to feel little in one's own sight. So little that we do not feel big enough to draw vexing, invidious, and self-complacent comparisons with others. (And such a state of self-loss is quite compatible with a broad, muscular, healthy, and vigorous manhood.) If so little, we shall not be big enough to be a target for the arrows of calumny, envy, and detraction. However well aimed, and however charged with venom, they will not strike us; but if we are self-conscious and self-important, the arrows will find a home in our diseased sensibilities, will pain and poison: and thus the greater part of our lives will be spent in brooding over and vainly trying to cure those wounds which *could not have been inflicted* had we not made ourselves a mark for the calumnious, envious, evil archers of life.

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. MOODY.—At the noon-day prayer-meeting in the Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, Professor Simpson, who had been in London and taken part in the services, related the following incident:—At one of the meetings Mr. Gladstone was present, and as he left he congratulated Mr. Moody on his broad, deep chest, from which he could speak audibly to such multitudes. "Aye," said Mr. Moody, "I wish I'd your head a-top of it."

WELSH PREACHING.

No. II.—*A Morsel or Two—Anglicized.*

MANY are the hills which are crowned with snow when spring sunshine smiles in the valley—few, and only a few, retain the glistening wreath of whiteness throughout the year. So many seem to wear the garlands of greatness for a time; but soon they disappear, leaving the *few* again to be joined at another season by more, who, in their turn, lose their dazzling whiteness; and again and yet again summer finds the same *few* in their solitary glory. Thus, Milton and Shakespeare among English poets; so also, Christmas Evans, Williams o'r Wern, and Elias, among Welsh preachers. The former is the great name among Baptists, the second the hero of the Independents, and the last named the pride of the Presbyterians—all three being the boast of Wales. These names, if we may so put it, mark the “boiling point” in the thermometer of pulpit fervour in each of the three denominations.

J. Elias was a man of great eloquence—a rhetorical preacher, though self-taught. While he resided in Anglesea, in 1801, he was informed that several of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood had learned an interlude, which was to be performed on an open-air platform on Easter Monday. He therefore preached on the previous Sunday against the practice which was interwoven with so much immorality. The congregation were filled with fear. Those who had rehearsed the interlude went home to burn their books: there were never after any more interludes in that parish. At Rhuddlan he once preached in a fair that was held on Sunday, just before harvest. Sickles, rakes, etc., were sold, and reapers were engaged. Standing on the steps of an inn, he preached from Exodus xxxiv. 21. His “winged words” went right into the hearts of the people, who soon began to feel guilty. Sickles and scythes were hidden under the clothing, held behind the back, or put out of sight. The Sabbath fair received a fatal blow, and many were brought to a knowledge of the Redeemer. If the preaching of the simple gospel has such power, we need only to encourage ourselves, before the Spirit of God in order to brave successfully the present deluge of superstition and sensationalism. The pioneers of our own connexion are also proofs of the power of one man imbued with the Divine energy or inworking. Elias, being great as a preacher, would exert much influence in the formation of the national “style” among preachers. Dr. Prichard, who had heard him frequently, describes him as resorting to art in producing rhetorical effect. For instance, when, after a series of climaxes, he came to the close of his sermon, he would sometimes, in making the application, stop short—looking steadfastly upon the congregation. After a pause, he would say that he wished to convey to them an important truth, but was afraid they were not ready to receive it. “Are you ready? I wish to speak; but will you receive the message?” Then, after another pause, he would with great solemnity apply the discourse to the hearts of anxious listeners.

John Jones, of Talysarn, was a preacher of considerable eminence among the Presbyterians, and perhaps a good specimen of style.*

* *Vide Gwyddionadur, Vol. VI.*

Preaching from the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," he refers to the mechanism and physiology of the human body, and argues, "What must the tenant be, if the house is so excellent?" Then, rising into greater earnestness, from sentence to sentence, he inquires, "Why do I linger with these minor proofs of the soul's greatness? If you would clearly see the magnitude of its worth, go to Calvary; there behold the value of the ransom. Examine, if you can, the worth of the infinite atonement given for the soul's redemption. Can you measure the agony of Gethsemane? Can you fathom the mystery of Calvary? Then can you gauge the worth of the soul." Thus with increasing earnestness he thrills the congregation; when suddenly bursting into a prayer, he ejaculates, "O Lord, show these people the value of their souls!" Amen, amen, is the response from a thousand lips. There is a short pause. Hearts beat with a heavy thud. The words are again repeated, "The loss of the soul is a great loss." Several pointed and terse utterances follow one another, each ending with the saying, "The loss of the soul is a great loss." The preacher proceeds to say, "It is great because it is occasioned by carelessness. This gives poignancy to the recollection of any evil that has befallen us through negligence. There you find a home where the only child has been burned to death owing to the negligence of its parents. The cries of the child attract the parents. The father takes the tender thing in his arms; his rosy cheeks are blistered, his clothes blackened, and part of his body charred. The mother comes with agonizing shrieks to look into his face and see a lifeless body! Ah! how that mother upbraids herself. See how she tears her hair in soul agony; for she knows too bitterly, and alas! too well, that this was all caused through her negligence. Look at that parent twenty years afterwards. She weeps when allusion is made to their darling child; but what is it that stifles her words, that seems to make her heart stop? It is this, she knows the child was lost through carelessness. How this intensifies the evil! Ah! my dear people, if you experience this sad loss of the soul, you will see that it is all through carelessness. The memory of your fatal negligence will linger in your woe—carelessness did it all. Oh! oh! my dear people, what must it be to lose the soul through negligence!" After thus dwelling upon the loss of the soul until all hearers are filled with anxiety, the preacher, calmly surveying the congregation, is evidently moved by a revulsion of thought. His intense feeling seems to be mollified by a light that kindles in his countenance. In an altered tone he joyfully exclaims, "There is a way to save the soul!" Again he calls out in louder tones, with beaming countenance, "Yes, there is a way to save the soul: it need not be a loss!" The congregation of some seven thousand people, assembled in the open-air, burst out from their previous stillness, which was only broken by a few "Amens," into a shout of "Thanks be to God," "Glory;" and in a few minutes the sermon is over.

The concluding extract must be illustrative of Christmas Evans, whom a popular English minister recently said could, if he wished, preach standing on his head, so natural was it to him. True in such cases is the remark of Emerson, that what a man can do best he does easiest. The text which our extract refers to is "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places," etc.—Luke xi. 24. The remarks of Christmas Evans have been preserved by Brutus, a Welsh writer, and my translation is not a very good "medium," I fear. Christmas Evans, in referring to the unclean spirit proceeding through the dry places of the earth, remarks:—

I see the unclean spirit, like a winged dragon with contorted tail, rising in circular flight higher and higher into the air, peering into the distance for some place whereupon he may rest. After casting his fiery glances around, he sees in one direction a youth in the first bloom of manhood, and in the fulness of his strength; he is seated on the shafts of the cart which he drives to fetch lime. "There he is," shrieks the hellish dragon "his veins are filled with blood, and his bones with marrow. I shall throw sparks from the great fire-heap into his bosom. I will set all his passions on fire. I will lead him from bad to worse,

until he will perform all kinds of sin with a single lust. I will make him a murderer, and I will immerse his soul for ever under the seething and fiery waves of the great whirlpool." Immediately I see the dragon descending in all the fury of his nature; but when near the young man, this dragon hears him sing—

"When Christ was nailed upon the tree,
Bright noon was turned to gloomy night;
But when the fettered slave was free,
The midnight gloom shone forth in light."

"Too dry; this place is too dry for me," says the evil one; and away he goes.

Again I see him hovering in the air, a second time spying for a place of rest. On a fertile meadow, near a stream of crystal water, he sees a maiden of eighteen years, in the midst of the cattle, picking up here and there a pretty flower. "Hark ye!" says Appollyon, full of destruction and carnage, "I will poison her mind. I will take her far astray from the paths of the Almighty, my enemy. She shall be ruined; and at last I will hurl her over the precipice, so that she shall be for ever drowned in the angry, boiling surges of eternity." He hastens to descend; and when he comes near the girl, she is singing, with a voice that would melt the rocks, and a heavenly smile lights up her face,—

"A daybreak comes, a morrow fair,
For those whom no evil thoughts impair;
A glorious outlook will be there,
When, leaving earth, heaven's life we share,
Welcomed to God's right hand."

"Too dry; these are dry places," says the dragon; and away he goes.

Thence he ascends, like a huge balloon, with renewed rage, breathing out smoke and fire from his nostrils, and threatening ruin and condemnation to all creation. "I must have a place to rest and take up my abode in. I will not be roaming in these dry places of the earth, in spite of decrees, of covenants, and of grace." There in the distance he perceives an old woman sitting at her spinning-wheel near the cottage door. "Ah!" says the monster, "I see her; she is ripe for the grave. I will give her some slight experience of the furnace heat of the infernal hearths. I shall scourge her in the horrible furnace." He now descends to the cottage gable, and hears the old woman with tremulous voice repeat, "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be moved; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed." "Too dry; too dry. I have gone through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. I will return unto my house, whence I came out."

The close observer of the pulpit style of the principality will perceive that in literary beauty, breadth of thought, and erudition, there can be no comparison with the style of the English pulpit. In allegory and verbal description the better qualities of what we have been describing may be found. The typical English sermon seems to be lacking in these, though the success of John Bunyan and the power of Mr. Moody in verbal description go far to show that this style would not be futile in England. The preaching may be rough, yet the uncouth claws are not useless; there is a firmer grip of the hearers.

Welsh preaching is not without didactic and doctrinal discourse. The Methodists of Wales seem to be more appreciative of doctrinal sermons than those of England. The preacher is, perhaps, more than elsewhere "a man of one book;" and great is the power of that book as wielded in pulpit warfare against evil. R. FOULKES GRIFFITHS.

IDLE MINISTERS.—I am an old man, my dear boy, and you are just entering the ministry: let me now and here tell you one thing, and I commend it to your attention and memory. All the ministers whom I have ever known, who have fallen into disgrace or into uselessness, have been *idle* men. I never am much afraid of a young minister when I ascertain that he *can and does fairly sit down to his book.*—*Memoir of Christmas Evans.*

ROUGHING IT.

It is several years since I chose a very Irish way of going to Scotland. I embarked at Fleetwood for Belfast, about seven o'clock one Monday evening in September. At Fleetwood I had met with a gentleman who was going to Ireland for a little shooting. He was surprised to find that the cabin fare was three times as much as the steerage, and though quite ready to pay double the steerage fare, he considered any more than that exorbitant, and declared he would not pay it. "Let us both go steerage," said he, "we shall not care to go to bed for so short a voyage, and we can leave luxuries to be enjoyed when we get home." Now it was an often-asserted conviction of mine that the youth of Britain were too self-indulgent—that they were becoming soft and effeminate to a degree which augured ill for the country, and threatened to realize Macaulay's dream of a New Zealander sketching from London Bridge the ruins of our great metropolis. It is not surprising, therefore, that I soon acceded to the request; especially when Economy raised her voice on the side of what little hardship I fancied I saw before us. So we decided to "rough it"—and so, it seems, did the weather. I had been at sea in rough weather before; but nothing like the horrors of that night had I ever experienced.

Allow me to say parenthetically, that I love the sea passionately, notwithstanding its frequent ill-treatment of me. They say a spaniel loves its master, and some wives love their husbands, all the more for a good hiding. In like manner although—for I hardly dare say because—the sea often ill-treats me, I love it still, and my love for it increases. Until I fall ill its wildness and majesty act on me like a spell; the roar of its waves is the grandest of all music; and whether lashed into fury by the storm, or lying calmly at rest, I can seldom think of it as other than a living and sentient creature.

After leaving dreary Fleetwood, I stand on the paddle-box of the steamer enjoying the stiff breeze which has sprung up and is treating us with more and more familiarity the further we sail into its own dominions, the open sea. One by one the lights vanish from the shore, and the wind is growing wilder, and the swell of the sea heavier every minute. I am occupied in watching the rather wierd scene around me. The dense black smoke from the funnel, driven by the wind to an immense distance, with the sparks that have escaped along with it, presents the appearance of a long black banner spangled with stars. But the stars fall and are quenched in the sea before they reach very far, leaving the end of the banner to stream on in unrelieved blackness until it is lost in the general darkness of night. I begin to moralize, as a preacher just escaped from his duties is sure to do, seeing in that banner a picture of some men's lives, irradiated for awhile in youth by bright stars of promise, which after a time disappear, leaving only gloom and filthiness spreading themselves into the dark night of despair.

I am suddenly startled out of my reverie by a stout voice piercing the wind and calling, "Hoy! young man, you must come down from there, it is not safe now." The voice proceeded from six foot of tarpaulin which was moving, wet and shiny, across the gangway, and in reply to my question, "What sort of a night are we likely to have?" answered laconically, "*Breezy!*"

The word was prophetic. It is no sooner uttered than a "wh—iz" from the sea comes with a huge wave which sweeps the decks of everything that is not made fast, and after two or three such powerful shower-baths my strong dislike to going below gives way. The stars have now hidden themselves behind a curtain of inky blackness, to which the white lathery foam round the vessel forms a most striking contrast. For a moment I am lost in admiration of the sublimity of the scene, but "s—s—swash—sh—sh" comes the sea again, and striking the deck with tremendous force seems to say, "I will either drown you or kill you with my stroke." As soon as I find out that I am yet on hard boards and not in the Atlantic, I conceive a strange dislike to hydropathic treatment, and stumble below to the lower deck, hoping to find at least some approach to homœopathy as far as the quantity of water is concerned.

I there become an actor in scenes some of which, out of respect for your feelings, reader, I shall forbear to describe. I join heartily with Gouzala and cry (but of course only to myself), "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze, anything." "O that

it were morning!" I look at my watch hoping to find some comfort from it, but am almost in despair to find it is only nine o'clock! To think of having to endure this awful misery, inside and out, for nine or ten hours longer! Some one will say here, perhaps, "Why did you not now go and seek a berth in the aft part of the vessel?" I don't remember that such a thought entered my head; but if it had I should most likely have banished it at once. I had decided to "rough it," and it would be cowardly to give in.

Behold me then, reader, propping up with my shoulder a part of the vessel amidships, just under shelter from the drenching waves but not out of reach of their flow; wet, ill, and waiting for some one benevolently inclined to come and pitch me overboard, or otherwise dispose of me. While in this helpless condition I become conscious that some human voice is addressing me. It sounds like something coming from days long, long ago, and I am a considerable time before I realize what it means. At length I unmistakably hear something said in a rough voice but kindly tone about "bed!" O, what a heaven of happiness is in that word! Ready for any change, much more for such a one as that word suggested, I fall into the arms of a moving mass of tarpaulin and am half led, half carried, through certain nether regions, whither I neither know nor care. At length we come to a door, which, at a touch from my mysterious guardian, opens upon a sight so conical to me that, ill as I am, I cannot forbear a ghastly attempt to smile. There is a triangular apartment about twenty feet long, and about six feet high, with a lamp burning in the centre, suspended from the ceiling. The width at this end, where the door is, seems about a yard, and the room narrows as you proceed to the other end, where it comes to a point. There are shelves on either side one above another, on which are beds with sleepers in them, and the rough-looking heads, together with various articles of clothing which meet the eye, soon convince me that I am in the sailors' quarters. The place looks to me like an immense shoe; and I cannot help thinking of the old nursery rhyme, "There was an old woman who lived in her shoe," &c. With much motherly hushing I am conveyed to the extreme toe of this great shoe, and told to tumble into a recess near the floor—a command which I literally and unhesitatingly obey, with a groan, wet clothes, just as I am.

O! ye who lie on beds of down, and murmur at each cause of wakefulness, try to realize my position, and may your slumbers be made more delicious to you ever after by the contrast.

Think you that I sleep? O no. Dreadfully ill, I lie groaning the night through, while the waters outside are now roaring, now splashing, now moaning, and now loud knocking as if determined to come in, and making with every rise and fall of the vessel most melancholy music.

About midnight I am startled by a loud knock at the door, which opens and reveals an apparition in glossy black, which, disregarding the rule that forbids a ghost to speak first, bawls out something, to me unintelligible and unearthly, but on hearing which the occupants of the shelves tumble out and begin to dress. Do my eyes deceive me, or is there really a black man among them? Surely Shakespere must have passed such a night as this once, and hence his reflection, "Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows?" I begin to wonder what kind of bed clothes I am sleeping on; and certain horrible possibilities suggest an examination. But energy fails, and I conceive that possibly "ignorance is bliss, and it is folly to be wise."

O for a breath of air! Just a breath! The atmosphere was all but unendurable before, but now several of the men have lit their pipes, and are smoking while they dress. And, look there, that big fellow has reached down a basket and is actually going to eat. Ugh! Bless the man! but I wish I were away. O, I shall surely be stifled! How do men manage to live at all in such an atmosphere? But there, the door is opened and they are going out. Farewell my hearties, I shall now have a little more space to breathe in. O, what a delicious stream of air comes from that door! It is like a draught of life to a dying man.

All the men leave and go up on deck, and in a few minutes down comes another lot, who doff their shining wet garments, eat, smoke, and tumble into the beds which their comrades have left. The man who brought me here, it seems, is one of them. With rough, but motherly tenderness, he comes to

inquire after me, and with cruel kindness (for I don't want to be disturbed) insists on taking off my wet overcoat. By and bye they are all asleep and snoring with a noise which rivals the elements outside. I have heard of being "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," but my opinion is they rock that cradle too violently for the comfort and well being of some children.

As they sleep and snore, however, I cannot but reflect on the goodness of Providence which permits sleep under such circumstances. I think of the song which we used to sing at school—

"Peaceful, slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves in gentle motion
Soothe them with their lullaby."

Substituting the word "wildest" for "gentle" made the lines perfectly appropriate to the circumstances. There is truth in the saying, "The gods conferred a great favour on man when they gave him the power of getting used to things."

Some of my readers will know how to give the saying a Christian form, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a similar expression of the same truth. Just as the compass on the ship is by the frame (called gimbals) in which it is fixed kept steady amid all the heavings of the vessel, so in nature and in grace there is a counteraction of adverse influences and circumstances continually observable. The Christian rejoices in this as a proof of his heavenly Father's care. He knows that amid all the heavings of life's sea his soul can rest in God. He knows that, amid the wildest storms, God "giveth His beloved sleep;" and whatever the future may be he goes to meet it fearlessly because he has the assuring promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

But I believe I am preaching, and that is not what I intended to do. How habits cling to us! Well, to my story. Morning, happy morning, dawns at length, and we are sailing between the picturesque banks of Belfast Lough, where the wild sea is caught and tamed to do duty as a monster canal, and the beautiful slopes of the rightly-named Emerald Isle lie stretching, or, as it seems, floating many a mile, variegated with the rosy colours of sunrise. Putting a florin into the hand of my kind valet de chambre, I hasten on deck, and am very soon treading the soil of Old Ireland.

Although it is not yet six o'clock, I manage to find an hotel open, where I order breakfast, which I cannot eat. Weak, white, and feverish, I wander out to see the lions of the city. I turn into a news-room, not to read, but to rest my aching head. An official comes and asks if I am a subscriber. I reply that I am not; but I presumed they would have a box into which strangers could drop a coin in return for the use of the room. I am told that there is neither such a box, nor any other provision for strangers, and so I march.

Envyng, and almost imitating, the dogs and pigs which I see lying in the gutters, I make my way back to my hotel, where I "do" Belfast in a way which I recommend to tourists as both easy and novel, viz., *in bed*.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," does his work well. I rise refreshed at five o'clock in the evening, but still feel very shaky and as if I need to be very carefully handled. After a substantial meal as I deem it prudent to take, I spend an hour reading, gazing through the open window at the traffic in the street, and arranging certain thoughts which come to me into a skeleton for one of my best sermons to be preached on my return home.

Again the shades of evening fall, and summoning my flagging courage I march to the docks with the air of a man going to execution, but with the determination of a hero or a martyr. I am thinking aloud thus, "Would that there were a railway to Scotland! Or, if there were a road of any kind on terra firma, sure! its myself that would take it at whatever cost. Would that some office could grant me an insurance ticket against the weather! But, never mind! If I have been something of a paddy hitherto, sure now I'll take a turn. I've done with 'roughing it.' Hurrah! If I had but a shillalah wouldn't I flourish it? No more steerage for me unless fine weather can be insured. I will gladly pay three times the cheaper fare this time, and having earned the comfort I shall enjoy it all the more."

Accordingly, half an hour later sees me aboard the steamer bound for Greenock. It is not so bad a night as the previous one, but a stormy one for all

that. After walking the deck for an hour the rain drives us all below, where a substantial supper is soon spread. The lightning is flashing above, and lighting up one of the blackest nights that ever sailor was out in; but down below all is bright and warm and comfortable.

Certain peculiar sensations, not quite unknown to landlubbers when at sea, make me think it will be wise for me to retire early. I do so; and by and bye, all the beds being full, a number of fresh ones are made up on the cabin floor, and the place presents the appearance of an hospital. Mine is a snug nest, but sound sleep is out of the question. The novelty would have been almost sufficient to keep me awake; but in addition to this there are the incessant roar and splash of the sea, the swinging of the vessel, and the continuous "thump, thump, thump," of the engines. I cannot forget the "finny monsters of the deep," which, for aught I know, may be rubbing their slippery noses against the timbers but a few inches away from my head. I doze, and dream that we are on the back of some huge animal, probably an elephant, some thousands of times magnified, whose every tread shakes the floor of old ocean, and whose every step forward causes a tremendous swell and splash of the waters.

And so passes the night. But at length "Young Buttons" comes, long before many of the sleepers are ready for the news, to say that we are steaming into Greenock. To rise and dress does not take long, and I am soon ashore, and at the railway station, whence a ride of twenty-three miles brings me safe, and perhaps none the worse for my adventures, into the great heart of Scotland's commerce—the city of Glasgow.

My ups and downs gave rise to many reflections. Among the rest was this—that they who lie all day in the lap of luxury know not how much they have to be thankful for, or how much there is in the lot of others less favoured for them to sympathize with. My experience is that, for strong people, "roughing it" now and then is a good thing, if it be not overdone. At least, we learn more of nature when we command art to keep at a distance while we deliver ourselves up to her strong arms, or allow ourselves to be well shaken on her knees when her temper seems worst.

I now know how to lift a prayer for those upon the sea, when the wind howls around my home; and I think I can better appreciate that graphic description in the 107th Psalm, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Reader,—

"We sail the sea of life: a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

May death prove to you and me both a quiet haven and the entrance of the better land!

N. HERBERT SHAW.

DENOMINATIONAL LITERATURE AGAIN.—Can anybody tell why it is that some denominational leaders are in a state of chronic complaint concerning the circulation of their own special literature? The Rev. A. Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union, said at their recent meeting, "The magazines edited by their most able men were not read and sustained as they should be, and the *Congregationalist*, edited by Mr. Dale, would have to be stopped unless its circulation was doubled. It ought to make the deacons of Congregational churches blush to the crown of their heads." Similar complaints are heard in other quarters. Fortunately we have not so to speak about our own *Magazine*. And it is well known that some magazines and newspapers belonging to private owners, but claiming a quasi-denominational position, have no deficiency to mourn over. We believe, too, the Wesleyans have little ground for lamentation. Ought "deacons" to blush; or should the blushing appear somewhere else? Is it not a fact that, other things being equal, strictly denominational literature circulates in proportion to the "looseness" or coherence of the connexional bonds?

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. VI.—How “*Weekly Offerings*” Work.

BY A “LIVE” DEACON.

THE first thing to be done, in approaching the diaconal mind with any financial scheme, is to prove that it pays; the next, that it can be worked with a comparatively small expenditure of time and pains; and lastly, that it is likely to be acceptable to the people. I have done this, to some extent, by the reasonings and facts put together in my last paper on the subject of “*Weekly Offerings*.” Those facts are only samples of many more of the like sort. That reasoning only gives part of the evidence in support of the superior excellence of this method over every other the church has yet tried.

When the clergyman, as the familiar but instructive story goes, called upon the poor laundress and solicited a donation for his new schools, she said, “Well, I cannot give as the great folks do. I cannot give you a guinea a year, but I will give you sixpence a week.” Ask half the members of our churches for half-a-sovereign, and they would look at you as if they imagined you wanted to perform a surgical operation upon them. Beg a few coppers a week, and they will respond with all joy, and pay with promptitude and regularity. This is a fact that deacons should look in the face. Their financial system will not be perfect till it invents an easy and certain process of gathering together the small but numerous gifts of the classes who depend on a weekly wage, and have not yet learnt the art of accumulating large sums. Seat-rents at three and sixpence or five shillings form a serious item to a man or maiden in these circumstances; and occasionally uncomfortable consequences result. The man suffers his seat-rent to get in arrears. It is doubled, nay, trebled, and he cannot meet it; and so disappears, ashamed to show himself because of the debt. He becomes a wanderer; and at last his name is erased from the church book. Let such individuals give weekly, and the probabilities of such difficulties are greatly reduced. Indeed, the “*Weekly Offering*” supplies a machinery for collecting the smallest gifts of Christ’s flock, and so stimulating and increasing their interest in the work of God.

And on others of larger means its effect would be equally beneficial. If some men were really to know how *little* they give to God and His kingdom per annum, they would be afraid to look at themselves in the glass. Expect to hear the award, “They did what they could!” No! They would fear the just doom, “Depart from Me; ye did as *little* as ye could. I never knew you.” Think of a man netting £2,000 per annum, and contributing to the church of which he is a member *seven pounds*! Do you think he could look at such a contrast, if it stood barely before him?

A minister said to me, not very long since, that one of his officers used to set apart a definite proportion of all his gains for God, and to give a fixed amount every week. He was always ready to give. The pastor never asked in vain. But recently new light dawned upon the church officer, and he has adopted the theory that all he has belongs to the Lord, and that it is a Jewish idea to assess himself in so much per cent. to God, and to keep a ledger account of his gifts. And this is the effect. He is more prosperous than ever, and yet he gives less and less to God’s house; and by the loss of the *method* of giving, is running close to losing the grace of giving. “Why should a man pray three times a day? Prayer is life. Prayer is a spirit. And life is free, spontaneous, independent of rules, and emancipated from the tyranny of forms.” The man who said that has ceased to pray. The fire of devotion is burnt out. These forms are the casket that preserve the jewel, the case protecting the diamond; and though very inferior to the treasure they hold, yet they are necessary for its preservation. The method of weekly giving has enabled the thriving tradesman to win the battle with avarice and covetousness; protected him and his from the waste of God’s gifts; and enabled him to keep, fresh and warm, feelings of benevolence stirring in his heart. If a man is making money six days a week, I believe he needs a summons, strengthened and enforced in every possible way, to constrain him to live with all simplicity, and look at wealth as a gift of God, to be spent with a single eye to His glory, and the accomplishment of His saving purposes on the earth.

But a deacon of one of the churches said, as we were comparing financial methods, and discussing their merits, "Man is a creature of impulses, of moods and tenses; and it seems to me that if you adopt this methodized giving, you will lose more by the surrender of what is given on impulse than you will gain by your book-keeping style of benevolence." There seems some force in that. But it must be remembered that the impulses to generous giving are not of frequent recurrence; and what with the cautions against indiscriminate charity, and the warnings of "Charity Organization Societies," and the natural tendency to keep what we have got, those waves of benevolence are in danger of ebbing more and more. It only happened once, I think, to Benjamin Franklin to listen to the eloquence of a speaker who so marvellously wrought upon his feeling, as first to make him think of giving where he did not intend it; then to compel him to purpose giving silver instead of copper; and last of all, to empty his pockets. Such impulses are rare as birds of Paradise. Some of our ministers are "good beggars," it is admitted; but, without disrespect to them, it may be said, a church finance that waits the movement of their magical wand is not likely to be worth much in itself, or to be of much use in its results. But there is no reason why, whatever advantages belong to impulsive giving, should not be enjoyed as an addition to all those that are supplied by the system of a weekly gift to God.

This weekly giving depends upon a weekly *storing* for God; and that opens wide questions for those who manage the finances of the churches; and therefore I postpone it to another occasion.

For the Young.

KATIE'S BLESSING.

KATIE had never been in the habit of eating, or of seeing the family partake of food—at the table—till after a blessing had been asked upon it. One day her papa was absent from the evening meal; a number had gathered around the table, and among the rest was Katie seated in her little high chair. Close beside her sat a dear old friend, a man who had passed the allotted age of human life, but who was still living without a hope of eternal life.

After all were seated, there was a moment's hush, as if we waited for something, and then one and another began to make preparation to eat, when Katie, who saw the movement with a perplexed and serious face, cried out, "Who's going to pray? Somebody must say the blessing."

"Can't you pray?" said the gray-haired man, who was feeling rebuked by this little child. Only a moment, and the chubby hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and the face was turned heavenward, and then the blessing was asked in the language of her own little prayer—"Our Father which art in heaven. Te-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and nu-nue a right spirit within me. Amen."

All bowed with reverent head, and the old man said, with tearful eye, "Dear Katie, you have taught me a lesson. I ought to pray."

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A TURTLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little turtle. This turtle lived in a glass house. Some people called it an aquarium. It stood near a window. There were other turtles and some pretty fishes in the same place. There was a rock in the middle of the house, which rose above the water. The other turtles would swim about in the water till they were tired, and then would climb up on the rock, and dry themselves in the sunshine which came through the window. Their shells were bright and clean.

This little turtle thought God did not intend him to go any higher than the mud where he first found himself; and so he stayed as much as possible at the bottom of the tank, and never went out of the water nor let himself enjoy the warm sunshine. So the green moss began to grow on his back, and the bigger he grew the more mossy he was, till he looked like an old stick instead of a living animal.

Do you suppose that boys and girls could live such lazy useless lives, that their hearts and minds would get so crusted over that they would seem to be mossy things instead of living active workers in God's world.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. OFF DUTY.—As we were correcting the second sheet of the *May Magazine*, we were seized with some acute pains, the precursors of the serious illness through which, by the mercy of God, we have been safely brought. Correcting proof with lancing pains shooting about the body does not facilitate accuracy, and some mistakes escaped us, which we regret. But we began this note to express unfeigned and hearty and deep thanks to brethren throughout the connexion, and beyond it, who have remembered us where it is best to be remembered, even before the all-comforting and all-healing God; and who have, by letter and message, made known their strong sympathy with us in this affliction. As long as life lasts, these signs and tokens of love will never be forgotten. Our many friends will be glad to know that health and strength are returning.

II. OUR MAGAZINE, MEANWHILE.—Although we require to have a somewhat lengthened rest, our readers need not fear for the efficiency of their *Magazine*. Man is a creature that looks *before*, as well as after. In this respect an Editor ought to be a model man. To us this work is easy, for we have such an able and extensive staff of contributors, that not once since we undertook this work has the *Magazine* drawer been without "copy." And now we hope, without invoking the aid of an Editor's deacons, "the scissors and the paste-pot," to make this monthly visitor as welcome and as useful as ever.

III. THE COMMUNION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER AT THE ASSOCIATION.—A worthy brother sends two suggestions respecting this most interesting service. The first is, that greater care should be taken to secure good order and thorough calm and quiet, so that the occasion may be as profitable as possible. There is need for this; and it is easy to provide for it, if the whole work is thoroughly mapped out beforehand, and each deacon clearly understands his place of service. It is simply a question of fore-arrangement. The second suggestion is scarcely so practicable or necessary. It is that tickets should be given to those attendants who are not members of our churches. So far as we know, those are remarkably few. The gathering is almost wholly one of General Baptists. "Strangers" are not likely to be there. The false and superstitious awe with which Roman Catholics and the State

Church have invested this feast of love and joy has so penetrated the English mind, that there is little fear of "members of no Christian church" appearing at the Lord's table.

IV. REPORTING THE ASSOCIATION.—We have a special and unexpected interest in this subject. Will the Business Committee arrange to appoint some brother, who knows everybody, and how everybody spells his name, to act as "superintendent of the reporting department?" Besides sending reports of the work done to the *London*, *Manchester*, and other leading papers, which should be his main business, it is also desirable he should adopt measures by which men may know themselves when they are reported in the local papers. Some of the changes in names wrought by the wizardry of reporters in past years have been both amusing and astonishing.

V. CHAPEL PROPERTY RETURNS.—Many of these are already received. The remainder should be sent in by June the 15th. Will friends remember that every copy of the *Minutes* contained a schedule, so that if they have lost the one specially sent, they will know where to find another. It would also be a convenience, if those not yet to hand were sent to Rev. S. S. Allsop, March, Cambs.; or to Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, 11, Sutherland Gardens, Harrow Road, London, W.

VI. PEW-OPENER'S BOOTS.—It is one of the most intolerable things we know, to have a creature walking down the aisle of a place of worship in the middle of a service with creaking, squeaking boots. A church officer in this condition ought to be fined; and a pew-opener who so flagrantly offends all the laws of order ought to have no peace till he buys a pair of boots trained to the knowledge of the "eternal silences." It is a little thing, but has a great power of disturbance.

VII. PROGRESS.—The Church Register contains cheering signs of progress from month to month. The new churches formed and forming in centres where they are needed, the extension efforts of old churches, and the reports of baptisms, are occasions for thanksgiving and praise to God. All General Baptists will rejoice in the new church commenced at Preston, and pray for its prosperity. May the reports received and the work done at our Assembly stimulate our faith and fire our zeal in the service of our blessed Lord.

Reviews.

A BRIEF DEFENCE OF SUPERNATURAL CHRISTIANITY. By J. Kennedy, M.A., D.D. *Daldy, Isbister, and Co.*

THE young men of our Sunday schools and churches are so frequently brought into conflict with the doubt and scepticism of the day, that if no other reason existed, that were a sufficient one for providing cheap and accessible literature of a defensive and counteractive character. You do not remove doubt by ignoring it, and harsh and intolerant speeches concerning it only impel young men to encourage it. If doubt is a disease, the great Physician will surely have ways of curing it. If it is a sin, it ought not to be left alone, any more than pride, or vainglory, or covetousness. If it is a stumbling-stone, the heralds of Christ must cast it up. Jesus was specially considerate and tender to doubting disciples. He did not ignore Thomas's doubt; He furnished him with the evidence that removed it. Dr. Kennedy is walking in the Master's footsteps in this book. It is a brief, cogent, caustic, fundamental, and thoroughgoing reply to the principles and arguments of "Supernatural Religion." The many errors of detail in the volumes he does not deal with; but it is a masterly answer to the false reasoning and assumptions which form the substance of the sceptic's book.

THE UNCHANGING SAVIOUR; AND OTHER SERMONS. By the late Charles Vince. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

A TENDER and melancholy interest gathers about this volume. It is a voice from the unseen; a message, as it were, from the heavens. It is also a memorial of one of the kindest and most genial of men, of one of the most pathetic and effective of preachers. Every page is bright with his photograph; is instinct with the sweet, strong, Christian spirit that ruled in him. As you read, you catch the tones of his voice, and it seems as though he were present. Men who covet a clear, limpid, easy, graceful style; who seek to fill the heart with strong consolations, to cheer the weary, and encourage the sad, should steep their minds in these sermons. Christians who seek stimulating counsel, bright views of life and service, and strengthened faith, will find them here. Friends who would renew their communion with the sainted preacher cannot have a better help.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. *Religious Tract Society.*

THE chief attractions of this new edition of the work of the "Immortal Dreamer" are, the fine, large, bold, clear, type, suited for the oldest and feeblest eyes; the well-executed illustrations, from designs by John Gilbert; the interesting though brief memoir of the author; and the strong and beautiful binding in which all this is clothed. Amongst the many forms in which Old John has appeared, this is one of the best.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS AND HER FRIENDS. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIS is another of the admirable stories issued by the Religious Tract Society, and exhibits the usual excellencies of their tales in their best form and fullest measure. The plot is ingenious; the characters are graphically drawn and well sustained; and the moral tone is healthy, bracing, and, indeed, everything that could be wished.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORLD. Vol. I. *Stock.*

A GOODLY volume, fully justifying its sub-title, as a magazine of practical help and counsel to Sunday School teachers. It is enriched with most valuable papers by some of our ablest writers, and is edited with all the skill and efficiency that can be desired.

THE ENDUEMENT OF POWER. By C. G. Furney. *Stock.*

A WELL-REASONED pamphlet, showing the need of the church to be clothed with the Holy Ghost; the conditions of receiving this power, and the hindrances to its realization. It is a heart-searching appeal. May it do much good!

CHARLEY LAUREL. By W. H. G. Kingston. *Sunday School Union.*

THIS is a story of the sea, written in Mr. Kingston's best style. The scheme and basis of the story are conceived with genuine skill, and the details are filled in with wonderful adroitness. "The perils of the sea" are portrayed with graphic power. No youth can read it without being impressed with the sustaining and cheering influence of a real faith in the love and care of God.

Church Register.

THE ASSOCIATION AT WISBECH,
JUNE 21st to 25th.

FRIENDS wishing to be accommodated with beds will please apply at once. Not later in any case than Saturday, June 12th. Enclose stamp for reply. Application to be made to *Mr. Alfred Ekins, North Brink.*

A. EKINS, } Local Secs.
A. H. LEE, }

CONFERENCES.

The WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE met at Longmore Street Chapel, Birmingham, April 20.

The morning service commenced with devotional exercises, after which the Rev. W. Lees read a paper marked by fertility of thought and boldness of plan, entitled, "Suggested changes in Church Services and Work." The thanks of the meeting were very heartily accorded to Mr. Lees.

The Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., presided in the afternoon.

I. The reports from the churches shewed, baptized, 91; candidates, 97.

II. The deputation appointed to visit non-reporting churches gave a satisfactory account of work done.

III. The Revs. T. Lewis, of Cinderbank, and H. W. Meadow, of Coventry, were cordially welcomed by the Conference.

IV. The Rev. E. C. Pike, and Mr. Marshall of Walsall, were deputed to represent the Conference on the General Home Mission Committee at the Association.

V. The Secretary was instructed to correspond with the Secretary of the Midland Conference in reference to the enlargement of the Warwickshire Conference.

VI. The next Conference to be held at Nuneaton, on Tuesday, Sept. 21st. Paper to be read by the Secretary. Subject, "How to increase the interest of the churches in the Conference." The Rev. H. W. Meadows, of Coventry, to preach.

VII. The Revs. J. P. Barnett and R. B. Clare having entered upon new spheres of labour, it was unanimously resolved—"That this Conference in bidding farewell to brethren the Revs. J. P. Barnett of Longford, and R. B. Clare of Nether-ton, desires to express its sincere regret at their departure, its high estimate of their Christian character and work, and its earnest prayer that the Divine blessing, which has already attended their

labours, may follow them always and everywhere."

VIII. The Secretary having accepted the pastorate of Emmanuel Church, Leicester, resigned his office. He was requested to retain office for the present.

In the evening the Rev. R. B. Clare preached from Acts x. 36.

LL. H. PARSONS, Sec.

CHURCHES.

HEADCORN.—The second anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. C. Hoddinott was celebrated on April 11, 12. Sermons were preached by the pastor, and the Rev. J. Hughes of Smarden. On Monday a tea was provided in the chapel, and at 6.30 a public meeting was held, at which the Revs. C. Hoddinott, J. Hughes of Smarden, and J. J. Kendon of Goudhurst, and other friends, gave addresses. The deacons report of progress and prospects was highly satisfactory.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—On Monday evening, May 3, a tea and concert was given by about fifty members of the church and congregation, assisted by Miss Peel of Derby, Mrs. Huish of Kirkby, and some other friends residing in the town. The attendance was good, and the programme very effectually rendered. The proceeds (about £15 10s.) will be devoted to the building fund for the new chapel. The fund already amounts to £761, and the site, which cost £375, is paid for. Mr. Spurgeon, besides generously helping us with a donation of £50, commends the work to the sympathy of the Christian public in the following language—"I am greatly rejoiced that there is so urgent a necessity for building a house of prayer at Hucknall Torkard, and I believe it to be a case in which Christian liberality will be wisely exercised, even should it be bountiful to a high degree. I wish our friends the utmost success in their earnest efforts. C. H. SPURGEON."—The Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., also commends the work to the liberality of Christian friends. About £3,000 will be needed to complete the work; and meantime we are so crowded out that we are negotiating about taking the new Town Hall for our Sabbath evening services. The Magazine informs us of grants from Conferences to some churches, and challenges and acceptances in favour of others. Will no one who knows Hucknall and its needs help us a little? Do try, dear friends.

KIRTON LINDSEY.—Anniversary services were held on Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday. The preacher, Rev. J. G. Hall, of Astley Bridge, Bolton, preached most effective sermons to good and appreciative audiences. On the following Monday evening Mr. Hall delivered a lecture entitled, "Slight traces of culture in the early ages." The chair was taken by the Rev. W. Reynolds. The subject was ably dealt with, and the services were a means of much good to many.

LONDON, New Church Street.—Services commemorative of Dr. Burns's forty years' ministry were held, May 9 and 10. In the morning of the ninth the text was Deut. ii. 7, and in the evening 1 Cor. vii. 3, Zech. i. 5, Heb. xiii. 8. On Monday between two and three hundred took tea in the school-room. Dr. Burns presided at the subsequent meeting. An address was presented to the pastor, and with it a large magnificent timepiece, the gift of the officers of the church. Addresses were given by Revs. C. Skrine (Church of England), Dr. Chalmers (Presbyterian), R. Abraham (Wesleyan), J. Blako (Baptist), and J. Morgan (Congregationalist). Mrs. C. L. Balfour, Mr. Balfour, Mr. J. S. Balfour, Rev. D. Burns, and Mr. Dibley, referred to their association with Dr. Burns and his work. No such gathering ever assembled in Church Street chapel. The entire evening was one of the greatest possible enjoyment.

NOTTINGHAM, Stoney Street.—On Sunday, May 9, the Centenary of our church was celebrated, when sermons having special reference to the history of religion and our church for that period were preached by our pastor, Mr. Ryder; and was followed by a tea meeting on Tuesday, May 11, when nearly four hundred partook of tea. In the evening a very interesting and enthusiastic meeting was held, when several presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Ryder from the members and friends of the church, amongst them being a harmonium and a purse of money. Addresses were given by several ministers and friends.

PETERBOROUGH.—The chapel, Queen Street, Peterborough, was erected at a cost of £4,341 19s., and was opened on May 24, 1870, leaving a debt of more than £900. This amount was reduced to £325 at the anniversary services in May, 1874. On Lord's-day, May 9th, the Rev. H. B. Robinson preached; and on the following Tuesday the Rev. J. P. Chown preached in the afternoon and evening. Large congregations at all the services. About 500 persons took tea. The debt was extinguished.

PRESTON, Lancashire—Formation of a New General Baptist Church.—A new church has been formed in this large and populous town. Mr. R. Roe, draper, 137, Friar Gate, left the Wesleyans about two years ago, being convinced that believers baptism was the only true baptism. Not approving of the Calvinism of the P. B.'s, he heard of and sought connexion with the G. B.'s. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Conference deputed Revs. W. Gray and J. Madon to visit Preston. This has been done; and the result is that on the 10th of May twelve baptized believers were formed into a church by the above named brethren, the latter giving an address on "Our principles as General Baptists," and the former on "The duties of church members. Mr. Roe, who is the founder of the society, and who has preached to the people from the commencement, was, at the same time, chosen as their minister, and two of the brethren were put into the deacon's office. There is a Sunday school of about sixty children. The sympathy and help of all General Baptists is earnestly solicited.

SHEFFIELD, Cemetery Road.—New Mission Station.—During the last two years, several friends connected with Cemetery Road have been carrying on Christian work in a room in Duke Lane, near Norwich Street, Park, with a view of forming a Sunday school, and finally planting a Baptist church in the neighbourhood. So far, success has attended their efforts. A school has been gathered, consisting of one hundred scholars. A small congregation has also been collected, to whom the gospel is preached on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. It ought also to be said that considerable assistance has been rendered by several of the agents of the Town Mission. The room in which these endeavours to do good have been carried on being found much too small to meet the requirements of the growing school and the increasing congregation, it was felt by the friends generally that more eligible and commodious premises ought to be secured. After making investigations and inquiries in the locality, it was discovered that a block of buildings belonging to C. T. Skelton, Esq., were for sale. The buildings, consisting of cottages and workshops, are situated in Norwich Street, and are facing the fine new board schools. These premises have been secured for £850. As soon as arrangements can be conveniently made, a large room will be publicly opened for the reception of scholars, and for the general purposes of Christian worship. When this becomes uncomfortably full, it is the intention to erect a chapel on the site.

WOLVEY.—On Good Friday the members of the week evening classes took tea with their teachers, and afterwards rehearsed the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress. Mr. Lacey terminated a month's successful labour on Thursday, April 29th. The services were well attended, and the impressions produced it is hoped will yield fruit in the future. Eight have been baptized. Others are waiting to follow their example. On Tuesday, April 27, a tea meeting was held, which was addressed by Messrs. Lacey, J. Smith, J. L. Boamish, — Gilbert, H. Beamish, and G. Toone. Mr. E. Crofts in the chair.

SCHOOLS.

HUGGLESCOTE.—On Tuesday, May 11, the foundation stone of the new schools was laid by G. L. Vaughan, Esq., of the Snibstone Collieries. The children of the Sunday and day schools went in procession, with flags and banners, to the site of the new building, preceded by the Hugglescote band, and sang several pieces adapted to the occasion, under the leadership of Mr. Dennis. Tea was provided in a large marquee, tastefully decorated. A public meeting was afterwards held, at which the Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A., presided. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by the Revs. I. J. Hardy, H. Wood, C. T. Johnson, and Messrs. Smith and Dennis. The meetings were numerously attended, of an enthusiastic character, and the liberal sum of £80 was realized. It is expected that the foundation stone of the new chapel will be laid in a few weeks.

SCHOOL SERMONS.

BEDWORTH.—May 9. Rev. C. T. Johnson preached. Collections, £16 10s. Many could not get in.

BELPER.—May 2. Rev. T. Hayden preached. Collections, £13.

COALVILLE.—April 25. Rev. J. Jolly preached. Congregations large. Collections, £38 15s.

DENHOLME.—May 9. Rev. W. Smith, of Allerton, preached. Collections, £43 8s. 8d.

HALIFAX, North Parade.—March 21. Rev. T. Ryder preached. Collections, £53 17s. 2d.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—May 16. Rev. J. Lawton preached. Collections, £101 4s.

LEICESTER, Friar Lane.—Three sermons were preached, May 9; morning and evening by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., afternoon by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. The morning service was attended by the

Mayor (C. Harding, Esq.), and some members of the corporation. The congregations were large, and the collections realized £60.

LONG EATON.—April 13. Rev. C. T. Johnson preached. Collections, £20.

NEWTHORPE, Notts.—April 25, sermons were preached to crowded congregations by Rev. Jabez J. Hayman, pastor, numbers being unable to obtain admission to the evening service. On Monday a public tea was provided, after which a selection of hymns was sung by the teachers and scholars, led by Mr. Reuben Meakin. The chair was occupied by Rev. C. W. Butler, and addresses were given by the chairman, Rev. A. Guthrie, the pastor, and Mr. Samuel Barton. Collections, over £22.

MINISTERIAL.

PARSONS, REV. LL. H., of Longmore Street Chapel, Birmingham, has accepted a cordial and unanimous call to the pastorate of Emanuel Church, Leicester, and will commence his ministry there on the first Sabbath in June.

WATKINSON, REV. T.—On Monday, April 26, a recognition service was held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. T. Watkinson at Fleet. The Revs. W. Orton, J. C. Jones, M.A., G. Towler, and Messrs. W. Franks and A. Fysh (deacons), took part in the services.

WATTS, REV. ISAAC.—On May 4 a recognition tea in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Isaac Watts, late of Macclesfield, was held at Northgate, Louth. One of the best meetings ever held. Chairman, Mr. T. I. Burton, who gave a brief history of the church. Mr. Forman stated the reasons for inviting Mr. Watts to be the pastor, to which he replied, giving his for accepting, and the course he intended to pursue. Revs. S. S. Allsop, E. Lauderdale, and various ministers of the town, gave addresses. The school-room was beautifully decorated by the young people, the choir gave anthems, and a very large number of friends were present. Mr. Watts commences his ministry amongst us with the good wishes of all the church, and bright prospects of success.

WINKS, REV. W. E.—A number of the friends worshipping at Ely Place, Wisbech, on Monday, April 26, presented their pastor with a purse containing £60 as a mark of their appreciation of his efforts towards the erection of their new and handsome church and schools, and of their esteem and regard for him in his work as their pastor.

BAPTISMS—APRIL 16 TO MAY 16.

ALLERTON, *New Chapel*.—Six, by I. Preston.

BOSTON.—Twelve, by J. C. Jones; two, by J. Jolly.

BOURNE.—Eight, by W. Orton.

BURNLEY, *Ebenezer*.—Six, by G. Needham.

DERBY, *St. Mary's Gate*.—Six, by J. Wilshire.

DERBY, *Watson Street*.—Two, by G. Slack.

HALIFAX, *North Parade*.—Twenty-one, by I. Preston. Fruits of the revival.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—Five young men (one the minister's only son), by J. Lawton.

HITCHIN.—Three, by J. H. Atkinson.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—Six, by W. Evans (three of them forming a "household.")

LINEHOLME.—Three, by W. Sharman.

LONG EATON.—Six, by J. Stenson.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Woodgate*.—Five, by J. Alcorn.

NORWICH.—Two, by G. Taylor (one the pastor's second son.)

PETERBOROUGH.—Three, by T. Barrass.

SHEFFIELD, *Cemetery Road*.—An interesting service was held April 18. Four persons were baptized into Christ—two males, two females. Of the males, one was advanced in years, having passed into the seventh decade of human life. The other was an interesting youth, just turned seventeen. His name is John Boot, and a special regard attaches to him from the fact that he is the firstfruits of the labours of our earnest and devoted brethren in the Park. We may be permitted to express a desire that the life of this dear lad may be long spared, and that he may live to see a large and flourishing church take root and spread in the locality which has already witnessed the humble and successful labours of hopeful friends.

SHORE.—Three, by J. Maden.

SMALLEY.—Nine from Kilburn, by H. A. Blount.

SPALDING.—Nine, by J. C. Jones.

TAUNTON.—Five, by J. P. Tetley.

WILLINGTON.—Four, by J. Wilshire.

WALSALL.—Eight, by W. Leese.

WOLVEY.—Eight, by Mr. Lacey.

Obituaries.

MOORE.—April 11, at Eastwood, Notts., Sarah Ann Moore, of Quorndon, Leicestershire, in the 32nd year of her age. It is as though some beautiful ray of light were suddenly lost to us; for her's was

one of those bright and sunny natures the buoyancy and freshness of which can only be crushed by death. Nay! not even so; for having drunk at the stream of the water of life, death has but taken her away that she may shine out in the clear atmosphere of eternity, with the splendour of a spirit made spotless evermore by the blood of the Lamb. For a long time past her earthly life had been one of much bodily weakness and pain, in consequence of which she spent a considerable portion of her latter days amongst her friends in Ripley, Derby, where she was as well known and highly esteemed as in her native village of Quorndon. Here it was several years ago she came to know and trust in a Saviour's love, and ever afterwards felt it to be the earthly resting place for her soul. She joined the church in Ripley in October, 1872, and remained in connection with it until the time of her death. Her body sleeps in the family burying place in the Quorndon church-yard; and the young women of the village gave a simple but beautifully appropriate expression to their feelings toward her by covering her coffin with the early wild flowers of spring, which in her lifetime she so dearly loved.

SWIFT.—On Tuesday, May 11, Mr. William Swift, of Morton. He was born in January, 1817, and entered the Bourne Sunday school in 1824, was a candidate for baptism at the close of Rev. Joseph Binns' ministry in 1834, and was baptized and welcomed into the church by Rev. James Peggs. Shortly after his public confession of Christ he began to preach, and during more than forty years was a preacher of the gospel. His evangelistic labours were chiefly in the villages in the neighbourhood of Bourn, where his visits and his preaching were very acceptable and useful, and there is reason to believe that many will be his "joy and crown of rejoicing." On the last Sunday of his life he preached with his usual earnestness. On Monday evening he retired to rest in good health. At about one o'clock he awoke and complained of pain, and in half an hour he had entered on "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." He was followed to the grave by a widow and twelve children, and by other relatives, and also by numerous members of the church and of the congregations to which he had so long ministered. His loss is deplored by many to whom he had endeared himself by his amiable disposition, his faithful preaching, and his sympathy in times of trouble. No one can doubt "that absent from the body," he is "present with the Lord."

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JUNE, 1875.

THE DEPARTURE OF DR. AND MRS. BUCKLEY FROM
CUTTACK.

WE give the following most interest account of the Farewell Services at Cuttack, on the occasion of the departure of our beloved friends, exactly as received from our native brother, Shem Sahu. Mr. Thomas Bailey, in forwarding it, observes, "The English is so creditable to our brother, that I have preferred to enclose it just as it is for insertion in the *Observer*:"—

"The event of Dr. and Mrs. Buckley's leaving Orissa was anticipated with painful feelings by the Oriya christians, and for months previous to its occurrence it became the subject of their conversation—at least, part of it—whenever they met. At last the important time drew near, and Sunday, the 21st March, was announced as the appointed day when Dr. Buckley should preach his farewell sermons, both in Oriya and English. With eagerness to hear the parting exhortations of their beloved pastor, the people came in hundreds, and crowded themselves thickly in the big new mission chapel. The sermon in Oriya was preached from 1 Tim. vi. 12—'Lay hold on eternal life;' and that in English from Col. iii. 11—'Christ is all and in all.' It is not necessary that much should be said in praise of these sermons; they were appropriate, masterly, eloquent, full of earnestness and love, and replete with practical lessons, which so well characterize all the sermons of Dr. Buckley. The Oriya sermon was listened to with great interest, and many were in tears while it was being preached.

"On the following day, the 22nd March, at five p.m., a prayer-meeting was held, to commit our friends into the care and keeping of Him who doth 'neither slumber nor sleep.' The meeting was presided over by the Rev. W. Miller, who opened it by giving out hymns and reading suitable portions from the Scripture. Prayer was then offered by six of the native brethren; and the president closed the meeting by pronouncing the apostolic benediction.

"According to the previous arrangement of the brethren, an address in Oriya, written by members of the Cuttack church, was to be given to Dr. Buckley after the close of the prayer-meeting; but the chapel by this time was so filled with the noises of weeping, that the delivery of the address was interrupted for some time. Silence, however, was

afterwards secured, and then the address was read and presented. The following is a translation of the address:—

“*To the REV. J. BUCKLEY, D. D., Senior Pastor, Baptist Church, Cuttack.*

“Most venerable and dearly beloved Pastor,

“You, with your beloved wife, are about to take leave from us, to go on a furlough to your dear fatherland. We know, if it be the Lord’s will, this separation will be for a short time only; but our hearts are filled with intense sorrow when for a moment we think that thereby—however short the separation may be—we shall be deprived of seeing your most familiar face; of hearing your most edifying and instructive sermons and pastoral addresses; and of enjoying your truly happy society. We therefore, before bidding you farewell, desire to give this address, as an expression of our love and esteem for and sympathy with yourself and your beloved partner.

“We would consider it a very pleasant duty to refer at large to your most exemplary christian character, and the other moral excellencies for which, during a period of thirty-one years spent in Orissa, you have won the love and admiration of all that know you; but not desiring to affect your unassuming modesty, we refrain from doing so, well knowing that, though ‘approved in Christ,’ you have a very low opinion of yourself, and are content to be called ‘less than the least of all saints.’ However, to express the sentiments of deep gratitude, we feel ourselves under obligation to state briefly that, as a pastor of our church, we have always found you most affectionate, strictly just, discreet, and devout; as tutor of our college, we have had ample evidence of your distinguished ability; and as superintendent of the English education of our children, a most disinterested patron.

“In sentiments of sincere gratitude, we also express our deep regret on the departure of your beloved wife, who is deservedly called by us by the honourable and affectionate name, ‘Mama.’ She has ‘laboured much in the Lord;’ has been truly a most affectionate and tender mother to our fatherless and motherless children.

“Dearly beloved pastor, we see that you are old in years, and, by the great mercy of God, have been permitted to enjoy a life of more years than any of our first missionaries did; but it is a matter of great regret that at such a time as the present we are called to the painful necessity of bidding farewell to you. However, we submit to this, believing as we do that it is the will of God. Our Heavenly Father, who is the riches of all blessings and grace, be with you over the great deep, and command a safe and prosperous voyage? Let Him make your sojourn in the fatherland productive of immense good both to yourself and to the cause you so nobly serve, and in due time bring you back, with renewed health and strength, that we may with joy see you, and welcome you into our midst.”

SHEM SAHU.

Piplee, April 12th, 1875.

The following extract from a letter written by the civil surgeon, Cuttack, to a friend in England was not intended for publication. It will be read with deep interest by all the friends of the Mission. It

has been placed at our disposal, and we are only too glad to give it insertion in the *Observer* :—

The great event of the week which has gone by is the departure of the Buckleys' from Cuttack. It was indeed high time Mrs. Buckley left. Several times lately her health failed her; she could bear no unusual strain or shock without palpitation, nervous depression, and sleeplessness coming on. My opinion regarding her general state is that there is nothing organically wrong; but the vital or nervous force is considerably below par. What she required was change and rest. So long as she remained here she could not obtain these; there were so many things with which she bothered herself, that really her life consisted in living for others; and she spared her own frame but little whenever there was anything which she could do for anyone else. The poorer and more neglected the call, the greater were the inducements which pressed her to sacrifice her own rest and comfort for the relief of the distressed.

The week or ten days before she left was a series of marriages. The native christians were most anxious that all marriages that could be accomplished before Dr. Buckley left should be sanctified by his blessing, which they evidently esteemed very much. The chapel was open morning and evening for several days, to celebrate nuptials in such numbers, and, I may say, with such *eclat*, as were never before witnessed in Cuttack. Mrs. Buckley figured largest, as she generally does on these occasions. She came out with no less than thirteen girls to be united on one occasion.

The favourites of Dr. and Mrs. Buckley, Emily and Hetty, were married. Both of them have grown very nice girls, and it is fervently to be hoped they will make good wives, and repay Mrs. Buckley the kind care and undoubted love she bestowed on them.

I saw Hetty's husband. He is a young brahmin who, Mr. Buckley said, was well up in Sanscrit. He looked nice and intelligent. He was a student of the College, and was intended for the ministry.

Dr. Buckley kept up very well, and worked till the last. His parting address was most affectionate, and it teemed of the subject which was nearest his heart—of heaven, of Christ, "Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but *Christ is all and in all.*" His life, though quiet, has been a most eventful one, accomplishing a great amount of good for the Master in a very unostentatious way.

The noble example of his own private and social career is a living testimony to the Gospel which will long be remembered in Cuttack. Indeed the name of the Buckleys' is a household word familiar to all, children even catching the strain, and looking to them as parents from whom unkindness could not flow.

There was a meeting of friends, with prayer, on the 24th, at the old house, after which we followed them to the river bank, and then bade them a most affectionate farewell.

It was an appropriate evening. There was heavy wind, and a storm blew from the N.E. in the afternoon, which had subsided by six o'clock. As the boat went past the friends on the sandy shore, bearing the aged couple who had finished their noonday labours and were now going home to obtain rest for a season, hearts beat and eyes dropped tears to see them go, and all felt that good people were going away from their midst.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

REV. W. HILL and MRS. HILL landed in the docks at London on Monday, April 26th, after a pleasant passage from Calcutta, per the S. S. *Duke of Sutherland*. The health of Mrs. Hill had been very feeble for a considerable time, and her medical attendant was decided in the opinion that it would have been at the risk of life to remain in the country through another hot season. Our sister was willing to

have incurred the risk, had her husband felt it his imperative duty to continue at his post; but she was not willing to return alone. This placed Mr. Hill in a very anxious and difficult position, and after much prayerful consideration he felt that his only alternative was to accompany Mrs. Hill to England. Under these trying circumstances, we feel persuaded that a hearty welcome will be accorded to our esteemed friends; and all will join in the prayer that the change to her native land may be the means of permanently recruiting Mrs. Hill's health.

The REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D., and MRS. BUCKLEY landed at Southampton on Monday, May 17th. They came by the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company's ship, the *Surat*; and they also had a fine and prosperous voyage. We have already given an account of the leaving-taking at Cuttack. Referring to it, Dr. Buckley writes:—

"I cannot trust myself to describe the solemn services of the last Sabbath we spent at Cuttack—the earnest pleading at the special prayer-meeting on Monday evening to commend us to the grace of God—the address and testimonial, presented by Shem in the name of the native christians, etc., etc. The strain on body and mind of the last few days was almost more than could be sustained. Mrs. Buckley broke down more than once; and if I had not been very wonderfully upheld, and in much better health than she, I must have done so too. Many friends—European, East Indian, and native—accompanied us to the ghat, and expressed the kindest wishes for our comfort and welfare. We went leisurely down the canal in the best boat that Cuttack could furnish, bearing the pretentious name of "The Pride of Cuttack;" and I may add it was gratuitously placed at our disposal. On getting into the river we embarked on the *Koel*, a government steamer that conveys passengers and cargo to the anchorage near False Point to catch the coasting steamers of the British India Company. On Saturday afternoon we went on board the *Patna*, bound for Calcutta. Here we saw the last, for a time, of Orissa."

At Calcutta, Mr. and Mrs. Buckley met with much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Sykes and other friends; but the heat and the closeness of the atmosphere enfeebled Mrs. Buckley a good deal. Knowing how much she had suffered, two ladies, not belonging to our Baptist friends, with thoughtful kindness, sent her a number of comforts for the voyage; and on going on board our sister found, to her agreeable surprise, a nice easy chair, addressed, "Mrs. Buckley, Passenger, S. S. *Surat*." Although forbidden to publish particulars, we could not forbear this general allusion to the subject, illustrating as it does in so pleasing a manner the great esteem felt for our beloved friends not only in Orissa, but in other parts of India as well. After so long a term of service, and repeated invitations to take a furlough, their welcome home cannot be other than most cordial. May their health and vigour be so re-established as that they shall literally "renew their youth!" May their presence among us rekindle the Missionary fire in thousands of hearts; and in due time may they return with a goodly reinforcement of labourers to the land of their adoption, and be spared to labour for years to come more usefully and happily than ever!

EXPECTED VISIT OF GRASSI AND THE REV. J. WALL TO THE ASSOCIATION AT WISBECH.

Our ever active and zealous friend of the Roman Mission, Mr. Thomas Cook, informs us that it is arranged for Sig. GRASSI to attend the Association at Wisbech, accompanied by the REV. J. WALL as his interpreter. We are sure that this announcement will be received with pleasure throughout the Connexion, and give much additional interest to our annual gathering. We could almost wish, to complete the joy, that our brother Buckley had brought with him one of the English-speaking native preachers from Orissa, say, for instance, Shem Sahu, whose interesting communication is given on a previous page—but this is a gratification that must be deferred to a future occasion.

Mr. Cook has also furnished the following most encouraging account of the labours of Grassi at Rome during the past year.

PAUL CAV. GRASSI TO HIS BRETHREN IN ENGLAND.

IT is now some months since you received the story of my conversion to the true faith of the Gospel, and I feel it to be my duty to tell you briefly something of the work which, aided by the Holy Spirit, I have been enabled to help forward. I commenced preaching the Gospel in July last. Although in my own country, surrounded by people of my acquaintance, and exposed to the unkindness, the interference, and the foolish jeers of those who were formerly my colleagues, but now my adversaries, I did not fear man's contempt. Obedient to the wish of our dear brother Wall, I decided to live in the most populous quarter of this city, and very near to my birth-place. The largest room we used as a church. In a few days I found myself surrounded by larger audiences than I had dared to hope for. I was listened to not only with respect, but with confidence and sympathy. My words penetrated the hearts of my hearers, and led them to see that they were more men-idolaters than worshippers of God—more superstitious than christian. Consequently they wished to join our apostolic church, notwithstanding the opposition of the Romish priests, and their own immediate friends. The number of true believers soon amounted to ninety-six. Many of these passed through the baptismal waters, thus publicly testifying their belief in and acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Redeemer. This number has since been increased to one hundred and sixteen. I am deeply thankful to our heavenly Father for fruit given in this city, for so many centuries governed by the arbitrary Papal rule, and where evangelical belief has not been allowed until now to show itself.

My expectations for the future are great, as I hope preaching will be aided by teaching in schools, which it is the great desire of those united with us to establish.

I wish, my dear brethren, for your help—first, by your prayers; and, secondly, by your good counsels.

Having been called to the Gospel by the mercy of our heavenly Father, I intend to persevere until it shall please Him to call me from this state of expectation to dwell with Himself.

Believe me with christian affection,

Your brother in Christ,

PAUL CAV. GRASSI.

“If God be for us, who can be against us?” Rom. viii. 31.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XVI.

"For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols."—1 Cor. viii. 10.

THE Hindoos are accustomed to present offerings to their idols. To the goddess Karli, who delights in blood, sheep, goats, and fowls are presented. But to nearly all the other images blood is an abomination; and to them offerings of grain, cocoa-nuts, plantains, milk, and flowers are presented. The food, also, cooked by the priests is laid before the idol. When the offerings are greater than the priests require, or when the food cooked is more than the priests can consume, their custom is to dispose of the surplus either by gift or sale. In this way, food offered to idols finds its way to the bazaars; and probably most missionaries and native christians have partaken, without knowing it, of these idolatrous meats. Paul's advice, however, is, "whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no question for conscience' sake." On the other hand, he recommends great care, lest their eating should be rendered a stumbling-block to others. In this respect our native christians require to be on their guard. For example, two of the native preachers, when itinerating in the district some time ago, fell short of food. It so happened that at this time they were near an idol's temple, where food could be purchased. Regarding the idol as nothing, and the food as neither better nor worse for having been placed before it, one brother suggested that they purchase sufficient for a meal. The other brother objected, on the ground that if they purchased and ate meats offered to idols, the heathen would say that they revered their god, and their weaker brethren might be led astray. Under these circumstances, he resolved, with Paul, "If meat (*i.e.*, meat offered to idols) make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Not, of course, that this brother found any fault with the meat in itself, and not that henceforth he intended or felt required to eschew curry, rice, cocoa-nuts, milk, plantains, etc.; but only so far as they were offered to idols, and the eating of which might become a stumbling-block to others.

While, therefore, we remember that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, let us ever be on our guard lest our meat and drink, our conversation and conduct, our pleasures and pursuits, our trade and treasures, our recreation and religion, become a stumbling-block to others. For the good of others, self-denial, the very essence and spirit of the gospel, must be exercised, taking care that we "give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God."

No. XVII.

"Though ye have lien (the past participle of the verb to lie), or lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold"—Psalm lxxviii. 13.

LEARNED men have experienced great difficulty in the translation of this passage, and have been very divided with regard to its meaning. The Hebrew word, rendered in the authorized English version "lien among the pots," is said to be exceedingly difficult to understand or interpret. Hence the word has been rendered *between the brick-kilns*, in Egypt; *between two rows of stones*; *among dripping pans*, or pots; *among the sheep-folds*; *limits*, or bounds; *lots*, or inheritances; *two limits*, or *two bounds*; etc.*

If, after so many learned men, I may venture an opinion, I should say that, in the light of Oriental customs, "*among the pots*" is the correct rendering, *i.e.*, understanding the phrase to mean among the heaps of broken earthen pots so common to Oriental towns and villages, or, at any rate, to those in Orissa and other parts of India. Along the pilgrims' line of march to Juggernath, the heaps of pots which are to be seen beyond the huts or resting-places are very striking. As earthen pots are so cheap and so difficult of carriage, pilgrims or travellers, having cooked in them, cast them aside. Moreover, as men of different castes would not, for fear of ceremonial defilement, cook in the

* Vide Spurgeon's "Treasury of David," Vol. III, pp. 219, 237, etc.

same vessel, it is easy to see how the old pots must accumulate on oft-frequented roads, where each person or party must purchase a new vessel at every fresh cooking-place. Though only used once, and left perfectly whole, nobody would touch a pot that had been left behind. To do so would be to contract defilement. Again and again, by seeing these heaps of broken pots outside the places of rest or encampment, have I been reminded of the above passage. Pilgrims who set out upon a journey of hundreds and thousands of miles, expect hard beds as well as hard fare. As a rule, they do not seem to care much where they lie down to rest. A "brick-kiln" would be thought no bad place, and a sheep-fold would not be despised. Indeed, it often happens that the huts are full, and the pilgrims have to lie down in the mud and pouring rain—many of them to rise no more. Men may lie down in these places, and still be considered clean; but to lie among the pots outside the village—the pots in which the *chandal* or *pariah* has cooked his food, and cast away,—that would be degradation and defilement of the lowest degree—would indicate a condition the most polluted and miserable, the most hateful and forlorn. Sinking so low as this, a man's honour and holiness would be gone. So far from rising on the brilliant wings of the pure and yellow-feathered dove, he would henceforth be regarded as an unclean bird—as an outcast from the holy and the good. Compel a man, therefore, to lie among the pots, and, in a moral point of view, you can sink him no lower, or inflict upon him no greater disgrace. How far anything like the Indian caste usages obtained among other nations of the East it is difficult to say. It is, however, tolerably clear that the Egyptians had something like caste; and not less so, that the Jews were very careful not to eat with idolators. In view of Indian customs, the allusions in the text are striking and beautiful, and suggestive of the greatest possible contrasts in the condition and character of the Jews.

To the christian, also, the text may be applied. In his original and sinful condition, he lay "among the pots," debased, polluted, disgusting, and worthless. In his regenerated condition, there is ELEVATION, indicated by the term "wings;" there is CLEANNESS, indicated by the term "dove;" there is BEAUTY, indicated by the term "silver;" and there is preciousness, indicated by the term "yellow gold."

DERBY, ST. MARY'S GATE, JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THIS Society was established in the year 1840, by a few young men connected with the church then under the pastorate of the Rev. J. G. Pike, and worshipping in Brook Street Chapel.

Its primary aim was to raise funds to assist in maintaining and educating orphan children in the Mission Schools in Orissa.

In course of time, however, it was felt desirable that the funds raised should not be applied exclusively to this object, but should be devoted to general missionary purposes.

The following statistics (carefully taken from Annual Reports of the Parent Society) give the amounts raised yearly from the formation of this Association up to the present period.

| YEAR. | £ | s. | d. | YEAR. | £ | s. | d. | YEAR. | £ | s. | d. |
|-------|-----|----|----|-------|-----|----|-----|-------|-----|----|-----|
| 1841 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 1853 | 235 | 9 | 8½ | 1864 | 534 | 8 | 10½ |
| 1842 | 5 | 10 | 1¼ | 1854 | 23 | 1 | 0 | 1865 | 31 | 2 | 6 |
| 1843 | 9 | 17 | 4½ | 1855 | 27 | 14 | 4 | 1866 | 29 | 10 | 6 |
| 1844 | 26 | 11 | 8 | 1856 | 23 | 7 | 4½ | 1867 | 20 | 3 | 6 |
| 1845 | 23 | 0 | 7½ | 1857 | 30 | 0 | 0 | 1868 | 23 | 14 | 7 |
| 1846 | 17 | 14 | 8½ | 1858 | 33 | 0 | 0 | 1869 | 29 | 7 | 6 |
| 1847 | 19 | 15 | 5 | 1859 | 30 | 10 | 0 | 1870 | 30 | 19 | 6 |
| 1848 | 25 | 4 | 0 | 1860 | 27 | 5 | 0 | 1871 | 26 | 0 | 0 |
| 1849 | 32 | 8 | 1 | 1861 | 47 | 11 | 10 | 1872 | 27 | 14 | 2½ |
| 1850 | 31 | 9 | 7 | 1862 | 22 | 18 | 3 | 1873 | 16 | 14 | 4 |
| 1851 | 22 | 1 | 5 | 1863 | 18 | 13 | 9 | 1874 | 6 | 10 | 6 |
| 1852 | 19 | 15 | 7 | | 14 | 18 | 1 | | 80 | 11 | 0½ |
| | 285 | 9 | 8½ | | 534 | 8 | 10½ | | 807 | 17 | 0½ |

Thus we have, by youthful christian effort (put forth in connection with our church alone) raised the right noble sum of £507 7s. 0½d.

It is not, however, by adding together these pounds, shillings, and pence, that we may tell the full extent of the usefulness of this Juvenile Missionary Society; for it has exerted a most powerful influence for good in a variety of other ways. Forth from it have gone earnest christian workers, some of whom are now in heathen lands labouring to spread good tidings of great joy.

And it is also very gratifying to know that throughout the Midland Counties not a few kindred Associations have been formed after the model of our own, being guided by its rules and experience. These have done, and are doing, a most important work.

The Committee have pleasure in laying before their Subscribers and Friends this brief Report, designing it to be commemorative of the Children's Bazaar held in aid of the Mission Funds.

May He whose kingdom we thus seek to advance

Still smile on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of His praise.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

LORD, for this our happy meeting,
Now accept our grateful praise;
We, Thy grace and love repeating,
Join in soul-enlivening lays;
Aid us, Saviour,
To reflect the gospel rays.

Helpless souls, in darkness lying,
Wait Thy wondrous love to know;
Hark! the sound of voices crying,
"Save us ere we sink in woe!"
Who will lead them
Where the living waters flow?

Oh! how dreary is the dwelling
Where Thy name is never heard—
Where no song of praise is swelling—
Where Thy love no heart hath stirred;
Let us hasten
Forth to send Thy precious Word.

Fired with zeal and expectation,
Let Thy servants onward press,
Till each distant heathen nation
Shall Thy glorious name confess;
Hallelujah!
Lord, Thou wilt our efforts bless.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPTON—J. H. Smith, April 12.
CALCUTTA—J. Buckley, April 1.
CUTTACK—W. Miller, April 20, 27.

CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, March 30, April 27.
PIPLEE—T. Bailey, April 12, 22.
SUEZ—J. Buckley, April 30.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
April 18th, to May 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|----------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Broughton | 16 | 2 | 8 | Longton—Rev. C. Springthorpe .. | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Chellaston | 9 | 10 | 10 | Nottingham, Broad Street | 155 | 18 | 7 |
| Chesham | 67 | 8 | 0 | " Stoney Street | 47 | 11 | 9 |
| Epworth, &c. | 11 | 8 | 0 | " Mansfield Road | 49 | 14 | 5 |
| Ford | 20 | 15 | 9 | Nuneaton | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Hitchin | 18 | 12 | 1 | Ruddington | 6 | 7 | 0 |
| Hoveringham | 6 | 7 | 10 | Smalley | 8 | 15 | 0 |
| Hyson Green | 10 | 12 | 3 | Spalding, Juvenile Society | 14 | 9 | 8 |
| Ilkeston—for W. and O. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Wendover | 7 | 15 | 10 |
| Leeds, North Street | 2 | 7 | 8 | Willoughby | 1 | 9 | 0 |
| Llangollen—Mrs. Prichard | 1 | 0 | 0 | Woodhouse Eaves | 3 | 0 | 9 |
| Leicester, Friar Lane | 3 | 10 | 0 | Wolvey | 12 | 12 | 0 |
| " Archdeacon Lane—for W. & O. 1 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.

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.

JULY, 1875.

THE BRIGHTON CONVENTION.

SINCE Conventions for the promotion of "the higher life," like that just held at Brighton, bid fair to take their place amongst the religious institutions and activities of Great Britain, it is of some importance that we should seek to understand their character and method, and estimate, as far as possible, the probable effects of such gatherings on the organized churches of the nation, and on the spiritual progress and power of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

No Christian man, however much his theological sympathies may be offended, and his fears for the solid worth and genuine strength of the church's piety excited, can possibly see, without profound interest, two or three thousand Christians gathered from different denominations, and from different parts of England and the Continent, avowedly to seek a fuller consecration of themselves to the highest service, and to attain a deeper experience of the divine life. The Brighton Convention is a phenomenon deserving the attentive study of all who inquire into the signs of the times, and make it their absorbing business to know what Israel ought to do.

M. Monod, with less simplicity, insight, and accuracy, than usually characterize his statements, described the meeting as a "miracle." "It is *not* natural," said he. "It is a miracle of God's Providence, of His grace, of His Spirit." Others spoke of the Oxford meeting, which led on to this, surely in the strong language of yearning and desire, and of dissatisfaction with the past, as "the commencement of a new era;" "the commencement of God's days." Even Mr. Moody telegraphed that he regarded that Convention as perhaps "the most important meeting ever held." At present, it is extremely difficult to judge the real value of the Convention; but whilst we may be a long way from endorsing such enthusiastic and over-weighted words as the above, yet we may cheerfully join in the anticipation that much and lasting good will result to the spiritual life and service of the church of Christ from these assemblies.

The Convention was held under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith, organized on a large scale, and carried out with all the tact, skill, and thoroughness that mark most Americans of enterprise and power. It lasted for ten days, and about thirty meetings

were held each day; and so assiduous were the visitors in their attendance, that some of them had "not leisure even so much as to eat." At the principal meetings, Mr. Smith presided generally, though not always. Addresses were delivered. Songs were sung, often solos, by men of natural gifts and cultivated musical power. Prayers were offered. Pauses for silent prayer were not infrequent; and appeals were made occasionally to the audience for assent to truths, to be expressed by standing up or by speech. The chief speakers were Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith, M. Theodore Monod, and Mr. H. Varley.

The most interesting element in the composition of the Convention was the presence of some two hundred pastors from Holland, Switzerland, and other continental countries. Of English Christians; Plymouth Brethren, Friends, and members of the Church of England preponderated; though Baptists, Independents, and Presbyterians were also represented. The chiefs of the denominations were conspicuous by their absence; and yet kind and strenuous efforts were made a short time ago to acquaint the ministers of the metropolis, of all denominations, with the character of the movement, and to interest them in it. Men of eloquence, said the President, in a sorely puzzling passage, were not invited because they desired clearness of statement, and evidence strong to demonstration that the meetings were under the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

This reads strangely in the *Sussex Daily News*, and one would like an explanatory note in the authorized report about to be issued. Certainly the doctrine deserves a little reconsideration before it is acted upon again. To have been thoroughly carried out, Mr. Smith himself ought not to have spoken, for he is possessed of the true gift of eloquence, and is capable of moving men's hearts and wills as only few laymen can. Still more should Mrs. Smith have studied to be quiet, for her eloquence surpasses her husband's. And why was Monod there? And why, again, did he so often speak? No doubt dullards were present, if they had been wanted. Moreover, if the gift of powerful and persuasive speech is despised, and considered to interfere with the obviousness of the Spirit's workings, why should the gift of song be invited? for it is equally from God, and equally conditioned for its most effective exercise on culture. We are not a little pained by this sort of thing. It is paralleled by, and springs from, a similar source to, the statement concerning the slender capacity of Mr. Moody made by Mr. Smith. A Cunard steamer is not better fitted for swift transit from Liverpool to New York than the American Evangelist for the special work God has given him to do. This depreciation of God's gifts, under the guise of giving Him greater glory, is an utter offence. God wants us to be *true*, severely true.

The object of the Convention is variously expressed. It is the promotion of "the higher life;" to "secure the entire surrender of the soul to God;" "complete obedience to the Lord's will in everything;" "not to teach any new truth, but to make vital and definite what is already believed." "The point," said Mr. Smith, on the opening day, "the point at which we are aiming to bring our friends is not their personal perfection, but an attitude of the soul as to the purposes of their life in which they shall make absolutely no provision for the flesh. They are

not, then, impeccable; but as to the scheme and plan of their life, they are making no provision for the flesh. And this is not the consummation of Christian perfection, but only the normal commencement of a career of perfect progressive sanctification, a sanctification which is not retrogressive or intermittent, but a daily progression." On another occasion he said, "We are not changing in any single point the dogmas—the doctrines which we in common have all received,—but are only seeking to give vividness and definiteness to what we have before believed. If I were asked the theology of the movement, I would say it is every bit included in that little difference between the uncertain, almost hopeless prayer, 'Jesus, save me,' and the calm joy of triumph in which the saint now says, 'Jesus saves me.'"

Much of Mr. Smith's teaching might be quoted in support of these positions. He teaches with sharpest emphasis the doctrine of a present, consciously enjoyed, salvation, and certainly we have been familiar with that from our youth. He states that no sin is *necessary*, and urges that no provision be made or allowed for sinning; but adds, that "if, when they spoke of sin, they always meant the inevitable shortcomings and incompleteness in holiness to the Lord, it would be very confusing to many Christians." On another occasion he said, "The child of God who walked most closely with Him will, with deepest meaning, every day be saying, 'Forgive me my trespasses.' We can never get beyond the Lord's Prayer; and even if our hearts do not condemn us, if memory does not bring up transgressions, there is still much beyond our largest knowledge, for which we have continually to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses.'" He deprecated any thought "arising from the teaching at these meetings, that there was an absence of conflict in a life of complete consecration. The conflict in that life was even more severe than in any other." In other passages he speaks of the necessity of swift and sudden dealing with temptation, and, in fact, expresses himself just as though he regarded faith in the Lord Jesus, not as an act dispensing with all other acts, but inspiring and promoting prayer, watchfulness, benevolence, self-sacrifice, heroic conflict, and all those activities by which we grow up into the likeness of the Lord Jesus.

Notwithstanding these explicit statements, there is in many minds a degree of hesitation in welcoming the movement, owing to an apprehension, well or ill-founded, that these statements do not express all the truth, and that the teaching with regard to the higher life contains a strong admixture of error. Is the apprehension baseless? Is there anything to warrant the fear that the word of God is being misinterpreted?

We would not forget that a high authority says, "Talk is a puzzling thing;" and the talk of three hundred meetings could not be expected to be free from contradiction and confusion. We know, too, that disciples have a sad faculty, not only of carrying the teacher's doctrines to extremes, but also of misinterpreting him. Probably no substantial difference is indicated by the fact that the current phrase, "the higher life"—which registers the movement, and acts at once as a charm, a creed, and a compliment,—is abundantly used by Mrs. Smith, and vigorously rejected by M. Monod. But would Mr. Smith accept the following, and yet hold what we have quoted above? It is in an address given by Mr. Mead, and is a fair sample of teaching connected with

this movement. He is speaking of the way he will treat a Christian lady who wishes to "enter into full rest," and he says, "I intend to go to that friend, and kneeling down with the sixth of Romans before us—take, for example, the second verse, 'God forbid; how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' I intend, then, to say, 'Father, Thy word tells me that I am dead to sin: I thank Thee that is true.' I mean, then, to ask her to thank God that it is true for her, because it is there in His word;" *i.e.*, by the belief of a *statement* made with regard to Christians generally, the desire to sin will be quenched in her heart; the force of evil habits will be annihilated; the susceptibility to pride, unbelief, and uncharitableness and evil speaking will be gone; and she will enter into full rest. She might enter into the rest of a delusion; but not necessarily, by that process, into the rest of God. Let Mr. Mead pursue his subject further. Mr. Mead is a Baptist, and acquainted with the original, and knows that Paul, speaking of the same persons in the third and fourth verses, describes them as baptized. There is the assertion, as extensive as to baptism as it is to the death unto sin, and as true for one as the other. Of course, "the lady" is to believe that she is baptized, and that *belief* will be her baptism. We have often been puzzled to account for the number of *Dry Baptists* in the church of Christ. Is this the explanation?

The gist of the matter is here. The believer is not directed to the living, loving Saviour, as the centre and source of all true rest, but to the acceptance of an assertion as true for him, without any reference whatever to an inner experience of its applicability to his case. This brings up the vital differences believed (we shall be really thankful if it is without warrant), but certainly believed to exist between the teaching of the Convention and the teaching of the word of God, as that word is usually understood.

Briefly, the main differences are two. First: At these meetings the speech is of faith in *assertions* of the word of God as to the personal condition and character of the believer in Christ, totally irrespective of the actual and innermost experiences of the soul. In the old language of the church, faith unites to Christ, and He brings into the soul, suddenly or gradually, but certainly, the experiences that make the assertions as obviously true of that believing Christian as of those Romans or Ephesians to whom they were first addressed. Secondly: The new theology says faith is immediate and direct victory; "holiness is through faith," without any intervening, and faith inspired prayer and communion with Christ, and resolute self-suppression. The old asserts that faith "appropriates," "derives" from Christ the power by various ways and manifold processes, by which the dominion of sin is broken, and the soul enabled to attain the loftiest heights of grace.

Mark, this is no verbal quibble. The difference, as we could show if we had space, is radical, and experience proves it to be vital—vital to the peace and stability of Christians, and to a fair and full setting forth of the *whole* counsel of God.*

Apart from these grave errors, and others that spring from them, and fervently hoping the movement will soon rid itself of them, we

* One article of the series on "The Highest Christian Life" will be devoted to a full exposition of this topic.

rejoice unfeignedly in the good results attending it, and wish it the utmost success in preaching the gospel of "rest" as one element of spiritual culture, and a principal condition of the attainment of Christian power. To members of the Church of England, interpreting the Bible by the contradictory utterances of the Prayer Book, and repeating with wearisome iteration, year in and year out, that they, the children of God, are "*miserable sinners*," Mr. Pearsall Smith's message must sound like a new evangel. Pastors of the churches on the Continent, where the glad tidings of an actual and present salvation by faith in Christ are so little known, welcome the American Evangelist as the herald of a new era. In these two directions the success has been signal.

Nor is this all. There are many in the churches who need to have their faces set definitely towards the rest of Christ.* This is a restless age; and the Brighton Convention is partly a reaction against the excessive outwardness of Christian life, as well as a return to the mystic and more meditative habits and preferences of the holy Tauler and his companions. The Christian has become a worker—not a thinker, not a mystic in any measure. You are more likely to find him in the Ragged School than in his closet with his Bible. This Convention summons to introspection. It recalls us to the inwardness of the Christian life. Not protesting against work, it aims at the culture of happy, restful, joyous feeling, and unbroken communion with Christ, and so brings joy and gladness to many hearts. And so long as the introspection is not self-complacent; and pleasing fancies are not put forth as interpretations of the word of God; and hallowed experiences of rest and joy are not "worn on the sleeve for daws to peck at," nor converted into stilts for what our fathers called "spiritual pride" to walk in; and men and women are taught to give all diligence, so that they may provide, in the exercise of faith, manly courage, and knowledge, and self-restraint, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and love; we may believe and hope that these Conventions will help to "growth in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

That it may be so in the largest possible measure let us pray.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BOOK.

LIKE pictures set in gold,
Are stories in the Word,
Of children who in days of old
Have known and loved the Lord.

The temple and the throne
Which made Judea fair
Were hallowed by the tender love
Of childish lips in prayer.

The sheepfold and the tent
Bore witness to the love
Which thence from youthful hearts up-
went
To Him who reigns above.

And to remotest days
The children in the Book
Shall stand there in their robes of praise,
And with their angel look,

To 'mind us of His love,
Who on those children smiled,
And how He'll lean from heaven above,
To bless a simple child,

To fill us with the hope
That our dear children here,
Like them, shall climb the shining slope,
To lands that know no tear.

E. HALL JACKSON.

* The August number of this Magazine will contain an article on "The Gospel of Rest."

THE PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

BY A PILGRIM.

No. I.

FROM different parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, followed by the good wishes of many friends we arrived by different routes in Paris. So numerous a party, on a similar errand, never left England for Rome before. But though our purpose was to visit Rome, and be present at the opening of the new Baptist Chapel (possibly the first since the time of St. Paul), we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of seeing as much as possible of the famous city of Paris.

This over, we took our seats in the express train for a five hundred miles' ride to Turin. We spent the night in hurrying through the districts once occupied by the Prussians, and through those immense plains, watered by meandering rivers and beautified by the graceful poplar, for which France is so famous. When the day dawned the distant Alps were in sight—but to obtain a correct idea of their rugged grandeur and lofty magnificence, you must each visit them for yourselves. For about twenty-five minutes our eyes were closed to this lovely scenery while we passed through the tunnel of Mont Cenis. No inconvenience is experienced from its great length; indeed, we observed that it was the most pleasant tunnel we passed throughout the tour.

We now found ourselves in Piedmont and spent our first night in Italy at an hotel in Turin, the capital of Piedmont. On our way to Turin some native Christians (Baptists), who heard of our coming, met us at the station and told us how that the flood, caused by the melting snow and heavy rains, had washed away some of their homes, and considerably injured their chapel. Their story stirred up the sympathy of the party, and before they bade us farewell they were cheered with substantial help. We could not listen to their story of oppression from priestly dominion, nor remember the bitter experience of their forefathers, without recalling those memorable lines of Milton—

“Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even they who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not! in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.”

Turin, a city of 180,000 inhabitants, is one of the most flourishing cities in Italy. “Beautiful for situation,” it commands charming views of Mont Visu, Mont Rosa, and Mont Blanc. It is celebrated for its silk and kid gloves. In riding from Turin to Milan, it was our privilege to travel with a silk merchant, who entertained us with interesting information respecting Italian life. Government taxes are something

enormous, while the wages of the people are correspondingly low. A woman, for a hard days work in the silk trade, receives sevenpence; and a man, for a similar days work, one shilling; but though the wages are small the people are contented. The habits of the working people he described as being very dirty, and the space that a family will occupy for living in, both by day and by night, and withal keeping their fowls, or pigs, or both, is of incredibly small dimensions. We passed through the immense rice fields of Northern Italy, so laid out that at given periods they may be entirely submerged with water—through groves of olive and mulberry trees, and amidst most luxuriant vineyards; whilst to our left mountains, varying in distance from fifty to one hundred miles away, put on their cloaks of ice and snow, and appeared as if they were, at the farthest, but from ten to twenty miles off.

At Milan there is one of the finest cathedrals in the world: it is built entirely of the finest white marble from the Simplon, and is adorned outside with 135 spires, and nearly 2,000 statues. The interior is magnificent in the extreme: nearly 700 stone faces confront the visitor, the celebrated picture of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, and the Virgin's Chapel, which defies all description. Many relics are to be seen here. There is the body of the patron saint, the cradle in which our Lord was rocked, the swaddling clothes in which He was wrapped, part of the towel with which He wiped His disciples' feet, four thorns of the crown, part of the reed, sponge, and spear used at His crucifixion, a piece of Moses's rod, and one of Elisha's teeth. They sell a popular religious book, full of legends, in which every disorder of the human body has a saint to whom the patient may pray and obtain a cure.

Passing on through the charming plain in which Milan is situated, we came to the city—known by name at least to every reader of Shakespeare—Verona. We all felt this to be one of the most lovely spots we saw in the North of Italy. When night had spread her sable mantle over all this luxuriant country we steamed into Venice—the queen of the sea. Built on seventy-two islands, resting on piles driven into the sea, Venice is unique. Instead of streets we have canals, and instead of carts and carriages we have gondolas, of which there are about 3,000 ploughing through the waters of Venice. This city is rich in science and art museums, stately mansions, lovely residences, and magnificent churches, each one of which has charms peculiarly its own. The palm must be yielded to St. Mark's: standing at the end of the spacious square bearing the same name, with its campanile 316 feet high, and its architecture a brilliant combination of Gothic and Oriental, it is one of the most pleasing and imposing edifices we saw in Italy. Over the main entrance are four huge horses, brought from the palace of Nero, and within are shown two spiral alabaster columns, alleged to have stood in Solomon's temple. History tells us that one hundred years were occupied in building this unique church—and one could readily believe it, for almost the whole of the interior is covered with mosaic work, and the figures, which are for the most part representations of scripture characters, are so exact that they appear like oil paintings. We were conducted through the Doge's Palace, visited the private apartments, and inspected the picture galleries, where are paint-

ings of enormous size and great beauty, for one of which the American Government offered the enormous sum of twenty-five million francs.

Our next journey is across the Appenines to Florence—of which city Rogers writes—

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
Contending with the present, and in turn
Each has the mastery.”

In this charming city we spent our first continental Sunday; and though far preferable to Paris in its observance of that day, signs were not wanting that we had left our fatherland. I could not help contrasting this noisy *unrestful* Sunday (for Sabbath it is not) with the quiet *restful* Sabbaths that I spent during my last three vacations in Scotland. Our visit to the English and native evangelical churches were to us very interesting. There is very much heartiness in their worship; the preacher speaks as if he realized that the next place he would meet his hearers might possibly be the judgment seat, and the congregation sing as if the notes of the new song had already fallen upon their ears, and entered into their hearts; especially did we feel this in the Vaudois Church. The picture and sculpture galleries of Florence are rich in the works of the best masters. Here we have the finest specimens of Michael Angelo's skill—who was painter, architect, and sculptor, all in one, and the house in which he resided may still be visited. Here, too, the works of the immortal Raphael, Titian, and the other masters of painting, abound; and it appeared to me that they had exerted all their skill to see which could produce the most perfect Madonna, for in the picture galleries in Florence, and in every other city in Popedom, the Madonnas are like the priests in Rome, they meet you everywhere. The public buildings of Florence present a very imposing appearance. To say nothing of the Pitti Palace, Santa Croce, and San Lorenzo, the Duomo was sufficient to repay us for our visit to Florence had we seen nothing else. For centuries this cathedral was without a rival, and we saw no structure of the kind before or afterwards that impressed us so much. It is completely encased in a panneling of black, white, and red marble, surrounded with excellent statues, of one of which it is said that when the sculptor was giving the finishing stroke of his chisel, in enthusiastic admiration of his work, he exclaimed, “Speak!” We left fair Florence with the hope that some day we might visit it again.

Rome next! We pass Terni, where is the highest waterfall in Europe; and after a pleasing ride down the valley of the Tiber, we came within sight of the dome of St. Peter's, then the walls of the eternal city. One of the first privileges granted us in Rome was that of seeing Garibaldi. About eighty of us were introduced into his audience chamber, and after the address was read and presented, gently pressed his hand—nothing more! Fine old man! But the hardships of seventy winters have left him a martyr to rheumatics, and a dependent upon his crutch; and yet he has plans laid out to accomplish which would be to any ordinary man work for a lifetime. We climbed the Palatine Hills, and explored the Palace of the Cæsars. We paced the sacred way

dividing the Forum—a spot of undying interest—with its temples at either end; and under the able instruction of Mr. Shakespeare Wood the buried past seemed to live again. We passed under the arch of Titus, inspected its remarkable sculptures and inscriptions, which give such forceful proof to many scripture facts.

Close by is the Colosseum. The massive ruins of this famous edifice cover upwards of a third of a mile; and the walls rise to the height of 164 feet. Within its oval arena the most bloody contests between man and man, and man and beast, were looked down upon by a hundred thousand of spectators gloating over the carnage. Here many of the Christian martyrs bore their dying testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. About five minutes' walk from the Colosseum is the Basilica of St. Clement, one of the most remarkable churches in Rome. This church, itself of ancient date, is built upon another church, and under this one is the very house in which St. Clement lived, the person to whom St. Paul refers in Phil. iv. 3, "With Clement also, my fellow labourer, whose name is in the book of life." The visitor is shown the very audience chamber in which the Apostle of the Gentiles held communion with Clement. There are some remarkable frescoes in the under-building; one, representing the administration of baptism, shows most plainly that the ancient mode was immersion. In visiting the catacombs another fresco, of very ancient date, was shown, proving that the early fathers not only approved of but practised this way of baptizing believers.

Close by the church of St. John Lateran is Scala Santa, consisting, so the papist tells you, of the twenty-eight marble steps belonging to Pilate's palace. Up these steps scores of pilgrim's were climbing on their knees. At the top is a small chapel with this inscription over the altar, "There is not a holier place in the world." At the bottom is a warning "that no one may ascend on foot the holy stairs." It was a high day at Scala Santa when we visited the spot. By order of the Pope special petitions were presented that the new heresy brought into the Holy City by the Baptists might be destroyed. The same steps were taken when Freemasonry was introduced in Rome, with the hope that it too might be crushed. I speak the feelings of the whole party when I say that no superstition we witnessed, not even kissing Peter's toe—of which pleasure we saw several scores avail themselves—gave us so much pain as what we saw at Scala Santa.

A very pleasant ride down the Ostian way, the road on which St. Paul was beheaded, and where three springs are pointed out indicating the three spots where his head, making three bounds, struck the ground—brought us to the chaste and lonely church bearing his name. The sentiments that possessed us on this road were akin to those we felt when standing in the Mamertine prison in which he was incarcerated, and in which is a well of water said to have been miraculously made by Paul in order to baptize the jailer. Of St. Peter's and the Vatican we are always hearing; and a whole paper would be necessary to give an adequate idea of their vastness and splendour, together with the innumerable objects of beauty that fill them. This church (the history of the building of which is associated with the great reformation itself) is the finest church in the world. Its interior is a con-

tinuation of rich sculpture, beautiful paintings, life-like statues, massive columns, and to give you some idea of their magnitude, one of the four piers that supports the dome covers as much ground as the small church of St. Carlo, in the Quirinal, together with the adjoining convent, in which there is accommodation for twenty-four monks. Richly-gilded and exquisitely furnished altars face you everywhere, tombs and monuments, confessional boxes, and priests going to occupy them, are all looked down upon by a firmament of marble, in which are set stars of fretted gold. Being Easter Sunday one had not only the privilege of seeing the building but listening to the seraphic singing, and of having our eyes gratified with a glimpse of the relics. Cardinal Bernini, of Milan, officiated instead of the Pope on this occasion: the latter keeps his place in the Vatican, hurling his anathemas at the heretics that have dared to poach on his sacred preserves, and threatening that he will ruin Rome for having admitted the Italian Government.

The walk from St. Peter's and the Vatican to our hotel could not fail to interest anyone. The famous Castle of St. Angelo, the memorable bridge that spans the yellow Tiber, the narrow streets (many of them without a path for the foot passenger, and in which he is almost sure to be splashed and possibly crushed by the passing vehicle), the peculiar shops, and the funny-looking people that occupy many of them, the dirty-looking meat, and the still dirtier butcher, the odd-looking loaves, some of them in the shape of a horse's collar, only somewhat smaller, the inveterate beggars pestering you in Rome as well as out, the hawkers taking one-tenth of what they ask, the letter-writer, who promises the lover not to reveal the secrets, and the pretty little Italian maids who sit at their doors doing with their fingers what the winnowing-machine does in England—separating the chaff from the wheat—together with that closely-shaven, dark-eyed looking man, wearing a cloak reaching to his heels, and a shovel-shaped hat giving a character to the whole, make you feel that surely Rome must be one of the most remarkable cities in the world; though at Tivoli, eighteen and a half miles over the remarkable and ever-interesting Campagna, the place of Hadrian's Villa, and one of the most beautiful waterfalls of Europe, we saw the peculiarities of Italian life more fully developed. The influence of the English is telling upon the Roman.

TRUST IN GOD.

MAN! in duty's path march onward;
Put the enemy to flight;
Trample 'neath thy feet all evil:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Many foes thou hast to conquer;
Boldly meet them; bravely fight;
Be a warrior in the battle:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Never yield to opposition,
Though success seems far from sight;
Still fight on, and never falter:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Quorndon, near Loughborough.

Seek by prayer the aid of heaven
In the stern and arduous fight;
Ask superior strength to arm thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Look to Israel's glorious Captain,
And implore His sovereign might;
Keep heaven's radiant crown before thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Thus equipped in Christian armour,
Put the hosts of hell to flight;
And, till death shall close thy warfare,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

JOSEPH B. COOKE.

HISTORICAL CAMEOS.

No. IV.—*Fair Florence.*

The sun shines out of the cloudless blue of an Italian sky upon the domes, towers, and battlements of the city, called in proud affection by its inhabitants, "Firenze la Bella." The vast bulk of the cathedral rose high above all, its dome, but newly completed under the direction of Brunelleschi, hanging like a cloud in the sky; while the airy grace of the Campanile stood in marked contrast with the stern and stately grandeur of the Palazzo Vecchio. Convents, palaces, and churches vied in costly material and splendid architecture, while the gay and light-hearted throngs which crowded the narrow streets lent animation to the scene. Not all Florentines, however, who paced the thoroughfares on that sultry summer day. Visitors from the villages that dot the lovely Val d' Arno, or nestle at the feet of the distant Apennines. But dweller in the city, or dweller in the village, alike the conversation is on one topic—the wonderful eloquence of the ascetic Prior of San Marco.

Not that Girolamo Savonarola had always been thus successful in moving the multitudes. Men remembered how that a few years before, he had signally failed in retaining a congregation. The church of Lorenzo had been filled by an expectant audience. The new preacher was celebrated alike for his enthusiasm, his good works, and his learning. Heralded by the reputation thus acquired, the new preacher had, nevertheless, failed ridiculously. The crowd, in breathless silence, waited for an overwhelming flood of oratory. An awkward figure, with constrained gestures, breaks the silence with quavering accents and a piping voice. It is enough. The congregation melts away, until, after a few days' preaching, less than twenty-five are left as his audience. Mortified, but not discouraged, the preacher departs. He has seen his error. "I had," says he, "neither voice, lungs, nor style. My preaching disgusted every one. I could not have moved so much as a chicken!"

Conscious of power, he had determined to conquer the difficult arts of oratory. Three years were devoted to unceasing study and unwearied practice. Meanwhile, deep and abiding convictions were burning in his soul, and clamouring for utterance. Invited to preach at Brescia, the effect of laborious study made itself instantly manifest. The audience were swayed by his eloquence as a reed-bed before the summer gale. Crowds flocked to his lectures, and his fame was spread widely throughout the land. In 1487, Savonarola, attending at Reggio a provincial chapter of the Dominicans, (to which order he belonged), was brought into contact with Prince Giovanni Pico, of Mirandola. The prince was powerfully impressed with the energy, talents, eloquence, and learning of the monk. He strongly advised Lorenzo de Medici, then all powerful in that city, to invite him again to Florence.

Thus, then, it was, that he who had been laughed out of the pulpit of the church of San Lorenzo, was joyfully welcomed, as Prior of San Marco, to all the pulpits of Fair Florence.

And his course, hitherto, had been such as to arouse the public mind. It was whispered how that, owing his elevation to the grace of the Medici, he had yet refused to do homage for the favour, or place his convent under their protection. The monks urged obedience to the old

rule, but in vain. "Who raised me to this dignity," asked Savonarola, "God or Lorenzo? Let us render thanks to God, then, and not to mortal man!" Nor had he bearded the ruler of Florence only. The Pope himself had been assailed. In the old time, Girolamo had censured the priesthood, and bitterly condemned the corruptions of the church. "Do you wish your son to be a wicked man?" he exclaimed. "Make him a priest, then!" Acquainted with the secrets of the cloister, and the horrors of the confessional, he had blazed into indignant remonstrance and withering denunciation. But this was reckoned a thing of course. The people were already familiar with the immorality of the priesthood. The wickedness of the clergy was the subject of popular song and scurrile jest, and their amours were the burden of many a ribald tale. But to assail the Pope himself! Nevertheless, the bold Prior of San Marco had done it. And in no measured terms either. Even at Brescia he had commenced the attack. From the pulpit he had declared, that "The Popes have attained, through the most shameful simony and subtlety, the highest priestly dignities; and even then, when seated in the holy chair, surrender themselves to a shamefully voluptuous life, and an insatiable avarice. The cardinals and bishops follow their example. No discipline, no fear of God is in them, and many believe in no God!"

So, then, with mingled curiosity and interest, the multitudes were flocking through the streets of Florence the Fair, to hear the lecture of Father Giralamo Savonarola.

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The Prior of San Marco sat in the cloister garden. A shubbery of damask roses hung its thousand blossoms overhead, and made a rich background of colour, while the soft summer air was fragrant with perfume. The scene was strange, yet impressive. The throng, in quaint mediæval costume, crowded all the available space, while near to the lecturer stood or sat some of the most eminent citizens of Florence. The brethren of the monastery, in the black robes of their order, were grouped together, or sat perched on the cloister wall, their sombre garments in sharp contrast with the array of the citizens, clad in the bright colours so dear to the Italian heart. The Prior sits with eyes closed, and hands devoutly crossed on his breast. On his knees, an open book from the convent library, gorgeously illuminated and illustrated. It is the Revelation of St. John the Divine. Ere the crossed hands are raised in prayer, and the blue eyes flash out upon us from beneath their reddish lashes, let us describe him. Of middle size, easy, but firm in his carriage—a bold, lofty forehead, furrowed with thought, nose large and aquiline, high cheek bones, and plump face—a mouth firm and determined, yet with lower lip full and mobile—the hair that remains round the tonsure denoting a sanguine temperament—the Prior Giralamo, clad in the garb of his order, with hood carelessly thrown back upon his shoulders, sits ready to address his auditors. He lifts his thin bony hand, and there is instant silence.

Announcing his subject, the discourse proceeds. No mere scholastic quibbling and hair splitting, but an earnest, deadly grapple with the wrongs and troubles of the age. The magnificent imagery of the apocalypse flits through his discourse with startling effect. Men were

oppressed—overawed by the majesty of his figures, and the vigour of his description. Nor, while he denounced a corrupt age, and prophesied the terrible judgments of God on its wickedness, was he wanting for a remedy. Of the Church he said, “The Church, once so justly honoured, has been remoulded by wicked prelates and rulers according to their own fashion. It is not built with living stones. Within it are not found Christians rooted in that living faith which works by love. In outward ceremonies it is not deficient. Its sacred rites are celebrated with splendid vestments, rich hangings, golden candelabra, and chalices encrusted with gems. You may see its prelates at the altar, arrayed in jewelled vestments stiff with gold, chanting beautiful masses, accompanied by such voices, such music, that you are astonished. . . . But upon such husks as these are its members fed. Yet they say that the Church of Christ was never so flourishing as now. The primitive bishops are declared to have hardly deserved the name, in comparison with the men who now bear it. It is true! They were poor and humble men, who could not boast of great revenues and rich abbeys, like their successors. They had neither mitres nor chalices of gold. If they had them, they were ready to sacrifice them for the necessities of the poor; whereas the bishops now-a-days extort from the poor the meagre pittance which their necessities require, in order to purchase these splendours. In the primitive Church, the chalices were of wood—the bishops were of gold. Now the Church has prelates of wood, and chalices of gold! St. Thomas Aquinas was one day addressed by a great prelate like those I have been describing, who held in his hands two golden basins full of ducats. ‘See,’ said he, ‘Master Thomas, the Church can no longer say, Silver and gold have I none.’ ‘True,’ replied he, ‘neither can it use the words which follow: In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk!’ Rise, Lord! and liberate Thy Church from the power of demons and tyrants—from the hands of wicked prelates! Hast Thou forgotten Thy Church? Dost Thou no longer hear? She is still Thy Bride. She is still the same for which Thou didst humble Thyself, and assume our nature, and suffer reproach, and shed Thy blood upon the cross. Come, Lord, for her deliverance—come and punish these godless men; confound and humble them, that we may peaceably serve Thee!”

The crowd, excited by the words of the speaker, and moved by his passionate appeals, burst into a flood of tears. He calmed their emotion, and pointed out the remedies. “People of Florence,” said he, “give yourselves to the study of the sacred Scriptures! The first blessing is, understand the sacred Scriptures. Let us publicly confess the truth. The sacred Scriptures have been locked up—their light has been well nigh extinguished among men! Has it not been disregarded, set aside, and left in the dust?”

* * * * *

The one dream of Savonarola's life, was the reformation of church and people. With the people he was in some sort successful. Surrounded by the most exquisite beauty, they were yet gay and licentious. Nature and art vied in making the fair city worthy of its name. Galleries and museums, palaces and gardens, ministered to the delights of the citizens, while the churches, with pompous ceremonial and delicious music, added to their pleasures. Such a scene, with the soft Italian sky

over all, seemed made for sensuous enjoyment. But under the preaching of the eloquent prior, a marvellous change was wrought. Enthusiastic always, he grew in earnestness, until he was regarded as a prophet. His denunciations of impending woe caused the flippant and frivolous populace to tremble with apprehension. The vials of Apocalyptic wrath seemed ready to be poured forth. The churches were crowded. Shops were closed. The places of idle resort were deserted, and even the carnival was superseded by a public gathering, at which indecent books, statues, and pictures, were committed to the flames. The great business of the Florentines seemed to be religion.

But Savonarola was more than the spiritual director of the people he was the guardian of their liberties. When the dying Lorenzo de Medici had sent for "the true monk" he had made the restoration of their rights, usurped by the penitent, a condition of absolution. His influence in the Signory was marvellous. He even dreamed of making the Republic of Florence into a Theocracy—acknowledging no leader but God, and no code but His laws.

But with the church his success was less marked. It is true that by his efforts some convents were reformed, some churches were purified. But the cleansing was partial only. The ethiopian had not changed his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Rome summoned its power to crush the Florentine monk. The papal chair was filled by Alexander VI.—foul, cruel, and debauched—the vilest wretch that ever disgraced humanity. Blandishment and bribery were first tried. Alexander sent for a bishop of the Dominican order and bade him refute the arguments of Savonarola. "Holy Father," replied the bishop, "I am ready to fulfil your commands, but I must have arms. This monk says we ought not to keep concubines, or commit simony, or be guilty of licentiousness. If in this he speaks truly, what can we say?" "What, then, can we do with him?" asked the pontiff. The crafty prelate, equal to the emergency, answered smoothly, "Reward him—give him a red hat—make him a cardinal and a friend at the same time!" The offer was made. For three days the Prior of San Marco was plied with arguments. Threats and promises were lavishly employed. But a tremendous answer was thundered from the pulpit. "No red hat will I have but that of martyrdom, coloured with my own blood!" And he wrote to the Emperor of Germany reiterating his charges. "I testify in the name of the Lord, that this Alexander VI. is not a pontiff. He bought the papal throne. Iniquity usurps the throne of St. Peter, and without shame, runs into all disorders. At present in the Church of God we see a state of things, in which, from head to foot there is no soundness, but an abominable aggravation of all the vices."

In such an age, such a course could have only one end. No idle words were those of Giralamo Savonarola. With prophetic insight he saw the result, but feared it not a whit. "Do you ask me," says he, "what will be the end of this conflict? I answer, Victory! But if you ask me in particular, I answer, Death! But death is not extinction! Rather it serves to spread abroad the light. Rome shall not quench this fire—or if it quenches it in one, then another and a stronger will break out!"

The heavy, castellated front and lofty Campanile of the Palazzo Vecchio, looks down upon an upturned sea of faces. The Prior of San Marco, broken by torture, but unsubdued in spirit, is brought forth, with his two companions, to die. As the heavy death-note swings on the air from the belfry of the Duomo, the crowd gaze upon the dark gibbets with their dangling ropes and chains. Strangled and burned! And this is the reward of his service. "The red hat of martyrdom—coloured with his own blood!"

His ashes were gathered and flung contemptuously over the old bridge into the Arno. But the verdict to-day is reversed. Fair Florence claims him now as her most honoured son. San Marco, adorned with the wondrous frescoes of the saintly Fra Angelico, is to-day visited by men from the very ends of the earth. With uncovered heads they stand in the prior's cell. Reverently they gaze upon the relics of the martyr. Couch on which he reclined—chair on which he sat—books and manuscripts in his own small and delicate handwriting; yea, even the very robe, stripped from him with cruel words by the Romish bishop, ere the hero passed under the hands of the executioner on that dread morning. All these, the visitor may see in the empty convent of San Marco, and reverently musing thereon, may look forward, with thoughtful soul, into the future of "Fair Florence."

W. H. ALLEN.

THE RELIGIOUS NUMERO-MANIA.

WE are again in the midst of Associations, and Conferences, and Assemblies, of the annual sort, preparing for which various Christian denominations have been busy in the simpler rules of arithmetic. Our daily papers bring almost daily accounts of "numbering the people," and jubilant or mournful statements of "results." Intelligent persons within and without our churches, and Christian sections of the "one Body," are doubtless moved into reflections upon this annual arithmetical process. The reflections of those "within" the statistics are, perhaps, somewhat too dispirited at one time, too sanguine at another; while, as to those "without," they may have a very partial and incorrect estimate of the status of Christianity, if they obtain it from these yearly numbers sent out to the reading world.

One thought which surely arises in the minds of us all is, that this numbering and reduction of numbers to what we consider accurate "statistics" has really become a religious numero-mania. It seizes upon our many denominations in annual attacks, somewhat as the hay-fever comes upon certain people, and at about the same period of the year. Registers and church books are overhauled. Sums in addition and subtraction are carefully worked out; as if the Eternal Sovereignty of our Christ depended upon the number of His earthly votes recorded in our books, as the votes for the candidate are recorded by so many names in the poll-books of our parliamentary elections. We would not advocate an utter indifference about our denominational statistics; but if that concern become too keen, does it not degenerate into a "mania," which hardly accords with our professed faith in the certain growth and ultimate supremacy of our Redeemer's kingdom? While the announcements of our numerical progress are greeted with bursts of grateful

applause, and the revelations of here and there a decline are received with signs of sad depression, it were well for us in both cases to exercise careful and discriminating thought.

Take first the "Increase" of the statistical table. What does it imply? An "increase" of life and power to the church? We would hope so. An addition to the subjects who gladly yield themselves to His blessed sway? We suppose so. A multiplying of the human agencies and energies at work in the world, moved into indomitable activities for the glory of our Christ, and for the promotion of His truth? It would seem so. In many instances, we must truthfully admit that such are the concomitants of "increase." But still, to be truthful and honest in our representations, we cannot assert, we cannot assume, that these results invariably go together. Number and life and strength are not indissolubly associated. The times of life and strength in Christianity, throughout its eighteen-century history, have been when numerically it was feeble, and seemingly ready to pass even out of obscurity into oblivion, so that its name only should survive in some record of the many-sided "faiths of the world," to be preserved for those who love to study the grander or more obscure developments of the "religious element" in man. Numerical growth is, of course, a common indication of spiritual life in the body of Christians to which the addition comes, and in the addition that comes to the body; but this is not an invariable fact on either side.

Is there not with some Christian people too strong a "mania" for additions? Are there not those amongst us, in all sections of the "one Church," who will "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," that the figures of some single church, or of their denomination, may "look better" before the world, or before "others of the disciples." Under this impulse they "run in" to the fellowship of the Christian community many who soon manifest that they are but dead stones amongst the living; communicating the contagion of their deadness to some who were formerly fuller of life. Upon very erroneous assumptions on this numerical basis, a minister's work is too commonly falsely estimated, or depreciated. For example, there are right worthy men who have, by wear and tear of life, naturally lost somewhat of the physical vigour and flash the younger have, who minister faithfully and well the Word of Life, building up Christian stability and strength around them, but not "adding" as others of earlier years are able to boast they do. What is the result? The "perfecting of the saints" is accounted far too generally an unimportant service, and the estimate of it is very much too low. And yet there may be, doubtless there often is, a mightier force of life there in that church to which such an one ministers noiselessly but blessedly, as to eternal issues, and as to the more silent power of his own character, and of the character of his church-family, in the town or the village where they dwell. An increase is well; but while we pray for it, strive for it, hope for it, we may infer too much from numbers as to real life and power, and as to the actual growing of His dominion, before whom Evil must utterly perish, and Truth and Righteousness be established for ever.

As to the "Decrease" column of Christian Statistics. Does this mean that after all Christ is losing ground in some places, whilst He

may be gaining somewhat of territory in others? As the sea at some points of our coast line "gains," and at others recedes, the surging waves here beating away the land barrier, and there retreating before some gradual upheaving of the land, so do we imagine that where we find an "increase," there the rock of Christian truth heaves higher by its own divine uplifting force, before which the waves of iniquity fall back; and where we find a "decrease," do we fancy its substance is fretted away by the lashing billows of evil forces ever operating against it? Surely these are not correct surmisings of ours. Are statistics, after all, of so much worth as "indicators" of either the progression or retrogression of Christianity? We have, in our congregations, many who are not "with" us numerically, though they are "of" us spiritually. Not "with" us in church records, but "of" us in the unity of love and faith. These whose names, we believe, are written in heaven, are not computed in these annual statistics of ours. We forbear to be over-impertunate with them as to church membership. To their own Master they give a reason for their standing. We are not enamoured of that vague position some persons delight to assume, and boast they occupy, as connected with no visible church. We fear it sometimes means that they are not "parts" of any "invisible" church either. But the Lord has His children in our congregations, we steadfastly believe, who are not reckoned in any family roll of earth, wherein we profess to set down the "numbers" of the great family.

Moreover, if by statistics our faith stands or falls, we may find it tottering to a fall as much by the "Increase" column as by the "Decrease."

Is Christianity numerically keeping apace of the population-growth? If not we might argue from numbers the one threatens to outgrow the other, and Christianity must be ever, to the end of earthly things, in a sad minority. This our conviction, our faith, both belie, as ultimate facts. There are secret forces for good at work statistics cannot represent. There are Christian influences moving upon the moral chaos of society, and slowly yet certainly evolving God's order and moral beauty according to His grand purposes. The social morality of to-day is not that it was before the Divine "leaven" was at work around us; and wherefore shall we doubt, whatever numbers may seem to indicate of hope or of fear, that "the whole shall be leavened."

"Increase" or "Decrease" our faith liveth, abideth strong, utters its unfaltering prediction still, and nerves us with the energy of enthusiasm before either result of our yearly calculations. From the one we are not to assume too much as to satisfactory conditions and real progress, nor from the other are we to infer that figures represent facts of a dark and foreboding sort.

E. K. EVERETT.

STATISTICS.—My friend, Mr. Everett, who says some wise and good things on the subject of statistics—things the churches will do well to take to heart,—has never, I fear, had the misfortune to be the secretary of an Association of Churches, or assuredly he would not complain of any violent madness in favour of figures amongst them. The only thing the churches do is to forget them. The mania is in the secretaries; and we do not regret it. Statistics are good things, if they are true. They do not reveal everything, and they are only prepared for the wise, who know how to read them. We hope our churches have all reported, and that, when we get the Year Book, we shall read the figures without risk of error, and with a larger wisdom, for the study of this useful paper.—Ed.

THE DIARY OF A ROVING HEARER.

THE other day I came upon the note-book of a thoughtful and critical "hearer of the word;" and was so interested in his observations on the preaching of the various ministers he had "sat under;" and on the methods of worship adopted by them, that I have taken the trouble to write some of them out at length, with the view of submitting them to your editorial judgment. From the names, dates, and places mentioned (which, for obvious reasons, I suppress), I see that the Diary, though looking well worn, is a record of recent events, and of the thoughts they have excited; and although the observations are fragmentary, yet I am inclined to think some of them valuable, not only as showing that there are "hearers" who have ideas of their own about preaching and worship generally, but also for their own intrinsic merit; and if you agree with me in that estimate of them, and print this sample, I shall be encouraged to undertake the task of making further excerpts from the pages penned by this "Roving Hearer."

I have no principle of selection to guide me, unless it be a certain intuition of "the eternal fitness of things," on which I am apt to rely very much, and, therefore, give first a lengthy fragment on the SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

The Diarist seems to have thought much of this subject, for he often writes about it, occasionally in brief sentences, and then more at length. He says—

"Every service has a prevailing tone, temper, or spirit, that makes itself felt with greater or less intensity in all parts of the worship, and on the minds of all susceptible and attentive worshippers. I have been to some where the tint was almost neutral; but generally I find there is a reigning spirit throughout, determining the choice of hymn and tune, the style in which the Scriptures are read, the way in which strangers are treated, or *not* treated, the emphasis of the preacher, the management of finance, the mode of exit, the length of the silence after the benediction, and the degree in which that silence is interrupted by hat hunting, glove arranging, and all the other *necessary* accompaniments of what is often so welcome a sound, as well as the only reference to the Trinity in the whole service.

"The worship at —— chapel is eminently æsthetic. Everything is in the best taste. The most conceited churchman, priding himself on his respectability, might come here, and never so much as dream of the 'low-bred dissenter.' Song and prayer, reading and preaching, all are conducted with the utmost care to keep clear of breaking any of the canons of respectability and fashion. A Geneva gown hides the minister from the vulgar gaze. Pew-openers are well instructed in the philosophy of clothes, and understand the various ways of proving that the directions of James about rich and poor were never meant for a commercial age, and a great commercial people. No worshipper knows his neighbour; and offence would be given by free speech on the basis of the common act of worship in which they have joined. The heart is not profoundly stirred, conscience is torpid, understanding soporific; but men and women of propriety, and good taste, are not displeased, and are, I hope, a little

helped in this weekly act of worship of the Almighty God. And it is something, after all, to be able to conduct a service so as not in anything to offend.

“A few Sundays ago, I joined a congregation where the reigning spirit was a cold and severe intellectuality. No sacrifices were offered to the Graces. *Æsthetics* were not obtrusive. But the audience may have consisted of diligent readers of the *Fortnightly* and *Westminster Reviews*, thoroughly acquainted with all the windings of modern Scepticism. The prayers contemplated no sorrows, no anxieties, but those of the intellect; and the sermon was an elaborate and able refutation of what might be called, without any offence, Matthew Arnoldism. I enjoyed the service. It put a strain on my thinking powers, and illuminated and confirmed my intelligent apprehensions of the truth as it is in the Scriptures; but I could not avoid seeing indications of listlessness in some near me, nor having the wish that the preacher, who looks like a man who is rapidly becoming all brain, had not kept to his intellectual line so sharply.

“But of this I am more and more convinced, that the main spirit, the felt, all-pervading presence, of every occasion of worship should be an intense heart-reality. This should penetrate; and it will beautify and ennoble every act. Reasoning that is aflame with living conviction is never unwelcome. Song that expresses, in the most refined strains, genuine affection and manly thought must inspire. As light to the landscape, as movement to the sea, so to worship is heart-reality. This impresses, holds, and sways the heart, and will often compensate for the absence of other qualities. The praise should be real praise of the *present* God. The Bible should be read as the record of the dealings of the Lord of this very year of grace, who is the same *to-day* in England, as yesterday in Judea. The prayer should be felt to be the actual speech of man, God’s son, with his Father; and the sermon, whether read, memorised, or extemporaneous, should have in every sentence the ring of real thought, real conviction, real faith, and real love.

“This idea was forced in upon me the other Sunday, when I went to worship at two different places in a quiet country town in the county of ——. The chief difference between the two services was in this matter of thoroughness of spirit and intensity of personal feeling and conviction. The sermons were nearly of equal merit. The ‘preliminaries,’ as some mistakenly and injudiciously call them, were of a similar character; and yet there was a severe and heart-impressing reality, rivetting the attention and stirring the soul, about the one that seemed wholly absent from the other. I said to myself, Well, if ever I had anything to say to preachers, it would be, ‘Seek ye first to realize the meaning and feel the importance and joy of the worship of God in its every part; and to do this you must seek before all things to be real yourselves. Getting to men’s hearts is not an easy thing; but to do it it is certain a man must have a heart himself, and must speak from its profoundest depths.’”

The second remark I select is on that hackneyed subject; **READING SERMONS**. “I have no objection whatever to the reading of sermons; nor have I any sympathy with the superstition that denounces the practise without regard either to the man that reads, or the end he seeks to gain.

Reading, memorising, and extemporized utterance are means to an end ; and if the end is gained, that is the chief thing. Still it is almost intolerable to hear a sermon *read* that is slipshod and repititious in style, weak in arrangement, and generally lacking in energy. When a sermon is read, the chief advantages of that mode of preaching ought to be secured. Elaborate and incisive argument, concise and forcible style, elegance and beauty of expression, neatness and precision of statement, and comprehensiveness and completeness of treatment: some of these things ought to appear in every sermon that is read. The sermon I heard this morning was read ; and there was nothing in it. The sight of the MS. created an expectation ; the continuous and fixed gaze upon it sustained that expectation for a time ; and then, finally, the effect was one of disappointment and annoyance. The discourse to-night was not read ; the thought was not striking, nor the illustrations fresh ; but the style was as clear and as finished as that of the written discourse, and the effect was immeasurably greater, simply because it was delivered with the eyes as well as with the lips, and did not raise higher expectations than it satisfied. Let men read if they will ; but, by every means, let them write out what compensates for the sacrifice of the obvious advantages of extemporaneous utterance."

The last remark I will quote is on CONCLUSIONS. "Of all things to be avoided and abhorred by a preacher, a tame and spiritless conclusion to a sermon is the most to be abhorred. There should not be a soporific sentence in it ; nor a drowsy and lifeless gesture ; nor a weak illustration. No application is better than a tame one. If a man is exhausted, he should stop at once. Strength should be saved and concentrated for this final effort. Illustration, parable, appeal, rebuke, invocation, should be crowded into it in a style the most energetic, concise, and moving. I cannot understand two things : first, why I so rarely hear a really good conclusion ; and secondly, why preachers forewarn their hearers that the application is coming, and describe its course, as if they meant men to get out of the way of it. It should be a surprise. It should not all be left for the end ; but should grow out of the discourse as an essential part of it. When preachers understand their work as they ought, they will gather up all their strength for the conclusion of the sermon."

C. SAMUELSON.

CHAFING UNDER THE FETTERS.

THE legal opinion given, in reply to the Rev. Mr. Freemantle, by Messrs. Stephen and Shaw, shows that the clergy of the Established Church cannot take any, even the slightest, part in a Nonconformist service without being guilty of an ecclesiastical offence. We are not sorry that it is so. Much as we rejoice in Christian union, and desire the most extensive intercommunion of churches, yet we have no faith in making wrong easy. It is fitting that error should appear in all its native ugliness. A State Church is a mistake, and our State Church is a glaring injustice ; and therefore we are glad that the left-handed reciprocity lately indulged in is likely to be checked. We do not need interchange of pulpits just now, but the digging up of false foundations. Make the church free, and then "the liberty of unlicensed preaching" will follow.—*Scraps*.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

No. XIII.—*A Collection of Sayings.*

WE must appreciate fully the love of Jesus to love our fellow-creatures as we ought.

To glorify God is so to act that God may be loved and admired by others.

If we esteem a line of conduct, we condemn ourselves if we go not and do likewise.

Pardon is God Himself. He that liveth in mercy liveth in God. He that liveth in love liveth in God, for God is love; and when a man thus lives he becomes, by being put into the vat of God's transforming kindness, himself a little lump of loving-kindness.

God wants your confidence; He wants to embrace you, to have you with Him for ever; He wants to saturate you with His fulness; He wants to have your heaven begun on earth. Oh, then, why will you prefer husks to Jesus? For every drop of Jesus' blood you will have to give an account. For every proof of Jesus' love you will have to give an account. For the all-forgiving grace God has shown to you in Jesus you will have to give an account.

Repentance is ceasing to do evil and learning to do well; it is loving, delighting in, and consecrating your lives to God; it is saying, "I will never do anything again for myself." Christ is come to burn out your sins, to purify you unto God, and not to hide you from Him.

There is a God who can do just as He pleases with men; whilst man is a little creature that can do nothing without God. Now, is it not befitting that these two beings should be in agreement?

Never suffer yourself to speak of any person towards whom your heart is alienated.

The whole of religion consists in the having the sensations of heaven while on earth.

God does not answer prayer by direct infusion. No; when we want bodily strength we must eat as a means to obtain it. Just so in the spiritual life; he who would grow in grace and become strong in faith must be ever eating the strong meat of the gospel.

Marriage was instituted in order that the human family might be united each to each. Out of dependence rises obligation—hence the sense of duty. From obligation springs willing subjection—the little type of all religion. From submission arises gratitude—no small part of eternal religion. From this gratitude proceeds delight to serve them, requite them, and imitate them—which produces a beautiful moral power over the mind.

Meditate on God's love, that Christ's object may be accomplished in you; for His object in taking you into His family is none other than that He may have the individual affection of your hearts.

Christ was incarnate, not to purchase heaven for us, but us from sin. He died for us that He might transfuse into us His hatred of sin; that we might know God's hatred of sin, and His forgiveness of sin.

You must perfectly approve those things which God has declared to be His will, not because they *are His* will, but because they *are right*. Whatever restraint God has laid upon you you must feel glad of, and would willingly put it upon yourself if God had not. Now, without the freeness of the gospel no man can come to this condition, he cannot be supremely happy, that he has no right to choose anything for himself.

He that believes in Jesus comes into the situation of a soldier to his general who leads him, for the life of the spirit is through faith.

God saves us by His word. His promises, threats, doctrines, etc., are as the very blood of our bodies. We are to be sanctified through the truth. He also saves us by His providence; for He maketh all things work together for our good, all to sicken and weary us of sin.

Rejoice in the truth of God, not in your experience of that truth; rejoice not in prayer, but in God who hears and answers prayer.

Seek not gifts, but the Giver.

The first principles of the doctrine of Christians are to be held fast, and yet in a certain sense they are to be left. Have you forgotten your alphabet? No; but you have left it. Sir Isaac Newton never forgot the multiplication table; still, he went on unto perfection. We are not to despise, but use fundamental principles.

Conversion is not a gradual bettering and bettering, but a change—it is God's work. He is to be received by you by your believing what is true.

God's love is as sunlight in the explanation of everything.

What is our righteousness? Simply being prepared to meet our God.

PAYING THE FARE.

THERE is nothing for which men have to pay so dearly as sin. It is the costliest thing in the world. So Jonah found it. God sent him to Nineveh—a great and wicked city—to cry against it. But the bold yet bashful prophet was afraid to go on such an unpleasant errand. He tried to run away from his duty and his God, by going down to the nearest seaport and taking the first ship that sailed in another direction. “He found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof.” But he paid dearly. It proved a terribly expensive voyage. For no sooner had the ship got out on the broad sea than the strong breeze that met them changed to a gale, and the gale to a hurricane. The vessel began to pitch and toss to such a frightful extent that even the sailors were alarmed; they cried every man to his god to save them from a watery grave. As much of the cargo as could be got at was thrown overboard. But still the storm raged; nor did it cease till Jonah himself was cast into the sea. This disobedient prophet paid dearly enough when he paid his fare to Tarshish; for not only did he fail to reach the place, but he lost his money, lost his time, lost the approval of his conscience, and, what was vastly more, he lost the approval of his God; and if it had not been for a miraculous interposition, he would have lost his life also. All this was the fare which Jonah paid for *sinning*. A ruinous fare indeed. And so other men have found it. For no one can sin without having to suffer for it.

There is a divine connection between sin and punishment. If a man *will* have the sin, he *must* have the suffering. It is God's great law in the moral world. “The way of transgressors is hard.” “He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it: and whoso breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him.” The universal law to which there is no exception is this, “Whatsoever a man soweth, *that*”—that and not something else—“that shall he also reap: for he that soweth the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.” This is the thing I want to make

plain to my readers, that the dearest fare in the world which any man has to pay is the fare for sinning.

Take for example the case of the *sceptic*; a man it may be of fine intellect, and even brilliant attainments, the son perhaps of a praying mother and a saintly father. But he grows tired of the faith of his fathers, he shows a contempt for the House of God, he has an ill-disguised sneer for religious people, he calls the Bible effete, worn-out, a book of old women's fables, though the probability is he has never read a quarter of the Bible in his life. There is no heaven, he says, and no hell. But one night when he returns from his club the mother tells him that Charlie, the youngest-born—the merry three-year-old—is ill; she says, very ill. Half-a-dozen times that night he is in Charlie's room, feeling at his pulse, touching his cheek, listening to his breathing. He neither fears nor loves God; but he fears this sickness, and he loves his child. The days that follow are days of terrible anxiety and trouble, for the child grows worse, and by-and-bye it dies. What comfort has that father, what consolation, what hope in his child's death? He has cast out the names of God, and Jesus, and heaven, long ago. He recognises no tender, loving, heavenly Father, no strengthening, sympathizing Jesus, no comforting Spirit. For him there is no Father's house on high; and among its many mansions no rooms for little children. It was a fearful price he paid when he parted with faith for unbelief.

Take the case of the *worldling*. The respectable man of the world, one of those described in the Bible as "walking in the way of his own heart, and in the sight of his own eyes." He may be a statesman, or a philosopher, or a trader, or a mechanic. He is a man that lives and labours for that which is merely visible, present, temporal. He loves the world. He loves the visible and temporal. His hopes and ambitions are confined to earth and time. There is, for example, the man who is entirely absorbed in money-making, whose great passion is to become rich. Such a man must pay not only daily anxiety and worry, but he must run the fearful risk of being eaten up with covetousness. The apostle says, "The love of money is the root of all evil;" not the mere possession of it, but the setting the heart upon it, the reaching out after it, the desire for that more than ought else, this is the root from whence all evils may spring. It is a terrible price that some men have to pay for wealth. Take the case of Lot. You know how Abraham, with all the generosity and disinterestedness of his noble nature, gave to Lot the selection of place. "The whole land," said he, "is before thee—choose." And Lot, we are told, "lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord, and he choose him all the plain of Jordan." He made no inquiry about the men that dwelt there; he simply saw the goodness of the land, and that decided him. No doubt he would be called shrewd, sharp, very business like, yet he made a fool's choice, and paid ruinously for his folly. He who pitched his tent toward Sodom, was very soon found in Sodom. His family mingled with the men of Sodom and learned their ways; and when the poor father, alarmed for his children's safety, implored his sons-in-law to escape, they seemed as one that mocked. In the destruction of his property, in the loss of his family, you may see the fare which Lot paid for his worldliness.

Consider the case of the *drunkard*, and the terrible penalties he has to pay for sinning. What those penalties are you may gather from the picture which Solomon has drawn of the drunkard in Prov. xxiii. 29, and following verses. I would that this picture were hung in every drunkard's chamber, and every tavern, and hotel, and club of the land. The words seem to imply that there is no wretchedness equal to the drunkards; the very means of his pleasure "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Whose "woe" is greater? He has the woe of ill health, the woe of contempt, the woe of remorse. Terrible fare indeed. There are others beside the drunkard that travel on the road of sensual indulgence, and who have to pay the fare thereof. The licentious man pays it in shame and self-loathing, in remorse and rottenness of the bones.

But I cannot recount further the penalties which men and women have to pay for sinning. The costliest thing in the world is *sin*. It costs self-respect, purity of conscience, spiritual sensibility, mental freedom, the freshness and vigour and beauty of life, the favour of God, and if not repented of and forsaken, it will cost at the last the loss of heaven.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. VII.—“*Weekly Storing*.”

BY A “LIVE” DEACON.

I do not profess to understand the true exposition of the passage of Scripture on which the doctrine of “*Weekly Storing*” is based. The words are explicit: but whether they contain a perpetually binding rule, or only a transitory direction referring to a special occasion and a special need, I must leave to the acute judgment and wide research of the professed students of the Bible. But it is plain to me, and becomes more and more so with my lengthening life and observation, that the right foundation for Christian beneficence is *method, habit*; not only in giving, but chiefly and in the first instance, in *making definite and conscientious and self-sacrificing provision for giving*; in “*laying by*,” on fixed principles, or reserving a portion of our gains for God. Means of distribution can easily be found when the “*store*” is there. The first duty is to get the “*store*,” is to arrange for its regular supply; and the most strenuous efforts should be made by the diaconate to bring the members of the churches to an intelligent apprehension of this duty, and to secure a cheerful and prompt performance of it as far as possible.

Now too often provision is made against giving. Not only is no “*store*” laid by, but the laying by itself is knowingly rendered impossible. It is easily done, and can be defended by a hundred plausible excuses. Men of business, of ardent temperament, may lock up their money in land, in houses, in trade, so as to fetter their hands and leave them with nothing to give; and what is still worse, with a satisfied and easy conscience. They have a “*good case*” for every appeal. “*Positively haven’t the money; and how can I help you.*” It’s all alike whoever comes; the sustenance of divine worship, the evangelizing of the heathen, the help of the needy—how can they do anything. They have only a nominal balance at the banker’s. There is scarcely enough working capital in hand. “*Of course*” they are excused; and yet they know well enough that stock-taking day will show that not only have they locked up their money and left God and God’s kingdom totally out of consideration, but also that it is placed where it is making ten per cent. now, and will bring twenty by and bye. So they feast their covetousness, and starve their minister, and beggar their souls with a good conscience.

Others reach the same goal by a different road. They make provision against “*storing up*” for God by assuming a style and habit of life beyond their gains. They dress themselves and their children, if they have any, and furnish their houses, just a little beyond what they can afford. They attempt the fashion of £200 on £190, or of thirty shillings a week on twenty-eight, and so gradually crowd life with unnecessary anxieties, burden their backs with debt, corrupt the simplicity and sap the power of the Christian life, and make it impossible that they should know the joy of giving money to the Lord.

A Christian, it seems to me, is not only bound to provide things honest in the sight of all men, but, if I read my Bible rightly, whether in the Old or New Testament, he is under obligation to the Lord who made and saves him to *make provision* for forming the habit of free-handed bounty; and to arrange for the inclusion of giving in his acts of worship as certainly as prayer and the study of the Scriptures. I cannot undertake to say anything about the theology of the matter, but to me it seems no less than a sin to make a plan of life which shuts out the very possibility of giving to God. But this I leave.

The neglect of this forecasting treatment of domestic life, business and wages, is seen in the way in which money is foolishly and thoughtlessly “*frittered*” away, spent without thought on the merest trifles, given without knowledge and from blind impulse, wasted on pleasures that are not refreshing or ennobling, so as to leave the most slender “*store*” for the service of the Lord.

George Muller says, “*many of the children of God lose in a great measure, yea almost entirely, the privilege, and thus also also the blessing to their own souls, of communicating to the Lord’s work and to the necessities of the poor, for want of a regular habit of giving;*” and this arises chiefly, I may add, from the want of a regular *habit of storing*. Honest and conscientious dealing with money, with the gains of business be they represented in hundreds of pounds

per week or in pence, is one of the chief necessities of the Christian church. A *fixed proportion* should be conscientiously set apart, and its treatment set out in a private ledger account. Whether it should be a tenth, or a fifth, or what, must be left to the free action of each conscience; but this rule certainly should be followed—the *proportion* should always be large enough to be felt; the giving should cost something; should involve some self-denial. We should provide for that, whether it be a penny or a hundred pounds.

I am glad to say that amongst my diaconal brethren there are not a few who have adopted this system, and who systematically follow it up, and with the uniform testimony that both their pleasure and their gifts are greatly increased. They believe that giving is a grace which should not be left to take care of itself; but that provision should be made for its healthy and regular growth; and they maintain that the deacons of the Free Churches have only, by setting the example, and also by constantly inculcating the duty, to bring their fellow members to the practise of this one grace of conscientious, habitual, and self-sacrificing storing for God, in order to secure abundant supplies for all the necessities the church's love and zeal and enterprise may create.

Talking with a minister the other day on this subject, he quoted a Scripture which I have never forgotten; and since it supplies an admirable illustration of storing for God, both in its spirit and exercise, I will use it as my closing word. David says, "I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God. All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

WANDERINGS AMONGST THE DEPARTED.

Oh, Spring, fairest of seasons! lovely indeed art thou, with thy balmy breeze and glorious sunshine, thy many flowers and tinted foliage; but fairest thou art seen when clustering thy verdant trees and fragrant blossoms around the graves of the departed. Soft fanned the breeze, and bright the sun shone, one morning as I entered the rural cemetery of K——; the early roses were shedding their fragrance around, while many a shrub told of the beauty of nature, and led our thoughts onward, upward, beyond fading flowers to nature's God. Great and marvellous are Thy works, Oh God! Thou art seen in every quivering leaf, in every dewdrop that glistens on the tiny blade of grass; Thy goodness is not acknowledged, and yet Thou carest for us. While walking round, I saw a tiny grave; no stone marked the place, to tell of name or age, of wealth or poverty; but I knew it was the grave of an infant, the firstborn, perhaps, of some loving mother that wept in sorrow over the low bed of her departed darling. Oh, I said, Spring, thou art a fit emblem here; this tiny grave tells of hopes that are blighted; the bud that was never destined to be opened, but was chilled with the frost of death. Why, little one, didst thou just open thy eyes upon the lower region of earth to close them again so shortly? Why didst thou give rise to expectations that are dashed to the ground? And wherefore didst thou gladden thy mother's heart for a while with thy infant smiles, to leave it more desolate than ever? Oh, mother! Jesus had need of thy treasure, to join in the beauty and purity of everlasting Springtide—the great multitude in heaven. The great Master has transplanted the tender flower to the milder climate, the more salubrious air, of the Garden of Eden. I passed on, and at a little distance from the tiny grave I again paused, before a lofty pile of marble—a monument erected to the memory of an only son. The inscription, in flattering terms, eulogised the name and deeds of the departed, but spoke not one word of the life beyond. "Oh," said a passer by, "poor young gentleman; he was heir to that mansion yonder, to untold gold, to lands and houses. His father was most heart-broken to lose him; he had so set his mind on him inheriting his riches." "Did he know he was going to die?" I asked. "Did he think of eternity?" "Well, as to that, he was never brought up to none of that; they always gave to the poor, and such like; but they said life was for pleasure." I sighed, as I gazed on the costly pile, and thought, here is Summer in all its gorgeous splendour, scarcely opened to full glory, the idol of his parents, the pride of the neighbourhood, the heir expectant to immense riches, and cut down in the midst of its glory. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. Yes! as the fading flower he passed away, to bloom no more. Again was my

attention arrested; but not this time by costly marble piles, or monuments of pomp and splendour, but by a grassy mound covered with snowy lilies, and a rose-bush at the head marked the last resting-place of one beloved. A simple stone, and the inscription, "I know in whom I have believed," told me that that little mound of earth covered one who was heir to a mansion, a crown, and a kingdom, as well as others; but not an earthly mansion that will crumble into dust, or a crown that will fade or tarnish with the hand of time; but a kingdom immortal, eternal, and a crown that fadeth not away, a mansion in heaven, reserved and prepared for those that love Jesus Christ. Better fade, to fade quietly, gently as autumn steals the leaves of the trees, and ripen as the first-fruits for eternity, than die in gorgeous splendour, to bloom no more for ever. Yes, it may seem winter to our hearts when we lose our loved ones, the chilling icy hand of death may make it seem as if the sunshine was departed for ever; but still a winter's day is shorter than any other, and sooner passes away. Though dark for a season, light will dawn again and brighten our hearts; joy will beam through the cloud; and the hope that blooms with immortality will lighten all sorrow: and at last we shall join our departed, to praise Him in a nobler, sweeter song in the temple where all is light, to go no more out for ever.

Fleet.

L. V. MUNN.

For the Young.

THE HERMIT CRAB.

"Did you see that? There he goes, carrying his house on his back, skipping through the water as joyously as if he knew nothing of care."

"What is it? Catch it. Let's see."

"Oh, it is only a hermit. Here he is: but he has shot into his cave, and refuses even to peep at the door, although he hangs out a limb, as if to tell you that he is really at home. Wait a bit. He is very curious, and does not like to dwell in the back parts of his cave long, and so will come soon and look round, and then you can lay hold of him."

"Ah! I touched him! and he shot back again with a sharp click, like the blade of a pocket-knife with a good spring."

"Yes, he's afraid of you."

"Is it the common crab sold at the fishmonger's?"

"Oh no! You'll see when we get him out, if we can manage that difficult task, that he has no coat of mail over his tail, but is quite unprotected; and so is obliged to get into any cast-off armour that some King Saul of the beach has done with. This one is in a common whelk shell."

"Pull him out."

"You can't. He will part with a limb, or suffer himself even to be pulled asunder, rather than leave his home. He fixes the pincers of his tail in the furthest part of the shell, and he will not let it go for a palace. He knows when he has got a good house, and is determined to keep it. He is not like a little girl I read about the other day; a clever girl she was, fond of books and pictures, and always anxious to be somebody great. She did not always like her home, though she had a father that doted on her, and a mother and brother that loved her very much. No; she was not allowed to have all her own way, and so she said one day, 'I'll go to the gipsies, and I'll be queen of the gipsies.' Her name was Maggie; and Maggie left her home, and wandered about a long time, and at last she came to the common where the gipsies were. She was tired and hungry; and the gipsies, having heard her story, and other stories from books, and her wish to be the gipsy queen, offered her some food. But she could not eat it. They fried something for her; but no, Maggie could not touch it; and she began to be miserable, and wish she had stayed in her shell. She did all she could to keep the big tears back. But the gipsies saw her sorrow; and one of them took her back towards home, and she met her father hunting for her. You may be sure that when Maggie got home she did not want to go and be queen of gipsies any more."

"Then are the hermit crabs always content with the same home?"

"No; I believe not. But they never leave one home till they are pretty sure of another and a better. Sometimes a big hermit is seen carrying a shell that scarcely covers his soft tail; though mostly the large crabs find a home in the larger shells."

"But how do you get them out?"

"Put them in a bason, and get some boiling water and pour it on them. This kills them so quickly that they are scarcely hurt at all. Then you can easily draw them out and examine them."

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. LOOKING AFTER THE CHARITY COMMISSIONERS.—It is obviously very necessary dissonters should not go to sleep. We have to deal with a Government that has no conscience, and thinks it does God service by pilfering dissenters. Although retrogressive steps in education cannot be made in open Parliament, they are being made secretly wheresoever an opportunity occurs. The strictest attention should be paid to our town and village trusts, or we shall find ourselves robbed on every hand by the joint adroitness of a scheming elergy and bigoted Commissioners. Here is a case in point. *Elias Marshall*, a member of the General Baptist church at Bradwell, Derbyshire, was anxious that the poor children of his own village should be able to read, and so left two fields, the rent of which was to pay for the education of some poor children. The trustees have usually been appointed by the ratepayers at a special meeting called for the purpose. A new scheme has just come down from the Charity Commissioners, and, will it be believed! this charity, left by a General Baptist, is to be managed by the Vicar and Churchwardens!! A protest has been forwarded, and Bradwell (for two-thirds of its inhabitants are dissenters) will not rest till E. Marshall's Charity is arranged on a basis of common justice and honesty.

II. THE COLLEGE.—We are glad to hear that special efforts are being made in the churches to raise permanently the contributions to this most necessary and valuable institution. The mother church is leading the way in a noble fashion. One of the ministers, and the agent for the College together, "have secured a number of new subscribers, and got some of the old ones to double their subscriptions." If these things are done in the country, what shall be done in the towns?

III. KEEPING ON THE BREAK.—It is due to the many kind friends, brethren in the ministry, and others, who have written us so many refreshing and helpful letters during this recent illness, to say that health has returned in full

measure, and strength is following apace, so that the pleasant prospect of resuming work is in sight. But acting on medical advice, which in this instance coincides with that of an "innumerable company" of counsellors, we shall keep the break on, if possible, for twelve months. This will explain our nonappearance on certain occasions, to help the churches, according to promise; and also show why we have been obliged to say "No" to certain recent requests.

IV. SUSSEX PUDDING.—Having heard, on the authority of a Church of England clergyman, who is, of course, a "gentleman," as well as a State-paid officer, and would not needlessly offend anyone, that Sussex pudding, when eaten cold, "promotes a dyspeptic form of dissent which is unknown elsewhere," we had a little natural curiosity about the pudding, and its mysterious relations to this form of dissent. Dissent in Sussex we had seen, and thought it, for the most part, healthy, hearty, earnest, and intelligent. But the "pudding" we did not meet with until seated at table with four or five members of the Church of England. An unfortunate place for investigations into the effect of Sussex pudding; but, without any of our help, we soon heard *Salem chapel* and its slanders of dissent applauded, and saw other signs of an unmistakeable contempt for any and every form of dissent whatever. If the Rev. W. D. Parish is pursuing his studies on the occult relations of "Pudding" to the forms of religious life, perhaps he will discover the strong pabulum of the "bloated" Popery and the easy-going Rationalism of his own so-called Protestant Church. The dissenters of Sussex do buy their own "pudding." Who are they that get oven their pudding from the State, and then grumble at and despise those who pay for their own and their's too?

V. THE ASSOCIATION AND THE AUGUST MAGAZINE.—Our next issue will contain a specially prepared account of the Wisbech Meetings, and all documents ordered by the Assembly to appear in the pages of the Magazine.

Reviews.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS CONSIDERED.
ESPECIALLY IN REFERENCE TO THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By the late
R. Ingham, D.D. *Stock.*

It is an unexpected and real pleasure to receive this posthumous work from the pen of our late beloved friend, embodying, as it does, his ripest and most elaborated thoughts on the one question of our day that more rapidly than any other is hastening its urgent march to the home of perfect freedom and equality. The theme is timely; and the treatment is fresh, able, and practical. Acute in its reasoning, fearless in its exposure of fallacies made sacred by their associations; irrefragable in argument, it is also, and this is a unique feature of the work, sustained with an amount of illustrative quotations from opponents, altogether unequalled. In this last department Dr. Ingham had before proved himself matchless by his works on Baptism, and in the new volume he has laboured so successfully along the same line, that we have a library of all the best things that have been said on Church and State for the last half dozen years. The author seems always to have had his eye on the weak points in the mailed armour of his antagonists. It is positively a luxury to a Free Churchman to see, from these citations, how thoroughly some of the best men of the Church of England have accepted the principles we contend for; though the pleasure is marred when we remember the reluctance of men of fine spirit and solid worth to act according to their best, purest, and most unbiassed thought. Even Dean Alford could say, "Christianity is not matter for human laws, but for the free spirit of men," and continue to hold his place as a teacher of Christianity by those very laws. But consistency is the last virtue of the human race.

Dr. Ingham's exposure of the Prayer Book is most thoroughgoing, and deserves the attention of those dissenters who are given to excessive laudation of "our beautiful liturgy." He shows that the book is corrupt to its core; full, as Heylin said, "of inconsistencies, and altogether unworthy of the place it holds in the judgment and esteem of those who use it." The Earl of Chatham spoke of the book as "Popish," and Dr. Ingham's criticism sustains that indictment.

Welcome as this book will be to our readers because of the loving memories we have of the writer, it also deserves our high esteem for the ability, fairness,

and thoroughness, with which it handles the most momentous controversy of our times.

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES. *Religious Tract Society.*

A MORE appropriate title to this book would be, "The Story of Robin Wallock," for the three Christmas Eves play but a subordinate part in the story, and only serve to chronicle stages in an experience marvellously touching, tenderly human, and yet bravely heroic. We do not remember to have met with a more captivating illustration of filial affection, courageously suffering for, and at length blessed in the reclamation of a prodigal father.

LOST AND RESCUED. By the author of "Fanny Ashly." *Rel. Tract Society.*

A WELL-WRITTEN tale, illustrating the manifold and real benefits conferred by ragged schools and mission halls in the densely crowded and vicious parts of the metropolis. It is admirably calculated to deepen the interest of all minds in such philanthropic and evangelical work.

A PECK OF TROUBLES. By A. R. Hope. *Sunday School Union.*

THIS "Peck of Troubles" is made up of six healthy and stimulating stories of school and home life. The volume is sure to be a favourite with the young; and if they carry out "Mr. Dalton's prescription's" on the one hand, and keep "stirring the pudding" on the other, they are sure to be much better for it; school-work will be the pleasanter, and home joys the sweeter.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS; OR, WYNNIE'S WORK. By Miss Ellis. *S. S. Union.*

THIS is a precious pearl amongst girls' books, specially to be treasured by that responsible young damsel who is the oldest in the family, and may repeat Wynnies useful and happy work amongst her brothers and sisters. We should like every such girl to be familiar with the lessons of this volume.

THE FERRYMAN'S FAMILY. By Emma Leslie. *Sunday School Union.*

A BRIGHT story, for girls, showing how a knowledge and love of Christ can transform a petted, spoilt, self-willed, and proud girl into a meek, unselfish, and useful maiden. It would make a pretty present for a girl.

Church Register.

CONFERENCE.

The LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE was held in Burnley Lano Chapel on Wednesday, May 19, 1875. The morning service was opened by the Rev. I. Preston, and the Rev. J. Lawton preached from 1 Cor. iii. 23.

The Rev. G. Needham presided at the business meeting. The reports, on the whole, were exceedingly gratifying. Baptized, 140; candidates remaining, 87.

Resolved,—I. That the church at Naze-bottom be commended to the sympathy and help of the churches of this Conference in the attempt now being made to reduce the chapel debt.

II. NEW CHURCHES.—1. *Preston*.—A favourable report being given by Messrs. Gray and Maden, it was resolved,—That we very cordially receive into this Conference the infant church in Preston, and commend its reception into the Association.

2. *Allerton*.—That the church at Allerton be welcomed into this Conference, and commended for reception into the Association.

3. *Hurstwood, near Burnley*.—That the friends at Hurstwood, recently dismissed from the church at Vale, be welcomed into this Conference, and commended for reception into the Association.

III. That we approve the general principle of the Scheme for Amalgamating our Home Mission Societies, and appoint Messrs. Lister, Gray, Preston, and Maden to represent this Conference on the General Committee.

IV. That the autumn Conference be held at Stalybridge, and that, instead of a sermon in the morning, we have a paper on "The Best Method of Conducting Inquirers' Meetings;" to be followed by discussion. The writer to be the Rev. W. Smith, or in case of failure the Rev. J. Watmough. JAMES MADEN, Sec.

The MIDLAND WHITSUNTIDE CONFERENCE met at Ilkeston, on Wednesday, May 19th, 1875. In the morning, at eleven o'clock, a devotional service was held, at which the Rev. J. Wild presided. The Rev. Dr. Underwood preached from 1 Tim. v. 24, 25. Subject: "The immediate and ultimate manifestation of sin and good works."

In the afternoon, at 2.15, the Conference met for business. Dr. Underwood presided, and the Rev. G. Hill, of Derby, offered prayer.

I. The Minutes of the last Conference were read and confirmed.

II. The Rev. W. Bishop presented the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the choice of members for the proposed new General Home Mission Executive Committee (see Year Book, 1874, p. 22). The Report stated that the number of members in the Midland Churches united with the Conference was 9,344; and that therefore, in the new scheme, the Conference was entitled to elect ten members to serve on the aforesaid proposed Executive Committee. The names of twenty-three brethren were mentioned in the report, and it was suggested that the Conference select ten of them.

(1.) The Report was received.

(2.) The Revs. Dr. Underwood, W. Evans, J. Alcorn, J. Wilshire, J. Salisbury, and Messrs. A. Goodlife, J. S. Smith, W. Bennett, G. Orchard, W. B. Bembridge, were appointed.

III. *Midland Home Mission Arrangements for 1875—6*:—

(1.) The three retiring members were re-elected, viz., Messrs. G. Orchard, J. Cholerton, and F. Thompson.

(2.) The Treasurer, Mr. James Hill, was thanked for his services, and re-elected.

(3.) The Rev. W. Bishop was thanked for his services as Secretary, and re-elected.

IV. *Application of Churches to be admitted into the Conference, and to be recommended to the Association*:—

(1.) The church at Newthorpe, of 94 members, of which Rev. J. J. Hayman is pastor, was received, on the motion of Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A., seconded by Rev. J. Wild.

(2.) The church at Stapleford, of 24 members, was received, after some discussion, on the motion of Mr. Sharman, seconded by the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A.

V. A collection amounting to £317s. 3½d. was obtained for evangelistic purposes in connection with the Conference, and duly forwarded to the Treasurer, Mr. J. Wilford, Leicester.

VI.—*Conferences for 1876*.

N.B.—The September Conference of 1875 will be omitted, owing to the meeting of the Midland Baptist Union at Nottingham in the month of September.

(1.) The next Spring Conference (1876) was appointed to be held at St. Mary's Gate, Derby; and the Whitsuntide Conference at Belper.

(2.) Rev. J. Wilshire was elected Chairman for the year; and Rev. G. Hill, Messrs. Joseph Hill, son, F. Thompson, F. Earp, and T. H. Harrison, the Committee.

(3.) The Rev. G. Hill was requested to prepare a paper for the morning meeting at the Spring Conference, 1876.

VII. The Rev. J. Wilshire reported as to special services for village churches.

VIII. The thanks of the Conference were given to the Rev. Dr. Underwood for his instructive and interesting sermon.

At the evening meeting addresses were given by the Rev. C. Springthorpe, J. T. Almy, and J. J. Hayman.

THOMAS GOADBY, *Sec. pro tem.*

P.S.—Owing to the illness of the Secretary the Rev. T. Goadby kindly undertook the duties.

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

THE assembly met as usual on Whit-Tuesday, 18th May, being the 221st anniversary of its first known meeting. The chairman was the Rev. J. C. Means, who stated that, although it was the fifty-third assembly in unbroken succession which it had been his privilege to attend, he had never before occupied the chair. This was owing to his long service—nearly forty years—as their secretary; before his appointment to which office he had been one of the juniors, and since his retirement, too feeble to undertake it.

The attendance was slightly under the average of recent years; but friends were present from Bessels Green, Billingham, Dover, Headcorn, Portsmouth, Trowbridge, and the London Churches of Peckham and Worship Street. The ministers present were the Revs. D. Batchelor, T. B. W. Briggs, J. A. Brinkworth, J. Ellis, E. A. Hodinott, J. F. Kennard, J. Marten, and J. C. Means. The usual resolution was passed, inviting General Baptists, not members of the Assembly, who were present, to take part in the deliberations. Two ministers of the New Connexion, Revs. J. Fletcher and J. Harcourt, were present. The business of the Assembly was of little interest, except to the parties concerned in it; the most important was the changes suggested in the arrangements for the Assembly, which the committee were directed to consider, and report on them next year.

The sermon at the usual morning service was preached by the Rev. T. R. Elliott, of Hunslet, near Leeds, from Psalm xxv. 14. It was an admirable discourse, and, notwithstanding its length,

was listened to with deep interest throughout.

The attendance at the Lord's Supper service on Thursday, the 20th, was, from peculiar circumstances, less than usual. The Rev. John Marten presided, and the Rev. Henry Solly delivered the address.

DERBY AND DERBYSHIRE BAPTIST PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION

HELD its half-yearly conference at Crich, May 18, beginning business at two o'clock. Another church was put on the plan, and two new preachers were proposed for the usual probation. The reports of the churches were very encouraging, and all spoke very highly of the services rendered by the brethren. There are eleven churches supplied by the association, and the distance travelled to the various churches is ninety miles every Sabbath. A present of a purse containing £9, subscribed by the Association, was made by Mr. Slack to one of the preachers who had had a paralytic stroke, from which he has only partially recovered. Mr. Cowlshaw took the chair at the public meeting, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Slack on "The Essential Qualifications of a Preacher;" Mr. Slater, "Youthful Conversion, and the best means to secure it;" and by Messrs. Abell, Swan, and Wright, on "The duty of church members in regard to the public means of grace." The next conference is to be held at Chellaston.

H. A. BLOUNT, *Secretary.*

CHURCHES.

BARTON.—Our bazaar for the Chapel Improvement Fund was held May 20 and 21, and realized £113. The cost of the renovation is £450, all of which, except £30, has been raised in a little over twelve months.

CARRINGTON.—There is a debt of £200 on the school, and since this cripples the efforts of the teachers, it is decided to reduce it by a bazaar next December. On June 12th a preliminary meeting was held, presided over by J. Cockayne, Esq. £23 6s. was promised in subscriptions, and a Ladies', Juveniles', and Gentlemen's Committees were appointed. Friends willing to assist in this laudable undertaking will oblige by forwarding subscriptions or articles to Mr. W. Knott, Market Place, Carrington; Mrs. H. Belton, 3, Gloucester Villas, Colville Street, Nottingham; Mrs. A. Stevenson, Sherwood; or Mrs. Snowden, Elm Avenue, New Basford.

FORNCETT, Norfolk.—The usual Whitsuntide tea meeting took place, when over two hundred visitors sat down to a generous repast, which was evidently much enjoyed by all the guests. After tea a public meeting of unusual interest was held—unusual on account of the large number present—of the deep solemnity and earnestness which marked the speeches, and the special attention of the auditory. Good, evidently, was accomplished. In the course of the evening it was stated that the friends at Forncett had resolved to improve their chapel at a cost of £40. Our good brother Maddeys (just on the borders of eighty, and his good wife over fourscore) though failing somewhat as to the “flesh,” in “heart” is as strong and young as we have ever known him; while the esteem in which he and Mrs. M. are evidently held, both by their own people and “outsiders,” is most gratifying. At the above meeting brother M. took the chair, and was supported by brethren Pory, Jermyn, Doing, Dowson, Atkins, and Taylor. Forncett is still alive, and manifesting increasing vitality.

LEICESTER, Carley Street.—This place of worship, which for some years past had been used by the Free Church Methodists, has been again opened as a General Baptist Mission Station under the direction of new trustees and a committee, composed of members of the three Leicester churches. Opening services were held on Lord's-day, May 30th, when sermons were preached by the Revs. J. C. Pike, W. Bishop, and S. T. Williams, Independent. The congregations were good, and collections nearly £14. It is intended to secure the services of a home missionary as soon as possible, and to use every effort to re-establish the cause in this populous and neglected part of the town.

LINEHOLME.—Our half-yearly members tea meeting was held on June 12. The Secretary's report was as follows:—Eight baptized; £186 raised for general church purposes; £57 6s. 7d. for Sunday school; Foreign and Home Missions and College, £20: total, £263 6s. 7d.

SCHOOL SERMONS.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—June 6. Preachers, Revs. Dr. Burns, and W. Gray. Collections, £107 12s. 6d.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—May 23. Preacher, Rev. J. Wilshire, to very large congregations, in St. George's Hall. Collections, £32 16s. 11d.

FLEET.—June 13. Rev. T. Watkinson preached. On Monday, public meeting,

addressed by the Revs. W. S. Harcourt, G. Towler, J. C. Jones, M.A., and others. Weather unfavourable. Congregations good. Collections equal to the past.

LINEHOLME.—May 31. Preacher, Rev. W. Evans. Collections, £57 6s. 7d.

MANCHESTER, Hyde Road.—May 9. Preacher, Rev. W. Chapman. Address at three p.m. by Mr. Joseph Bell, B.A. Collection, £4 1s.

SHEEPSHED.—May 30. Preacher, Rev. C. T. Johnson. Coll., £19 1s. 7½d.

SUTTON ST. JAMES.—Rev. T. Watkinson, preached, May 30. On Monday public meeting, addressed by Revs. W. S. Harcourt, G. Towler, T. Watkinson, and others. Attendance large. Collections, excellent.

MINISTERIAL.

MEADOW, Rev. H. W.—The recognition of the Rev. H. W. Meadow as pastor of the church at Gosford Street, Coventry, was celebrated, March 2. About 250 sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, when the Rev. J. P. Barnett presided, and there were also present the Rev. W. G. Lewis, of London, and the dissenting ministers of the city. Mr. S. Norton, senior deacon, on behalf of the church, stated the circumstances under which they had asked Mr. Meadow to become their pastor. The new minister then gave an account of the means by which he had been led to Coventry, and of the general principles that would guide him in the discharge of his duties. Addresses followed by the Revs. W. G. Lewis, E. H. Delf, W. T. Rosevear, J. B. James, and C. Temperton.

BAPTISMS—MAY 16 TO JUNE 16.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—Ten, by W. Gray (six young men).

BOSTON.—Three, by J. Jolly.

BURNLEY, Enon.—May, 19, three; May 26, six.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Six, by J. T. Owen. Received into the church by Rev. R. Konney.

CHELLASTON.—Two, by G. Slack.

COVENTRY.—Eight, by H. W. Meadow.

EDGESIDE.—Three, by J. Watmough.

HALIFAX.—Four (one a Wesleyan Methodist), by I. Preston.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—Seventeen, by J. Lawton.

HITCHIN.—Five, by J. H. Atkinson.

HUCKNALL.—Six, by J. T. Almy.

ISLEHAM.—Eleven, by W. E. Davios (eight young men).

LEICESTER, Archdeacon Lane.—Nine, by W. Bishop.

LONG SUTTON.—Two, by G. Towler.
 LONGTON.—Four, by C. Springthorpe.
 LOUTH, *Northgate*.—Five, by I. Watts.
 NORWICH.—Five, by G. Taylor.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Three, by T. Barrass.
 ROTHLEY.—Three, by G. Payne.
 SHEFFSHED.—Six, by J. Ward.
 WALSALL.—Nine, by W. Lees.

MARRIAGES.

CLARK—FAWLEY.—June 15, at the Baptist chapel, Long Sutton, by Rev. G. Towler, Thomas Clark, to Hannah Fawley, both of Long Sutton.

MORRIS—BEST.—May 18, at the Baptist Chapel, Barton, by Rev. James Greenwood, Mr. John H. Morris, to Miss Emma Bell, both of Osbaston.

KIRKMAN—JOHNSON.—May 27, at the Baptist Chapel, Barton, by the Rev. H. Wood, assisted by the Rev. J. Greenwood, Mr. Charles Haywood Kirkman, of Bagworth, oldest son of Mr. Thomas Kirkman, of Garland's Lane, to Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Bagworth.

Obituaries.

DOUGHTY.—Mrs. Doughty died at Castle Donington, April 10, 1875, in her ninety-first year. She was baptized by Mr. Deacon, of Barton, in 1804, and had retained her membership with the Donington Church during the period of *seventy-one years*. She was not only the oldest member of the church, but one of its very best. Before any Sunday school was opened in connection with the Baptist cause she lent her help in conducting one among the Methodists. And when her services were needed in her own place they were cheerfully given, until the claims of her own family obliged her to discontinue them. After ceasing to be a Sunday school teacher she did not cease to be active in other kinds of Christian work. Her attendance at the house of God was so regular as to have acquired the force of a custom, and the efficacy of a habit. Nor was she always a silent attendant there. Commencing her religious career at a time when it was thought no more indecorous in a woman openly to pray than audibly to sing, she was often requested to *engage* at devotional services. This was her favourite name for the act of prayer. When her husband became a deacon Mrs. Doughty proved herself in all respects helpful to him in that office: being "grave, not a slanderer, sober, faithful in all things." Her Christian

excellence was apparent to all observers; and being amiable as well as good, she was greatly beloved. While she was the object of warm affection within her family circle, many who know her as "a mother in Israel," when removed to a distance, remembered her with peculiar pleasure, and sought every opportunity of showing their attachment. Her sound sense and sterling piety won the esteem of each succeeding pastor of the church, and tended to make their visits to her house useful and enjoyable. She retained her faculties of mind and body to the last, and after a short illness she passed peaceably away to her eternal home.

W. U.

JACKSON.—Samuel Jackson entered into rest on Feb. 26, aged eighty-seven. He was a soldier. Up to his twentieth year he lived a wicked life; but the Lord had mercy on him, gave him to see his error, he found peace in Christ, and became a member with the Methodists. He fell back into wickedness for a time; but in 1859 the wanderer was reclaimed, was baptized, and united with the church at Arnold, and was faithful to the end.

SMITH.—May 29, in the 68th year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. F. Smith, Downton, Wilts. From a very early period our dear departed one had been the subject of sincere and unaffected piety, and for thirty-eight years a member of the G. B. New Connexion. Her views of the character and ways of God were enlightened and comprehensive, and her confidence in Him for salvation, through the merits of the Redeemer, was implicit and unflinching. As a source of instruction, hope, and comfort, she highly appreciated and devoutly loved the Holy Scriptures. Her unflinching attendance at the services of the sanctuary was exemplary, and her general deportment in harmony with the principles of her Christian profession. "Knowing whom she had believed" on, she was patient in suffering and meekly submissive to the designs and arrangements of a Providence that had ever been wise and gracious. As she drew nigh the "valley of the shadow of death" her soul was tranquil, serene, happy, and her end peace.

SMITH.—April 30, at Arnold, after a lingering illness, William Smith, for many years a teacher in the Sunday school of the G. B. church at Arnold, and for fifteen years superintendent. He was also a deacon of the church fourteen years, and discharged the duties of Secretary a great part of the time. He was baptized into Christ in 1861, and was a generous and active worker in the church of the Lord Jesus.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JULY, 1875.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

BERHAMPORE.

THE state of the church during the past year has been of a varied character. In the *fourteen* added by baptism your brethren have had occasion to rejoice; but over the conduct of others they have had occasion for sorrow, and for the sake of the cause, as well as for their own sake, have been compelled to put them away from their midst. One case was particularly painful, and was a striking illustration of the words of Solomon, "*one sinner destroyeth much good.*" To the evil conduct and influence of "*one sinner,*" no less than four of the exclusions reported have to be attributed.

One friend has been removed by death. She was the wife of Rama Chundra, the colporteur. Like her husband, she was a Telegoo; and long after he became a christian she maintained her opposition to christianity. At length, a change was wrought in her mind, and she applied for baptism and fellowship. There was one difficulty, however, in the way of her acceptance, and that was a ring or nose-jewel which she refused to remove. Regarding it as a badge of idolatry, the brethren could not see their way clear to receive her so long as the ring was worn; and there the matter rested for a considerable time; she declaring that she would rather forego baptism and fellowship than part with her favourite nose-jewel. Ultimately she expressed her willingness to give up her idol, when she was baptized by Mr. Taylor about seven years ago. Being but slightly acquainted with the Oriya language, her Scripture knowlege was limited; but on the whole her conduct was consistent, and it is hoped that, through faith in Jesus, she has joined the great multitude before the throne. Mr. Hill adds:—

A preparatory class for inquirers has been established, and is held on the Sabbath evening. It is conducted by Daniel Mahanty, the esteemed deacon of the church, and will, it is hoped, be the means of accomplishing a needed work.

The question of systematic benevolence in support of the cause has often been urged upon the church. At a recent meeting it was resolved to adopt the "monthly offering" (wages being paid monthly in India); and though, on account of the poverty and scanty earnings of the people, the amount contributed may appear small, a beginning is a point gained.

A singing class has been established, and conducted by Mr. Smith on the *Tonic sol fa* system, with very fair results. For the first time, Oriya tunes have been reduced to writing, according to the English system; and by the introduction of a harmonium into the Oriya service, the singing has been greatly improved.

The Sabbath school has been conducted as usual. Mr. Smith taking the superintendence of the boys' department, and I of the girls.'

During the absence of the missionaries or native preachers (and occasionally during their presence), Daniel Mahanty has conducted divine service. His efforts are very acceptable. Having heard him several times, we were not only pleased, but delighted, and should rejoice if we had more men of similar ability and character to engage in this department of labour.

The Baptism of another High Caste Brahmin.

Last year I had the pleasure to report the baptism of Soda Sebo Paharaj, a young high caste brahmin from Pooree; and I have now the pleasure to inform you that on Tuesday evening, February 23rd, I baptized my old pundit, to whom I have more than once referred. His name is Mrutung Joiya, *i.e.*, the Conqueror of Death. His age is about forty-five, and he is a native of a village near to Berhampore. His father was the *purohita*, or priest, of the village, and was held in great repute for his learning. About eighteen years ago Mrutung Joiya was engaged by me as Oriya pundit; and from the first he professed regard for christianity, and indifference to the laws of caste. Moreover, before my return to England in 1865, he declared his intention to profess the christian religion. Soon after my return to Berhampore in 1873, he came to see me, and became a constant visitor to my house and study, where he spent many hours in reading the Scriptures, the Pilgrim's Progress, and other religious books. Scores and scores of times we conversed upon spiritual subjects, and he invariably declared that christianity was the only true religion. He assured me that he had no regard for idols; that he never went to temples; that he performed no idolatrous ceremonies; and that he never accepted religious offerings. He was frequent in his attendance at our Mission chapel on Sundays and at the week-evening service. He visited the houses of our native christians, sat with them, and partook of food which they had cooked. A report of his having eaten with the christians having got abroad, I was one afternoon visited by a deputation of brahmins to ascertain its truth or otherwise. They were told that if he had been guilty of drunkenness, stealing, or fornication, they would not have troubled themselves; and were asked why they should about his having eaten with the christians. "Oh! that," they said, "would not be contrary to our religion." Nor would it. But only fancy a religion that is particular about food, and indifferent about immorality! Such is the religion of the Hindoos. Owing to family matters, our friend kept deferring his baptism from time to time, though all our native christians thought he was a proper subject. As the time of my departure drew so near, I was afraid I should not have the pleasure of baptizing him, and told him so; but on the evening referred to he brought one of our old native christians, and requested to be baptized. The matter had not been brought before the church, but our old friend Bhubani instanced the case of Philip and the eunuch, and, after consultation with brother Smith, I baptized Mrutung Joiya in our school tank. The news soon spread, and on his wife hearing of the occurrence, she refused either to cook or eat. How the matter may end I know not, but, if possible, he is anxious to remain in his own house and village. His language to me was, "Don't doubt me, and don't fetter me, and I will try to bring my wife and family over to christianity." Regarding it as very desirable, on many accounts, that christian converts should remain in their own villages, we encouraged him to do so, and trust he may be able. Having a quantity of enam land—land given by the

rajah to his father,—he possesses the means of livelihood, though doubtless an effort will be made to deprive him of his property. Our friend has long been of a fearful mind; but when a man, by professing christianity, has reason to believe that he must sacrifice house, land, wife, children, sustenance, and, in fact, all things; when, instead of being welcomed in the highest of society, he shall be regarded as the offscouring of all things; and when, instead of being worshipped as a god, he shall be shunned, hated, made a laughing-stock to men and devils, no wonder that, in view of such a prospect, flesh and blood should quail. Christians in England little know what is involved in a high caste brahmin renouncing heathenism and embracing christianity. Our native brother has been led, however—though through great anxiety, anguish, and tribulation,—to confess Christ in baptism; and our earnest prayer is that he may be faithful unto death. The fact of two brahmins having embraced christianity has caused no small stir among the people. What the influence of this fact may be upon the future of hindooism, eternity alone will reveal.

Cold Season Labours.

The work of the Lord in this department has been carried on as usual, and over an extensive tract of country the gospel has been proclaimed. In the month of December, after their return from the Conference at Cuttack, your brethren Hill and Smith made a tour of about three weeks, *via* Ganjam, Pooroosootampore, Byram, Athgada, and Aska. At the same time, a similar tour was made by three native brethren in the Zemindar estates, to the south-west of Berhampore. In the month of January, a three weeks' tour was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Smith into Goomsoor, extending as far as Russel Condah. In January and February, a tour of six weeks was made by four native brethren sixty or seventy miles to the south of Berhampore. On all these tours evidence was obtained that the labours of former years had not been lost. Many persons were met with who seemed not far from the kingdom of heaven; and again and again were the brethren led to anticipate the time when the heathen shall “spring up as willows by the water-courses; when one shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob.”

As regards the Schools and Orphanages generally, matters have gone on quite as well as we could expect. The health of all has been good. In learning they have made fair progress. Several from both institutions have been added to the church. And twenty-four have been married, and settled either at Padre Pella or Hill Patna. The contributions have been larger than for many years. We sing, therefore, of mercy.

PIPLEE.

In a recent Government letter inviting your missionary to become a member of a District Committee, Piplee is described as “a place which is of the greatest importance in this district, situated at the junction of all the main lines of traffic.” There cannot be a doubt of the justice of this description. The traffic during some parts of the year is immense. The port at Pooree appears to be increasingly used, and a large part of the produce of the district passes this way to the coast. Multitudes of pilgrims still throng the road from all parts of India on

their way to Juggernath, and among these during the past year were several exceptionally wealthy rajahs or zemindars, with their elephants, camels, and horses, flags and banners, drums and trumpets, and all the tawdry finery the natives love so well. They are said to have made rich offerings to the idol. In one of these imposing cavalcades we counted no less than sixty palanquins, each with a set of eight bearers, and the total number of followers was estimated at between three and four thousand souls. As they encamped at Piplee advantage was taken of this, as of other opportunities, of preaching the saving truths of the gospel to many who had probably never heard them before.

Activity and progress, and all for Christ, have been the watchwords of your friends during the year; and though they have experienced some checks, and are not permitted to report all the results on which their hearts were intent, much of interest has transpired nevertheless, and it is believed there has been "a general advance along the line."

Thirty-seven persons, in the judgment of responsible members of the church, have given evidence of a change of heart and life and have been baptized during the year. Several who had been temporarily suspended from fellowship have been restored, and have given satisfactory evidence of a renewal of zeal and love. Others are desiring to unite with the church, and the spirit of inquiry continues active and earnest. It has, however, been necessary to exclude a comparatively large number from church membership. Some of them had been unsatisfactory for a long time; but there is reason to hope that others have already manifested signs of repentance.

The christian villages both at Piplee and the out-stations are rapidly increasing in size and importance; and though several new houses have been built and others are in progress, still more are required; while the general condition of the villages has been improved by sundry minor clearances, and the addition of new and better roads.

The New Chapel

is now the most conspicuous object in the station and neighbourhood, and grows in favour as it approaches completion. There is still, however, a large amount of work to be done. Difficulty is experienced in obtaining and preparing the necessary materials; and this makes the progress very slow, so that although, with short intervals, the workmen have been employed nearly the whole of the year, several months must elapse before the chapel can be opened for worship. The warmest thanks of the missionary are presented to the kind friends in England who have so generously contributed towards the object; also to the young people connected with the Missionary Working Society at Caversham, near Reading, for their donations towards the cost of a bell for the new chapel.

The Boys' School.

Early in the year, as several of the boys both in the English and Vernacular schools appeared sufficiently advanced to justify the step, also on the recommendation of the Government Deputy-Inspector, we adjusted the text books to the Government course for scholarships, and with a very gratifying result.

Carey Mahanty, the senior scholar in the English school, successfully passed the Anglo-Vernacular Union Scholarship examination in November, and has received the scholarship of five rupees per month. He is now continuing his studies at the Cuttack High School. The circumstance is notable as the first event of the kind that

has occurred at Piplee, and also for the stimulating effect it has produced on the other boys, several of whom are intending to compete for the honour this year.

Daniel Das, who was next in seniority, also a young man of good abilities, and with a fair knowledge of the English language, has been received into the College at Cuttack to study for the ministry. This young friend accompanied us on one of our recent tours in the country, and we have reason to hope that with the blessing of God he will be useful in his chosen work. May he be humble, diligent, and faithful.

Balaram, the third boy, has also left. Through the kindness of a friend he received an appointment as writer or apprentice in the offices of the Gurjat police. He is favourably reported of by his superiors, and will, I hope, do well. It is specially gratifying to be able to add that the above three are all consistent members of the church, and we may fairly indulge the hope that in future years they will be among its firm and hearty helpers.

KHOORDAH.

Your native brother Shem Sahu reports with thankfulness that the small church under his care has been blessed with some degree of prosperity. He had been privileged to baptize and receive into fellowship nine persons. Of these, one was a middle aged woman, whose husband died while on pilgrimage to Pooree, and who was in consequence led to take shelter among your friends. She is described as poor and illiterate, but as having been brought to understand the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. Another was a young man, son of a respectable christian of long standing. A sermon from the good old text, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," was the means of his awakening. The other seven were from the nominal christian community. The addition of these friends has greatly encouraged the heart of your brother, especially as he believes them to be "the first fruits unto Christ" from the district in which he is now labouring.

CUTTACK.

The temporary departure of Dr. and Mrs. Buckley from Cuttack, on their return to England, was an event of much painful interest alike to your European and native friends. On the Monday previous to their departure, a special meeting was held in the Mission Chapel to commend them to the divine keeping and blessing. After supplication had been made by six native brethren and one of the missionaries, an address in Oriya, from the native christians, was read by Brother Shem Sahu. It expressed their high regard and affection for your dear brother and sister, deep obligation for all they had been enabled to do for the church and cause of Christ in Orissa, and an earnest prayer that their return to England might issue in great benefit to themselves, the churches, and the Mission, and that in due time they might again be brought back to renew their labours for the benefit of Orissa. A prayer in which every member of the mission earnestly united. The address was then enclosed in a handsome silver card case, and presented to Brother Buckley, whose deep emotion at the time evidently prevented him from replying. He did so, after reaching Calcutta, as follows:—

Calcutta, March 31st, 1875.

To Brethren Ghanushyam, Paul Singh, Shem Sahu, and other friends, who united in the address and testimonial.

Very dear Friends,—I cannot leave without acknowledging most heartily and affectionately the address which, in the name of the brethren, was read after the special prayer meeting on Monday evening, the 22nd inst., and the kind present which accompanied it. We value both very much as an expression of the kind

appreciation which the brethren entertain of our labours among them for so many years. We have been greatly affected by the kindness which so many have shown, and the regret which so many have expressed at our departure. We do not and cannot feel that we have merited all this kindness, and yet conscience bears us witness that from the first day of our coming amongst you, we have sincerely thought, though with many imperfections, to serve the church, and extend the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer in Orissa. The valued present that accompanied the address is also gratefully and affectionately acknowledged. I can say with Paul, "Not because I desire a gift, but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." May this expression of your kindly feeling be "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God;" and through the abounding grace of Christ our Saviour may it prove "fruit" that "the Lord the righteous Judge" shall graciously acknowledge in the day of final "account." I have been assured by one or two who have seen it that, as a specimen of Cuttack silver work, it is very excellent; but to us it is ten times more precious as a memorial of your esteem and love, and in this view we shall ever place it among our choicest treasures.

I shall be anxious on reaching my native land to hear "good tidings of your faith and love," and I trust that while sojourning there our hearts will often be gladdened by the good news we shall hear from you, and concerning you. Let me again exhort you to "hold fast the profession of your hope without wavering." Daily live by faith on the Son of God, and seek to realize the preciousness of the truth, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"O let us ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem
Like Jesus crucified.
Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace,
Till all His fulness we receive,
And see Him face to face."

"Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God;" and like Moses, "have respect unto the recompense of the reward." I hope you will work harmoniously and earnestly with the missionary brethren now remaining; and if the good Spirit of the Lord should in answer to prayers vouchsafe, while we are absent from you, showers of blessings more copious than any which the church has heretofore enjoyed, we should greatly rejoice. The Khoordah Mission has, as you know, our warmest sympathies: I pray that it may be blessed with great prosperity; and I hope that it may be more vigorously and generally supported. Please let the contents of this letter be explained to those who do not understand English. Mrs. Buckley affectionately acknowledges your kind references to her labours, and unites with me in prayer that the blessing of our gracious Lord may rest on you all, and on your families. May you have the joy—the greatest that christian parents can know—that of seeing your children walk in truth. I know that we shall have the benefit of your prayers while on the great deep, as well as while sojourning in the fatherland; and God forbid that we should ever sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you. And now, dear friends, preachers of the blessed gospel, students for the holy ministry, officers in the church of Christ, teachers in the English school, and all others who united in the testimonial, Farewell. The Lord be with you all—Genesis xxxi. 49. The Lord watch between us while we are absent one from another, and if it be His holy will grant us to meet again. How sweet the thought that nothing can separate us from the love of Christ! And how blessed the hope of meeting at last in His holy presence.

Believe me to remain your affectionate friend and pastor,
JOHN BUCKLEY.

State of the Church.

Twenty-eight have been added by baptism. The majority of these were from the Female Orphanages. Four are of christian parentage. It would have increased the joy of your missionaries to have been able to report accessions directly from the heathen. They have, however, met with several whose christian experience and character were so satisfactory that a request from them for baptism would have been gladly acceded to, and one of this number it was expected would be received at the forthcoming church meeting. Four have been restored. Three,

after years of wandering in the downward road, have again heard the voice, and returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Mr. Miller adds:—

We have to mourn over the fall and exclusion of seven. May God in His infinite mercy deliver them from the power of Satan, and work in them true repentance. Though deeply pained by the careless and inconsistent walk of some, we have indications of increasing piety and interest in the Lord's work on the part of others, especially among the young men. Our unceasing prayer is, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Pour out upon us the spirit of grace and supplication. Let us witness those scenes which, in answer to prayer, are gladdening the hearts of thy people in the fatherland.

Among those who have finished their course on earth, and joined, we trust, the general assembly and church of the firstborn, is *Baboo Sudananda Jacheck*, who died May 8th, 1874, aged 55 years. He was the only son of the late Ram Chundra Jacheck, native preacher. At the time of his father's baptism, though quite a boy, he was most violently opposed to it, and threatened to destroy himself should it take place. Better thoughts, however, gained the ascendancy, and he himself was baptized on a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, Nov. 1st, 1835. He was appointed a deacon of the Cuttack church July 31st, 1845, which important office he filled—with the exception of a few months—up to his death with great satisfaction to all concerned. Though the subject of imperfections, and at times sorely tried by ungodly members of his family, he was in many respects an exemplary christian. He was humble, sober-minded, and devout. He delighted in prayer, in searching the Scriptures, and the services of the sanctuary. He filled various Government offices—head clerk in collector's office, deputy magistrate, assessor of taxes, and latterly—having retired on a pension—that of honorary magistrate. He gained in each post the confidence and good will of his superior officers, and was respected by natives of all classes and creeds. His end was in accordance with his life. It was marked by entire acquiescence in the divine will, confidence in the atoning sacrifice of the Saviour, and earnest expectancy of the rest and bliss of heaven.

Rama Das, assistant native preacher, is another of the departed. He died at Khoordah, January 1st of this year, just 18 years from the day of his baptism, having been baptized in Calcutta by Brother Stubbins, January 1st, 1857. I copy from an account written by himself in Oriya the following concerning his conversion:—"I, Rama Das, in 1853, was in the service of Mr. E. Samuels, then magistrate of the Alipore jail, Calcutta. Seeing on a table a Bengali Bible, I took it up and began to read. Mrs. Samuels, observing this, came near and inquired if I could read. I replied, Yes. She then with great joy gave me the book and instructed me—thus I first obtained the life-giving book. In 1854 I left Calcutta and came to Pooree. I went many times into Juggernath's temple, and resolved to test Juggernath. This I did in various ways. Having defiled the altars and temple, I remained all night, waiting for some sign of Juggernath's displeasure. Receiving none, I in my heart despised it, and yearned after eternal life and the religion of Christ. In 1856 I again accompanied Mr. Samuels to Calcutta, and going among the christians learnt much from them of the religion of Christ, and its requirements. I began to argue with idolaters, and to feel that I could no longer remain among them. My mind was much exercised about publicly confessing Christ. Through the favour of God I heard that Stubbins Sahib had come to Calcutta. I therefore got the permission of my master, and was baptized by Stubbins sahib, January 1st, 1857." After referring to his getting his family to join him without much difficulty, he notices his going to the north-west provinces with Mr. Samuels during the mutiny. I have heard him say that while there he used to accompany his master to the catcherry, and stand behind his chair with a loaded revolver. He went with Mr. Samuels to England in 1860. Soon after his return to India, he applied and was received as an assistant preacher. With a few exceptions his course has been a consistent one. It would doubtless have been more so had his second wife proved a better help-meet. Her influence occasionally affected his usefulness. Though not equal as a preacher to some of his brethren, he had a good knowledge of the Word of God, and was fond of expressing his thoughts in writing. He was a man of business habits, and kept a record of almost everything he did in connection with his work. He had not been in good health for some time before his death. When out on a tour with Brother Bailey and Shem Sahu, he became worse, and returned to Khoordah on his way home. Here the summons arrived; and, surrounded by a few Christian friends, he departed this life looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

Services.

We feel increasingly thankful that the Lord has provided for us a place of worship so spacious and suitable in every respect as the New Mission Chapel. It has generally been crowded each Sabbath afternoon. The morning service has not been so well attended. The English congregation in the evening has kept up well; indeed since the chaplain's arrival better than expectation. Non-christian educated natives have on several occasions attended this service. A week-day service has been held in three of the Cuttack villagos, as well as in the Collego. Our earnest prayer is that the Word preached in our midst may run and be glorified.

The foregoing review of the several departments of the work of your Society, although not marked by many specially thrilling or exciting details (there are some), tells of much earnest labour and of steady progress. Light and intelligence are spreading, the huge mass of heathenism is being leavened with christian truth, the idols are less accounted of, men waking up from the intellectual torpor of centuries are not satisfied to tread in the old ruts of brahminical superstition and priestcraft, and women and children in large numbers are being taught. A great social revolution has already been effected through the influence of christian teaching, an earnest of the time when the people shall be changed in heart as well as habits—when a nation shall be born in a day—when the hideous Juggernath shall give place to the true Lord of the world—and when Bruhma and Vishnoo and Seeva shall fall before Him who is the true and the only incarnation, who combines in Himself the attributes of *Creator* and *Preserver*, and who is also the *Destroyer* of error and of sin. The day surely comes when the gospel of the cross shall wave its peaceful banner over the whole of Orissa and of India, and shall supersede all the idolatries of heathendom.

One most emphatic sentence from the pen of your brother Miller, who has had long experience both of the people and the work, is full of hope. Referring to his lengthened cold season tours, he affirms, "*On no previous journey in Orissa did we meet with so much to encourage; with so many seeking after God, and inquiring what they must do to be saved!*" Is it too much to say, that "already the fields are white unto harvest?"

BOURNE.—*Missionary Services.*—The annual services were held here on May 30th and 31st, and were unusually interesting. They had the charm of being the first at which Dr. Buckley had been present in England for twenty years. Our brother preached appropriate sermons on Sunday, and attended, with brother Stubbins as a deputation, the meeting on Monday evening. The meeting had as its chairman Lieutenant-Colonel Young, who was for some years with his regiment stationed at Cuttack, and was able of his personal knowledge to express the warmest approval of the missionaries and their work. The collections and subscriptions amounted to upwards of £60.

The REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D., requests us to inform our readers that his address is—*Connaught Villas, Humberstone Road, Leicester.*

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, April 27.
 " —J. G. Pike, May 11.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, May 3, 10.

The List of Contributions is omitted this month, in order to give as much space as possible to the Report. It is hoped, however, that the Report will be ready unusually early this year.

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.

AUGUST, 1875.

THE GOSPEL OF REST.

REST has always formed an essential, if not the chief part, of God's gospels to man. No matter when, or by whom He has spoken, the message has always been made welcome to the weary and heavy laden, the care-worn and the oppressed, by its promise of divine satisfaction, of deep calm in the innermost spirit, of immoveable tranquillity even in the very tempest of outward change. In the Hebrew history of the creation of the heavens and the earth, the institution of the Sabbath follows immediately upon the creation of man. The lord of the earth is made on the sixth day and put in possession of paradise; and "the next day is a Sabbath"—a rest day for God and His intelligent and worshipping creature. Man begins his active life with a Sabbath. We know it is to end with a "Sabbath keeping;" and the intervening experiences would have been restful, harmonious, and joyous, had not sin entered into the world, and unrest and discord by sin, and so care came upon all men, for that all have sinned and come short of the rest of God. Man's original destiny is not wearying toil and unsatisfying labour, but work sweetened by devotion to the Creator, and blessed by communion with the Father of his spirit. The first Sabbath was made for the first man, and nothing fitted his necessities better.

And although sin radically changed man's nature, it did not alter the loving purpose of God. That abides the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Notwithstanding man persisted in wracking his heart with care, and filling his ears with the din of miserable discords, yet He remained faithful, and designed, even if at the greatest possible cost to Himself, to lead His erring and suffering child back to faith and love and rest. This effort is the divine history—a history which in its fullest details we never can know, but given in one of its most instructive fragments in the story of the descendants of Abraham. The father of the faithful was himself a pilgrim to a better country; that is a heavenly. The glad tidings that came by Moses were illumined by the bright visions of rest—rest from the biting thongs of malicious persecution in Egypt; rest from the toils and perils of the desert, and rest in a true and pure worship of the pure and true God. Still Moses and Joshua did not give them rest. The true Canaan is always within; and the hardest lesson the Jew in Canaan had to learn was that. Indeed he never did learn it *there*. David could not teach it. The prophets could not. It was only in the period of the captivity, when he had to sing in a strange land, that he began to discover the inwardness of all

real rest, and to be able to say, "Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." The literature of the captivity and of the return exhibits a people in the eager quest for spiritual peace.

But not until Christ came with the fulness of the blessing of the gospel, and God thus spake unto us by His Son, was this deep unrest removed, this hunger for peace and order satisfied. He who uttered those memorable words—words which in spite of their familiarity retain their freshness and rhythm, their beauty and power—"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"—He alone could bring perfect repose, the repose of a full and heavenly life to men who had long groped in the dark and dreary ways of sin, and borne, not without sorrow and impatience, the throb and tumult of the passions, the discord and confusion of the soul. Christ is the centre and spring of all true rest.

And what, then, is the rest of Christ? Not the rest of a stone; that is stagnation, and stagnation for man is disease, increasing disease, and ultimate death. Not the rest of ease and self-gratification; that is the heaven of the sluggard, and all *men* leave him to enjoy it, preferring duty even if it bring unrest, and service if it weary, to such a coward's paradise. It is not even freedom from burdens, and thorns, and outward trials, and family sorrows, and personal afflictions. Christ puts His yoke upon us. In the world we have tribulation. No; the rest of Christ is the rest of a full and perfect life, not of an invalid, or a weakling, but of a strong man; and finds its mirror in the repose of the man who works at his wisely chosen task without a tremor of fear, and almost without any consciousness of the expenditure of strength, rather than in the languid sigh of the low-pulsed and reclining hospital patient. It is the rest of man's spiritual nature: the rest of his conscience, of his reason, of his affections, of his desires, of his will, of his whole inner spirit. Christ's sacrifice is rest for his conscience. Oppressive, obstructive guilt, is put away; and he has freeness of access into the holiest of all. Christ's revelation of the Father is rest for his reason. He knows the Father, and it sufficeth him. Infinite blessings encircle him, and inexhaustible love fills him. Almighty power defends him. Fatherly solicitude provides for him. Christ's love is rest for his affections. His moral beauty is his adoration and worship. His righteousness fills him with aspiring and grateful emotions: he lives in love because he lives in Christ. Christ's authority is rest for His will. Instantly he yields to Him all the loyalty and homage and patient obedience of his nature. And so he enters into rest: a rest slight and scant at the first, perhaps, and now and again broken; but as faith, and love, and obedience, and habit, and service for Christ increase, the rest diffuses itself over all his being, pervades all his nature, hushes all his complainings, fills him with joyful acquiescence in his Father's plans, takes out all care, and dowers him with that meekness and quietness of soul which in the sight of God are of great price.

Truly it is the "rest of faith," for we who believe have entered into it; and without faith as the initial and inspiring act it is impossible to know it; but we should take care that such a phrase is not allowed to cover ground which does not belong to it, and to exclude from the mind other aspects of what is much more adequately described as *the rest of Christ*. Speaking of the means by which we enter into rest, we may

mention "the rest of knowledge," "the rest of prayer," "the rest of love," "the rest of meekness," "the rest of submission," "the rest of hope," "the rest of service," for by all these and other spiritual experience may we share more largely the peace of God which passeth the understanding of any, but is open to the enjoyment of all.

Robertson says, "Once let a man know for himself what God is, and then in that he will find peace. It will be the dawn of an everlasting day of calmness and serenity;" and the scriptures sustain the saying; "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace, and thereby good shall come unto thee." "To know the only true God, and Christ His Son, is eternal life." Paul's repose is based upon knowledge. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." This rest is the rest of knowledge, of conviction based upon experience. Faith is the faculty of the soul by which he learns Christ; but it is his knowledge of Christ's power and grace and love that really brings rest.

How, then, do we enter into this rest? By faith only? Nay, but by knowledge, by freedom from suspicion of God, by taking the yoke of Jesus, by meekness, by ceasing from our self-will and selfishness, and yielding our hearts up cheerfully to the love of God, by a true judgment of ourselves, and a well-informed indifference to the judgments of others upon us, by contentment, by works of faith and labours of love and the patience of hope, by the free and healthy play of all powers of our sanctified manhood, by an explosion of withering indignation against wrong, by providing things honourable and honest in the sight of all men, and by a thousand ways we may come to more and more of the rest of Christ. The full and deep and living rest of Christ is sufficient for all the diversities of our need; but there are manifold ways along which believing hearts may enter and take possession.

But in some way or other the believer who aspires to the highest Christian life must enjoy this blessed repose. Without this inner harmony, this soul music, in which the notes of desire and aspiration blend in perfect unison with those of contentment and submission, there is no solid and abiding advance in the spiritual life, no effective service for men. Rest is a condition of service necessary for the exertion of the highest powers we have in suffering and in doing, in learning and in achieving, on behalf of righteousness. Only restful men are strong; only restful men are peace-makers, healers of bruised hearts. Agitation will not calm the raging sea of human passion. Tranquility is not born of fevered anxiety. The mighty God, the ceaseless worker for righteousness, is the God of peace. Christ was peace incarnate; rest embodied and glorified in a calm and beneficent activity that is fruitful to this hour. We must be like Him. That is the highest life.

The higher the number of horse-power in a stationary steam engine the greater the need for solidity in the masonry and fixings. To meet a tremendous strain on your bridge you must have immense strength in your supports. Security is the condition of all the high achievements of power. The Christian seeks to increase his rest, not that he may luxuriate in the pleasure it brings—that would be selfishness—but that he may be strengthened with all might, even the might of an inmost calmness and harmony for the service of Christ and men.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE WISBECH ASSOCIATION.

FIFTEEN years have elapsed since the Association met at Wisbech under the presidency of the Rev. R. Kenney. The unabated attachment of the churches to this annual greeting and conference, together with the additional attraction of the new chapel in Ely Place,* the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Buckley from Orissa, of the Rev. J. Wall and Signor Grassi from Rome, and of Sir George Campbell, M.P. for Kirkcaldy, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal during the time of the famine, ensured a larger attendance this year than we have known at any place not in the Midland Counties. It is not necessary here to repeat the details of the services and the items of business; behold, they are written in the Year Book of the Chronicles of the General Baptist Association, 1875. As we recal, in the quiet of the study, the scenes and proceedings of a busy and interesting week, a few leading features demand recognition in the pages of our Magazine.

I. THE COLLEGE COMMITTEE OF REVIEW AND ADVICE met on Monday at 6.30 p.m. About two years ago it was discovered that the provisions of the Trust Deed were stringent in regard to the persons who should manage the College business. Up to that time its business, ever subject, of course, to the approval of the Association, had been conducted by a Committee elected by the Association, and "the ministers of subscribing churches in the neighbourhood." The deed requires that fifteen gentlemen should be elected by the Association, and that these, together with the Treasurer and Secretary or Secretaries, constitute the Executive Committee. Such a Committee—eight ministers and seven laymen—were elected in 1874. That Committee, so chosen as to represent the denomination in all parts of the country, have met twice during the year. But was the College to lose the help of all the ministers and delegates, its former friends in council? This was most undesirable; for, although every question can be discussed in Association, yet then there is not time quietly to consider details which are most fittingly discussed in Committee. It was, therefore, resolved to hold, as formerly, a meeting on the Monday evening of the Association week, not of the Executive Committee, but of the ministers and delegates and subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, at which the proceedings of the Executive Committee should be reviewed, and the suggestions of the assembled brethren be taken on the conduct of the institution. This was the first meeting of the kind. T. W. Marshall, Esq., the Treasurer, took the chair. Some brethren thought the meeting unnecessary, since only the Executive and the Association have power to legislate. Happily on this occasion the report of the College seemed most satisfactory. It might have been otherwise; critical questions might have arisen; important steps might have been necessary; hence the value of the meeting which, having power to vote on its own opinions, could recommend to the Executive Committee or the Association. The College is the child of the churches; and at this annual meeting its interests may be promoted by the sympathy and counsels of

* Wisbech chapel "is one of the most beautiful Nonconformist places of worship I have ever seen."—*Christian World*, June 25. The architect is Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, of London.

those who are eligible to attend to review and advise prior to the binding resolutions of the Executive Committee or of the Association. The College expenditure during the year had been £811 15s. 11d., leaving a balance due to the Treasurer of £46. A thankoffering to the College of £50 from some friend or church for favours received would preserve our Treasurer's serenity, and start the institution next September free from debt. The examiners testify to the diligence of the students; and the twelve brethren who were in the College last session, encouraged and stimulated by the examiners' reports, will commence their work next session, we hope, under the auspices of an approving and a still more liberal constituency. Our brother, the Rev. W. Evans, of Leicester, was appointed assistant Secretary; and no doubt every church, especially every church not hitherto subscribing, will hear from our energetic brother respecting the appointment of a collector, and the making at least one collection in every church. The property at Chilwell, it is said, requires an outlay of money to keep it in proper repair; and the current income must still be increased that the efficiency of the institution may be maintained.

II. THE UNIFICATION SCHEME seems to be passing through the stages of a gradual and healthy growth, and not hastening to that gourd-like maturity which is prophetic of a speedy decay. In fact, the history of this idea and scheme reminds us of the course followed in our national legislation. First came the suggestion in the shape of a resolution passed by the Association at Burnley in 1873. (The movement is even older than here stated, for it was proposed and discussed at Nottingham in the previous year.) We copy from the Minute Book—"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." Then in 1874 the "bill was read a first time." No debate took place thereon, except in the Committee which drafted the scheme. The bill was ordered to be printed that honourable members of the G. B. Parliament might have the opportunity of reading and considering. Then at Wisbech the "bill came on for its second reading." Its essential principle was ably debated; after which "the bill was read a second time," whereby its essential principle, as enunciated in the Burnley resolution, was affirmed and adopted. Next year the House is to go into Committee on its details; and in the meantime the gentlemen who had been elected by the Conferences to form an Executive Committee, if the scheme should be accepted in its entirety, are appointed to act as a Provisional Committee, to get ready the details for the consideration of the Committee of the whole House at Derby in 1876. These successive stages look like wisdom; look like a piece of deliberative and mature legislation on the part of the G. B. Parliament. When the details have passed the Association, the "bill will be read a third time" and passed, receiving, we trust, the assent of our Royal Master, between whom and His churches no other authority intervenes. The essential principle of the scheme was debated

for about two hours on Thursday evening. The objections against it were stated in a clear and forcible manner. It was stated that it would take "the life and soul" out of the Conferences; to this it was replied that Conferences which did not devote their time to Home Mission management were large, interesting, and profitable. It was stated that the London Baptist Association, in its Home Mission work, confined its operations within a given area, and that this was necessary to secure the interest of churches in efforts for their own immediate locality; to this it was replied that there was more likelihood of a sympathy between Wisbech and Manchester than actually exists between the West End and East End of the Metropolis. Again it was said, that if all contributions were drawn off to one place, many small churches which received Home Mission help would be left unassisted. To this it was replied that the principle on which Home Mission efforts amongst us appeared to be conducted was to render help where there was a probability of having, in a few years, a self-supporting church, and not to dole out small grants simply to keep open the weakest stations. And further, it was replied that each Conference, in the course of a few years, would have the right to nominate a site in its own district; that the help of the whole denomination would be brought to that district, so that the whole would do in a few years what would take each separate Conference many years to do alone. Then age did speak, and the multitude of years stood up to teach wisdom. Venerable fathers, who knew and loved and supported the Connexion more than half a century ago, gravely objected and shook their whitened locks. They said the scheme had been tried years ago and failed; that the work had to be divided into districts to ensure anything like sympathy and help. But these beloved veterans had to be reminded of the "slow coaches" of their bygone days; that it was easier now to get from London to Manchester than it used to be to get from Nottingham to Derby; that they came up to Wisbech in a few hours now from the extreme parts of the country; that they had no telegraph, no *Freeman* and *Baptist*; that the world had gone fast since they were boys; and that we possessed to-day the very things for lack of which the scheme failed when tried in the hoary past. The issue of a very friendly and earnest debate was the passing, if not unanimously, yet certainly *nem. con.*, of the first clause of the scheme, embodying its essential principle; and bearing in mind that all existing liabilities of the Conferences are to be respected, acknowledged, and discharged, the way seems open next year for the adoption of well-considered plans of operation.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.—A mistake, which all deeply regretted, occurred in connection with this service. References have been made to it in the London and religious papers. A true, yet charitable statement, seems to be necessary in our own Magazine. The first communion service in connection with the sittings of the Association was held at Nottingham in 1863, and has hitherto, by general consent and unbroken practice, been open to members of other Christian churches. A difficulty arose at Wisbech for which no one individual, or number of individuals, or the Association itself, can be held responsible. It appears that the communion at Ely Place Church is strict. At the Halifax Association in 1862, the following resolution was passed:—"We recommend the church where the Association is held to invite the members and repre-

representatives of the sister churches to unite in the celebration of the Lord's supper during the sittings of the Association." The fair interpretation of this resolution is that "the sister churches" are the churches in the Association. Now custom is tyrannical. It has no mind to think, no heart to feel in any circumstance, however special. To interfere with established custom is an act from which the discreetest minister and the wisest members of our churches shrink with fear. This was the difficulty unexpectedly forced upon our Wisbech friends; either to raise the communion question in their fellowship, or to set aside their own practice when, according to the above resolution, they invited the sister churches to unite with them in celebrating the Lord's supper. Consequently no invitation was given to members of other churches, *nor was any restriction advertised*. Had this service been held in a large town where the peculiar practice of the local church had not been generally known, pædo-Baptist friends would have joined the communion from the invitation given at the commencement of the week to ministers and members of other churches in the neighbourhood to the sittings of the Association. But when the pædo-Baptist brethren in Wisbech recollected the practice of the church at Ely Place, and hearing no special invitation to the communion, they concluded that they were not eligible, or even let it be granted that some of them were privately told so; in either case, or in both cases, they felt they would intrude, and so kept away from the service. This becoming known was a source of deep and unfeigned regret. A cordial welcome had been given to them to the sittings of the Association; their representative, in the person of the Rev. James Smith, Congregational Minister, had responded on our platform in an elegant and most fraternal address; the homes of all sections of Christ's church were thrown open to us, and hospitality lavished upon us; the most genial and brotherly spirit pervaded all the intercourse at the homes and sanctuaries at Wisbech; and, therefore, this non-presence of our friends at the Lord's table was most heartily regretted. We repeat—*It was the custom, not the mind, nor the vote of the church, that occasioned the difficulty*. And without throwing the slightest reproach on the Wisbech friends, whose hearts are and whose convictions for anything we know may be wider than the practice they have inherited, the Association thought it best to declare that henceforth the communion service at the sittings of the Association shall be open to all evangelical believers.

IV. THE BUILDING FUND is coming to the front. A rule was passed fourteen years ago, "That this Association suggests it as the duty of all the churches in the body to support the three recognized institutions of the Connexion, viz., The Foreign Mission, The Home Mission, and The College." The Building Fund in the Connexion, like the press in the country, is becoming a fourth estate. Its capital now exceeds £3,000; next year the Committee of management intend to urge an effort to raise the fund to £5,000. Persons who have money which they lend on interest are considered fortunate; persons who have to borrow are to be pitied. How the interest money feeds the lender and impoverishes the borrower. 'Tis the interest on debt year after year that discourages the cheerful giver, and makes the anniversary service rather shunned than courted. The object of the fund is not to give away its capital,

but to lend it without interest, to be repayable by instalments, thus utilizing every shilling given to the liquidation of the principal. The Association Business Committee were instructed to fix a time during the Association week for the holding of the annual meeting of the Building Fund Committee. During the said week the Foreign Mission and the College have, and the Home Mission is to have, their Committee meeting, and now this vigorous stripling demands its time and opportunity. We must prepare ourselves to give the whole of Friday to Association work.

V. INTERESTING ITEMS.—A telegram was sent to Brighton to the Rev. J. Clifford, assuring him of the sympathy of the brethren in his illness, and of their gratitude to God for his recovery. Brother Clifford's reply was read, and both telegram and reply were ordered to be entered on the minutes. A vote of sympathy was passed to the family and friends of the late Dr. G. T. Day, of Boston, Mass. Dr. Day came as a deputation from the Freewill Baptists of America to our Association nine years ago. His removal by death has been not only a great grief to his family, but a serious loss to the denomination which he had so efficiently served. A safe, to be paid for out of the Association Fund, is to be provided at Chilwell College for the custody of all important denominational documents. Persons who hold the Trust Deeds of our chapels, and who may not have in their own dwellings adequate facilities for their preservation, may avail themselves of the safe at Chilwell if they wish to do so. A deputation came from the General Baptist Assembly, London. The Business Committee, with a view to avoid the annual discussion which has taken place on a special vote, thought it sufficient for all the purposes of fraternal communion that these brethren should be received by the general vote of welcome which is given to ministers and members of other churches who may wish to be present at the sittings of the Association. The hymn book plates will last about two years longer. In the meantime the Trustees, assisted by other brethren, are to be preparing a new hymn book.

VI. THE PUBLIC SERVICES.—These, in attendance, in spirit, were all that could be desired. In the address of the President, the Rev. J. Alcorn, the New Connexion of General Baptists put on and displayed her beautiful garments. And though she may be the least of the tribes, even strangers and friends alike were compelled to admire her symmetry and attire, her doctrines and her institutions. The sermon* of the Rev. Giles Hester on Wednesday, and that of the Rev. E. H. Jackson on Thursday morning, enkindled the best emotions; and the Circular Letter, by the Rev. J. H. Atkinson, on *The Evangelist*, was suggestive and practical. The paper read at the school Conference, the addresses delivered at the devotional services, the speeches made at the public meetings, were received with pleasure and profit. The brethren were prepared, and were consequently appreciated. Who has not heard, not in dreams, but in the actual scenes of church and ministerial life, that piety and common sense have sometimes, especially when visitors have

* Printed, with four other most valuable sermons, in the *Christian World Pulpit* of July 7. Price One Penny.

been present, felt ashamed of the crude and slovenly performances of the spiritual guides. Not so on this occasion. Every year, we think, a noble emulation inspires the younger brethren to do their best in the opportunities afforded them at the Association. Nor can we help noticing how the elder brethren, not worn out, not *hors de combat*, appear to enjoy themselves out of the pulpit, off the platform. They take the pew for the week. They sit in luxurious ease. As they behold the exploits of their proteges and sons in the tournament, their faces are suffused with delight. These manly men, our worthy sires, touched by the singing of a hymn, by the spiritual eloquence of the preachers, weep for joy. Their whole body, soul, and spirit, are taken into a blessed captivity. The public meetings were most animated; that of the Foreign Missionary Society most enthusiastic. The speech of Sir George Campbell will be hived as one of the most precious mission documents. It was a splendid sight to see the celebrated Indian statesman, and the veteran missionary (Dr. Buckley), standing side by side on the platform; and most delightful to hear the one lavish in turn the most sincere praise on the work of the other. The Rev. J. Wall and Signor Grassi have made themselves many friends; and their visit and speeches at Wisbech cannot but result in a deeper interest and more liberal support of our nascent Mission in Rome.

VII. DENOMINATIONAL EXTENSION.—Some of our small churches are on the verge of extinction; other small churches have been blessed with a revival; other churches in small towns are maintaining their position; and large churches are doing well. The reports from the churches are for the most part written in a cheerful, hopeful spirit. But as a denomination we do not lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes. Our Connexion is most compact; the sympathies of every church centralize; we spend our interest and power chiefly in our present area. The life does not break out. The centripetal is not accompanied with the centrifugal. Why do we not increase? The answer is, we lack in enthusiasm for Home Mission work. This year we have added six new churches to the 158 of last year. But "Independent" rather than "New" would be the more appropriate adjective. For Allerton (Central) with its 94 members was a branch of Allerton (Bethel) two years ago; Newthorpe, ninety-four members, and Stapleford, twenty-four members, have just left the parent church at Ilkeston; Hurstwood, thirty-two members, was a part of the church at Vale; Poynton, twenty members, and Preston, twelve members, may perhaps be considered new. Where is the overflow of our spiritual life? As churches, no doubt, many are doing evangelistic work in their localities; this they would do if we had no Association. Where is the work of our compact, united, and vigorous Association? When we meet year by year we kindle emotion, we stir up energy! O that our own country may enjoy the benefit in the shape of a new chapel once a year in the midst of teeming populations. But how shall this be done? The unification scheme referred to above seems to be a timely and sufficient answer.

C. CLARKE.

“HOW TO GAIN AND RETAIN THE ATTENTION OF OUR SCHOLARS DURING THE TIME IN CLASS.”

IT will freely be admitted by all of us engaged in Sunday school work that this is often a most difficult task—so much so that some desponding teachers regard it as a hopeless one. It is my object, in this paper, to shew that by the employment of suitable means we may succeed in gaining and retaining the attention of our scholars during the time in class.

Our worthy secretary tells me I must be brief, for two reasons, I suppose—first, that you may have time to discuss what I have said, and second, that others may have time to show us a more excellent way.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the act, or state of mind, which we call *attention*. It is often said that children have very little power of attention; and no wonder when we remember that their nature is a new creation unformed, unbiassed, and undisciplined, and they are placed in our hands to model, to influence, and to educate for all the future of life.

The attention of children is only gained as you *interest* them, and retained only so long as that *interest* is kept up; still the interest of children is easily excited; and I have always laid it down as a rule, in self-examination of my own work, that if I have failed to gain and retain the attention of my scholars, the fault has been my own, not theirs.

It is essential that the nature of childhood and youth should be with every one of us a study; all children and young people are so constituted by our wise Creator that they may be approached by certain avenues. These will differ according to the age and the circumstances they occupy; and it is the duty of the teacher to find out by what means we may reach them.

We will divide our scholars into three classes, and consider our subject in its reference to each—I. Scholars in infant classes; II. Scholars in elementary classes; III. Those in Bible classes.

I. *Scholars in Infant Classes*.—In the early years of life the child is mostly (entirely I had almost said) acted upon through the outward senses. Sight being the principal medium to the child's mind. Teachers of infant classes should especially bear this in mind; hence, while their oral teaching should be in the plainest words and of the simplest character, they will find good bright pictures and a box of moveable letters a great assistance in gaining the attention of their class, principally because the picture and the letters attract the child's sight and reach its mind more easily. When the words have been spelt, and the sentence gone through, then will come the time to question and explain and illustrate by such simple means as they can understand, not lingering long on any part. The motto should be “here a little and there a little;” and the little here should be different from the little there, and so they will be interested, and the time will pass happily and profitably.

II. *Scholars in Elementary Classes*.—Here we find our scholars have reached a very important change. The age of *perception* through the senses is greatly aided by a *conception* of things through the direct actions of the *mind*, the intellect takes a firmer grasp of the unseen

* A paper read at the Sunday School Conference of the Association, and printed by its desire.

imagination begins to work, and it groups together the conception of the young mind in endless variety; a sense of this new power, too, comes over the child, and fills this second part of its intellectual history (shall I say) with a vast amount of enjoyment. The teacher of these classes cannot fail to gain and retain the attention of their scholars if they so arrange their lessons as to act upon this new and most easily influenced temperament of the mind of youth. Did I say most easily influenced? It is because I wish to emphasize the great importance of teachers in these classes taking advantage of this new emotion implanted by God for them to employ in its earliest action. An illustration may best convey our meaning here. A class of elementary scholars were gathered round their teacher; several of them were naturally restless and inattentive boys. He felt conscious his only power to reach them was by exciting their imagination and fully setting their mind to work. The subject was the narrative recorded Luke v. 18 to 26. It was used as a lesson of pity; and in order to fix the word pity it was associated by pointing to each finger of one hand, and pronouncing the letters. In speaking of the men that carried him, the question was asked, "How many?" The same means was used to impress—the fingers counted. Trifling as this may seem to some minds it was the means of getting that class in full attention; and then the incidents of the miracle were illustrated and brought as vividly as possible before their young minds, the climbing the house top, and letting the afflicted one down before Jesus, &c. The attention of these boys was not only gained, but deep interest was excited; and a fine opportunity was given that teacher of showing those boys the beauty and blessedness of exercising human pity, and of speaking of the Saviour's divine compassion and love. Remarks and questions followed such as these—"Did he really shake all over?" "And was he quite better when Jesus said, Arise?" Wonder and admiration of Jesus was written in their faces, and one roughish lad said, "I should have liked to help to carry him."

Oh! my fellow teachers, by great plainness of speech, by forcible illustration, and by sagacity in the use of everything, you can not only gain, but retain the attention of elementary scholars. We now consider :—

III. *Those in Bible Classes.*—Here the mind is, to a very great extent, formed. They are no longer the child only reached by outward objects, or the little boy whose imagination has just begun to work; they are possessed of strength of will, independence of thought; they have the ability to weigh arguments, to draw conclusions, indeed, to pronounce an opinion on what you teach, and how you do it; and unless our lesson is so presented as to employ these increased powers of mind, we shall fail in gaining and retaining the attention of our class. Whatever may be the opinion held about teachers being employed in other classes that are not Christians, it is essential that they should be in Bible classes. They must love the Bible, the God who gave the Bible, the Saviour of which the Bible speaks; they must understand the work and office of the Holy Spirit, without which the Bible cannot be understood; and the young people in their classes must feel that they are all this, or they will fail to command their attention and their

respect. These teachers must be diligent students of human nature, and be able to show the value of Bible truth and religion to the best interests of every day life, as well as the life to come. The abilities of the class will widely differ, but the attention of all has to be gained. This may be done often by causing one youth or maiden to act upon the other. For instance, you shall propose a question to a dull girl; she hesitates. Without exposing her ignorance, you might ask a quicker one, Can you help her? She will be prompt with her answer; and without flattering the one, you have emulated the other to be ready when next she is called upon. Running a question round a class will often bring them all to attention when it has been lost. Following up a dry argument with a forcible illustration will excite fresh interest. Affectionate earnestness is the most useful quality in gaining the attention of these classes; and I have sometimes been surprised to see how teachers with scanty knowledge and preparation have been able to keep their classes in full attention all the time.

We have now looked at the third class of scholars, and if I were asked to put in one word the best means of gaining and retaining the attention of our scholars, I should say, "interest" them. One of the best questions for us to put to ourselves when we sit down to prepare is—How can I *interest* my class with this subject? We should put the question to ourselves as we are going to school—Shall I be able to interest them? You will succeed in this:—

1st. If you study the nature of childhood and youth.

2nd. If you adapt (please mark this word) your teaching to their powers.

3rd. If you are patient and persevering in giving your lesson.

4th. If you are very humble and prayerful that the divine blessing may rest upon your labours.

Yes, you shall gain and retain their attention; and, by God's blessing, win them to be your joy here and your crown of rejoicing in the day of Christ Jesus.

W. R. WHERRY.

THE ROYALTY OF LOVE.

"*Deus est charitas.*"

TELL me your dearest thought of God
And I would tell you mine,
Thou wilt perchance enrich my soul
With some pure pearl of thine.
Have you not felt our Father's heart,
His Majesties above;
And how, of all He is, He lays
His emphasis on love?
I felt it when I first discerned
That Christ and God are one:
Our Father, to reveal His heart,
Became Himself a Son.
I've seen Him raise the dead and weep,
And heal the sick and sigh;
And wondered that such power should look
Through such a tearful eye;
And trusted with the guilty souls
He purified and blest;
And loved Him with the little child
He folded to His breast.
And ever in the weeping Christ
The unseen God appears—
A righteousness that loves and sighs,
And power that melts to tears.
Ripley.

And thus my heart awakes to His,
And loses fear and care;
For though Omnipotence have griefs,
It cannot have despair.
Eternal Love has moaned to man—
"No sorrow is like mine;"
But grief with Him is sympathy
Hand-clasped with strength divine.
His cross was in His heart ere He
His *via crucis* trod;
And dark Gethsemane for aye
Is possible with God.
And Calvary tells me what He is,
Not just what He has been;
That love still sorrows o'er its lost,
And power must still redeem.
If love in Him were last and least
My hope too large might grow;
But power and love without a bound
A boundless hope will sow;
For wisdom, truth, and night in God,
Are throned and crowned by love;
And I my Father's heart have found—
His Majesties above.

E. HALL JACKSON.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

BY A PILGRIM.

No. II.

WE next came to a city having associations, if not as interesting, yet scarcely less wonderful than those of Rome. We passed the base of smoking Vesuvius, and entered the noisy, busy Naples, so beautifully situated, that the Neapolitans are accustomed to say, "See Naples and die." If *outside* of Naples we have beauty, *inside* we have dirt. Save in some of the leading thoroughfares, the houses are simply filthy, the habits of the people often disgusting, and their aptitude to crowd together in close company with the pig or goat in a hovel of the narrowest possible dimensions, wonderfully developed. For once in my life I regretted I could not smoke, for my companions found in this so-called luxury a real antidote to the poisonous stenches through which we passed.

But there is another side to Naples. If man has made it *baneful*, God has made it *beautiful*; and where man has co-operated with God, every prospect pleases. The gardens, looking into the streets, dotted all over with fragrant trees, both orange and lemon, and beautified with the almond in bloom, the mountains in the immediate background, and the myriad waves of the charming bay, the finest in the world, smiling beyond and lending enchantment to the scene, made Naples a spot never to be forgotten.

Puteoli, now known as Pozzuoli, the place where St. Paul landed, and where there is an extinct volcano, attracted us; and it was with a new emphasis that we read Acts xxviii., 13th and 14th verses, "And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium, and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went towards Rome." Though the natives do not presume to point out the house in which the Apostle tarried those seven days, they lead us with confidence up, what they called, the Appian Way, the road along which he journeyed to Rome.

Thirteen and a half miles the other side of Naples is Pompeii. The super-abundant life of the former city has shaped itself into an unbroken line of populous villages, extending almost from one city (the city of the living) to the other (the city of the dead). Along a dusty road, amidst a motley throng of men, women, and children, who have learned to cheat and beg, and be religious at the same time (for they seldom pass a public Madonna without bowing), half deafened by the clanging of the whip, and the whoop of the Neapolitan driver, who never thinks his horse, or mule, or ox, as the case may be, goes fast enough, and shut in on either side by shops of every description, each one of which has a Madonna, we reached at last the buried city.

Two thousand years ago the cities of Campania, and Pompeii among them, rebelled against the Roman power, and though for their resistance the other cities were chastised, Pompeii escaped. Some years later, in the reign of Nero, a great contest took place in the Pompeian Amphitheatre.

theatre, in which a dispute occurred; and when the case was brought before Nero, it was decided against Pompeii, and as a punishment they were deprived of all theatrical amusements for ten years—a heavy punishment in those days. The amphitheatre in which the contest took place is standing to-day. Four years after this an earthquake destroyed parts of the city, and in the year '79 A.D., in consequence of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the whole city was buried and lost sight of until 1755, since which time excavations have been, and still are going on. We went among the excavations, and saw the lonely places just uncovered that have been hidden under ashes since the time of the eruption; and it was also our privilege to be conducted into several houses and workshops that had been brought to light only a few days before. One of these was a wool-bleaching house: in it were the immense baths in which the wool was washed, as perfect as if used yesterday, and we even procured some of the soap that has been buried for close on 1800 years.

You have read of the bread in the oven, and the dough kneaded for baking, and the mills worked with two handles, by which the wheat was ground, the eggs in the act of cooking, the clothes hung out for drying, the walnut cracked and partly shelled for eating, the plums prepared for dessert, and the ghastly forms of men and women in the act of running away; all these and many other objects besides we looked upon with intense interest. As to the city itself, it is and it is not a ruin; the streets are almost as perfect as any street in London or Leicester; on either side the houses stand as they did—save that the roofs and windows and doors have disappeared—the pavements remain, and the wheel tracks are sometimes not less than three inches deep. The pillars of the Market Place are standing and some of the statues of their gods. The houses of their poets are pointed out, the grottoes and the baths. Time may yet reveal many more wonders in connection with this remarkable city. Our visit was made the more interesting through the courtesy of the guides, and when we left them they refused to take a gratuity, the admission to the city being two francs, and so at their desire we sent them forty copies of the Scriptures, and a colporteur to distribute them and to expound to them the gospel.

Vesuvius, Capri, and Lorrento were visited by most of the party, after which we returned to Rome, and then to Pisa, ascended its leaning tower—read of in our younger days as one of the wonders of the world—and then beneath the shadow of the marble mountains of Cararra we came to Spezzia, described by Dean Alford as a place of loveliness than which nothing more beautiful can be imagined. The sea is light blue, streaked; on it lie at anchor an abundance of vessels, from the stately man-of-war to the tiny fishing boat, all reflected in the waveless surface of the Mediterranean. Across the bay rise, one above another, lines of wooded hills, the lower range studded with white glittering buildings, the other melting away brown and green into the tenderest purple, and all surmounted far above in the blue sky by a splendid jagged line of snowy Appenines glowing with warmest tints of the rose. Nor is the inland view from the shore unworthy of a sea prospect so beautiful; vast hills keep guard around this arsenal of Italy, terraced to the very summit with the grey olive, the seven different glens, each dark with

recesses of shade, and buttresses of rock divide off one hill from another, and thick sprinkled from every knoll of vantage gleam out villages with their slender steeples, through the sunny haze. Beauty similar to this, but varying as we passed along the new Riviera Railway which had been opened only a month (and we formed the first party that had gone up it) met us on every hand until we reached Genoa. The lovely bay around which this city is built in the shape of an amphitheatre, is known by name to all, and the prominent part that Genoa has played in the field of revolution has given her a name that will not be soon forgotten. We paced her streets, many of them so narrow that none but foot passengers pass up and down them; and their houses so lofty that toward their roofs they seem almost to touch each other. We climbed the hill on which stands the celebrated arsenal, and inspected the fortifications that afforded such good protection against the fleet of the English that blockaded the city by sea, and the forces of the Austrians that besieged it by land. There are large numbers of soldiers stationed here; indeed in every city we visited in France and Italy one characteristic of the place was an army of men ready for the battle, and one can easily see how difficult it must be to keep so many men year after year playing at soldiers. They will desire something more real, even though it imply plunging the bayonet into another soldier's breast. Here and there about the city one meets with a public washhouse: it consists of a simple roof supported by pillars, and under it a large bath, around which twenty or thirty women gather from various parts of the city, bringing their linen with them. The more general place of washing in Italy is at the river, and it is most amusing to see the strong masculine looking women standing sometimes up to the knee in water, now rubbing the clothes with their hands, and now dashing them against the stones on the bank. After visiting some of the churches and other places of interest in Genoa we sped away amongst rugged hills, through lovely plains, but ever with the Alps before us, here white with snow, there black with ice, and at such a distance that after we had been approaching them for hours they appeared as far off at the end of that time as they did at the beginning; and the sight of these giant sentinels dipping their heads in the deep blue Italian sky was one that we never shall forget. After we spent well-nigh a month in this vine-clad country, lying amidst the silent waves of a tideless sea, whose life is only in the past and future, we could not help giving wing to the desire that we might visit Italy once again, though none can visit her without feeling the forcefulness of Roger's lines:—

“O Italy! how beautiful thou art!
 Yet I could weep, for thou art lying, alas,
 Low in the dust; and we admire the now
 As we admire the beautiful in death.
 Thine was a dangerous gift when thou wast born—
 The fatal gift of beauty. Would thou hadst it not,
 Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile
 Who now beset thee, making thee their slave!
 Would they had loved thee less or feared thee more!”

ERRATA.—Page 247, Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the "Last Supper" is in the refectory attached to the church of Santa Mario dello Grazie.—Last line on page 248, for *rheumatics*, read *rheumatism*.—Line 24, page 249, *frescoe* should be *fresco*.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

No. III.—*The Morning Herald and the Times.*

BY REV. G. W. M'CREE.

I PURPOSE, in this paper, to glance at some of the morning journals of the present day. The *Morning Post*—the organ of the fashionable world—was commenced in 1772. One of its editors—its first editor, I believe—was the Rev. Henry Bate, who was known as the “gay and gallant Bate.” He was the Rector of Smallridge, Essex; but came to London, where he wrote a number of plays, attended theatres, edited the *Morning Post*, got drunk and fought several duels. Having defended the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., he was presented with a rich living, made a baronet in 1812, and died at Cheltenham in 1824. The history of one of “Parson Bate’s” duels may, perhaps, interest our readers. It is found in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, January 13th, 1777:—“A *recontre* happened at the Adelphi Tavern, in the Strand, between Captain Stoney and Mr. Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*. The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs that had appeared in the *Morning Post*, highly reflecting on the character of a lady for whom Captain Stoney had a particular regard. Mr. Bate had taken every possible method, consistent with honour, to convince Mr. Stoney that the insertion of the paragraphs was wholly without his knowledge; to which Mr. Stoney gave no credit, and insisted on the satisfaction of a gentleman, or the discovery of the author. This happened some days before; but meeting, as it were by accident, on the day here mentioned, they adjourned to the Adelphi, called for a room, shut the door, and being furnished with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and Mr. Stoney received a wound in the breast and arm, and Mr. Bate one on the thigh. Mr. Bate’s sword bent, and slanted against the Captain’s breast bone, which Mr. Bate apprising him of, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it; and in the interim, while the sword was under his foot for that purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have been the issue.”

Actions for libel against newspapers were more common in former days than in our own. Scurrilous articles, “spicy bits,” and censurable personal allusions, were often found in newspapers fifty years ago; and many a fierce and costly legal battle took place in consequence. Thus, a lady of rank brought an action against the *Morning Herald* for a scandalous charge made against her; and the jury gave a verdict for £4,000—a penalty which tended to purify the Press.

Some of the contributors to the *Morning Herald* were men of high mark, as, for instance, Sir James Macintosh and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The last writer would have been a vastly more valuable contributor to the *Morning Herald*, and to English literature generally, had he not become an opium eater and laudanum drinker. “I have prayed,” he says, “with drops of blood on my brow. Overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case, with tears and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances

I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself." The amount of laudanum he could drink was incredible. "He has been," writes Cottle, of Bristol, "long, very long, in the habit of taking from two quarts of laudanum to a pint a day." Prostration, awful misery, followed, and no doubt shortened his life.

The circulation of the *Morning Post*, in the days of Coleridge, is said to have been 5,000 copies daily; if it were so, it was a good property then, whatever it may be now.

Another of the contributors to the *Morning Post* was Charles Lamb, author of the "Essays of Elia," one of the most charming books in the world. He was paid sixpence for each paragraph! He was. Such were the good old times. I ought to add, however, that Mr. Stuart, the editor, wrote:—"As for good Charles Lamb, I never could make anything of his writings. Of politics he knew nothing; and his drollery was vapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper."

The *Morning Post* was a vehement advocate of Lord Palmerston and his policy; but it did not gain much by being so.

Ladies read the *Morning Post* because of the minute details it contains of balls, routs, weddings, garden parties, and other fashionable intelligence. It may interest them to know that the glowing descriptions of weddings, etc., cost for insertion from one to seven guineas each—a large fee to pay for the celebrity which endures for a day.

THE TIMES comes next in order. This journal, the greatest the world has ever seen, deserves a volume instead of a few columns; but I must condense what I may be able to say. This famous journal was commenced in 1785, under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*. The name the *Times* was given on the first of January, 1788. The original prospectus of the paper was very elaborate. A few of its paragraphs may be quoted.

"The *Times*! what a monstrous name. Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster, that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters, and, in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"The critical reader will observe we personify our new name; but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocation, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

"The *Times*, being formed of and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable genus, but, like the polypus, is doubtful; and in the discussion, description, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated among the literati.

"The heads of the *Times*, as already has been said, are many; these will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"The principal or leading heads are, the literary, political, commercial, philosophical, critical, theatrical, fashionable, humorous, witty, etc., etc.; each of which are supplied with a competent share of intellect for

the pursuit of their several functions—an endowment which is not in all cases to be found even in the heads of the State, the heads of the Church, the heads of the Law, the heads of the Navy, the heads of the Army, and, though last not least, the heads of the Universities.

“The political head of the *Times*, like that of Janus, the Roman deity, is double-faced; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

“The alteration we have made in our paper is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum*, and a moiety of its brains. The *Herald* has cut off one half of its head, and has lost its original humour. The *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.”

Such an imperious and, in some respects, impertinent prospectus would not be issued in our day by the proprietors of the *Times*. The allusions to the *World*, the *Herald*, and the *Post* were in very bad taste indeed, but eminently characteristic of the period.

The *Times*, in its early days, was printed according to the logographic system. Words in common use were cast in solid pieces, etc., as, for example, man, woman, rain, ship, fire, murder, etc. Hence, Mr. Walter, it is said, was accustomed to order a hundredweight of type, in pounds, of “wet,” “heat,” “robbery,” “baby,” “atrocious outrage,” “suicide,” and “interesting female.” This plan did not succeed, and the ordinary type resumed its place.

For many years the *Times* did not contain a single literary review. Books came and books went in silence, so far as that journal was concerned. Its intelligence was meagre; its dramatic criticism beneath contempt. Here, for example, is its first notice of Drury Lane Theatre:—“Theatre.—Drury Lane.—Hamlet—whose doom, at least this season, has unfortunately been ‘to walk the night, and strut to empty benches’—performed yesterday evening its accustomed penance, in lieu of Tamerlane. Were not this excellent tragedy so often used ‘on the spur of the occasion,’ we think such admirable acting as Kemble’s Prince of Denmark would meet with more attendance—more applause it could not have. Mrs. Ward’s performance of the Queen is the best proof of Mrs. Siddons’ assertion that ‘Gertrude had more good points about her than the critics were aware of.’ Mrs. Ward’s distracted look in the closet scene—aided most powerfully by Kemble’s piteous exclamation, ‘On him! On him!’—indeed, the whole delineation of that difficult character—did much credit to this rising actress.”

Such a criticism would now be thought too poor for the famous journal published in Slow-in-the-Mud, wherever that may be.

Next month we shall return to the *Times*.

“BE SURE OF EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.—A half-baked scholar is merely an underdone goose. He is simply a quack in every sense. Don’t go about this world of ours that sorely needs completeness in character; like so many locks without keys, or keys with missing locks.”

J. T. FIELDS.

THE ASSOCIATION AND NATIONAL INTEMPERANCE.

For years past a growing conviction has shown itself in our Association in favour of more direct and aggressive action for the repression of National Intemperance than those afforded by the ordinary activities of Christian churches. The training of the young in the principles of total abstinence has been again and again commended; the Baptist Total Abstinence Society has received considerable accessions to its strength from our ministry and diaconate; and on every hand there are indications that we are awakening to the gravity of the responsibility cast upon the churches by the evil products of the drinking customs of the day. We hope the day will come when a secretary will be appointed to correspond with the churches, and to stimulate and direct their energies in this important department of Christian work. At the recent Association the following memorial was cordially received:—

The President and Members of the General Baptist Association, assembled at Wisbech, June, 1875.

Respected Sirs,—The widespread injury caused to society by its drinking usages, and the vast evils attaching to the sale of intoxicating liquors, with the various attempts made by the legislature, benevolent societies, and private individuals, to remedy them, are facts well known to you all. That these remedial efforts, extending over a long course of years, should, up to the present time, have proved a failure, or at best, have received but a small measure of success; and that the mischief itself is now, in some important respects, more formidable than ever, may not be so well recognized. Statistics which, however, it is not our intention to quote, abundantly prove that such is the case. The consumption of strong drink—per head of the entire British population—has steadily increased for a considerable period; and its amount to-day is two-fold that at which it stood some years back.

Until recently the only determined and organized attempts to check the progress of this destructive agency have emanated from secular bodies, such as The National Temperance League, The United Kingdom Alliance, The Good Templar Lodges, and others. The Christian church, as an ecclesiastical community, long held aloof from the work. Within the last few years a marked and cheering change has occurred on all sides; the different denominations of Christendom are awakening and hastening to the front; Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and Baptists, have each formed independent organizations for the promotion of the temperance reform. Gratifying accessions to their ranks have been received from other quarters, but to none do the total abstinence advocates attach such value and importance as the adhesion of Christian communities. This alliance is especially cheering; and in view of it they can thank God, and take courage in their work.

As members of The Total Abstinence Society and Good Templar Lodges of Wisbech we heartily welcome the advent of your Association to our ancient borough; and our welcome is the more cordial because we are assured that the work in which we engaged is one in which not only individual members of your body are largely interested, but that your

community, as a whole, by establishing a denominational temperance organization, is fully resolved to help in the suppression of this monster evil.

Three great classes may be considered the thought leaders of British society—the editorial and literary, the medical, and the ministerial. It is the high satisfaction of the temperance reformers to have so far won over to their side all these three sections, that their utterances in this matter are widely different now from what they were ten years since. The journalist, the doctor, and the minister, now oftentimes deal out to the public truths concerning the indiscriminate use of alcoholic stimulants as plain and unpalatable as the boldest of professed abstinence advocates.

To you, sirs, as members of the last-named, though by no means least important, social leaders we now appeal. Inasmuch as we are persuaded that the temperance cause can never adequately prosper until the Christian church, as a religious community, shall take its rightful position in the van; and inasmuch as the question is still one upon which all Christians are far from united—one in which they are, as a whole, far from sufficiently energetic—we appear before you to-day to thank you for such help as you have already afforded; to strengthen your hands in so far as you have entered into the contest, and affectionately to entreat you to go forward nothing doubting. In our judgment no enemy exercises so powerful an influence for evil, or so obstinately opposes all Christian effort as alcohol. Not even mammon wages so uncompromising a hostility to our Master as does Bacchus. Satan has no such auxiliary in defeating all evangelistic effort.

Suffer us, then, to beseech you, as the opinion makers and educational pioneers of your respective bodies, to bring this matter before them with increased earnestness. The cause of temperance is no bypath in religious work; we are assured that in promoting it you are directly forwarding Christianity itself. Intemperance is the vice of the age; and strong drink is the grand obstruction to the coming of the great King in the hearts of the people. Let the church cast out of its highway this national stumbling block—this rock of offence—and it shall thereby prepare the way of the Lord, and make His paths straight. Thus may we lawfully expect the glory of the Lord to be revealed, and that all flesh shall see it together.

R. B. DAWBARN,

President of the Wisbech Total Abstinence Society.

STARTLING NEWS.

THE omnipotent "Grocer of Dissent" has been raised from the dead by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the ecclesiastical leader of the Church of "Society." We have looked for said Grocer, for years, in vain. We have sought him high, sought him low, but he was not! We have imagined, occasionally, that he had, by a process of transmigration of souls, passed into certain ministers, who have betrayed strong tendencies towards lording it over God's heritage. At last he is here. He appears at a civic dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London. Poor Archbishop! pitiable lot! to be compelled amid the desolations, actual and threatened, of the "Church of Society," to feed his soul with a delusion, and to justify himself by bad manners. Has he ever read of a certain "Carpenter?" Ah! but not with Him would a lord Archbishop have fellowship till He had doffed His apron, and laid aside His plane, and entered the privileged portals of "Society."

MINISTERIAL "HIGH PRESSURE."

THE recent decease of several ministers of eminence in the Baptist body has not failed to direct attention to the condition of ministerial life and work amongst us. Blame has, in some instances, been cast upon the churches, and in others upon the ministers themselves; but blame is an article so difficult to handle fairly and adjust exactly, that it is best, generally, to let it alone. The wiser course is to look the facts in the face, get out of them their meaning, and see if it is possible to apply sure remedies to existing evils.

One thing is certain, that the work of the active, energetic, and willing "leading" minister makes tremendous demands upon his time and strength; such demands as can only be complied with on condition of the most rigorous attention to physical culture, and a faultless obedience to the laws of health during the performance of every stroke of work. To neglect these conditions for a month may mean illness for weeks; to do it for a year will probably lead to premature mental decay, perhaps to death. Within these conditions a man may take a "leading" position, do an enormous amount of extra church work, and not hurt himself. But it is at his peril that he fails.

The solicitations to work are often strong and numerous in the church; but the "high pressure" of church life would only in rare instances be injurious if it were alone. We know the requirements of the pulpit are not what they were. It is in vain for a man to tie a bundle of loose and inconsequent theology to a text, and label it preaching; or to make a chain of anecdotes, and pass it off as a sermon. He must "preach the word;" and that cannot be done without much painstaking, an eager intellect, and a loving heart. He must preach with freshness of illustration and of phrase, with a mind wide awake, and a spirit responsive to the needs, seen and unseen, of his congregation; and this is impossible without a tremendous expenditure of nerve energy. The leadership in church societies, and the management of organizations, is also a responsibility not easily borne. Still, we maintain that if a fairly healthy and ordinarily gifted man could restrict himself to his church, this work ought never to over-tax him.

But your men of eminence, your "leading" ministers, cannot do this; and their churches do not wish they should. They believe there are larger interests than those in their own special church life, and they are pleased to see their pastors devoted to their maintenance. Societies for Home and Foreign Missions are worked largely by their aid; association and union meetings make large draughts on their fund of power; "civil and religious liberty," with its wide range of interests, looks to them as champions; religious papers and periodicals insist on their contributions; chapels have to be opened by their sermons; dinners and suppers eaten with groups of friends, for whose intellectual recreation they must cater: so that, indeed, there is more than enough for their powers in this extra pastoral work alone. It is the "high pressure" *without* that brings the risk.

Still, it is not often that either death or illness results from over-work pure and simple. The animal machine has a marvellous force-producing power, if it is only wisely dealt with. It is made for work, physical and mental; and its strength and efficiency are only maintained by work. Here and there a man will over-estimate his temperament and special powers, and attempt tasks beyond his strength; but the error is in gauging his individual capacity, and his death is due to misjudgment. In other cases, men get locked up in their work. They cannot stir. They say they must keep at it. A month's rest, if they had the courage to take it, would renew their youth; but they have not the daring required, and they stand till they drop, "working the mine of their youth to the last vein of the ore." Dr. Wilks, a leading physician, says, in a suggestive paragraph, "Very often when a business man complains of being over-done, it may be found that his meals are very irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy and soda-water, and thinks it not improper to half poison himself with nicotine every night and morning." Far be it from us to insinuate that ministers are ever partial to brandy and soda-water, or delight in the fumes of tobacco; but are not some guilty of hurry in eating, of neglect of exercise, and the like?

But, where the pressure from without is confessedly too high, what is the remedy? For one thing, we must employ non-ministerial power to a far larger degree than we do now. The churches must call out the real but undeveloped forces within them. Why may not our intelligent deacons, elders, and others, be "*readers of the word*" in our public services? They can, for we have heard them read with a sympathetic appreciation of its meaning, exactness of emphasis, and genuine power, equal to that of men trained to the work. Bible classes, inquiry meetings, and visitation of the sick, might fall also to their hands; and so the minister be considerably relieved of labour, the church provoked to love and good works, and thereby all be abundantly benefited.

It will be said the churches will object to such practical substitution. They love the man of their choice, and they prefer to hear his voice ringing throughout the worship, and are intolerant of change. Possibly; but once give them to see the connection between such help and the health and vigour of their pastor, and they will cheerfully acquiesce, even supposing that in the biased judgment of affection they lose something thereby.

The secretarial work of the church should only in exceptional cases fall upon the minister. There is much book-keeping, correspondence, and registration to be done in the church of a "leading" minister. His hands should be free of all such clerical work. We find that pastors often write letters of transfer, apply for dismission letters, etc., etc.; work which, done by a willing and courteous friend, would effect a large saving of time and power.

But the best thing of all would be the introduction of the "curate" system in some form or other. Give these over-worked men an assistant. They will train and develop him, and will themselves be kept out of the grave.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. VIII.—*Muzzled or Unmuzzled Ministers?*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

WHEN the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, and the PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, agree concerning any one thing under the sun, there is a sudden stop to all inquiry as to the truth of the said thing. Such a trinity in unity is certitude itself. The thing is proved; we have only "to hold it fast," and deal with it with the wisdom and energy such a proved thing demands. The champion of the religion of "Society"—the prince of heterodoxy, leading in a church that boasts the unsullied purity of its orthodoxy—and the elected chief of a body of obdurate heretics—could only come to agreement because agreement was based on truth. And yet I have to chronicle the surprising phenomenon that these three became one in their utterances concerning ministerial stipends, in the closing days of June.

The Baptist President, as is meet, led the way in his timely address, affectionately and eloquently urging the necessity for a more complete and love-inspired maintenance of the preachers of the word. Dr. Tait followed, pleading for poor incumbents, by showing that the "change in the money power was such, that £100 would hardly purchase now what £75 would some time ago. Their position had not been bettered, while that of all those around them had been bettered. Clergymen who had to struggle on on the small allowance of £150 or £200 found themselves, from the very prosperity around them, almost unable to supply the conveniences or necessities of life on the most humble scale, on the fixed salaries which some time ago were barely sufficient for their maintenance." Dean Stanley demanded that ministers should have "the certainty of knowing that they were going to employ their gifts without the necessity of a vexing and an irksome effort to obtain the mere necessaries of life."

The deacons of our churches will all admit this. They are business men, and know as well as most, the depreciation in the buying power of the current

coin of the realm. They scorn, I know they do, Mr. Editor, and therefore I may say it, they scorn to look on the relation of pastor and people as a naked financial bargain, and are eager to fill and adorn it with all the life and beauty of the tenderest and most spiritual affections, and to make it an occasion of grace, growth, and mutual helpfulness to the whole of the Christian society, cherishing a hallowed fear lest the spirit and maxims of a worldly policy should sully the purity and mar the harmony of one of the most refining and unselfish associations on earth.

Though I have read of individuals objecting to a "paid ministry," I have never yet seen the deacon who ventured to question the need for teaching power in the church; and that to be effective it must be the result of a thoroughgoing devotion; and that, being thus the gift of a loving life, it must be paid for, not on the idiotic policy of despicable bargain-hunters, but with the large-hearted fairness of an overflowing love. I do not deny that men born with an ineradicable itch of officialism, who know nothing of the enormous eagerness for speech of conceited incapacity, or of the inflated twaddle vapoured at meetings where every speaker trusts to that most uncertain of all inspirations, the "spur of the moment;" men, too, wearied with the dreary platitudes of an indolent and misplaced man, may advocate a miscellaneous and unpaid ministry. But such men will have no "finance to manage." For whether ministers are well or underpaid, it seems proved that they are chief agents in developing the benevolence of the churches towards the "poor saints," the untaught children of the streets, and the masses of heathendom, and, indeed, in everything that touches the springs of Christian giving.

From inquiries I have made, and observations I have taken, I can report with some authority that the managers of church finance, amongst Baptists, have not been wholly inattentive to the obligations cast upon them by the changes in the monetary condition of the country during the last twenty years. The proportion of underpaid ministers is far, very far smaller than it was in 1855; and the signs of a quickened determination to reduce it still lower are strong and decided. But there is still need for a general elevation of the standard. Recent events suggest that scarcely one Baptist minister in a hundred is receiving the support he ought. For myself, as a business man, a deacon, and a Christian, I feel not a little discredited by the frequent appeals made on behalf of the widows and families of Baptist ministers again and again. It seems as if a man must die before he can be appreciated; and instead of having the pleasure which springs from receiving the love-gifts that would enable him to provide for his family in case of his decease, he has to endure a trial of faith in his closing hours, troubled by visions of charitable appeals and begging circulars for help, earned in many years of self-denying labour. I wish we could alter this. I think we deacons ought to alter it. I believe we mean to alter it.

Every minister should be able to insure his life, buy the books necessary for his work, and live in a condition in which there will be no temptation to think that he is being forgotten by those to whom he consecrates all his time and service. To me it seems essential, for the happy and joyous life of a Christian church, that the minister should feel that his people consider him, that they make his necessities their own, that they bring offerings of real affection to God's house for him, and are glad when they can relieve his shoulders of a single burden, or fill his heart with a fresh joy. A minister once said to me, "My income is not large; but I can cheerfully make it enough, because it comes to me attended and increased a thousand per cent. by the love of the givers. The standard of income is not to be found in the treasurer's books, but in the people's hearts."

Accepting that as the "minister's view" of the question, and as in its substance a true view, it rests with the deacons to adopt measures, to initiate schemes, by which the love of the church to its pastor may find expression. We should do this by letters to the members, by meetings for addresses on the subject, in the absence of the pastors; and do it promptly, not waiting to be stimulated and spurred by outsiders; not with sombre hesitation, as if filled with fear, but with the cheerful courage that allures success. The minister will not speak. Good, patient soul! he would rather suffer to the end, or suddenly "go a fishing" or "tent-making" to repair the "wrong," than whisper a word of

discontent. And yet it is not a want of money, but of *consideration*, that is the chief cause of insufficient stipends. Deacons "have not because they ask not, or ask amiss." Busy people have not time to think of it. Indolent people have not the will. Selfish people have not the desire. Covetous people need goading. "Goody" people need drilling into methods of giving. All require to have their *attention* roused and held, by a question so gravely important to themselves and the church. Money is wasted, or hoarded, that would readily be given if the need were known. An American says, in a "lively" way, "We see it stated on very careful authority that the salaries of all ministers in the country are 6,000,000 dollars, while the cost of the dogs is 10,000,000 dollars. Is this the relative value of preaching and barking? We hear much complaint of the expense of the gospel. But who ever grumbles about the cost of dogs? We have nothing against dogs, as such; but when they come in between us and the pulpit, when the cost of supporting them is cheerfully borne by extravagant deacons who groan over their pewrent, we feel like exhorting them, in the words of the apostle, 'Beware of dogs.'"

No doubt "extravagant deacons" would part with their "dogs," miserly deacons with their greed, indolent deacons with their laziness, showing deaconesses with at least one "bonnet" a year, and church members generally, if afflicted in similar ways, would find similar restoratives, could they only be brought to give an honest look for half-an-hour a year to the condition and necessities of the Christian ministry.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought."

Yes; but evil is wrought for want of money too. There are churches that are bravely doing their utmost, and yet the utmost scarcely exceeds the margin of bare subsistence. For these I should like to see a Sustentation Fund worked. It could easily be done through the Association, because the Association holds the key of the door of the ministry, and could control the recipients of the fund. A collection on a given day all through the churches on behalf of pastors with an income below a certain fixed minimum would be hailed by those above that minimum (if distributed on conditions stimulating to the generosity of the receiving church), would be an immense boon to the weak churches, develop a warmer fraternal regard, and go far to the complete removal of the difficulties connected with small churches and poor pastorates. Will you, Mr. Editor, persuade the Association to give its attention to this right early. I can promise a large diaconal support for a well-considered effort? And it should be quickly done, for a reason so well stated by the eloquent Dean above quoted, that I will conclude with his words. "The lack of intelligent and cultivated candidates for the ministry reminded him," he said, "of a story that he was once told by an Italian who described a speech which Mr. Gladstone delivered in Italy and in Italian. After enlarging with great eloquence upon the glories of regenerated Italy, he said, 'but there is one enemy in your midst,' and they looked at one another and they said, 'He means the Pope.' But he did not mean the Pope. The great enemy was deficit." Now it seemed to him that their great danger was deficit—deficit not of money, but the possible deficit of clergy in the future generation. He did not for one moment mean that they could attract them by means of mere money considerations. There was a splendid opportunity that offered itself for doing good to their countrymen, for regenerating and saving souls; and amongst the various deterring influences which would keep back cultivated, and sensible, and enlightened, and able young men from the church would be the prospect of having constantly to beg and to seek the means of filling out their scanty incomes."

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

Many texts of Scripture are like Labrador Spar (a mineral which comes from Labrador, and is known as Labradorite), which has no lustre till you bring it to a certain angle, and then it shines with a beautiful brightness, and exhibits a rich play of colours flashing from brown to grey, red to yellow, and from blue to green. Set the words of the old letter, or gospel, so as to catch the light of former associations and circumstances, and at once the dull and rayless message will glow with beauty, sparkle with a light above that of earth and sea, and stir emotions that "lie too deep for tears."

THE "GLORY ROLL:"

JOSEPH HUGHES AND ANDREW REED.

"There points the muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those who cannot die."

WHEN Dr. ANDREW REED, the great philanthropist, was asked to supply materials for his biography, he replied in words that form a most fitting memorial of his goodness and greatness—"I was born yesterday; I shall die to-morrow; and I must not spend to-day in telling what I have done, but in doing what I may for Him who has done all for me. I sprang from the people; I have lived for the people—the most for the most unhappy; and the people, when they shall know it, will not allow me to die out of their loving remembrance." It was a sublime response. The spirit of the truest and best work speaks through its every word. Faith in the perpetuity of good-doing rings along every line.

Such, too, was the spirit of JOSEPH HUGHES. He loved his work irrespective of the fame it might or might not bring. To do good was the absorbing passion of his life; to be remembered by posterity did not enter within the sacred circle of his motives for action. Like Andrew Reed he was pastor of a church; and like him, too, his heart and brain were larger than his sphere of labour. Both were Nonconformists—one an Independent and the other a Baptist—and yet both worked in a spirit of broadest catholicity. The former originated asylums for the orphan and the imbecile, the latter originated the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was one of the founders of the Religious Tract Society. Both sought to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy; one by the dissemination of religious knowledge, and the other by means of institutions for the care of the fatherless and the distressed; and both have recently received that public recognition of their services which was their due.

On the 10th of July an admirably executed portrait of Dr. Reed was uncovered at the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots by the Earl of Shaftesbury; and honour was rendered by many friends to the memory and usefulness of one of the most serviceable men of this generation. A short time before the same benevolent Earl unveiled a monument to the memory of Joseph Hughes in the ancient cemetery of Bunhill Fields. This monument is an obelisk, partly of red and partly of grey Aberdeen granite, and contains the following inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Rev. J. Hughes, A.M., for 37 years pastor of the Baptist Church at Battersea, one of the founders of the Religious Tract Society; the originator and one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and one of the secretaries of these societies for more than 30 years from the time of their formation till his death. He died on the 3rd of October, 1833, in his 64th year, and all that was mortal of him was interred in this grave. This memorial is raised by friends who venerate his excellence, and honour him as one of the founders of societies which have sent the blessed gospel of Christ to millions abroad and at home."

The memory of Dr. Reed was preserved in the structures he has been instrumental in erecting—that of Joseph Hughes was fading away from this generation, for the spot which contained his ashes was only marked by decaying letters at the bottom of a neighbouring stone. Mr. William Hardcastle, late of Peckham, and now of North Bank, Regent's Park, saw this, and his heart was stirred within him. At once he set about repairing this defect of Christian gratitude, enlisted the sympathies of the Rev. Thomas Binney and others, formed a committee, collected subscriptions, and at length, though to a considerable extent single-handed, succeeded in doing such honour to departed worth as must, even in this busy, hurrying, forgetful age, gratify all lovers of good men.

We rejoice in the abundant and blessed fruit gathered from the trees planted by these two servants of God, and gaze with admiration on the ripe clusters still hanging on the healthy and growing trees. We cherish the memory of their unselfish devotion with gratitude, and would be stimulated by their example to the fullest consecration of ourselves to the service of God and men.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

For the Young.

WHAT BECAME OF AN OVERWORKED BOY.

THE boys of our time are too much afraid of work. They act as if the honest sweat of the brow was something to be ashamed of. Would that they wore all equally afraid of a staggering gait and bloated face! This spirit builds the gambling houses, fills the jails, supplies the saloons and gaming places with loiterers, and keeps the almshouses and charitable institutions doing a brisk business.

It don't build mammoth stores and factories, nor buildings like the Astor Library and Cooper Institute. The men who built such monuments of their industry and benevolence were not afraid of work.

All the boys have heard of the great publishing house of the Harpers. They know of their *Monthly*, *Weekly*, the *Bazaar*, and interesting books of all kinds, and perhaps have seen their great publishing house in New York city. If I should ask them how the oldest of the brothers came to found such an illustrious house, I would, perhaps, be told that he was a "wonderfully lucky man."

He was *lucky*; and an old friend and fellow-workman, a leading editor, recently let out the secret of his *luck*. He and the elder Harper learned their trades together, fifty years ago, in John-street, New York. They began life with no fortune but willing hands and active brains—fortune enough for any young man in this free country.

"Sometimes, after we had done a good day's work, James Harper would say, 'Thurlow, let's break the back of another token—just break its back.' I would generally reluctantly consent just to *break the back* of the token; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the token was *completed*, fair and square! It was our custom in summer to do a fair half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. We would meet by appointment in the gray of the morning, and go down to John-street. We got the key of the office by tapping on the window, and Mr. Seymour would take it from under his pillow and hand it to one of us through an opening in the blind.

"It kept us out of mischief, and put money in our pockets."

No wonder that the venerable man in relating this foundation story of his life of success could say, "Our employer was the best man God ever made."

That key handed through that window tells the secret of the *luck* that enabled these two men to rise to eminence, while so many boys that lay soundly sleeping in those busy morning hours are unknown. No wonder that he became Mayor of the city, and head of one of the largest publishing houses in the world. When his great printing house burned down, the giant perseverance learned in those hours of *overwork* enabled him to raise, like magic from the ashes, a larger and finer one.

Instead of watching till his employer's back was turned, and saying, "Come boys let's go home; we've done enough for one day," and sauntering off with a cigar in his mouth; or, "I think its time we had a holiday to go a fishing;" his cry was, "Let's do a little *overwork*."

That *overwork* that frightens boys nowadays out of good places, and sends them out west, on ship-board, anywhere, eating husks, in search of a spot where money can be had without work, laid the foundation of the apprentice boy's future greatness.

Such husy boys were only too glad to go to bed, and sleep sound. They had no time, nor spare strength for dissipation, and idle thoughts, and vulgar conversation.

Almost the last words that James Harper uttered were appropriate to the end of such a life, and ought to be engraven upon the minds of every boy who expects to make anything of himself: "*It is not best to be studying how little we can work, but how much.*" Boys! make up your mind to one thing: the future great men of this country are doing just what those boys did. If you are dodging work, angry at your employer, or teacher, for trying to make you faithful; getting up late, cross and sleepy, after a night of pleasure-seeking; longing for the time when you can exchange *honest work for speculation*, you will be a victim to your course of conduct.

The plainly-dressed boys that you meet carrying packages, going of errands, working at trades, following the plough, are laying up stores of what you call *good luck*. *Overwork* has no terrors for them. They are preparing to take the places of the great leaders of our country's affairs. They have learned James Harper's *secret*. The key handed out to him in the "*gray of the morning*"—that tells the story!—*Evangelist*.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. BOOKS BY GENERAL BAPTISTS.—

Last month we reviewed a work by the recently deceased Dr. Ingham on the question of Church Establishments: this month we have before us a most valuable treatise on the aggressions of the church upon national intemperance, by Rev. Dawson Burns; a masterly addition to the literature of Christian Evidences, by Thomas Cooper; a collection of Sketches of Sermons, by Dr. Burns; the first number of Vol. II. of the Expositor, the leading journal of biblical exposition of the day, edited by Rev. Samuel Cox; the YEAR BOOK for 1875; and the Address on Our Principles and Beliefs (printed separately for distribution through the land), by Rev. J. Alcorn. More witnesses to the energy of the literary force no denomination of the same proportions could furnish. Our readers will not be slack to popularize far and wide these writings, as well for their intrinsic value and usefulness, as for their home growth. We are not of those who treat lightly the products of the home field. Ours is a larger wisdom.

II. "A GROWING EVIL UNDER THE SUN.—Daily letters expecting replies, and no stamp to pay the answer. Friends writing on *their own affairs* must enclose *addressed stamped envelope*, or not expect an answer from their sincere friend,

J. BURNS."

That is short and to the point. But Dr. Burns should remember that some individuals may be afraid of hurting his feelings by sending him an envelope, a hundred of which may be got for sixpence, and a paltry penny stamp, twelve of which may be had for one shilling. There is a refined delicacy of feeling which shrinks from dispensing such trifles. How could a person of "culture" send Dr. Burns a penny! The idea is most repulsive! Moreover, what is a minister for, if not to answer everybody's questions on everything under the sun, at his own cost? What *can* he do with his time and money, if he does not spend them in this beneficent way? Look, too, at the advantages of *paying* to give advice. A feeling of proud satisfaction diffusing itself in gladdening waves over the soul, a sense of personal weight and importance in the affairs of the nation, a joy filling the eyes with tears in the contemplation of magnificent bills for envelopes and paper all paid:

what, we ask, are postage stamps, and time, and paper, compared with those luxurious emotions? Surely Dr. Burns forgets these things, or he would never treat so lightly this supreme ministerial privilege! We apologize for him.

III. ELIAS MARSHALL'S CHARITY.—

The people of Bradwell have had another large and enthusiastic meeting, and chosen the following names as trustees, representative of all parties, to be submitted to the Charity Commissioners, Messrs. John Barber, Henry Jeffry, Aquila Marshall, Stephen Dakin, William John Bradwell, Zachariah Walker, and Stephen Middleton. They also suggested such alterations in the scheme as will, if adopted, effectually attain the ends designed by the donor. Testimony was given to the usefulness of the charity; and altogether the spirit of the meeting was an augury of success.

IV. CHURCH ORDER.—A correspondent asks, in view of the recent action of the Association in reference to the Lord's Supper, "Why are approved candidates ineligible to attend the Lord's Supper until they have been actually baptized?"

The inquiry assumes a uniform practice in this respect in our churches. But it is not so. (1.) In many cases there is no interval between approval by the church, baptism, and the Lord's Supper, sufficient to give rise to the difficulty. The reception by the church is on the Monday, baptism on Wednesday, and Lord's Supper on the following Sunday. (2.) Other churches, holding the vote on the merits of the candidate to be the essential part of the process of admission to church membership, would not think of barring the door of communion to an approved candidate to-day who is to be baptized to-morrow. As a matter of propriety and general procedure they would say, baptism first, and the Lord's Supper next; but they would not prevent an approved candidate from communing because the church had failed to make arrangements for baptism, or the candidates had become unable, by force of circumstances, to attend. (3.) No doubt any church following the practice assumed in the question would say it is disorderly to suffer the Lord's Supper to precede baptism, and is contrary to the teaching of Scripture. To us this belief seems a mistake; but we have no doubt it is a belief held honestly and lovingly.

Reviews.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by Rev. S. Cox.
Hodder & Stoughton; Strahan & Co.

THOSE of our readers who have not made the acquaintance of this valuable serial should begin with the July number. It is the first of Vol. II., and contains the introduction to a set of papers on the Book of Ruth by the Editor, remarkable for the freshness and beauty of the setting of this old love story. Professor Plumpton begins a series of luminous papers on the letters to the Seven Churches; and a most appetising taste is given of Godet's Dissertation on the Prologue of St. John's Gospel. The other papers are of sterling merit. Mr. Cox is rendering lasting service to sound Biblical exposition and correct theology by this work.

THE VERITY OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD. By Thomas Cooper.
Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS work is a modern classic. The writer is thoroughly conversant with every inch of the ground he travels, is a practised debater, deals trenchant blows at the fallacies of sceptical reasoners, and is yet aglow with real sympathy towards the doubting and the erring. Everywhere there is an obtrusive endeavour to be fair, a scorn of unreal and tricky methods of retort, and a vigorous use of common-sense in dealing with the seeming difficulties in the accounts of the resurrection of our Lord. No labour is shirked. The smallest details are pursued with invincible patience, and lifted into the dry light of reason. All objections are cleared off the ground; and a strong, orderly, and convincing argument of the verity of Christ's resurrection is built up. The book is Mr. Cooper's best. It will be of great service, and will fortify men against doubt, rebut the materialism of the age, and sustain faith and hope in a blessed future. It deserves to be sown broadcast over the whole land.

CHRISTENDOM AND THE DRINK CURSE.
By Dawson Burns, M.A. *Partridge and Co.; Tweedie and Co.; etc.*

WE heartily congratulate our friend on this addition to the literature of this pressing and important subject. It is one of the most able, satisfactory, and convincing essays we know on the bearings of the Christian life and activity on the curse of drunkenness. Its literary qualities are of a very high order.

Written in the best temper, and in a spirit of large-hearted righteousness, it forms an appeal as persuasive as it is cogent, and as genial as it is forcible. Its basis is formed of the admitted and deplored evils of national intemperance, and the position and responsibilities of Christians; its motives are drawn from the purest and most unselfish considerations; and its reasoning is conducted with such skill, that all we wish is, that our readers will only thoughtfully peruse it, and we are sure of the result.

THE LOST CONTINENT. By Joseph Cooper. *Longmans, Green, and Co.*

IT is most painful and humiliating to read this account of slavery and the slave trade in Africa, as it exists in this year of grace 1875. Really it seems time, as Mr. Bright said years ago, that having professed Christianity for centuries, we should begin to practise it. Few know, and fewer still will believe, the extent to which the British Government is implicated in the slave-trade as it is carried on in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Tunis, Morocco, and Madagascar. Brazil has a million and a half slaves. The trade in coolies reaches gigantic proportions, and reveals frightful enormities. Nearly the whole of Africa is lost to the blessings of freedom. From £30 to £50 are obtained for a slave; and the demand for them is keen. The consuls of England, France, and America appoint agents in the principal towns and centres who are supporters of slavery and owners of slaves. Under our flag the slave trade is carried on. The authentic and reliable work of Mr. Cooper exposes the iniquity and inhumanity of this trade; describes its fearful extent; and will help to form that healthy public opinion which will compel our statesmen to use their powerful influence in securing the abolition of this "sum of all villainies."

NEW MANUAL OF SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES. *Stock.*

THE mind often wants nothing more than a start in order to produce with ease a fruitful and helpful series of thoughts. Such "starters" abound in this volume for Sunday School Teachers who are in the habit of thinking. The addresses are short, suggestive, and well illustrated; and if not slavishly repeated, but employed as stimuli, will doubtless do good.

THE YEAR OF SALVATION. By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. London: Hamilton and Co.

THIS is the second and concluding volume of a work we noticed at length in our February issue, and supplies "words of life for every day" between June and December. Its special commendation is its suitability to minds of culture, whose piety is as intellectual as it is emotional, and who therefore require in books of devotion accurate expositions of Scripture, freshness of thought, and elegance of expression, as well as devotional stimulus. In this respect it is without equal. For ministers, as a book of private devotion, and for Christians of culture and intelligence, it is the *beau idéal*, supplying by its faithful and quick-sighted interpretations of Scripture the living bread of the Word for every day.

THE BIBLE READER'S ASSISTANT. By John Barr. Revised and enlarged Edition. Blackie and Son.

THIS useful work has been in existence for nearly fifty years, and has passed through a considerable number of editions. The present issue is edited by Dr. Easton, and is brought up to the level of the scholarship and research of the hour, and forms one of the most handy and complete dictionaries of the Bible we are acquainted with. It deals with nearly everything biblical—geography, botany, antiquities, chronology, etc.—gives the pronunciation of words, and briefly summarises biblical teaching on such subjects as affliction, angels, the Holy Ghost, perseverance. Its one defect is, that it attempts to teach theology by merely giving the chapter and verse of Scripture, and does this to support the decaying Calvinism of the Westminster Assembly Catechism. Strike this out, and the book, for size and efficiency, would be matchless.

THE YOUNG BOTANIST. By the Author of "Flowers and their Teachings." Religious Tract Society.

HERE is a beautiful summer book for the boys and girls, a companion for rambles in the fields and woods, amongst thorns and thistles, ferns and mosses, fungi and grasses, flowers and seeds—telling in a fascinating way the story and structure of root and stem, and leaf and bud, and making the life of plants and trees, as familiar as if they were our friends. Children and young people, get this book, and so make your rambles in the country as pleasant and instructive as they are health-giving.

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE, by Dr. Krumnacher, Religious Tract Society.

IS one of the most popular books of this popular and evangelical divine. Domiciled in this country at least twenty years ago, it has gone on increasing its influence with the years. The freshness of treatment, the sympathy with courage and faith and heroic endurance, the practical homeliness of the lessons, the beauty and abundance of the illustrations, and the breadth of the field traversed by the gifted court preacher, clothe this volume with abiding charms. We heartily commend this new edition to our Bible readers, both for private devotion, and also for practical help in the direction of others.

THE FOREST CROSSING: Life in the Canadian Backwoods. Rel. Tract Society.

WHOEVER wishes to see into the experiences of a woodman falling the trees of the forests of Canada, through the severe winter months, and at the same time to become familiar with the singular and saving power of a little girl who loves the Lord Jesus, and tries to help every body, should get this interesting book.

MABEL'S FAITH. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a continuation of the eleventh of Hebrews rendered in the current language and experience of a sincerely believing maiden of the nineteenth century. The victories of faith in God over care, poverty, disease, and apprehension, are portrayed with a sweet and tender human interest.

GUY BEAUCHAMP'S VICTORY. Religious Tract Society.

A TOUCHING tale of child life; showing how the influences of gentleness and goodness and truth in early years abide and bring forth fruit. An admirable help it will be in the training of the young.

THE MONTHLY PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION FOR JULY deserve a word of praise all round. They are admirably prepared, perfectly adapted to their end and for their work, and extremely cheap. *Kind Words, Child's Own Magazine, Scripture Texts, Pictorial Lesson Papers, Morning of Life, Sunday School Teacher, Sunday School Chronicle, Notes on Scripture Lessons.*

PANACEA. (Stock.) A little truth mixed up with an inefable amount of assumption and eloquent quackery.

Church Register.

CONFERENCE.

The LONDON or SOUTHERN CONFERENCE held its spring meeting at Berkhamstead, May 27th. The Rev. J. Harcourt in the chair. The Revs. T. B. W. Briggs and J. A. Brinkworth, and Mr. A. J. Marchant, attended as a deputation from the G. B. Assembly, and were welcomed. The reports showed 73 baptized, 79 received or restored, and 38 candidates. The report from Chesham spoke of special success in village work; and that from Borough Road referred to the opening of a Mission Hall, and of the renewal of out-door services. The grant of £100 from the Centenary Fund was acknowledged, with thanks, by the Hitchin church.

Resolved,—I. That the churches in the Conference be urged to fill up the Chapel Property Returns as requested by the last Association.

II. That the Conference be represented at the forthcoming United Home Mission Committee at Wisbech by the Revs. J. H. Atkinson and J. Fletcher, and Mr. J. M. Stubbs.

III. That a Special Evangelistic Conference be held at Tring on Wednesday, July 7th proximo.

IV. That the next Conference be held at Borough Road, particulars to be announced in the Magazine.

A resolution of sympathy with the Rev. J. Clifford in his illness was passed.

The Rev. J. Fletcher preached in the evening. J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, Sec.

CHURCHES.

BARROW-ON-SOAR.—On Tuesday, Aug. 3, the "Memorial Stones" of a new chapel will be laid by Mrs. Chas. Cross, of Barrow, and Mrs. Thos. Hill, of Nottingham. The Rev. Dr. Underwood will deliver an address, and other ministers will take part in the proceedings. Refreshments will be provided, and special railway arrangements will be made for friends from Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby. Friends, come and help in this important village work.

HITCHIN.—The Memorial Stone of the new church in Walsworth Road, Hitchin, was laid July 1, by Mrs. Pegg, of Chesham. Mr. Perry presented the ceremonial trowel to Mrs. Pegg, who then laid the stone, and placed fifty pounds upon it. The Rev. J. H. Atkinson stated that the estimated cost of the church was £2,765,

of which £1,440 had been given or promised, leaving £1,325 to raise. Dr. Underwood then delivered an appropriate address. £50 was then laid on the stone in addition to the gift of Mrs. Pegg. At the public meeting, after tea, there was a capital attendance, the building being well filled. Mr. C. Roberts, of Peterborough, took the chair. Mr. Atkinson stated that the place in which they were now assembled was built by Mr. Johnson, now of London, in 1867, that gentleman having found there was need for a house of God in that part of the town. The church was formed in July, 1867. One hundred and sixty members had been received since, being an average of twenty-six per annum. At present they numbered 109 members; last year thirty were added. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. T. Barrass, J. Dunlop, J. C. Jones, M.A., T. Watts, J. Harcourt, W. Evans, R. Y. Roberts, Dr. Underwood, J. Aldis, and S. B. Driver, who proposed a vote of thanks to those who had contributed to the success of the day. The total collection for the day exceeded £134. The new building is in the early decorated Gothic style, the elevation, as shown on the plans, presenting a very noble appearance. The material used is mainly red brick, with stone dressings. There will be three vestries, and the building will accommodate about 730 persons. The land cost £500, and was paid for within twelve or fourteen months. The architect is Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, of London.

HUGGLESCOTE.—The church and congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A., have long felt that their chapel was too far removed from the people whom they desired to influence, and that their school accommodation failed to meet their growing need. These considerations have induced them to purchase a plot of land in the heart of the village, upon which commodious rooms for school purposes have already been erected, and their erection fully justified, not only by the increased comfort with which the school can be worked, but also by an increase in the number of scholars. Services in connection with the laying of the Memorial Stones of the chapel were held on Monday, July 19, the weather being very unfavourable, the service out of doors was made as short possible. After the singing of a hymn Mr. Dennis proceeded to lay the first stone, expres-

sing the hope that nothing but the truth might ever be preached within those walls. The next stone was laid by Mr. C. Starkey, of Coalville; the third by Mr. Gutteridge, of the same place, and the fourth by Mr. J. Smith, of Donington-le-Heath. Four young ladies (Miss M. Smith, Miss Gutteridge, Miss Brewin, and Miss Deacon) had been chosen to present a silver trowel each to the amateur masons. Each stone bears the name of the gentleman who laid it, the date, and the following mottoes respectively, "God our Father," "Jesus our Saviour," "The Spirit our Comforter," "Heaven our home." The company then adjourned to the school-room, which had been very tastefully decorated by Mrs. Salisbury, the pastor's wife, and other ladies, where, after singing, reading, and prayer, the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., delivered an address on the "Principles of the Baptist Denomination." A large company then sat down to a very excellent tea, the materials for which had been kindly given by Mrs. J. Green and Miss Brewin. Tickets for tea were presented to all the workmen engaged at the chapel. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by W. Bax, Esq., of Leicester, and appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Goadby, B.A., J. Greenwood, and W. Evans. The pastor of the church very feelingly acknowledged the kindness of neighbouring churches, especially that of Coalville. The Rev. H. Wood, of Barton, and several friends in the district, took part in the meeting, which was concluded by the singing of the doxology. Although the weather was most unfavourable, the attendance was large, and the handsome sum of £165 was realized.

LEEDS, *Wintown Street*.—The bazaar for purchasing a new organ was held, July 7, 8, 9, being opened by the Mayor of Leeds. It has realized £150.

LONDON, *Praed Street*.—On Monday, July 5, the members of the church and congregation presented the pastor, John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., with a purse, and 110 guineas, as an expression of joy in his restoration to health and service, and love for his character and work. This is but one of the many loving deeds of a most devoted and attached people.

LONGTON.—Dear Mr. Editor,—My present attitude in regard to our new chapel movement is one of prayer and work, gratitude and expectation. The God of heaven is stirring up the hearts of dear Christian friends to help us, as the results of my recent tour will, through your kind permission, indicate. My special thanks are due to friends in London for a second, and most generous donation. May

their example stimulate others in the noble cause of building a house for God.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, London .. | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. T. H. Harrison, Derby .. | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Heptonstall Slack, Collection .. | 9 | 6 | 0 |
| Halifax, Collection .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. M. Stocks, Halifax .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. B. King, jun., Hebden Bridge .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Marshall, .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. D. J. Crossley .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Bembridge, Ripley .. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Smith, Dewsbury .. | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Roberts, Peterborough .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. S. C. Colman, .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. C. Southwell, Wisbech .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Scott, Sutterton .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Rhodes, Bradford .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Higginbottom, Derby .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. A. Hoyle, Hebden Bridge .. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss S. A. Crossley, .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss A. Appleyard, .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| The Misses Crossley .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Thomas, .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Jelley, Yarwell .. | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Bramley, Halifax .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Thirby, Ashby .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Horsfall, Birchcliffe .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Townsend, .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Knowles, .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Helliwell, .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Jas. Riley, Brearley .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Roper, Leicester .. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Small sums .. | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Total .. | £136 | 6 | 0 |

Yours cordially,
C. SPRINGTHORPE.

SCHOOLS.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—June 20. Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., preached. Collections, £33 4s. 6d.

BARLESTONE.—June 27th. Preacher, Rev. W. Evans. Collections, £15 3s. 10d.

BURNLEY, *Ebenezer*.—June 13. Preacher, Rev. J. Wilshire. Collection, £114 14s. 6d.

BURNLEY, *Enon*.—June 20. Preacher, Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Collection, £123.

BELTON.—June 27. Preacher, Rev. C. T. Johnson. Collections, £27 6s. 5d.

BOSWORTH.—April 25. Preacher, W. Millington. Collection, £8 6s. 4d.

CLAYTON.—June 27. Preacher, Revs. W. Chapman and H. Johnson. Collections, £70 2s.

ISLEHAM.—June 27. Rev. W. Jarrom preached. Collections better than ever.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—July 18. Preachers, Rev. G. Hester and L. H. Parsons. Collections, £37 16s.

LONG SUTTON.—July 11. Rev. G. Towler preached to large congregations, and distributed several kinds of books to the scholars. Collections good.

MEASHAM.—July 4. Preacher, Rev. G. Barker, of Beeston. Collections, £31 16s.

NEWBOLD VERDON.—June 20. Rev. J. Greenwood, preached. Collections, £7 3s.

SAWLEY.—June 20. Rev. W. Green preached. Collections, £20.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—June 27. Preacher, Rev. S. Dunn. Collections, £7.

WINDLEY, *Derbyshire*.—June 20. Mr. A. Blount preached. Fifty to tea on the following day. Councillor Higginbottom presided at the public meeting, and addresses were given by Messrs. Blount, Dean, Harrison, J. Smith, and — Walker. Collections better than last year.

MINISTERIAL.

BAPTIST CAMP MEETING.—The Derby and Derbyshire Baptist Preachers' Association held a camp meeting at Kilbourn (on a piece of ground kindly lent by the church), on Sunday, July 12. Although the weather, at times, was very cloudy, it kept fine, and there were very large congregations, especially in the evening, when there was a good few from the surrounding villages. Suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Slack, Blount, J. Smith, Harding, and Foster. An after meeting was held in the chapel, to which a large number attended, and from the good feeling manifested it is hoped that the seed has fallen in good ground, and will bear much fruit.

BURNS, DR., expects to occupy the pulpit of the English Baptist Chapel, Rhyl, Aug. 8, 15, and 22.

DAVIES, REV. W. E., late of New Cross, London, was ordained and publicly recognized as the pastor of the G. B. church at Isleham, Cambs. Rev. W. Jarrom asked the questions, which were answered by the senior elder on behalf of the church. Mr. Davies gave an outline of his belief, which was accepted as entirely in harmony with General Baptist doctrine. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. A. J. Wilson, and that to the church by Rev. W. Jarrom. Four hundred sat down to the tea which followed, being the largest tea-meeting ever held in Isleham. The chair of the public meeting was occupied by J. Banks, Esq., Fordham, and addresses were given by Revs. S. Hynard, G. E. Ireland, C. Gomm, C. E. Broughton, J. A. Wilson, D. Wilshire, W. Jarrom, and the pastor. Many friends were present from the neighbouring villages, and some from London. The church is prospering, and the chapel needs renovating and improving. Who will help?

FELSTEAD, REV. J.—On Tuesday, June 15th, the members of the church and congregation, New Basford, met to take tea, and afterwards presented the pastor with a purse of £14, and a costly album.

HILL, REV. GEORGE, late of Oxford, was recognized as the pastor of Osmaston ton Road, Derby, July 8. Dr. Landels preached in the afternoon. The Rev. T.

Goadby, B.A., the former pastor, presided, and introduced Mr. Hill as a General Baptist of the old sort. Mr. Storor related the circumstances leading to the settlement of Mr. Hill; and the pastor responded with a statement of his reasons for accepting the pastorate, of his purposes, and of his religious views, stating that he did not differ in theology from his predecessor, Mr. Goadby. Speeches were also delivered by Revs. J. Wilshire, W. Crosbie, M.A., T. Mirams, and W. Cuff.

OUR COLLEGE.

At the farewell social gathering of the Students of Chilwell College, June 18th, it was resolved:—

“That the cordial thanks of the Students of Chilwell College be given to all those friends who have so generously contributed to their gymnasium fund.” And they beg to state that the gymnasium has been erected on the grounds, and is free of debt.

Signed on behalf of the Students,
JOS. TURNER.

BAPTISMS, JUNE 16 TO JULY 17.

ASHBY.—Ten, by C. Clarke.
BURNLEY.—Seven, by G. Needham.
BARLESTONE.—Seven, by H. Wood.
BOSTON.—Four, by J. Jolly.
CLAYTON.—Twelve, by B. Wood.
COALVILLE.—One, by C. T. Johnson.
COVENTRY.—Three, by H. W. Meadow.
CHATTERIS.—Five, by H. B. Robinson.
CHESHAM.—Twenty, by D. McCallum.
LEDS.—Twenty-five, by R. Horsfield.
LOUGHBOROUGH.—Three, by J. Alcorn.
NEW BARNET.—Two, by J. Dunlop.
PETERBORO'.—Three, by T. Barrass.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Four, by W. March.
WENDOVER.—Five, by T. Thomas.

MARRIAGES.

HARDSTAFF—TOWERS.—July 9, at the G. B. Chapel, East Leake, by Rev. W. Morris, Mr. George Hardstaff, of Cotmanhay, to Miss Eliza Towers, of East Leake.
HAWORTH—ROBINSON.—July 15, at the G. B. Chapel, Edgeside, by Rev. J. Watmough, Mr. D. Haworth, of Shawlough, to Miss S. A. Robinson, of Edgeside.
BRADBURY—STRETTON.—July 6, at the Baptist Chapel, Barton, by Rev. H. Wood, Mr. John William Bradbury, of Nailstone, to Miss Mary Stretton, of Barton.

OBITUARY.

BARWICK.—May 18, on his passage home from Melbourne, Australia, Fredk. William, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, deeply lamented.

THE

MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

AUGUST, 1875.

THE ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETING AT WISBECH.

THE Wednesday of the Association week, June 23, was a memorable day in the history of the Connexion. It was crowded with meetings of the most exciting and interesting character; but the Missionary Meeting in the evening surpassed all that we remember in these respects. By half-past six the new and spacious Ely Place Church was densely crowded in every part, and some who came shortly after were unable to obtain admittance. The proceedings were marked by a holy enthusiasm that can scarcely be described, but which may be judged by the fact that, in spite of the terrific heat of the chapel, scarcely an individual left before the close of the meeting, at nearly ten o'clock. Our limited space renders it impossible to give a full report of the speeches, but the extracts that follow will be read with interest both by those who were present, and by others who had not that privilege.

The chair was occupied by SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P., late Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. He said—

That when he saw that crowded, earnest, and attentive meeting, he could wish that they had been presided over by one who could stir them by eloquence. That gift had not been given to him, but eloquent appeals would be made to them before the conclusion of the meeting. He was in a position to testify to the earnestness, zeal, and success of the missionaries labouring in Orissa, and the immense effect of their labours upon the natives. He was brought into contact with the Orissa Mission in a time of extreme trial, when the country was desolated by a famine more severe than any in modern times, and when the efforts of the officers of the Government were utterly inadequate to cope with the great crisis; then the missionaries gave immense assistance in mitigating the effects of the visitation. It was an especial pleasure to him to meet Dr. Buckley—a most devoted missionary—and to testify to the thoroughness of his work, and that of his excellent wife. When, in consequence of the famine, large numbers of orphans were thrown upon the hands of the Government, Dr. and Mrs. Buckley came forward, and through their able assistance, and with the co-operation of other missionaries, wonderful results were obtained. He hoped and believed the sphere of their Mission would one day be so enlarged that the whole province would be embraced in the report of their operations. He was glad to have met several gentlemen who had returned from Orissa looking like men who had done their work conscientiously and well; for he believed that, however severe their labours might be, there was nothing assisted a man through his trials like good honest work. The people of Orissa, among whom their missionaries laboured, were a most interesting people, and they might hope that, when once the superstition with which they were at present enthralled had been overcome, they would become good christians. Continual interest was

given to the Mission by its contiguity to the great temple of Juggernath at Pooree, and the opposition there encountered by the missionaries. That temple was resorted to, not only by the people of Orissa, but by pilgrims from every part of India: and the missionaries had great opportunities of sowing the seeds of christianity amongst the crowds flocking thither, by whom they would be carried to their distant homes. It had been his lot to resuscitate the system of village schools in Bengal, and, by giving a moderate education to the poor degraded Hindoos, enable them to hold their own against their more powerful neighbours. They had been successful in establishing several thousand schools; and he trusted, by God's blessing, the good results of that step would soon be apparent. They had received great assistance from the missionaries, against whom, at one time, existed a strong prejudice, which, happily, had been overcome. He had been taxed by the natives in that he had accepted the assistance of the missionaries and had refused theirs, and he had been asked why he would not employ them and give them assistance. His answer had been—"Let me first see you make similar personal and disinterested efforts such as those manifested by the missionaries and the people of England, and I will entertain your application." He contended that the Government was justified in accepting the assistance of the missionaries in this work of education. There had been a tendency, of late years, for the press, which was in the hands of the richer classes, to forward the interests of the great, and to represent their grievances in preference to those of the poorer classes, and there was a difficulty in finding newspapers and lawyers to protect the interests of the poor. He believed those grievances which were really felt by the mass of the people would never be brought to the knowledge of the people of England unless through the missionaries. There were very serious commercial questions in India under consideration, and the tendency had been in the legislation promoted by the richer classes to throw more taxes on the mass of the people, and to deprive them of their rights and privileges. If these facts were brought home to the people of England by those who understood them, they would see that justice was done to the masses of the people of India; and he had always found that when such questions arose, the person who was really unprejudiced and in a position to testify to any injustice affecting the social interests of the people was the missionary. He did not want them to be political partisans, but there were social grievances on which they were fully competent to speak. Sir George Campbell concluded his long and able address by a reference to the great evangelistic work going on among some of the aboriginal tribes of India, especially the Sonthals in Western Bengal, and the Khassias on the Chinese side of India.

Dr. BUCKLEY said it was an especial satisfaction and pleasure to him that that meeting was held in Wisbech. It was more than twice twenty years since he first came to Wisbech, young and inexperienced, with the desire in his heart to serve God, and the hope that he would get assistance at Wisbech for the accomplishment of his purpose. He sat here at the feet of that revered man whose name would ever be fragrant, the Rev. Joseph Jarrom, and it was singular that that evening he should find that five of the six with whom he was associated were present, one having fallen asleep. It was a great satisfaction to find that so able a chairman was presiding over their meeting, and as many in England were not so well acquainted with the public men of India as of their own country, he would refer to one or two important services that he had rendered to the cause of Christ in Orissa. On this head Dr. Buckley spoke as follows:—Sir George Campbell has, as an Indian public servant, rendered much important service to Orissa. More than nine years ago, as one of the judges of the High Court, he pronounced a decision in the case of a christian convert who, for more than two years, had been deprived of his wife and children, and in other ways grievously oppressed, by a wealthy and powerful zemindar. By this decision the children were directed to be restored to the father; and the wife, who was left at liberty to act as she pleased, naturally enough went with them. This able, elaborate, and impartial decision was briefly concurred in by Justice Kemp. When in the autumn of 1866 the indignant voice of the British public required that the frightful mortality of the Orissa famine should be thoroughly investigated, Sir John Lawrence selected him to be the President of the Famine Commission, and a more suitable choice could not have been made. This work

was executed with distinguished ability and impartiality, and the result was embodied in two large blue-books. And I happen to know, on unquestionable authority, that the admiration he expressed for the successful efforts of the missionaries in caring for the helpless, starving children of the province was very gratifying to their friends. As Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal his administration was characterized by immense energy and activity. His measure for the promotion of primary education among the masses was worthy of the highest commendation, and if faithfully carried out by his successors will be followed by the happiest results. When Bengal was threatened by a terrible famine, his wise forethought and gigantic measures, promptly taken, averted, by the blessing of God, the fearful calamity. I rejoice that he is now M.P. for Kirkcaldy: and I am confident that his great ability, intimate knowledge of Indian topics, and fearless independence, will make him a power in the Imperial Parliament. Dr. Buckley then referred to the events of the twenty years since he left this country. The present was a time when they were praying God to send forth labourers into the harvest. They wanted faithful, earnest women, too, for there was an important department of missionary work that the missionary brother could not do, and they must look to God for help to be sent in this branch of labour. One missionary had been sent to Orissa who was born in Wisbech, John Gregory Pike, an honoured name amongst them. Dr. Buckley also intimated that it was his purpose to devote to Orissa what remained of a life the greater part of which had already been spent in that province.

The Rev. J. WALLÉ, from Rome, said it had been a great pleasure to him to be present at this Association meeting and a renewing of strength, so that in returning he would feel his spiritual and moral powers re-invigorated, and that they had more friends and more hearts beating in sympathy with them than before. Yesterday, the English public had received a despatch from Rome stating the Pope was perfectly well satisfied with the condition of things in the eternal city, that he felt great pleasure in contemplating the condition of his faithful Romans, and he seemed to regard them as models of fidelity, and to hold them up to the world as examples of Catholic devotion. Another despatch was to this effect—that in the municipal elections which had just taken place in Rome, Garibaldi had been put at the head of the poll, two facts which any objectors to statements he might make would first reconcile. There were two great obstacles to the progress of the truth—superstition on the one hand, and infidelity on the other. The superstition was of the most degrading kind, for, in Rome, they would see a person bending down before a bone of a supposed saint, whereas a little common sense would have told them it was the bone of some wild beast. They might see the priest performing mass, and if they entered into conversation with him, they would find he did not believe in what he was doing. Infidelity, scepticism, and atheism were to be found in the priests. For instance, a priest told him one day that he had ceased to believe in the efficacy of the sacraments and the power of the church for reasons of this kind. He was called on one occasion to perform mass, and as a large number of the people were expected to be present, but only a few communicants came, he, being expected to eat all the wafers left, suffered terribly from indigestion. So that he could not believe in transubstantiation. There was another priest who took so much of the sacred wine that he was intoxicated; and these were only one or two instances of the iniquities to be found in the priesthood of the Catholic church. The Italians had been forced into infidelity. They seemed instinctively to cling to christianity or some form of faith, but they found it impossible to go with the religion represented by the priests. At the present time they had a church of nearly 100 members. A member of the Italian Government worshipped with them and spoke sometimes, and Signor Grassi was an earnest and faithful labourer with them. He had received a letter from two converted young men, one the nephew of a cardinal, and the other the son of a Roman doctor. Referring to the persecution their converts frequently suffered, he said that a man who was converted and knew that his sins were forgiven thought he would go and tell the priest. The priest took him into his study and read against him a terrible array of curses, till the man almost felt as if he were being shrivelled up. But he did not believe them, and in spite of being cursed from head to foot, he stood firm. Then the priest began to work upon his family, and told his wife to shut her mouth, and never to open it again till her husband de-

clared himself a good Catholic. She did so, and the man thought his wife was dumb, until he found the priest had been there. He came to him (Mr. Wall) and asked advice. He told him God would find a way out of this difficulty if he remained firm, and in the end he would overcome. They prayed that the mouth of the woman might be opened, although as a rule they would have to pray for it to be shut. Some time after the man came back to tell him that the woman had opened her mouth to confess that Christ was her Saviour. In another case he visited a Catholic woman, whose room was filled with articles of Roman Catholic worship, and simply read the 10th chapter of John to her. The effect it had upon her was seen in the removal of the ornaments; and although persecution and bitter enmity followed her acknowledgment of Christ, she remained firm in her confusion of faith in Him.

Signor PAOLO CAV. GRASSI delivered a brief address. Some delay took place in consequence of the desire of the audience that the gas should be lighted in order that they might see the speaker. This was complied with, and he then delivered a most eloquent address in Italian, in which he combated the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and expressed his gratitude that his eyes had been opened to the errors of that religion. He thanked the friends of this Association for their kindness. He alluded to Puseyism, and wondered that any person who had ever lived under Roman Catholicism should approach so near to the practises of the Papacy as some did. Ritualism appeared to him to be thoroughly antagonistic to the gospel, and he wished that those who practised it might come to be as glad to leave it as he had been to leave the Ritualistic Church of Rome. He expressed his wonder that such men as Cardinal Manning should have left the light of Protestantism and gone into the darkness which he had left. He believed that the simple preaching of the faith of Christ, and a return to the apostolic teaching of the Christian church, would be sufficient to meet any attack made by the Papists and others. He very much regretted that he had not been able to speak to them in their own language, but he would endeavour to make himself able to do so before he came again.

Dr. BURNS proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman for his kindness in coming down to preside.

The Rev. W. JABBOM seconded the proposition, which was carried with the warmest acclamations.

The CHAIRMAN rose to return thanks, observing that he felt he did not deserve so much kindness. He wished that some of those to whom their missionaries were sent could see such a spectacle as he had witnessed that evening, and that the native newspaper editors of India could have been present to have seen the spirit that animated the Wisbech people, who were actuated by no selfish motives, but only by the desire to do good. He was sure that if they could have been there they would have gone away humbler and better men. He thanked them for their kindness, and he was sure he should go back a wiser man than he came.

REPORT PRESENTED TO THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE OF A VISIT TO SIGNOR GRASSI, MARCH 21st, 1875.

BY MR. W. B. BEMBRIDGE.

I FEEL that I ought to thank this Committee for the honour conferred upon me by the resolution you passed at your last meeting, requesting me to become your representative on the auspicious occasion of the opening of Mr. Wall's new chapel in the city of Rome.

Will you permit me to say that, although I had the great pleasure of being present, I felt it my duty to transfer the honour of making a speech on that occasion to our esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. J. Jolly, of Boston, who also, along with our friends from Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, had the privilege of taking part in those very interesting services; and in your name we said to the brethren of the larger body, with the most sincere feelings of our hearts, "*God speed and bless your work.*" With the detail of those services most, if not all our friends, are familiar, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat them here.

There remains, however, another branch of God's work in Rome, respecting which I have no doubt all our friends will wish to learn something, and to know our opinion respecting both the work and the workers—I refer to our beloved brother and fellow-labourer, Canon Grassi, and his helpers in the Lord.

I spoke with Mr. Wall, and expressed a wish to have a conversation first with himself, and then with our brother Grassi, in reference to the work of evangelization in Rome; he kindly invited me to tea at his house on the Saturday afternoon, and very kindly and freely expressed himself in regard to the work. Our conversation was too lengthy to repeat here; but he assured me that our brother was making excellent progress in his own studies, and doing a wonderful amount of work amongst all those to whom he could gain access, and those who of choice came to him as inquirers after truth. Our friend, Mr. Wall, is evidently well satisfied with him, and every feature of the work he is doing. He gave our brother Grassi to understand that some of us wished for an interview, and it was arranged that in the afternoon of Easter Sunday we should see him at his home and preaching place, No. 92, in the Via Panisperna. Our difficulty was the language; he not speaking English, and none of the G. Bs. Italian. However, many thanks are due to a very dear brother and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Passingham, of Dover, who came to our relief in the dilemma, and of whose kindness and geniality we cannot speak too highly, for they at once volunteered to accompany us, and act as our "medium" of communication; so together with another dear young friend from Rochdale, eight of us in all, we gladly availed ourselves of a long and interesting chat, in which, I think, every aspect of the work, its past, its present, and its future, came in for a share of review.

As the conversation took principally the form of question and answer, I may repeat, as nearly as I can remember, some portion to this Committee. After sundry introductions, greetings, etc., we requested our brother to inform us respecting his work day by day; of how many his congregation was composed; how he was received by the people in their homes; what helpers he had, and whether other brethren were preparing under his tuition for Bible readers, colporteurs, and ministers of the gospel, who would be able to take charge of other stations, if they were opened, in various parts of the city, and whether such stations could be obtained. We also asked him respecting the class of persons who came to read with him in the Scriptures; and whether the Italians themselves were disposed to aid the cause by their voluntary gifts, for the payment of christian pastors and teachers. Other questions followed, having reference to schools, education, hymn books, church fellowship and government, time of probation for candidates for baptism, etc. And it was very gratifying to us to observe the deep interest, and sometimes enthusiasm, with which he entered into an explanation of every question we asked; and the replies were beautifully clear and practical. We were particularly pleased with his statement of the Italian idea of an "apostolic church," which is verily the embodiment of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," breaking of bread, and of prayers at Mr. Wall's every Lord's-day morning; so that in Rome, from a Baptist point of view, there is but one church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This church has many branches; and, permit me to say here, brethren, it must have more, and that speedily. We were also pleased to find that he has no desire to be other than a fellow-helper of Mr. Wall; and when we ascertained the extent of his labours, both of speech and pen, we were constrained into expressions of glad surprise. He was glad to inform us that six priests of the Roman Catholic church come somewhat secretly to read with him of Christ and his salvation, one of whom, I think he said, is the brother-in-law of the Pope's private secretary.

Our brother attaches great importance to *two* matters in connection with his work, namely, these conversations with the priests, and the circulation of a vast number of tracts among the people. He showed to us a large pile of manuscripts which he was preparing for the press; and he informed us that it was a part of his work to which he paid special attention, the preparing and sending out of pamphlets and tracts for the people to read in their homes; and he was very happy to present us with one or two copies as specimens. We were also glad to find that he has under his care and tuition two young christian brethren, who, he says, will soon be qualified to go and take charge of other branch stations like his own. They frequently exercise their powers of exhortation

now, and at other times do the work of evangelists. And I feel that necessity is laid upon us, brethren, or will be soon, that we find stations, and provide these young men with funds to assist our brother in his "labour of love." He said that at first the people refused him admittance to their houses; but now their is so much inquiry after truth, and so much desire for education, that they gladly welcome him, and eagerly listen to his words; and these are not all of the poorer classes of the people, but some small tradesmen and artizans are found among his worshippers, and helpers in the good work. Financially, we find that it will be long ere these stations in Rome will be self-supporting and propogative; we gather this both from Mr. Wall and from our brother Grassi. The poor people are so poor that they require substantial help themselves, rather than be able to help to support the spread of the gospel of Christ; and, unfortunately, to this they have been accustomed by that church from whose withering and destroying grip we wish to release them.

I must not forget to say that after leaving our brother Grassi's preaching room and home, with its small, unpretentious, and some will know what I mean when I add, its native or Italian appearance, especially of the approaches to the rooms, some of the party went to see the imposing Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, where our beloved brother had long officiated, and from whence he came out that he might serve Christ and save men. Let me say, brethren, until you have gazed upon that cathedral church, been permitted to behold its gorgeous decorations of art, to witness the imposing character of its ceremonials, and heard the enchanting music of its organ and its choir—until you can realize the dignity of its priesthood, and the wealth of its emoluments, you cannot form a correct estimate of the self-denial, the nobleness, and the sincerity of our esteemed and worthy brother in Christ.

In conclusion, I assure you I was never more delighted by any interview I ever had in my life with any worker in the vineyard of the Lord, nor with any christian effort with which I have been identified. And I am bold to assert that no country and no race under heaven calls more loudly, or has more righteous demands upon us, for our prayers, our sympathy, and our help, than Italy and the Italians; and while we pray, God bless Orissa and its noble band of workers, while we pledge ourselves to do as much as ever for its evangelization, I also add, Christian brethren, forget not Italy! May God bless Canon Grassi! and by his labours and our help save that noble people from a worse than Hindoo superstition and idolatry.

SACRIFICE OF A KINGDOM FOR CHRIST.

In these days of Mammon worship it cannot but be refreshing to note the sacrifice which a Kassia christian brother, U. Bor Sing, has just made in the interest of our holy religion. In the spirit of Moses who "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt;" our Khassia brother refused to accept a kingdom, to which, according to the laws of inheritance obtaining in the royal family he was entitled, by renouncing his faith in the meek and lowly Jesus. The circumstances of this interesting case are as follows:—

About twelve months ago, Mr. U. Bor Sing embraced christianity and became a member of the mission church at Hongsawlia. He was a nephew (sister's son) of U. Ram Sing, the Rajah of Cheerapoonjee, the most powerful chieftain on the Khassiah hills. According to the laws of inheritance obtaining among the Khassias, by which a sister's son inherits, to the exclusion of sons, Mr. Bor Sing was the immediate heir to the throne of Rajah Ram Sing. He was fully aware that his profession of the christian faith might endanger his succession to the throne on the death of Rajah Ram Sing; but this did not make him hesitate to renounce the worship of the devils, and own allegiance to Him who, as the Son of God, is the King of kings, and Lord of lords. He accordingly made a public confession of his faith in Christ, and became a member of His church. A few months after Rajah Ram Sing died, and Mr. Bor Sing was pointed out as his legal heir to the throne. But a difficulty now arose

as to the feasibility of a christian reigning over the Khassias, whose religion consisted in a worship of the devils, at which, according to their national usages, their king was required at times to preside. It was clear, therefore, that if Mr. Bor Sing were elected king, the Khassias must either give up the national custom of their king's presiding at their sacrifices, and at the breaking of eggs, or Mr. Bor Sing must give up his new-found religion. The latter of these alternatives, our correspondent informs us, was proposed to Mr. Bor Sing several times, but he firmly repelled the proposal. He said he could not return to the Khassia religion, but that he was the next heir to the Sümship. The people also as firmly told him that if he would not return to the Khassia religion, they must be compelled to pass over his claims and elect Hajou Manick, the next heir and cousin of Mr. Bor Sing, to be their king. Each party remaining firm, the day of election, the 24th of May, at last came. Hajou Manick, accompanied by about two thousand men, appeared at Cherra, while Mr. Bor Sing was accompanied by five or six men, and the result was that Hajou Manick was elected king, while the superior claims of Mr. Bor Sing were passed over. It is not for us to say whether the Khassias were justified in the exercise of their right of election in passing over the superior claims of Mr. Bor Sing and appointing Hajou Manick, not to suggest what steps Government should take in the matter, although we would have wished, for the interests of the Khassias themselves, to see Mr. Sing elected, as he was legally and justly entitled to the Sümship. But the lesson should not be forgotten, whatever infidels may say, that the progress of christianity among the aborigines of this country is not nominal but real, and that many christians amongst them will be found who would prefer the reproach of Christ to the corruptible crowns of this world.—From the *Bengal Christian Herald*.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ROME.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—I ought, before leaving home, to have furnished for the *August Missionary Observer* a list of the monies received by me at Leicester and Wisbech for the Rome Mission and Grassi's new school. At this distance I can only give a summary, the details of which I will supply on my return, but too late for the *August Magazine*.

Our collection at Archdeacon Lane, Leicester, including donations given at the time, amounted to close upon £60. This was given for the especial purpose of providing a school in connection with the Mission Station of our brother Grassi on the Monti. The sum will be sufficient to cover teaching expenses for a year; but Mr. Wall estimated that about £20 would be required for seats, fixtures, and other school requisites. On account of these expenses, and for the general purposes of the Mission, I received from various friends at Wisbech nearly £20. The names of the donors I will furnish on my return to Leicester, I hope in about a week from this date.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS COOK.

Oban, Scotland, July 19th, 1875.

GRASSI AT HOME AND AT HIS WORK AGAIN.

DEAR MR. PIKE,—When I wrote you from Oban, in reference to the contributions received by me for the Rome Mission, and the proposed school in connection with the preaching station of our dear brother Grassi, I was not informed as to the fact of two communications having been received from him during my absence in Scotland. I am sure our friends generally will be interested, if I am able at this last moment, before the completion of the *Missionary Observer*, to give the substance of the two letters which have come to hand.

THE FIRST COMMUNICATION was to inform us of his safe arrival at home on the 30th of June, and the joy of his reunion with the members of his congregation. This short note also breathed a spirit of warm affection for his English brethren and sisters.

THE SECOND LETTER, dated July 8th, is a lengthy epistle, opening with a benediction like those with which Paul was wont to commence his letters to the Romans and other churches. His words, translated into English, are—"May the blessing of

our heavenly Father be upon you, your family, and all our dear christian brethren in England." After referring to his previous intimation of safe arrival, and the joy of himself and friends, he says, "On Thursday evening last I recommenced our usual evangelistic service, and took as the basis of my address the words, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ.' Earnestly desiring a religious awakening, so much needed in Romo, I spoke of what I had seen amongst the brethren in England. I told them of the stirring meetings I had attended at Brighton, in London, and at Leicester and Wisboch—meetings not only largely attended, and of great social interest, but great in their spiritual results, as many of the brethren spoke of their entire devotion to Jesus, and their reliance on His word. These meetings were not only for the brethren, but were also evangelistic—the cross of Christ being presented as the only hope of salvation. The result of my narration was that many of my audience arose and expressed sorrow for their past indecision and want of faith, and that from this time they hoped not only to abandon Catholicism, but to make manifest for the whole of their lives their belief in and full acceptance of the gospel; and they wished me to organize a religious movement similar to that established amongst the believers in England. They wished their lives to be guided by the Spirit of God; that their prayers might not be mere words; and that they might be entirely free from the ritualism of popery, and depend alone upon the blood of Christ. These expressions were very pleasing, and I felt that the power of the gospel was operating amongst us; and I believe it will work on, and that many will be added to our number of believers. Our dear brethren were profoundly impressed, and thankful for what I had seen amongst our English brethren.

"By the invitation of our good, dear, and zealous brother Wall, I am invited to speak in the new chapel in the Piazza San Lorenzo. To-morrow I start for Frosinoni, where, at the wish of Mr. Wall, I am to stay several days, and where I hope, by the aid of the Divine Spirit, to be able to do something for the Lord."

In a postscript, Signor Grassi sends his warmest thanks to the children of the Archdeacon Lane Sunday school, to whom he is indebted for the means of purchasing a pulpit Bible, published by the Italian Bible Society, much larger and superior to anything issued in the Italian language by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Both of his letters breathe a spirit of the warmest gratitude to all his English friends, to whom he sends christian greetings; and he considers his journey to England as one of the greatest blessings that he has received from the Lord.

Hoping that this communication may find a place in the *Observer* for August, I am, yours truly,

THOMAS COOK.

Leicester, July 26th, 1875.

The REV. W. HILL requests us to state that his address, until further notice, is 34, *St. Peter's Street, Derby.*

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Brooks, June 12.
" W. Miller, June 19.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, June 18.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from June 18th to July 18th, 1875.

| | | £ | s. | d. | | | £ | s. | d. |
|--------------------------|----------|----|----|----|--------------------------------|----------|----|----|----|
| Allerton | | 12 | 0 | 0 | Ledbury | | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Burnley, <i>Ebenezer</i> | | 1 | 1 | 0 | Leeds, <i>Wintown Street</i> | | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| " <i>Enon</i> | | 10 | 0 | 0 | Lenton | | 6 | 11 | 1 |
| Halifax | | 12 | 12 | 0 | March | | 40 | 17 | 6 |
| Heptonstall Slack | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Maltby | | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Hucknall Torkard | | 10 | 0 | 0 | Sheffield | | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Killingholme | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Sutton Bonington and Normanton | | 2 | 18 | 2 |
| Knipton | | 14 | 0 | 0 | Wisboch | | 44 | 16 | 7 |

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.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

THE LATE REV. JOSEPH WILSHIRE.

A FEELING of pained surprise and bruised affection will take hold of our readers as they learn the sad news of the early and unexpected decease of our beloved brother Wilshire. Not a single name stood on our "Death-Roll" at the recent annual gathering of the tribes. Busy though the Fatal Archer had been amongst men of unique efficiency and large usefulness, his arrows had not stricken one of our ministerial brethren. It was a ground of rejoicing at Wisbech to have been spared for Christ and men another year, a whole and complete band; but scarcely have the echoes of the Association died away, when the mournful tidings break on our ears that a brother, seemingly healthy and strong beyond his fellows, and certainly most active and energetic, has ceased from his labours, and entered into "the rest of God." With chastened and sorrow-stricken feelings we twine this love-wreath around his memory, in the name of the whole brotherhood from which he has gone, recognizing with thankfulness the legacy of consecrated service he has left us, and praying with the fervour of a real faith in the abiding sympathy of the undying Christ, that divinely strong consolations may fill the hearts of the bereaved wife, the fatherless children, and the officers and members of the pastorless church.

He had not been long in our midst, but he had won his way to the centre of our hearts. His loving, genial spirit, strong common-sense, business tact, and burning earnestness; his thoroughgoing, practical, and manly piety, his abundant work and transparent reality, had knit him to us with the strongest cords. He was as tender as a woman, as simple as a child, and yet as solid as a rock. His addresses to and papers for the young showed with what skill he could please the child-fancy and stir the child-heart; and he will live in many a child's life for years to come. He sought, with all the ardour of a passion, to save *souls*. He believed in conversion, and was bent on securing it. He was an evangelist, had the evangelist's firm grip of cardinal facts, directness of style, and urgency of spirit, and stood prepared to help in every endeavour that contemplated the salvation of men. We remember him as a loving friend, a genial correspondent, a willing worker, a true servant of God, and a manly Christian; and we say, with an unfeigned grief, "Farewell, farewell, brother. Thy work is done. Thou hast finished thy labours. A few more strokes at our much-loved tasks, and we shall join thee where work is a tireless joy, and life an unbroken communion."

By the kindness of our brother, the Rev. William Hill, we are enabled to supply some of the chief incidents of Mr. Wilshire's career.

He was born at Bristol in 1830, of parents who were members of the Baptist church, Counterslip, in that city, under the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Winter. His mother was a woman not only of eminent piety, but of unconquerable determination; and to her influence he mainly attributed his conversion. As an illustration of his mother's character, it may be stated that on the Lord's-day morning when she was to be baptized her ungodly parents hid her shoes and stockings; whereupon she walked barefoot for five miles to the place of baptism, which was out of doors—a circumstance which ever afterwards made sweet the promise of her favourite text, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy day so shall thy strength be." The greater part of his early life was spent in Somersetshire; and though the terms in which he used to speak of himself may be too strong, his chief and only desire was worldly companions and worldly pleasures. Passing a chapel one Sabbath evening (as he was going for a frolic) where special services were being held, he was attracted by the singing. He had been invited by his mother to attend, and as he knew that she would be in the inside praying for him, he felt that he *must* enter the sanctuary. He did so, and the circumstance resulted in his conversion. Shortly afterwards he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, and joined the church at Highbridge.

With all the energy and ardour so characteristic of his nature, he immediately began to teach in the Sunday school, and to preach in the adjacent villages; nor could he rest unless he was trying to do good to his worldly companions. In 1851 he removed to Bristol, and joined the Counterslip church. With his accustomed zeal he threw himself into Christian work; Sundays being his busiest days. In the morning and afternoon he had his regular class in the Sunday school, and in the evening he was generally occupied in the ragged school, or in village preaching, having joined the "Itinerant Society." Displaying an aptitude for teaching and preaching, he was recommended to apply for admission to the Baptist College, Bristol; which he did, and passed the preliminary examination. Two invitations coming at this time to the pastorate; one from Highbridge, and the other from Bideford, North Devon. He was led, with the approval of his pastor and the authorities of Bristol College, to accept the latter, and commenced his labours there in July, 1856.

At Bideford he remained until December, 1861, where his ministry was very useful, especially among the young. Throughout North Devon he became well known, and his evangelistic services were extensive and useful. In January, 1862, he accepted an invitation to Penzance, Cornwall, where he laboured for seven years with marked and manifest signs of success. In Penzance he became (as indeed in other places) a "*town-man*," and threw himself into every movement having for its object the good of his fellow-creatures. He was the secretary of the Cornwall Association, and also of the local branch of the Foreign Mission. It may be here stated that for a considerable time he had the most intense desires to be engaged in Foreign Mission work. At the dedication of a dear friend to the work in Hayti, his desires were wrought up to an almost unbearable degree. His state of health and constitution precluded his going to a hot climate; but for

years afterwards he dare scarcely trust himself to speak upon the foreign missionary platform.

While at Penzance he had numerous invitations to remove to other spheres of labour, which were declined. In 1869 he received an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Silver Street, Taunton, a church which at the time was in a divided, distracted state. With the view of bringing back the wanderers and restoring harmony to the church at Taunton, he relinquished, much to the regret of his loving people, his happy and prosperous sphere at Penzance. By God's blessing upon his labours, the desires of his heart were accomplished; peace and prosperity were restored to the church; and the chapel was thoroughly renovated at an immense cost. After spending three years and a half at Taunton, he received an invitation to St. Mary's Gate, Derby, so long the scene of the labours of the venerable J. G. Pike. As the invitation came without solicitation or seeking on his part, and was the unanimous as well as spontaneous wish of the church, he accepted the invitation, and entered upon what proved to be his last pastorate on the first Lord's-day in May, 1872.

With what fidelity, breadth of aim, large-heartedness, and zeal he has laboured for God and souls, in Derby many can bear witness. Our brother, the Rev. Thomas Goadby, at the funeral, said with as much truth as beauty and tenderness, "He held a position of honour and influence in your midst, and filled that position as only a man of large and generous nature could fill it. He was a Christian citizen, high-minded, hopeful, philanthropic, loving his country, desiring her well-being and progress. His manly presence and honest face were known and welcomed among you in assemblies and councils called in the cause of humanity, of education, of patriotism. This ancient town has lost in him a true friend of her highest interests and noblest institutions. He was a Christian citizen, because he was first of all a Christian man; and we think of him to-day chiefly in connection with the special sphere of his own sacred calling, and the sterling worth and excellence of his personal character. An earnest worker in the Lord's kingdom, his evangelistic zeal was ever aflame, and kindled something of its own fire in those with whom he associated. A faithful preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, he was never weary of proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy which are to all people. A kindly sympathetic pastor, he cared for his flock, tenderly cherishing the lambs of the fold, ever watchful for their safety; while he led the mature and experienced into the sweet pastures of Divine truth and promise, and by the still waters of Divine communion. The tried and troubled, the afflicted and distressed, always found in him a helper and a friend. By the bedside of the sick and the dying, in the house of mourning and death, his voice was heard speaking of hope and comfort, and supplicating the favour and grace of God. As a friend and fellow-labourer in the work of the Lord, they esteemed and loved him most who knew him best. His kindly genial spirit, his warm catholic sympathies, some of us have reason freshly and for ever to recall in fond remembrance."

The St. Mary's Gate church has been progressive in a high degree under his care. Many have been added to the Lord. The village churches have been cheered and strengthened. Evangelistic organiza-

tions have been sustained. Decidedly Nonconformist, yet he cheerfully co-operated with all who loved the Lord Jesus in work for honouring His name. He rejoiced to spend his life for Christ, and though he has passed to the joyful home of God, his labours will live here for ever.

Still his end came early. To die at forty-five seems like stopping mid-way in the life-course. Certainly we had expected many years of valuable service for him. His powerful voice, his animated delivery and intense earnestness, gave the impression that he was constitutionally strong; but those best acquainted with him knew to the contrary. For months prior to his decease his health was anything but robust; and for several Lord's-days before he discontinued preaching he went from his couch to his pulpit, and from his pulpit to his couch. Again and again was he urged to refrain from preaching so frequently, or to obtain help in the introductory parts of the service; but his reply was that preaching was no trouble, or did him no harm, and that the devotional exercises infused new life into his soul. On Lord's-day, July 4th, he preached both morning and evening, but was very unwell. One of his morning hymns, which he had never given out in the chapel before, commencing, "When gathering clouds around I view," is both suggestive and touching, when read in the light of subsequent events. In the evening Rev. W. Hill sat with him in the pulpit, and also at the Lord's table, and assisted in the devotional parts of the service. The last text he preached from was Titus ii. 10, "That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

At the Lord's supper he made a remark or two on the communion ticket text, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God;" and said that though for a time they were to separate from each other, they would be led by the Spirit, which would abide with them for ever. He then referred to arrangements for the pulpit, and stated that though he intended to be absent for two Sabbaths, he might, as he was not feeling at all well, have to take a third. Thus ended his public labours. On the following day he went with his family into the country, and some days afterwards he attended a meeting of the Baptist Union Committee in London; but as his health became worse he went, under medical advice, to Llandudno. While there his appearance underwent a rapid change, and his strength as rapidly declined. He seems, however, not to have been aware that his end was so near. Only July 29th he wrote to the secretary and officers of the church, "Your communication to me of yesterday was of the most gratifying and gladsome description. I know not how to thank you for your continued and practical kindness. When I tell you that it is with the utmost difficulty I write a line, you will know how prostrate I am. I can scarcely sit upright, and yet, having called in one of the doctors of the place, he says he will soon set me up. Your love and sympathy help me to endure, and I shall soon, I trust, be in your midst again. For your considerate, appropriate, and spontaneous gift, I do very much thank you indeed. Words are few, because strength is weak to write them. But you shall hear again in a few days. I am very much afraid that my illness is longer than I dared expect."

Again, on the 1st of August, he wrote to the deacons of the church, "Beloved brethren, permit me, in my short note, weakly written, to

greet you in the name of our common Lord. I am certainly gradually recovering, and I am only too glad to say I am safely advancing. It wrings my heart to be absent from the table (communion) to-night; but I bow to His will who does all things well. Please remember me to the friends generally, and pray with me that this affliction may be ever made a blessing to us all. I am, yours loving and afflicted,
JOSEPH WILSHIRE."

On the day preceding his death Mrs. Wilshire and Dr. Taylor, his medical attendant, whom he was very anxious to see, were telegraphed for. Unable to accompany her husband, Mrs. Wilshire, at great personal risk, and contrary to the advice of friends, determined to undertake the journey, and started off immediately. Dr. Taylor, being from home, could not go to Llandudno till Friday, and did not arrive till about an hour after Mr. Wilshire's death. Mrs. Wilshire was painfully surprised at the great change in her husband—in his appearance and strength. Several friends having been removed by death from the church, he had preached several times of late on the goodness of God, even in affliction; and on the duty of submission to His will. With these circumstances apparently in his mind, he said to Mrs. Wilshire, "I have been *preaching* of late, and the Lord has sent me here to *practice*." If he had any desire to recover, it was for the sake of his beloved wife and children; but even as regards these, and in view of his own dissolution, the peace of God which passeth all understanding kept his heart and mind through Christ Jesus. In this happy condition he felt that he could—

. . . "calmly welcome now
The slow up-creeping of the solemn waves
That came to wash him from the bank of Time."

Thus, trusting in the mercy of that Saviour he had so earnestly set forth, and in the love of that Father who orders all things for the best, he could say—

. . . "my setting hour has come, and soon
Immortal dwellers on a far-off shore
Will give me greeting to their heavenly home.
I hear the murmur of ten thousand seas,
I see the glimmer of angelic wings,
I feel a slumb'rous peace,—Can this be death?"

Not to him! No! to him it is life fuller, deeper, purer than ever he has known it. But to the suffering and lonely widow, to the orphaned children, and to the desolate church, it is death indeed! To walk the way of life without the supporting and cheering love of husband and father: to face the difficulties of rearing, educating, and placing out in life seven* children, the youngest only two, and the eldest not more than sixteen: this is the bitterness of bereavement. Doubtless our God will speak "good and comfortable words" to the lonely heart; guide and help the fatherless boys and girls; and minister grace and direction to His people. Already is He doing it; for He has inspired the thought that the church should heal its bruised heart by supplying the actual and pressing necessities of the widow and family. It is a graceful act; and it is as much needed as it is graceful. Every church in the Association will share in this privilege of testifying at once, regard for our departed brother, sympathy with the widow, the family, and the church, and love for God. JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Now eight, another daughter was born August 14th.

THE NEW TESTAMENT CONCEPTION OF FAITH.

THE word "FAITH" contains the key to the Christian position. To comprehend clearly and accurately its full meaning is to be able to unlock the treasures of Revelation, interpret and criticise large breadths of historical theology, rebut some of the strongest objections to the Christian teaching, and to say healthful and healing words to men bruised and suffering in the dark and perilous ways of human life. No word is more abundantly used in the Scriptures, has a more emphatic place in church discussions, or is more frequently on the lips of Christian professors; and yet it were safe to say that of all the terms we employ, this more than any other needs to be taken to have its meaning adjusted by comparison with the divine standard, to be used with conscientious discrimination, and translated into the clearest and simplest English of the day. All Christian ideas rightly apprehended are motives for right living, for purity, gentleness, and goodness; but the truth concerning "faith" is fundamental to everything in theology, in character, and in deed, that is absolutely true, morally lovely, and spiritually perfect.

Language, it must be remembered, is always in a fluid state. It has a life of its own, as real, as distinct, and as perfect as ours. Words are born; they grow; "they have their day and cease to be." They stand for great principles; are the watchwords of mighty social and moral movements; render kingly service; and leave imperishable results for the generations of men. They die; but they are not always buried: and alas! men who know not that they are handling a skeleton, rattle the old bones in our hearing as though they were full of the breath of life. Words die; but their history is of the utmost moment. They are the priceless chronicles of the thought and feeling of ages. Their biographies are full of the life-blood of men; and, as a matter of fact, we can only fairly estimate and fully appreciate the biography of the world's foremost workers as we are familiar with the inner spirit and real meaning of the words that were vital to their speech. If Chaucer were to come and tell his *Canterbury Tales* to-day, only a few trained Englishmen would understand him; and yet no more than five centuries are between us and the Poet-Pilgrim. Eighteen centuries, a strange speech, and acres of theological controversy, separate us from the age of "faith!" How much more necessary, then, that we shall carefully examine the actual discourses of Christ and His followers to know what *they* meant by the grand and much-embracing conception of "faith!"

And for two additional reasons. In the days of Martin Luther, and chiefly by his reforming work, a *portion* of the New Testament idea of "faith" embodied itself afresh, gained currency in a phrase which is repeated as a battle-cry to this hour, and became for all practical purposes a living, operating energy again. It was not precisely the same coin that was minted in the early days of Christianity; for though made of similar metal it was of much less value; but still it was of signal service in a time of urgent need. "Justification by faith" was the superscription and sign of a wide and powerful protest of the conscience and heart of Europe against the idiotic immoralities and flagrant heresies of the Church of Rome.

Moreover, we are just now in the midst of an attempted resumption of another *portion* of the New Testament meaning of the word, in an enterprise which worthily seeks to reanimate the Christian church in the pursuit of purity; and for that purpose crystallizes its teaching in the captivating but suspected watchword, "Holiness through faith." Hence there is the more pressing need, if we would understand the peace and power of faith in the primitive Christian life, that we betake ourselves to the word of the Lord and of His apostles, resolved, as far as we can, not to cheat ourselves with mere sounds, or isolated texts, or fascinating catch-words; but to get at the ideas and facts of the Scriptures, and to put them in the language of our day with as much clearness and fulness as possible.

Even a superficial reader will admit that faith has the foremost place assigned to it in the perfect life of the New Testament. It is the chief instrument of power. With ever-recurring and deepening emphasis is its momentous importance stated. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Difficulties of mountainous height are readily surmounted where it inspires; omnipotence itself is hindered in its super-human deeds where it is not. Christ always asks for it, nourishes it as a nurse a sickly child, where it is feeble; enthrones and crowns it with kingly magnificence where it is strong. Nothing is so lovely in His eyes; nothing so readily finds access to His pity; nothing so mightily stirs the fibres of His power. In its most microscopic portions it cannot escape His eye; in its most trembling and timorous haste it does not miss His benediction. It is a moment of sublime exultation, as over the discovery of most precious treasure, when He exclaims, "Verily I have not found so great faith; no not in Israel."

The apostles repeat the practice of their Master. James the Just shows the way in which faith issues in goodness, and vindicates itself by a thoroughgoing and practical morality. Jude describes it as the material on which we are to build up character. Peter, in like manner, bids us in the exercise of it, provide for virtue and knowledge, self-restraint and patience, godliness and brotherly kindness. John declares, "He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God," and "overcometh the world." It saturates Paul's logic; is the breath of his prayers, and the spirit of his appeals. It is the one thing that makes men right with God and right in themselves. There is no righteousness without it. By faith men lay hold of God's favour. By faith they stand firm and true. By faith they conquer death. By faith they are saved. Indeed, faith is all and in all; it is everywhere. It is the golden thread whose appearance is ever recurring in varying and beautiful designs, in the tapestry of the Word, as branching foliage, or expanding bud, or brilliant flower. It embraces the whole gamut of the soul's music; and is sometimes a strain as simple as the lullaby of a child, and again it is a chorus fit for an orchestra of the spirits of the just made perfect. Seen in the pleading Roman soldier, or in the hesitating eagerness of the woman touching the hem of the Saviour's dress, it is as plain and homely as the language of the hearth and the street. Seen in the martyr zeal of Stephen, the sublime self-abandonment of Paul, the persistent love of John, we feel that its meaning soars so high, travels so far, and embraces such immense tracts of feeling and deed, that the word must be used in a unique sense, peculiar

to Christianity—at least, in so far as it refers to men who seek to fulfil the whole round of duty, to live according to the highest patterns of life, and to be perfect as God the righteous Father of man is.

This surmise of a large and wondrous world of meaning in the word “faith” is fully justified by the facts of the New Testament. Throughout its pages it uniformly denotes the living, actuating, and ruling *spirit* of the new man in Christ Jesus. It describes the *spirit* that is in him; and it *always* and without exception refers to that *spirit*. It portrays the attitude of the whole inner man; not the solitary act of a fragment of his manifold nature. It is a whole man united to a whole Christ. It fixes on a habit of soul, not on a process of weighing evidence; on a disposition of the affections, not on a verdict of the judgment; on the “set” of the will Christ-ward, not on the calculations of the reason. The modern philosophy of faith has no place whatever in the primitive conception contained in the New Testament.

As it always refers to the *spirit* of the man, so it ever points to the *Person* of Christ. The acceptance of the message is never severed from the acceptance of the Being of whom it speaks. In those days such an experience could not have entered into their thoughts. The soul is not brought to a book, a letter, a proposition, or a statement; but to direct fellowship with a Friend and Saviour and Lord. The believer is “in Christ,” and is a “new creature.” “Christ is in him, the hope of glory.” He has received not a theory or a statement, but he has received HIM. That is faith.

Just as the word “patriotism” now describes the *spirit* of a man towards his country, his love for its honour, and his interest in its prosperity, and not the mere payment of a war tax, or the recognition of a theory of government; so New Testament “faith” is not a belief of words, or the performance of an external duty, but an enthusiasm for Christ and men, a deep and passionate love of Christ and His laws, a loyalty of heart to His authority, an abandonment of self to His ruling, a consecration of life to His service. The spirit of “patriotism” in Leonidas, of “ambition” in Napoleon Buonaparte, of “philanthropy” in John Howard, of “art-culture” in Goethe, is each, though with a different inspiration and goal, the true analogue of the spirit of “trustfulness” you see depicted with such grace and beauty in the gospels, and that reaches such magnificence of achievement in the unequalled career of the apostle Paul.

This wide range of meaning is shown with striking completeness in the alternative terms occurring in the teaching of Christ and the apostles. “Coming to Christ,” “taking His yoke,” “learning of Him,” “doing the will of the Father,” “keeping His words,” “receiving Him,” “abiding in Him,” “having the kingdom of God within,” are all phrases used to make known the attitude of souls trusting for every grace on the Lord Jesus. In the preaching reported in the *Acts of the Apostles* “faith” often encloses “repentance; “converting” or turning away from iniquity to God in Christ; “being disposed to eternal life,” “obedience to the heavenly vision,” “renunciation of self and yielding fruitful service to God;” whilst in the *Epistles* it is the energizing force of love, the unfailing spring of hope, the sure sustenance of labour, and the giver of substance and reality to that which is unseen.

Men possessed of that spirit are touched to the finest issues. They hate wrong as they hate hell; and love God, and pant to be like Him; and in every nearer approach find a more gladdening heaven. They thirst to put a sinful and obstructive self under their heel and crush it with all their might. The defiled and tattered rags of their own righteousness are thrown aside lest they should defile the purity of a present purpose, or hinder the speed of the soul in its passionate pursuit of the righteousness of God. They regain the lost paradise by regaining love and joy and peace, longsuffering and gentleness, goodness and faith, meekness and temperance. They so vividly realize the future as to make an easy conquest of the present, and render the things unseen and eternal so substantial as to suppress the sensual and visible. Filled with the Spirit of "faith," they partake in increasing measure of the Spirit of Christ.

Whence it follows that to make the "faith" of the New Testament a purely intellectual act, a mere crediting of assertions as true, is to betray a grave ignorance of the word of God, and of human nature, and to interject the severely metaphysical modes of thought of this nineteenth century into the warm and glowing speech of the church of the first days; and, in effect, to describe a gorgeous palace by naming a brick, a Great Eastern by holding up a piece of bunting, or a living man by a single tooth. The blooming fragrant flower, rich in life and beauty, is plucked from the tree, and calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistil, are scattered abroad, and a solitary petal is put forth as though it were an Eden of roses.

No doubt, at this period the intellect has, in many cases, to be convinced of the historical truth of Christianity; minds have to be cleansed of errors to give the trustful spirit free course, and believers in Christ will not reach the perfect life whilst despising, discrediting, or disbelieving the revelations concerning it given by God: but for any man to attach the word "*faith*" to this *belief in the truth of Biblical assertions*, this *naked acceptance of doctrinal statements*, and think he is using it in the same sense with Christ and Paul, is seriously to mislead himself, and grievously expose others to peril. Reasoning processes, and at the best these are little more, may greatly affect the spirit of man, but they are not the whole man, nor are they the chief springs of power even in these days when the reasoning element exerts more sway than ever, and invades, almost without rebuke, the domains both of conscience and the affections. The "faith" of the eleventh of Hebrews is not a mere exercise of the intellect, but the possession of a spirit of trustful clinging to the living God, a heart conviction of the presence of a helpful, loving, patient Lord, an assured expectation of His victorious and all-rewarding appearance, a patient continuance in His ways, and a grip, firm and unrelaxed even in the darkness of death, of His warm hand. The primitive "faith" was an intense, enthusiastic, soul-filling, personal adherence to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was still near them. Intervening ages did not separate them from Him. Books, catechisms, systems, they did not want. They had Him. He was the hero of their hearts. They could hear the echoes of His voice; almost feel the glow of His loving grasp, and were confident they would soon see His face. So that, as Beecher says, "Then all the dispositions, all the living experiences which were the fruits and evidences of their belief in Christ,

were a part of their faith. In short, their belief in Christ, and their fidelity to their belief, must be joined together in the conception of faith as it existed in the earlier disciples."

The length of this article forbids more than a passing reference to the fact that this New Testament idea of faith is (1.) a sufficient refutation of the objection that Christianity is unfriendly to the purest morality, and (2.) a clear indication of the place and power of faith in a perfect life.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

"ALMOST PERSUADED."

No one demurs to the statement that Jesus was the greatest teacher the world ever saw. Notice the various methods He employed to enforce the great principles He taught. Sometimes, in language approaching to harshness, He denounced the errors He found on every hand. Sometimes, in sweet silver tones, He wooed sinners to Himself; but His general custom was to convey His lessons to His hearers through the medium of figurative or parabolical language. The thirteenth chapter of Matthew is an apt illustration. Not only does He tell His hearers what the kingdom of heaven is, but what it is like, coming down to the weakest intellect by such means. Pre-eminently successful has this method of teaching been in the history of the church of the Saviour. The chief secret of the success of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is its healthful and familiar imagery. What, then, was the custom of the great Teacher, and what has proved so successful in the past history of the church, must surely be right in His servants now. Permit me, then, to try to convey, through the medium of figurative language, the lessons to be gathered from the words of Agrippa to Paul, "Almost thou persuadedest me to be a Christian."

In the first place is it not a terrible truth that many, like Agrippa, have been "almost" persuaded, and yet have been lost, irretrievably lost? The old adage says, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Not much of beauty, but much of truth, is contained in this homely proverb. Its truth is demonstrated in our every day experience. Often, just as the cup of joy is lifted to our lips, the rude hand of disappointment dashes it ruthlessly to the ground. A gallant ship leaves her native port; her sails are filled with a propitious breeze, and she dances over the ocean "like a thing of life." Headland after headland is passed, until the last of old England's cliffs dips beneath the distant horizon, and they are on the wide world of waters, all alone, naught to be seen above but the ever changing sky, naught to be seen beneath but the ever restless ocean, naught to be heard above but the southing of the wild wind amid the cordage, and naught to be heard around but the roar and splash of the awful deep, with ever and anon the shriek of the sea-bird. Days, weeks, and months, transpire; at length the good ship casts anchor in the port of her destination. Her mission is soon performed, and once more the anchor is apeak, the sails are unfurled, and she is homeward bound. Crew and passengers are joyous with the anticipation of soon seeing distant friends and home, and "old Ocean heaves to bear them to the well-remembered shore." Days, weeks,

and even months, of weary monotony wear slowly along, until at length one bright morning, from the mast head the welcome cry is heard, "Land ho!" "What does it look like?" responds the anxious captain. "'Tis the cliffs of old Albion. Already I see the lighthouses and other prominent objects upon the shore." Every heart beats high, every pulse throbs quicker, and the old ship herself seems to bound forward with an additional impulse, as though anticipating the time when she should be quietly moored in dock. Nearer and still nearer she comes. But what is that upon the distant horizon there? 'Tis but a cloud, and not much larger than a man's hand. But look. Higher and higher it marches up the sky and spreads to the right and to the left as it goes. 'Tis the chariot of the storm, and the captain of yonder ship knows 'tis so. Where is the blue sky which but now smiled so benignly upon us? See, it is all covered with the leaden cloud which has grown so large. The pleasant breeze gives place to a brisk breeze, the brisk breeze becomes a gale, and the gale gives place to the hurricane. Sail after sail is taken in; and now, with close reefed topsails, the good ship is striving to weather the murderous rocks that frown and roar under her lee. Anxious spectators crowd the beach, and the thrilling question goes round from heart to heart, Will she weather? Will she weather? Nobly the good ship is doing battle with the furious elements, all too powerful for her. But, Oh! nearer and still nearer she comes. Crash! Crash! Heard above even the roaring of the storm. One shriek of drowning passengers and sailors, mingling with the hoarse contralto of the storm, and all is o'er. And—*Almost home!* Almost within sound of the bells of their native town. Almost! the dark eyed sailor boy wrapped in the fond embrace of a loving mother. Almost! that young husband folding to his breast the bride of his youth. Almost! that "ancient mariner" looking down with rough tenderness into the eyes of his little grand-children. But this very "almost" lends additional poignancy to the anguish of surviving friends, and every corse as it is thrown upon the sand, is an awful illustration of the fact that the brimming cup of pleasure is often dashed unexpectedly from the lips.

And is this not a fact in spiritual things as well as temporal? Come across the ocean with me to yonder low sandy island beneath the torrid zone. Look, not a blade of grass is seen here. No vegetable life save the tall bamboos, through which the wind sighs languidly. I see no living thing save the loathsome land crab. Sit down here upon this mound. Do you know what it is? Down beneath us, in its sandy bed, rests the body of one I knew full well. I knew him when a boy; he made up his mind to go to sea. I saw his mother, with trembling fingers and tearful eyes, pack his chest, into which she placed his Bible. I marked him as he bade farewell to that old home. The trembling hand of the father, the tearful eye of the mother, the last kiss, the last words, "John: Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." And almost, in that parting moment, the boy was persuaded to be a Christian. But months passed by, and with them the impressions that were then made.

In the far distant land he went on shore. Beneath the wide spreading shade of the banyan tree was a crowd. One white face amid a crowd of the swarthy sons and daughters of India. It was a missionary

of the cross; and at the mention of the name of Jesus old remembrances come trooping through his mind. The Sunday school, the little chapel in his country home, the parting words of mother; and, oh! the broken resolve. Will my mother's Jesus be gracious to me now? Will He forgive? I am almost persuaded to give up *now*.

But I marked him months after that when none would have supposed that ever he could have been the subject of such impressions. Once again on the shore of happy England, how eagerly he hastened towards his childhood's home. But oh! how much older father looks since last he saw him. "Father, what mean those tears?" "Where is mother?" "Hush, boy, your mother has entered into the rest that remaineth." "And has she gone, my darling mother? Father, did she speak of me?" "My boy, you were the only care she had; the only sorrow in the last hour." In the quiet churchyard, by that new grave, that sunburnt sailor wept. Oh! how he wept; and he heard, or he thought he did, the dear dead tongue speaking again as it did in happier days. And once again by a mother's grave he was almost persuaded to be a Christian.

He leaves his home and father again, and this time is away a long time. When once again he returns how anxiously he seeks the old cottage. But oh! how strange things seem. How is it that the little path that used to be so clean is now overgrown with grass? And the garden, how wild it looks. "Whom do you seek, young man?" "Why, my father." "What, the old gentleman who lived in this cottage? My dear young fellow, he is gone. We buried him by the side of his wife six months ago. You are the young man, then, of whom he spoke. He seemed so anxious about you, and said he should be so happy if he knew that you had found the Saviour." Again he stood in that shady churchyard, and there, with bare head, with a dead father on the right hand and a dead mother on the left, he vowed, ere long, to give his heart to God. The night is dark and stormy, the lightnings rend the black heavens, and the thunder booms in awful grandeur. The waves lift high their foaming crests, threatening destruction to any presumptuous bark that dares to brave their fury that night. On the deck of yonder tempest-tost vessel are two men. As they hold on to the rigging the one speaks to the other about his soul. "Do you ever think of its eternal interest, John?" "I do, and often have," rejoins the other, "and intend, before long, to become a Christian." "Shorten sail!" cries the officer of the watch; and nimbly the accustomed mariners spring aloft. By the struggling moonbeams fitful light I see them as they lay out upon the yards. But what is that awful thud upon the deck? Surely 'tis the body of a man that has fallen from aloft. Yes, yes, oh yes. 'Tis the body, lifeless now, of that young man who had so often been almost persuaded to be a Christian.

Charity, with hopeful fingers, draws a veil over the closing scene? Who knows? Perhaps in the last awful moment he called to the God of mercy for that mercy which he had so often put aside to a more convenient season, and found it. Let us hope so. With sad hearts we buried him here on this lone island; and as we did so we thought how awfully possible it is for one to be many times almost persuaded to be a Christian, and yet to be lost.

Do I overdraw the picture? I trow not. One peep into the other world, methinks, would reveal many such. Young man—Were you not almost persuaded by personal sickness the other day to become a Christian? You remember it, when racked with pain you were stretched upon your bed. Death was but just outside your chamber door, waiting the command of God. If the command had been, "Take him," you would have passed away; but the gracious God heard your prayer, and heard your resolves too, and said to the awful messenger, "Go thy way for this time," and you recovered. Have you fulfilled your promise? Take care! Take care! And you, young woman, by your mother's bier, you were "almost persuaded" a few months ago, but as yet you are without God and without salvation. Take care! Take care! And you, my friend, how often have you been moved by the preaching of the word. When the minister has taken his stand upon the blackened sides of Sinai and thundered forth the terrors of the Lord, how you have trembled; and when he has stood upon the slopes of Calvary and whispered forth the tale of Jesus' love, how has your heart been melted, and how often have you been "Almost persuaded." Take care! Take care! The Scriptures say, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Remember that it is possible for one to be almost persuaded to be a Christian many times, and yet die without forgiveness.

For one moment let us inquire into the reason, or reasons, for this terrible infatuation. I think I have met with persons who would be Christians only that they are so afraid of the jeers and laughter of godless companions. "Oh! how I should be laughed at. Why, I should be the butt of ridicule in my place of business." Then it comes to this, that you are going to allow them to laugh you out of eternal joy, and laugh you into eternal sorrow. Is that what it is to be? Where is your moral courage? You would not permit companions to laugh you out of a respectable livelihood, and yet (strange infatuation) you will allow them to laugh you out of that which is of far more importance, a glorious eternity. Let that young man at the shop laugh, if he will, until all the rest take up the strain, and the next shop catch the contagion, and it spread like prairie fire until the world shall be girdled with a demoniacal laugh of derision. "Dare to be a Daniel, and dare to stand alone." Remember, one may laugh you into hell, but a thousand will never laugh you out again. Others would be Christians, but they are afraid there would never be any more pleasure for them. It is quite possible that you have been told by well meaning but mistaken men, that there are no pleasures in the world. There are pleasures for the unregenerate mind; but what we have to say is that there are brighter and better pleasures in Christ. "Try the life the Christian lives," and you will not wish to try the pleasures the world can afford; and remember, that the end of these things is death—"Like the crackling of thorns under a pot," a blaze and then darkness. But the pleasures of Christianity, like the river which widens and deepens as it passes along, become fuller and richer and deeper as time goes by, until our spirits shall be bathed in joy ineffable before the throne. Madness of madness, then, to remain halting because of giving up the pleasures of the world. Others are almost persuaded, and they would be Christians only they are afraid that their business prospects would be blighted. Well, and

suppose they were, which is better, prosperity in business or eternal salvation? Answer the question of the Master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But this will not be the case; experience gives the lie to such an insinuation. Who are the young men and young women advertised for for places of trust? "Members of a Christian church preferred." Take the trouble to examine, and you will find that true Christianity must be a help rather than a hindrance in business.

Whatever may be your excuse, let me conjure you to give the matter your serious consideration, and become "Not almost, but altogether a Christian." Seek it not by outward observances or moral deeds. Some think that God sells salvation for so much morality, as though moral actions constituted a kind of money current with Him. He gives salvation without money and without price. A poor woman had a daughter who lay sick of a fever. The mother, passing by a walled garden, noticed some very luscious grapes hanging over the wall. "Oh!" thought she, "how I should like some of those grapes for my poor girl." Summoning up all her courage she knocked at the garden gate and offered the man who came to the door some few coppers for the grapes. The door was rudely slammed in her face. Thinking that the money was not sufficient, and intent upon procuring the grapes, the poor woman managed to get a few more coppers, and made a fresh application, but only to be repulsed as before. This was repeated a third time, when a young lady who was in the garden asked the meaning of it, and was told by the man, who proved to be the gardener. "Come in," said the young lady; and taking out her penknife she cut down a beautiful bunch of grapes and gave them to the poor woman, saying, "My father is not a merchant, but a king; he does not sell things, but gives them away." My dear friend, this is what God does in the matter of salvation. He gives it away; and He says, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." The salvation which God has to bestow has cost a great deal more than you could ever give; even the groans, the agony, the life of the blessed co-equal Son of God. "Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund. Amazing and amazed poured forth the price, all price beyond; all curious to compute Archangels fail to cast the mighty sum!"

And you may have salvation now, and leave the perusal of this page a Christian if you will rest upon Jesus who died upon the tree. Remember, to be almost a Christian is to be altogether outside. We read of Agrippa being almost a Christian, never of his being altogether one. When the ark first floated from its resting place I can imagine many being very close to it but yet outside. The manslayer who lingered not far from the city of refuge could easily be overtaken by the avenger of blood. At sea one dark night the piercing cry rang through the ship, "Man overboard." The boat was lowered, and they pulled toward the drowning man; but just as the boat came up to him, and the man in the bows was putting over his strong arm to save him, he sunk to rise no more. My friend, you have risen to the surface a great many times it may be. Christ, the blessed life-boat, is now alongside of you. Throw up the arms of your faith, and take hold of Him, and thus be not almost but altogether saved—not almost, but altogether, Christian.

Hucknall Torkard.

J. T. ALMY.

THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

WE are agreed that the main object of all our arrangements, and of all our work in the Sunday school, is the salvation of the scholars. We are glad if we can improve their manners and their habits; but we are not *content* with anything less than their salvation. To lead them to the Lord Jesus that they may know Him is the crown and glory of our work.

The Sunday school is the only institution that professes to seek this object. Here and there are charities and private schools that make it a main point in their training; but, generally speaking, the Sunday school is the only institution that sets this forth as the main object to which all its arrangements are to bend. If we are true to this professed object we shall not have much doubt or difficulty about the methods to be used, or the spirit we should carry into the work, or the persons most fitted for the work. It gives clear direction as to the means which are lawful and expedient to be used, and at once decides as to many doubtful things, which, however pleasant for entertainment or profitable for worldly purposes, do not forward the great object we have in view.

The tendency of public opinion, and of legislation in our day, is to make a very clear distinction between secular and religious training. As elementary schools come under the control of school boards, and are supported by public rates, this distinction will be more and more insisted upon. In many such schools at the present time there is no religious instruction; and in schools where the Bible is read and explained there is usually such a lack of spiritual insight and feeling that the best we can hope from it is that the children will get some slight acquaintance with the letter of scripture without any knowledge of its spirit and power.

It must also be remembered that the majority of children have no Bible instruction *at home*. Where the parents are not Christians this cannot be expected. And I have serious doubts whether in the large proportion of Christian families there is any systematic unfolding of God's word to the children. Indeed, it must be confessed that the Bible has been a much neglected book even amongst many who profess to derive their greatest consolation from it. It is true that this is now seen to be an error, and that better days have come; but so far as the present generation of children is concerned, they have received very little instruction from the Bible either in the day school or at home.

Recognizing these facts the Christian churches of our land say practically to the people, "Send the children to us. We will accept all who come, and seek all we can find, and we will teach them the right ways of the Lord!" Having taken on us this solemn responsibility let us endeavour faithfully to meet it.

The Bible is our text book! The *word* of the Lord has always been the forerunner and companion of the *work* of the Lord.

From the days of Moses the best times for Israel were always those in which the word of the Lord was most understood and best taught. The importance which the great law-giver attached to a constant use of scripture is seen in the instructions he gave to the people—"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou

*Read at the Sunday School Meeting of the Southern Baptist Association, held at Andover, June 7th, 1875.

shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates" (Deuteronomy vi. 6-9). In the palmiest days of David, Asaph expresses the sentiment of the wisest and holiest men of the time concerning the importance of the facts and truths which they had heard and known and their fathers had told them when he says—"We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done. For He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: that the generation to come might know them, even the children that should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children: that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments: and might not be as their fathers, a stubborn and rebellious generation; a generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God."—Psalm lxxviii. 4-8.

The great revival of religious life under Jehoshaphat was mainly the result of a systematic effort to teach the law of the Lord to the people. The king, according to the record in 2 Chron. xvii., sent certain of the princes to teach in Judah, and with them Levites and priests—"And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people."

When Ezra and Nehemiah returned with the exiles, one of the first things they did was to assemble at Jerusalem in order that the book of the law might be read to them; and the solemn and earnest manner in which the thing was done, and the fervent spirit of the people in hearing the law, shewed how strong was their belief that they could prosper and be strong only as they obeyed its teaching. Two events on that occasion deserve to stand together as cause and effect—"They read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading" (Nehemiah viii. 8). Then before many days had been passed in this exercise the princes, Levites and priests, and the rest of the people, entered into a covenant, every one having knowledge and understanding "to walk in God's law, to observe and do all the commandments of the Lord our God, and His judgments and His statutes" (Nehemiah x. 28 and 29). I need only refer to the use which Peter made of scripture on the day of Pentecost, Stephen before the council, Paul's constant quotations and references, Philip expounding the book of Isaiah, Paul's command "preach the word," the connection of the Bible with Luther's conversion, his translations and their effect in Germany, the connection of the English Bible with revived spiritual life during the last three centuries, and last, though not least, the position which the Bible occupies in the present revival, and the indebtedness of the evangelists to its teaching, to justify our belief that the word of the Lord is the forerunner and companion of the work of the Lord.

The Bible can only be understood and wisely interpreted by *spiritual* persons. It is so essentially God's revelation that those who do not

know God cannot discern the spiritual meaning and purpose of the book. Alexander Thompson after combatting the notion that a man's own consciousness was to be judge over God's word, or, to put it in his own words, "a faculty of judgment and revision in the handling and determining of Christian doctrine," he proceeds to show that, like all other errors, it has an element of truth in it. He says—"We all admit that in order to unfold the meaning of scripture something more is required than learning and intellectual skill; there must be heartfelt sympathy with the main ideas and objects—a sympathy resulting from frequent and faithful study, aided by the illuminating grace of the Holy Spirit. Without it we shall be blind to the glory of the heavenly vision, and deaf to the voice whose tones give life to the dead." I hold this to be true; and if it be true, then no person can be a successful Sunday school teacher who is not a Christian.'

But it is not every Christian who can teach well. To teach well it is necessary diligently and constantly to study the Bible. The man who is blessed in Sunday school work is generally he whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditates on it day and night. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." I would commend to my friends a speech by Thomas Jones, the famous Welchman, made at the Annual Meeting of the Irish Evangelical Society. He said—"I have known good ministers come to me on a Monday morning and say, 'Oh, I had a wretched Sunday of it.' 'Did you?' 'Oh, yes, for my people were asleep.' 'What did you preach about?' 'Oh, so and so.' 'Well, let us see. How did you divide it?' Well, he has tried to tell me; but the fact is he did not know himself; he was not quite clear, it was all mist. He had been out of his study all the week, and he went into his pulpit on Sunday morning all mist. He tried it in the evening—all mist! No afflatus from heaven; no thrilling delight of God through his heart. *No work!*" And so I have seen scholars, some lolling about and some asleep. The explanation of this is that the teacher is in a fog. And why is he in a fog? Because he has not studied and prayed! There is no breath from Heaven, no warm penetrating light of life.

And here I would commend, with all earnestness, the plan of meeting together once a week, and, if possible, with your pastor at the head, for the study of the lesson and exchange of ideas upon it. Nothing can be more profitable for pastor, teachers, and the school, than a portion of an evening spent in this way. This assumes that we teach the same lesson in all the classes; a practice which has been found useful beyond all expression in stimulating teachers to united study, and in securing unity of spirit and purpose in the exercises of the school.

The Bible is full of Christ! In types and symbols, as well as through the words of prophets, the spirit of Christ testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. In all these there was a ministry to us of the things that are now fully made known by the gospel. Let us search for Christ everywhere, and let us keep Him continually before the scholars. Portions of the Old Testament that some teachers would think to be dull and unadapted to the comprehension of children are perfectly luminous when their typical meaning is ascertained, and are amongst the best lessons for adult

classes when their reference to Jesus is clearly indicated. I have known teachers come together for study expressing fear lest the subject set down for the following Sunday was devoid of all interest for their scholars, and after an hour's prayerful meditation and talk over it, go away delighted with the Christian ideas that were educed from the Old Testament, and contained there in the germ, and expressing astonishment at the way in which all scripture is a testimony to Jesus.

As teachers we need continually to remember the exhortation, "Be fervent in spirit." The very grandeur and greatness and variety of the Bible make dullness and coldness in handling it ridiculous. Great themes should stir the spirit. Noble examples should sustain enthusiasm. The probability of rescuing these young people from the dominion of the devil, and of bringing them to Jesus, and to a delightful and eternal acquaintance with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that are in Him, should rouse all the energies of our minds and hearts; but when we have the *promise* of the Lord's blessing, and many living witnesses of the saving power of Bible teaching, surely the very stones will cry out against us if we are not diligent in this business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord.

Great blessing must come to our young people as the result of wise and earnest Bible teaching. We sow *precious* seed. This seed is material upon which in future years the spirit of God can always work. A single gleam of heavenly light and heat may quicken that seed into life. The words of a preacher appealing to words already in the mind, a sudden change of fortunes, a bereavement, sore trouble of heart, a meditation in a lonely walk, may call up words and facts which the spirit of God shall use to bring these souls to God. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit." The salvation of hundreds of our scholars may result in coming years from the seed which is now being sown in their minds.

The last thing to which I will refer is the great blessing which will assuredly come to our churches as the result of wise and faithful Bible teaching. We shall still need good Sunday school teachers, visitors to the sick, village preachers, wise deacons, well instructed in the way of the Lord, evangelists full of holy zeal, and pastors able to feed the flock of God. Who so well fitted to sustain these offices as those who from early childhood have been taught the Holy Scriptures, and whose minds are stored with its facts and doctrines, and saturated with its heavenly influence.

The Lord always chooses *fit* instruments for His work; and no greater honour can fall on us than that of preparing the material from which He may be pleased to make His choice. As we pray to Him to raise up and send forth more labourers into His harvest, we can show no greater proof of the sincerity of our prayers than patiently instructing our young people in the truths of His kingdom, and so fitting them, if it be His will, for gathering in a great harvest of souls.

May the Lord bless all our schools, and may thousands of our scholars become teachers who shall turn many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

J. HARRISON.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

No. IV.—*The Times*.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WILSON M'CREE.

It will surprise the present readers of the *Times* to know that for many years it had no leading articles. Think of the paper coming out now without a single leader! Its readers would feel as desolate as the bears at the north-pole.

Mr. Walter, the original proprietor of the *Times*, having died, he was succeeded by his son, Mr. John Walter, in 1803. He was a man of fearless independence and great public spirit, which he showed in exposing the despotic meanness of the Administration of 1804. We quote Mr. Walter's narrative:—

“On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, an Administration was formed containing a portion of that preceding ministry which the Editor had so disinterestedly supported on his undertaking the management of the paper. It was by one of these that he was directed to state the injustice that had been sustained in the loss of the Custom House business. Various plans were proposed for the recovery of it; at last, in the following July, a copy of the memorial to be presented to the Treasury was submitted to the Editor for his signature; but believing, for certain reasons, that this bare reparation of an injury was likely to be considered as a favour entitling those who granted it to a certain degree of influence over the politics of the journal, the Editor refused to sign, or to have any concern in presenting the memorial. But he did more than even this, for, finding that a memorial was likely to be presented he wrote to those from whom the restoration of the employment was to spring, disavowing, on his part (with whom the sole conducting of the paper remained), all share in the application, which he conceived was meant to fetter the freedom of that paper. The printing business of the Customs has, as may perhaps be anticipated, never been restored.”

Another example of the battles of the press for freedom and independence is thus related in the columns of the *Times*:—

“In relation to the war of 1805, the Editor's packages from abroad were always stopped by Government at the outposts, while those for the Ministerial journals were allowed to pass. The foreign captains were always asked by a Government Officer at Gravesend if they had papers for the *Times*. These, when acknowledged, were as regularly stopped. The Gravesend Officer, on being spoken to on the subject, replied, that he would transmit to the Editor his papers with the same punctuality as he did those belonging to the publishers of the journals just alluded to, but that he was not allowed. This led to a complaint at the Home Secretary's office, where the Editor, after repeated delays, was informed by the Under-Secretary that the matter did not rest with him, and that it was then in discussion whether Government should throw the whole open, or reserve a channel for the favoured journals; yet was the Editor informed that he might receive his foreign papers as a favour from Government. This, of course, implying the expectation of a corresponding favour from him in the spirit and tone of his publication, was firmly rejected, and he, in consequence, suffered for a time (by the loss or delay of important packets) for this resolution to maintain, at all hazards, his independence.”

“The same practices were restored at a subsequent period. They produced the same complaints on the part of the Editor, and a redress was then offered to his grievance, provided it could be known what party in politics he meant to support. This, too, was again declined, as pledging the independence of the paper. And, be it observed, respecting the whole period during which the present conductor has now spoken, that it was from no determined spirit of opposition to Government that he rejected the proposals made to him. On the contrary, he has on several, and those very important occasions, afforded those men

his best support, whose efforts, nevertheless, at any time, to purchase, or whose attempts to compel that support he has deemed himself obliged to reject and resist. Nay, he can, with great truth, add, that advantages in the most desirable forms have been offered him, and that he has refused them.

"Having thus established his independence during the several Administrations whose measures it has been his office to record, he will not omit the occasion which offers to declare that he equally disclaims all and any individual influence; and that, when he offers individual praise, it is from a sense of its being particularly due to the character which calls it forth."

Any Government venturing to stop the despatches of the *Times* in our day would simply be abolished by public censure.

Mr. Walter must sometimes have found it as difficult to manage his paper as some kings find it to manage a kingdom. Dr. Stoddart, when editor of the *Times*, was extremely virulent against Napoleon the First. So fiercely did he write that Mr. Walter remonstrated with him; but Dr. Stoddart persisted in penning such outrageous libels against "the Conquering Corsican" that Napoleon consulted legal authorities in England as to whether he could not bring actions against the paper. Dr. Stoddart was, however, dismissed, and was followed by Thomas Barnes, probably one of the greatest editors the *Times* ever had. Barnes had been a reporter on the paper; but had brought himself into notice by some word-pictures of some well-known public men in the *Examiner*. He sought out new and able contributors, and paid them handsomely. Soon did the writers of this great journal become famous, and the paper itself the leading journal of Europe.

The potency of the *Times* was strikingly seen in relation to the election of the notorious Alderman Harmer as Lord Mayor of London. He was the proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, in which *Publicola* poured forth his infidel and blasphemous opinions. The *Times*—by one of its writers—opposed Alderman Harmer's election in twelve successive articles, and they so aroused public sentiment that he was passed over, and another alderman was chosen to the dignity of Lord Mayor. The sum paid for those twelve leading articles was *two hundred pounds*. Very liberal remuneration is paid for articles and reviews. A gentleman wrote a brief article on a matter of which he had special knowledge, and received five pounds for it. Another was given a cheque of £30 for a review which extended to three columns. We have heard of one eminent contributor who was paid £80 for each of his articles on a most important subject of which he possessed invaluable knowledge; and it is well known that an illustrious literary peer received £100 for an article which, by its splendid diction, revealed its illustrious writer. We advise General Baptist ministers to augment their scanty incomes by writing for the *Times*.

On November the 29th, 1814, the *Times* was printed by steam. This great achievement was thus announced in a leading article:—

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical results of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus.

A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and dispatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects we may inform

the public that, after the letters are placed by the compositors and enclosed in what is called the 'form,' little more remains for man to do than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper. Itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly-inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet, now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts are performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour."

However amazing this was at the time, it would now be regarded as very slow work. The present printing machines of the *Times* are the finest in the world, and can produce 22,000 copies in an hour!

Various estimates have been made of the vast sums of money expended in perfecting the mechanical means for printing the *Times*, and one writer declares that £80,000, at least, have been so invested, but few persons can affirm what the real cost has been. One thing is certain, the *Times* is the best printed journal in the world. The most popular newspapers in the United States are not to be compared with it, and it stands alone in Europe for material perfection and political power.

The sale of the *Times* has sometimes been simply wonderful. During the Russian War it one day reached 72,000 copies. When its account of the Prince Consort appeared, in December, 1861, it had a sale of 91,000 copies. This was surpassed when the Princess Alexandra entered London, for then it had a sale of 98,000 copies, and the number containing the description of her marriage sold to the extent (at fourpence halfpenny each) of 110,000 copies.

An ordinary issue of the *Times* takes about half a ton of ink to print it. For an advertisement extending throughout a whole column £22 is charged, and a competent authority has computed that its annual revenue for advertisements alone has been as much as £260,000. The present editor is Mr. John Delane, who entered upon his high position when he was twenty-four years of age—an honour few men could obtain to in their early manhood, or, indeed at all.

THE PEACEFUL MIND.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,

Forgive our feverish ways;

Reclothe us in our rightful mind;

In purer lives Thy service find,

In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!

O calm of hills above!

Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee

The silence of eternity

Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all

Our words and works that drown

The tender whisper of Thy call,

As noiseless let Thy blessing fall

As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness

Till all our strivings cease;

Take from our souls the strain and stress,

And let our ordered lives confess

The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire

Thy coolness and Thy balm;

Let sense be dumb—its heats expire;

Speak through the earthquake, wind and
fire,

O still, small voice of calm.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. IX.—*Minor Financial Work.*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

THERE are certain duties connected with the management of Church Finance, apparently of trivial importance, upon which it seems necessary to say a few words. I say "apparently trivial," for every man who has discovered the secret of the perfect mastery of his business reckons nothing that is an actual part of it, however slight and insignificant it may be, *really* trivial. He knows how a trifling neglect may counter-work the success of a well-contrived plan, and a momentary inattention mar the peaceful working of an entire establishment. A speck of dust in the eye may spoil a day's pleasure; the escape of a three-inch pin make half a dozen holiday-seekers cripples; and a wrong entry made in a second may take hours of valuable time to discover; or a clerk's bungling delivery of a message, or forgetting a part of it, entail a loss of hundreds of pounds. So a church may have its peace disturbed, its reputation soiled, or its prosperity diminished, by an indifferent or thoughtless performance of certain slight but necessary works. And yet if anywhere the proverb applies—"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well"—it surely is in the case of work so sacred and so essential to the welfare of the world as the transaction of the financial affairs of the Church of the Lord Jesus.

I. **BOOK-KEEPING** is a department of finance generally considered "trivial" enough, and therefore often done in a slipshod, inaccurate, and unsatisfactory manner, such as would be counted a serious discredit by a man of good business habits. I know not if it is true, but I have no difficulty in believing it possible, that a church, notably prosperous and happy for a long term of years, was suddenly thrown into wholesale disorder and general weakness by nothing more than the unfortunate issue of a demand for seat-rents already paid. Injury of a serious character is easily done by such untoward accidents. Even strong-minded men are severely annoyed if asked to pay a bill twice, and are apt to think they do well to be "angry;" and, therefore, it is hardly surprising that "hearers" have been driven from worship, and "members" detached from their steadfastness and zeal by similar mistakes in seat-rents, weekly offerings, and the like. The church's book-keeping, in all its departments, should be a pattern of transparency, accuracy, and efficiency. Every item should be clearly entered. Every voucher filed. Memory should never be trusted to in financial matters. "Make a note of it" is a rule that has no exception as to monetary transactions. All accounts should be carefully audited. On the *whole* diaconate the responsibility of maintaining the financial reputation of the church is cast, and of working its finances without jar or friction; and as a body it should not shirk the duty of supervising, inspecting, and controlling, the methods of keeping accounts, and all relating thereto. The heads of a house of business know they must keep a watchful eye on their books, or the day will come when they will regret it. And if, unfortunately, mistakes in church finance do occur, it should never be forgotten that it is the privilege of the chief officers of a society, which is the home and safeguard of all the courtesies and amenities of life, immediately to acknowledge the error, and make every endeavour possible to soothe the slightest irritation of feeling the mistake has occasioned.

II. **PROMPT PAYMENTS.**—A letter forwarded to me calls attention to the necessity that the pastor should always receive his stipend at the appointed time, because great discomfort and inconvenience are often caused by delay. My correspondent, who is, I imagine, a deacon, but not the treasurer of the church, does not say anything about "seat-rents that are behind-hand," and "weekly offerings not paid up." Probably the want of promptitude in the treasurer is caused by a prior want of promptitude on the part of the people; and that is, in nine cases out of ten, due to a want of thought and consideration of the relation of their delay to the comfort and well-being of their pastor. And so again the matter comes back to us, and suggests the necessity of keeping the members of the church well-informed as to their obligation, and the injury caused by any postponement of the day of discharge of such obligations. I cannot believe in

the existence of a treasurer who would, out of mere caprice, or inattention, or reluctance to part with money, detain monies due to the pastor of the church. Certainly I have met with not a few who have regularly supplied out of their own purse the deficiencies of the church exchequer, so that the minister's salary might be promptly paid. But good as this is, the more excellent way is to form and develop the habit of *prompt* and *regular* contributions in the people.

III. PAYING THE "SUPPLIES" is another delicate subject often coming to the front. The pastor's holiday, or his sickness, or the want of a pastor for a brief period, makes "a supply" (what an odd word it is! Who invented it? Surely not a deacon!) a necessity. I have nothing here to say of the false and mistaken economy that suggests the election of supplies should be determined by the scale of fees, the cheapest being preferred. Money is only one of the considerations in the choice, and will have but a secondary place assigned it in the thought of those whose main solicitude is to maintain unimpaired the efficiency of the church's work, and to secure the largest measure of good in the world. But in the *payment* of "supplies" there is room for a suggestion. Different methods are adopted in different churches, and they are not all equally commendable.

In some cases the amount is fixed by the diaconate before hand, wrapped in paper, and given to the preacher along with a courteous acknowledgment of his services for the occasion. This is easily done. The assessment of the value of the service rendered, of the cost to the preacher, and of the ability of the church, is mostly a plain and simple process, and might as well be done beforehand as not. Courtesy is a Christian grace, and is never more seemly than when it is shown to those who have *intended* to confer a favour.

In an instance I shall never forget, and which I hope is not a sample, I overheard the following conversation:—

Treasurer appears in the vestry, salutes the preacher, and says: "Well, what are we in your debt?"

Preacher: "Oh, I don't make any charge for my services. I leave the matter entirely to your judgment.

Treasurer: "What are your expenses then?"

Preacher: "You know the distance from A—— to B——. You can easily reckon them."

Treasurer: Let's see, that's nine and sixpence, third class? I suppose (he said, without waiting for an answer) I must reckon third; so here's half a sovereign."

The interesting colloquy was ended; the preacher meekly took the money offered him, and glided at once to another topic of conversation, notwithstanding he had only sixpence given him to pay for his own "supply," and for a cab from his house to the station. But I have since been told—for this happened some years ago—that though the minister has been asked several times to re-visit the scene of his self-sacrifice, he has hitherto hesitated to do so.

Mentioning this incident to a "leading" minister of very different metal not long since, I asked him what he would have done. "Done!" said he, his eye flashing boldest defiance, "Why, I should have returned it at once, and told them that I would have the credit of serving such a mean church for nothing, rather than that they should have been deluded with the idea that they had recompensed me for my pains." Looking doubtfully at this reply, he added, with convincing emphasis, "Indeed, I have done it. A wealthy church once gave me just half what I paid for my supply, and I sent it back by post the next morning, and told them I would take nothing from such a people."

These things can and ought to be better managed; and it is our duty, as deacons, to see that at least fairness, and courtesy, and gentlemanly feeling characterize the discharge of all such minor financial duties.

Other parts of this subject I must postpone to a future occasion.

GOD'S PROMISES.—Some people walk on God's promises as though they were all uncertain and could not be depended upon; just as shell-hunters tremblingly tread on those rocks of the sea-shore which are covered over with slimy slippery sea-weed. We should march unfearily as on the hardest and safest road.

THE CHURCH AND POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

In regard to amusements, it has been thought that the attitude of the religious bodies has not been satisfactory. Man is a social being, and when not engaged with labour he must of necessity have social enjoyments of some kind, good, bad, or indifferent, and all are agreed as to the propriety of diversions of some kind, the difference being as to what kind of diversion is proper, the diversions of those who frequent the public-house being uncongenial, to say the least, to those who frequent the prayer-meeting.

As we look upon society we can see nothing like a successful rival to the public-house, which is open at almost every corner, and at all hours. The coffee house and the reading room are only for exceptional resort, while to visit the public is a regular thing. Of course also the influence, direct and indirect, of the varied religious or semi-religious agencies is considerable, as are other means employed for the purpose of weaning people from the public house, and its kindred associations; but after all there is but little of a permanently aggressive character instituted in competition with the public house; and with all our preaching and teaching there is scarcely a family to be found which has not to grieve over the ravages of drinking in connection with some one or other of its members; and it is as much as we can do to drive back the tide of intemperance, and there seems to be no sign of a much improved state of things. Merely negative efforts have failed, and will fail, to reform the drinking and collateral customs; therefore, other means must be tried, since on Christian people, perhaps more than on others, rests the responsibility of the present unsatisfactory state of things.

It may be well for a Christian man to take part in a week night religious service, but it may even be better for him to be serving on a committee of a Mechanics' Institute, or Working Men's Club, and be guiding an agency which shall afford social intercourse, rational recreation, and innocent amusement, apart from the vices of the public house. If Christian people can aid in the establishment of public houses without the drink, they ought to do so, for there is no other alternative but the public house in almost every town and village of our land; and if there is ever to be anything else Christian people will have to take the matter in hand, and stick to it. Cassell's Coffee, Epps' Cocoa, and Horniman's Tea, good as they are, could be improved upon; and there is a fine field for enterprise open to any who would back a competitor against beer. People who look with disfavour on beer have no good and convenient substitute for it, and the sooner we get one the better.

In getting up Sunday school treats and tea parties, Christian people are quite at home; but they surely make a mistake when they leave all the holiday amusements to the enterprise of the publican and his friends. Why should religious be inferior to secular enterprise?

There is scarcely a town or village in the land in which there are not Christian people enough to open and manage say a Working Men's Club, and on one or two of the bank holidays of engaging a band of music, providing a variety of sports and amusements, selling refreshments, including tea, and thereby securing a few pounds, and serving some good purpose as well. On a Whit-Monday or similar day numbers of people are committed to a holiday; and Christian people may as well turn it and them to good account as to leave such matters to the merely mercenary or worse.

G. L.

TWO MORE "PILGRIMAGES TO ROME"

ARE projected by our friend Mr. Thomas Cook, offering special facilities for ministers of all denominations for visiting the "eternal city" in September or October next. The fame of the recent pilgrimage, the opportunity of being present at the re-opening of Mr. Wall's Chapel, and of acquiring reliable and extensive information of all the efforts now being made for evangelizing and educating the people, and the extremely moderate character of the fares, will render these "tours" popular with both churches and pastors. This is a fine opportunity for the churches to recuperate the health and re-invigorate the preaching of their pastors.

BLOSSOMING OR BEARING?

BY DR. CUYLER.

THE white blossoms from yonder cherry trees are dropping to-day to the ground. There is a shower of them like the snow-flakes. How many of them leave genuine fruit behind them? The next two months will determine.

On a sacramental Sabbath a score or more of young converts are blossoming out into a fair Christian profession. It is a beautiful sight. How many of them will be yielding the fruits of the Spirit ten years hence? Not one of them who is satisfied to settle down on the "original capital" of his first experience. To become alive in Christ is one thing; to keep alive is quite another.

The first source of life is food. And it must be nutritious enough to produce spiritual bone, blood, and muscle. A Christian's bread is the truth of God. His diet is God's word, whether studied at home, or heard in the sanctuary, and solid books, and heart-communings with Jesus. No soul can wax fat on syllabub. All the athletic Christians have been huge and hungry feeders on the Bible. One strong sermon, well remembered, digested, and prayed over, is roast beef for a week to come. Prayer is food. It actually adds a fibre to the character.

Good air is the next requisite to healthy life. As the fetid air of a close apartment, or ill-ventilated car, poisons the lungs, so is a Christian poisoned in the deadly atmosphere of sin. You cannot grow healthy, young Christians, in the foul air of social dissipations. Midnight parties, operas, "Germans," and whist-clubs, do not suit Christian plants of grace any better than Labrador ice-fields suit orange trees. A Christian cannot keep all the habits of a worldling without killing piety. "Come out and be separate" means something more than to take the communicant's seat on a half dozen Sundays in a year.

The third essential to hearty life is exercise. Paul was never a backslider; he exercised himself unto godliness." While a Moody or a Spurgeon is working up to the top of his bent every day, the glow is on his face, and the vigour is in his limbs. As soon as I see a young convert dropping out of active service, I mark him or her for the hospital. Work or die is the law of Christ's kingdom.

Those cherry trees have their roots well secured in the soil beneath. So must every young convert root down into Jesus. The secret soul-life must be hid with Christ in God. We offer these few hints to those who have lately put forth the blossoms of a Christian profession. The next twelve months will go far towards settling the question whether you will be only blossomers or steady bearers of precious fruit.

WATERLOO VISITED.

THE tramp of armies shook the ground,
The war-horse scarred the hill
That shuddered to the cannon's sound,
Where all is now so still.

A myriad muskets flashed their ire,
And dealt their sudden death;
That air was sulphurous, scorched with fire;
This, sweet with autumn's breath.

Where sword and bayonet glittered far,
And stabbed and clave their way
To heart and brain, the daisy star
Nods through the livelong day;

And bird and bee are wheeling o'er
The verdant happy plain
Once slippery with human gore,
And ghastly with the slain.

From slope to slope to Solignies wood
There's nothing here to say
Nor how they fell, nor how they stood
In valour's deadly fray.

Brussels.

That mighty monumental stone
Scarce hints the field-wide tomb;
There's not a sound to sigh or moan
Aceldama and doom.

The shot-marked, blood-splashed wall and tree
Are mossy green to-day;
The shattered, buried bones set free
In leaf and flowery spray.

O sweet prophetic calm that tells
Of other calm to be!
O hope that flows and broadly swells
O'er continent and sea!

And bids us wait and work with One
Who maketh wars to cease—
Whose empire's vast unsetting sun
Shall bathe His world in peace.

All passions fall before His power—
They fall, but change and rise
To strengthen love's immortal flower—
Our wrath is born and dies.

E. HALL JACKSON.

SUMMER FLOWERS. FOR THE YOUNG.

A LITTLE girl, who is far too young to read this Magazine, but scarcely too young to understand the page for the young when it is read in her hearing, seems to think that the life of flowers is not very different from her own; for the other day she generously shared her breakfast of warm sugared milk and water with a lovely scarlet geranium of her mamma's, and was not a little surprised that the geranium became sickly, shed its scarlet petals, dropped its green leaves, and seemed near to death. Like other young folks she loves flowers, and can hardly help thinking that they live her life, and have similar needs to her own.

Now, think, is she altogether wrong in her idea that roses and poppies, daisies and king-cups, and all the host of flowers in the meadows and hedges, bogs and gardens, have a daily round of meals, and eat and drink as children do? It is certain cold water refreshes them as it does us. They always seem thankful when they get it, and droop if they go long without it. How green the grass is after a shower! What balmy breezes are wafted to us after a gentle and warm rain! With what delight all herbs welcome a baptism in the dew! How, too, the flowers like the sunshine! In these warm summer days trees and plants of all kinds seem to reach their prime both of beauty and usefulness. The fields and gardens are never so lovely or so fruitful as now. The cheering promise of the spring has passed into fulfilment, in the rich green foliage of the trees of forest and wood, in the ripe and matured fruits of orchard and garden, in the sweet fragrance and rapturous beauty of the flowers, and in the quiet and repose-giving, thick and soft carpet of verdure for our feet. And as yet we hear no threats of invading autumn winds to shake the trees, and wither the leaves, and make the bounding life restrain itself. No! it is a summer sun that shines, and the flowers know it, and rejoice in it with exceeding great joy.

Plants, trees, and flowers, then, live a most real and perfect life. They feed on God's sunshine, drink in God's rain and dew, as we do. We breathe the air about us, and so does the frogmouth, the daffodil, and the rose. We are rooted in our early homes, and should, if we grew at all out of them, grow very ill-shaped and weak; and so the wild clematis, with its clusters of greenish white blossoms, holds itself by roots in mother earth, and from that earth draws much of its food. We shrink from what hurts us, and at night we close our eyes for sleep. The scarlet pimpernel, called the poor man's weather-glass, folds up its little petals if rain is threatened, and again at dusky eve, and does not open them till better weather is at hand, or morning light is nigh. We have veins along which the blood flows to every part of the body; and if we look at the leaves of the golden buttercups that dazzles in the sunshine, we see the veins along which the supporting sap freely flows. We are young, and strong, and full of growing power; but we may become weak or old, just as some trees do.

When, then, you ramble along country lanes, over wide heaths and rich meadows, look closely into the ways and habits of these "fellow-creatures." Ask them questions. They have much to tell. See how they are built up. They, too, are "wonderfully made," and display the goodness and wisdom of God in their various parts, in their structure and history, scarcely less than we do. Note where they live, and how they dwell, some almost alone, others in colonies, some in marshy bogs, and others on the dry chalk; some on the rain-retaining clay, and others of a hardier make everywhere. Inquire into their relations. Get them to tell you their names and their history, and the history of their doings, and of the doings of their fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers. It is a wonderful story enough, is the story of the flowers. Some of it is in the beginning of your Bible, more of it at the end of it, and there are patches here and there between. All nations start their life with a garden of trees and flowers.

One great advantage we have in our rambles amongst these summer flowers; we can take the flowers to pieces without hurting them; at least, I mostly think so, though sometimes when I behold the wonderful structure, perfect order, and complete unity of the plant-life, I am strongly tempted to doubt it. But as far as we know, plants do not really feel. Some of them are "sensitive;" some have muscles, which bend backwards as ours do, and some can set traps to catch flies, and are able to digest them, and small fragments of beef as well; but still we do not yet know that plants feel pain: and so we may take them to pieces at pleasure, and thereby find out all they have to tell us about themselves and their Maker.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE ANNUAL ADDRESS of our Chairman, on the Distinctive Doctrines of the New Connexion of General Baptists, is separately printed by our publishers. Batches of it should be in every minister's vestry to give to those seeking fellowship with us. It is also a handy book to give to those who misunderstand us. We believe it is fitted to be of great use. Circulate it widely.

II. A REAL DANGER.—The revelations made in the "Collie case," and others akin to it, show that we are in imminent danger of losing our commercial integrity and safety in the swift and heedless race for wealth. "Getting" money is the chief end of life with thousands; "getting" it for a "vain show" is the end of thousands more, and those ends cannot be pursued as the sole and only ends of life without inflicting irreparable ruin on the individual, and increasing loss on the nation. Men grudge work, and masters grudge pay. Clothes will not wear. Houses will not stand. Food will not nourish. Really good work is scarce. Sharpness is the key to successful business. Selfish greed rules in the workshop, the market, the office, the exchange; men forgetting everywhere that "God has made life a partnership, and humanity a brotherhood." Pen and pulpit need both to be used in preaching the immortality of the small but ceaseless duties of life; the worth of an hour's solid work to the world, and the supreme blessedness of "giving," as a practical ally to really beneficent "getting."

III. CHAPEL, OR CHURCH, OR BOTH.—An English newspaper of the current week contains the following interesting announcement. "A pressing invitation has been given to Mr. A., the minister of B—— Street Chapel, to accept the pastorate of a new and handsome Congregational Church." What does this mean? Is it the society of believers in congregationalism that is at once "new and handsome?" Have they only just taken organic form, and does the paper pronounce this eulogy upon their appearance? Or has Mr. A. had a pressing invitation to accept the "pastorate of a new and handsome building?" We do talk of the minister of B—— Street chapel, and the words mean to all ears, the minister of the church located in B—— Street chapel. But, to say the least of the above clipping, it is a little confusing. We have no love for "Tabernacle," or "Temple," or "Meet-

ing-house," or "Chapel," as words. We deal with words as we would with a spade. Is it a good tool? What matters it that it was used by the gardener of Queen Anne if I cannot use it now without risk of lost labour or injury! Historical associations are interesting enough if you do not want work done, and can spend your time in archæologizing in the pleasant summer months in quaint old abbeys and hoary castles. The ancient armour in the Tower is very well for the Tower, as a theme for beefeaters to discourse upon to curious visitors, but it will not avail for actual life. Words are tools. They are more; but this is their chief function; and preferences in a work-a-day world like ours should be determined, amongst various competitors, mainly by fitness for service. The word "chapel" is now a good tool. It enables you to mark off sharply the building from the people who use it. It leaves the word "church" to be used exclusively in its spiritual sense. It avoids confusion in speech. It is a coin whose value is known in English society as easily as a shilling or a sovereign. "Conventicle," "Meeting-house," and "Meeting," are interesting only as the "mark" and "noble" of a past currency. "Temple" would only suit one man in the world, and he has it, and we hope he will keep it. "Tabernacle," like the old "crown piece," is doomed. For English Nonconformist Christians who wish to be understood, and to keep in service words that represent actual ideas, the best way is to retain the word *chapel* for the "new and handsome," or old and ugly building, and the word *church* for the society which worships and works within the building.

IV. MR. PLIMSOLL'S ANGER.—It is immensely refreshing to find that the British nation, after all, is not so completely eaten up of dull routine and money-greed that it has not a man left in it who can explode into righteous indignation against a government that cares more for money than men, and prefers personal squabbles and tinkering leases to saving lives. We rejoiced in Mr. Plimsoll's anger, and felt, as we read his heated words, that they leapt from the flames of a holy wrath. If there are times when "it is impious to be calm," surely one arrived when a wheedling government that talks about a "godless" education flung overboard the only measure before the house that had any humanity in it.

Reviews.

REGENERATION. By the late Rev. W. Anderson, LL.D. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

REGENERATION is the ever-repeated and repeating miracle of Christianity. It is the fifth gospel, written on the page of present-day life, appealing with a divinely persuasive force to the hearts and aspirations of men. To understand it is the first duty of every theologian, the prime qualification for intelligent and useful speech to men concerning God and Eternity. Mistakes here are fatal to power. Clear, full, and scriptural conceptions are potent levers in the salvation of men. Dr. Anderson's book is the classic treatise on this theme. The thought is true and strong. The fact of Regeneration is treated with severe simplicity, stripped of much of the obscure and occult speech in which it has too often been enwrapped, divested of the false mysticism and unnatural atmosphere in which many have enveloped it, and set forth as indeed a supernatural fact still; but one consisting in a change of the directions of the affections wrought by the Spirit through belief of the Word of God. The argument is a compact, four-square, impenetrable fortress. Possibly, were Dr. Anderson here *to-day*, he would give fresh facing to a stone here and another there; but as a whole it is a completed work. The style befits the argument. It is marvellously strong, well-knit, solid masonry, reminding of structures that have weathered the storms of centuries. This is a stronghold the church will do well to keep open. The introductory sketch of Dr. Anderson's life is a chaste and beautiful tribute to his memory and work, fitted every way to make the reader eager for a fuller knowledge of "one of Nature's sturdiest bairns," and "one of God's most gracious yet humble, devout, and true-hearted children."

LECTURES TO MY STUDENTS. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Passmore and Alabaster.*

It is one of the healthy and hopeful signs of our day that the literature of the pulpit, and about the pulpit, obtains so wide a circulation. It is an indication of a deepening enthusiasm as to preaching, both as an art and as an agency, and may be taken as a promise of increased efficiency in the pulpit work of the future. Books of advice "Ad Clerum" abound; and whilst every fresh one is welcome, none could be more so than the production

of the popular pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Both the principal departments of ministerial life, the inner and the outer, the private and public, are ably treated. The "call to the ministry," "private prayer," "fainting fits," and other cognate topics, are discussed with a keen sense of the cardinal principle that the power of the pulpit is, in the first instance, the power of character, of genuine godliness, of holy self-abandonment and devotion to Christ. On such topics as "The Voice," and "Choice of Texts," the thoroughgoing realism which characterizes Mr. Spurgeon is in full force. The strong procession of pious polysyllables, the solemn march of ponderous propriety, and the mannerisms and affectations which kill preaching, meet with incisive rebuke. Streams of racy humour, striking autobiographic incidents, interesting anecdotal illustrations, and an admirable store of good sense, make a volume which will attract, stimulate, and guide the student in his closet, and furnish the preacher with the means of avoiding many mistakes and achieving much good. These lectures deserve to be in the hands of students, local preachers, and ministers of the Word everywhere.

TWO HUNDRED SKETCHES AND OUTLINES OF SERMONS. By J. Burns, D.D., LL.D. *Dickinson and Higham.*

THIS is a neat, attractive, well-printed, and well-bound volume of over four hundred pages, and contains the principal ideas and illustrations of sermons delivered by Dr. Burns since the year 1866. The sketches cover a wide field. Every variety of pulpit topic is dealt with; and some of the texts have the merit of being out of the common track. The outlines are brief, simple, evangelical, thoroughly practical, and well furnished with references to Scripture. Dr. Burns is an old worker in this vein, and those acquainted with the results of his former labours will not hesitate to say that this last "out-put" is the best.

SERMONS. By J. P. Chown. *Stock.*

THIS is a pamphlet commemorative of Mr. Chown's work in Bradford, and contains a sketch of his life up to the date of his removal, and sermons delivered within a short period of his transfer to Bloomsbury. It is an interesting production, both in its biography of an eminent Christian worker, and in its

sample of his clear, simple, persuasive, and forcible teaching. Old and new friends alike will highly prize it.

LISA BAILLIE'S JOURNAL, *Religious Tract Society*,

Is a charming record of a girl's religious life, of the difficulties she had to face, and the victories she patiently won. It is written in a simple, natural, and attractive style, and shows, with much skill, the inner life of a brave yet desponding, a sincere yet tempted, a believing yet tried girl.

THE FERRYMAN'S FAMILY. By Emma Leslie. *Sunday School Union*.

A BRIGHT story for girls, showing how a knowledge and love of Christ can transform a petted, spoilt, self-willed, and proud girl into a meek, unselfish, and useful maiden. It would make a pretty present for a girl.

SUNDAY SCHOOL GUIDES.

MR. STOCK has published a series of admirable guides, in a separate form, to the different departments of Sunday School work, consisting of the History and Object of the Sunday School, Infant Class Teacher's Guide, Sunday School Teacher's Guide, Guide to Sunday School

Auxiliary Agencies, Children's Services, Superintendent's and Secretary's Guide Librarian's Guide, etc.

MISCELLANEA.

A MAP of Spiritual Egypt (Stock). The day is past for these coarse material representations of spiritual facts. They answer no good purpose whatever.—A Letter to the Churches of Galatia by Paul (Stock). Separately printed for gratuitous circulation.—Plain Tracts for Plain People. The Priesthood and the Mass, by J. H. Wood (Tait, Rugby). Clever, trenchant, and extremely able. Well suited for distribution.—Hymns and Tunes for School and Sanctuary, Part I. (Haddon and Co.) A collection of great variety and merit, and sure to be popular.—The Gospel in Song (Sunday School Union) is a cheap and attractive selection of words and music, suitable for prayer meetings and special services.—Helps to the Reading of the Bible, by J. T. Almy (Wharmby and Buck, Hucknall).—Tables for Reading the Bible in a Year, and stimulating Quotations on the Worth of the Bible.—*Romanizing Germs: are there any in the Prayer Book?* (Prayer Book Revision Society.) This question is answered in the affirmative in a most thorough and complete manner.

Church Register.

EASTERN CONFERENCE.

The next Conference of the Churches in the Eastern District will be held at Peterborough on Thursday, Sept. 16th. Brother J. C. Jones is to be the morning preacher. WM. ORTON, Sec.

CHURCHES.

NANTWICH.—The late Mr. Philip Pedley, of Bridge House Farm, near Crewe, left £1000 to the Orphanage at Stockwell; and the executors being wise in their generation took advantage of their post to secure the promise of a visit from Mr. Spurgeon to Nantwich, to preach on behalf of the extinction of the debt, and on July 28th Nantwich was all excitement with crowds gathered from Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton, Audlem, Crewe, Tarporley, Macclesfield, Manchester, Longton, etc. Mr. Spurgeon preached twice to nearly 3000 people each time. Collections £117 Os. 9¼d. The day will long be gratefully remembered in the history of Nantwich church.

NORTHALLERTON.—The church offers grateful thanks for the following dona-

tions towards the expenses caused by the gas explosion:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| A. Pease, Esq., Darlington | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Vovill, York | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Gambleside | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| Boroughbridge | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| J. Lister, Esq., Hebden Bridge | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Kilverton, Scrawton | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Rev. R. Silby, Leeds | 0 | 2 | 6 |

Should any other friends be disposed to render assistance, the smallest donations will be thankfully received.

NORWICH.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I rejoice to report that, through the blessing of God, and the liberality of Christian friends, we have taken possession of St. Clement's Chapel—now called "St. Clement's General Baptist Chapel"—FREE OF DEBT! On Sunday, July 11th, we held our first services, which were seasons of much hallowed fellowship "with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Our congregations far exceeded our expectations; and the expression of Christian sympathy on the part of brethren connected with other churches in the city, was most encouraging. I am more, far more thankful to God and our follow-

helpers in this undertaking, than either my tongue or pen can express. Favourably as I thought of the chapel before it became our own, I think *tenfold* more of it now, whether as a place to speak in, or as to the comfort and convenience it affords to the hearer. Without any great effort the speaker may be heard by every one, and every worshipper can take a good view of the preacher. We now require to expend between £200 and £300 on new gas fittings (the old ones being quite worn out); on repairing wood work, especially the window frames; on refurnishing vestries and school-rooms (our purchase only securing the *freehold*), and general cleaning and painting. Besides which sundry low expenses, &c., &c., will have to be met. If, therefore, any friend who may read this can render us any help we shall be right thankful. As our principle **MUST** be, *not* to incur expense until we have funds to meet it, we can only proceed with the above (though greatly needed at once) as the money comes to hand. Help, therefore, brethren, **HELP!** I may add that already the Lord has begun to "make bare His arm" among us; and in the hearts of His people He has awakened high expectation of copious blessing. "Amen, even so come Lord Jesus!" With best thanks for the following donations, I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours affectionately,
GEO. TAYLOR.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| From our generous friend, R. Johnson, Esq., London, another | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| Treasurer of Eastern Home Mission | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Robert Dawbarn, Wisbech | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Butcher | 2 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Geo. Dawbarn, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Tyars, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. and Miss Gardener, | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Miss Newsham, 5/-; Mrs. Griffin, 5/- | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Gapp, 5/-; Mr. Moncrief, 10/- | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Mr. Fish, 2/6; Mr. Watkinson, 2/6 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Best, £1; Mr. Coltman, £1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Through Miss Haywood | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Through Mrs. Robson, viz. :- | | | |
| J. Perry, Esq. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Dawson | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Underwood | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Smith, Lincoln | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Through Miss Whate | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. Pegg, Chesham (2nd don.) | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Jarron (2nd don.) | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Bembridge (2nd don.) | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. J. Stevenson, 5/-; Stamps, 5/- | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Winks and daughter | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Baldwin | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| An Eminent Clergyman, Norwich | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. W. Jewson, | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Lady Beauchamp, | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Davy (2nd donation) | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Through Miss Lewis, | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss T. L., | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Swann, | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Through Miss Payne | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Through Miss Mackie, | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| Mr. Geo. Moore, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Bacon, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Tidd, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. S. J. Jarrold, | 1 | 1 | 0 |

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| Mr. J. Jewson, jun. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Through Mrs. Loyd, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| " Miss Griffiths, | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| " Mrs. Grungrass, | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| " Miss Thirtle, | 0 | 16 | 0 |
| " Miss Bonny, 5s.; a Friend, 4/- | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Batch, Norwich | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Through Miss Baxter, Norwich | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| " Mrs. Melvin, | 0 | 18 | 1 |
| " Mrs. Allen, | 0 | 14 | 6 |
| " Miss Samson, | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| " Mr. Girdlestone, | 0 | 16 | 6 |
| " Mr. Knight, | 0 | 12 | 3 |
| " Miss E. Lemon, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| " Miss Ebbage, | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| " Mrs. Hall, | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| " Mrs. Thompson, | 0 | 14 | 6 |
| " Miss Layer, | 1 | 4 | 6 |
| " Mrs. B. Smith, | 2 | 8 | 6 |
| " Master W. Smith | 0 | 7 | 3 |
| " Miss S. Andrews | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| " Mr. & Mrs. Dent, | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whate, Norwich | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| A Friend, 10/-; Miss Horne, 5/- | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Mrs. Bales, 6/-; Mrs. Bennett, 6/- | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Through Mrs. Dunning, sen. | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. Nave, 7/-; Mr. Wright, 12/- | 0 | 19 | 0 |
| Through M. T. & G. A. Taylor | 1 | 5 | 6 |
| " W. Bampton Taylor, | 1 | 10 | 6 |
| " J. Williams Taylor, | 0 | 10 | 5 |
| " Miss Dady | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Cully, Norwich | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. Edwards, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Hall, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Earl, 5/-; Mr. Richardson, 2/-; Nor. | 0 | 7 | 0 |

NUNEATON.—*New Chapel*.—Enthusiastic and interesting services were held on Tuesday, Aug. 17, in opening the new chapel. Dr. Burns preached in the afternoon. The pastor, Rev. J. Brown, presided at the evening meeting, and described the history of General Baptists in Nuneaton, the circumstances which led to the purchase of the "Gauze Hall," and the present condition of the finances. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Evans, H. Wood, J. Greenwood, and others. The proceeds of the day realized (£50). Friends from Hinckley, Coventry, Longford, Wolvey, etc., were present, and about 800 partook of tea. The chapel has accommodation for 463 persons, school-room and class-room for 300 children, minister's vestry, etc. The work at Nuneaton is brighter with promise than at any prior date.

SUTTON ST. JAMES.—Anniversary services were held July 11 and 12. Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., preached to large congregations. On Monday there was a public tea, trays principally given; and in the evening a public meeting was held. Mr. Ewen, of Birmingham, took the chair. The financial state of the church was laid before the meeting by Mr. W. S. Harcourt (the minister); and addresses were given by the Revs. G. Towler, T. Watkinson, J. C. Jones, M.A. The proceeds of the services amounted to £15. This village congregation has within three years paid off four-fifths of the cost of their new sanctuary.

SCHOOLS.

ALLERTON, *Central*.—July 18. Rev. W. E. Winks preached. Coll. £81 1s. 1d.

BAGWORTH.—July 18. Rev. W. Bishop preached. Coll. over £20.

BARTON.—August 15. Rev. E. Stevenson preached. Coll. £35.

CHELLASTON.—Aug. 8. Mr. A. Swan preached. Collections large.

DERBY, *Watson Street*.—Messrs. Chambers and E. C. Ellis preached. Collections better than last year.

DESFORD.—July 25. Rev. W. Jarrom preached. Coll. £9 8s.

KIRKBY.—July 11. Rev. E. Stevenson preached. Coll. £13.

MACCLESFIELD.—Aug. 8. Rev. W. Evans preached. Coll. over £40.

SMALLEY.—Aug. 1. Rev. J. Wild preached. Coll. £10 12s. 6d.

WINDLEY.—*Error*.—Page 312, line 4; 50 should be 350.

MINISTERIAL.

MILLINGTON, Rev. W.—Ordination services were held at Measham Aug. 9, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. Millington. Rev. E. W. Cantrell read the scriptures and offered prayer. Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., described the nature of the service, and offered the ordination prayer. Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. J. Buckley, D.D., that to the church. The meeting was well attended and deeply interesting. Upwards of 250 sat down to the public tea. In the evening a public meeting, presided over by Rev. John Stevenson, M.A. The chapel, which seats 500, was full. Rev. M. Dugdale offered prayer. Letters of apology were read by the pastor from Rev. G. Barker and J. C. Cox, Esq., Belper. Addresses were given by Revs. Dr. Buckley, J. Salisbury, M.A., C. Clarke, B.A., H. Wood, J. Greenwood, M. Dugdale, W. Millington, and Mr. G. Dean. On Sunday, Aug. 8, Rev. J. Buckley preached two sermons for the benefit of the minister's house fund. Collections £17 10s.

RYDER, Rev. T.—Between 300 and 400 persons assembled at a social tea, Aug. 10, to take a farewell of Mr. Ryder, on his leaving for a tour in America. Mr. Ryder has been in failing health for several months; but did not know until a short time since the serious nature of his complaint. A skilful physician in London was consulted, and he found a derangement in one of the principal arteries of the chest, and most strongly advised rest from ministerial duties, and a sea voyage. Before anything was known of this advice, one of the mem-

bers offered to pay Mr. Ryder's expenses to New York; members and friends hearing of this generous proposal, and the advice of the physician, resolved to find ample means for accomplishing this object; and in a very little time collected over £100—£25 of which were sent by Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., as a mark of personal esteem and affection for Mr. Ryder. The meeting in the evening was presided over by Mr. Councillor Gilpin. Addresses were delivered expressive of the wish for Mr. Ryder's speedy restoration. Mr. Ryder sailed in the *City of Berlin* Aug. 12.

SKINGLE, Rev. S., of Whitchurch, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland.

SMITH, Mr. J. W.—A tea meeting in connection with the Young Men's Class, Friar Lane, Leicester, was held August 7, to present a token of affection to Mr. J. W. Smith, of Chilwell College, who, previous to commencing his studies for the ministry, was an active member of the class. The chair was taken by Mr. Lunn. Mr. G. Loyley presented a framed address; after which Mr. Thorneloe, the teacher of the class, presented to Mr. Smith in the name of the class an elegant timepiece, wishing him much prosperity in his studies and great success as a minister of the gospel. Mr. Smith made a suitable reply; and addresses were given by Messrs. Pochin, Flint, and Ashby.

UNDERWOOD, M.A., Rev. A., graduate of Glasgow University, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist church, Burton-on-Trent, and will commence his duties early in September.

BAPTISMS, JULY 18 TO AUGUST 18.

ALLERTON, *Central*.—Eleven, by G. Needham.

ALLERTON, *Bethel*.—Seventeen, by W. Smith.

ARNOLD.—Six, by J. Sutcliffe.

AUDLEM.—Two, by R. P. Cook.

BURNLEY, *Ebenexer*.—Eleven, by G. Needham.

DEWSBURY.—Seventeen, by N. H. Shaw.
DERBY, *Watson Street*.—One, by G. Slack.

ISLEHAM.—Eleven, in the river Lark, by W. E. Davies.

KIRKBY.—Two, by W. Scothern.

LEICESTER, *Dover Street*.—Six, by W. Evans.

LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Four.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Wood Gate*.—Three.

NORTHALLERTON.—One, by W. Stubbings.

RIPLEY.—Four, by E. H. Jackson.

SAWLEY.—Two, by J. Stenson.

TODMORDEN.—Four, by E. W. Cantrell.

MARRIAGES.

BENSON—WELLINGS.—Aug. 9, at the G. B. chapel, Macclesfield, by the Rev. W. Evans, of Leicester, Mr. John S. Benson, to Miss Phœbe Wellings.

CHERRINGTON—BERRINGTON.—Aug. 5, at St. Matthew's Church, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, by the Rev. R. P. Kirby, Vicar, Mr. P. W. Cherrington, Peterborough, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Mr. Thos. Berrington, of Loughborough.

COMPTON—HAYWOOD.—July 20, at Barton, by Rev. E. W. Cantrell, brother-in-law of the bride, Mr. John Compton, of Newton Burgoland, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Haywood, of Nailstone Fields.

COTES—FOX.—Aug. 23, at Kirky, Mr. W. Cotes to Miss Mary Fox, by Rev. Mr. Forth.

FOWKES—GARTON.—July 27, at Barton, by Rev. J. Greenwood, Mr. Samuel Fowkes, to Miss Emma Garton, both of Ibstock.

LEWIS—BIRCHALL.—July 20, at Nantwich, by Rev. R. P. Cook, Mr. Fisher Lewis, of Nantwich, to Miss Sarah Ann Birchall, of Willaston. It was the first wedding in the new chapel, and a Bible was presented by the Trustees; and, as a mark of esteem for the newly married pair, a China tea service by the church.

SCATTERGOOD—MANSFIELD.—July 13, at Barton, by Rev. H. Wood, Mr. Arthur Scattergood, to Miss Camilla Mansfield, both of Barlestone.

Obituaries.

BATEY.—July 7, 1875, at Carlisle Villas, Finchley, in the 32nd year of his age, George Whitefield, the beloved son of the Rev. J. Batey, formerly of Burnley, where, when quite a youth, he conducted a class in the Sunday school connected with Enon Chapel. About ten years since he ruptured an arterial vessel, which was followed by frequent attacks of epilepsy, and these resulted in injury to the lungs. He was only confined to his bed fourteen days before his death. He bore his affliction with great patience and entire submission. A few days before his departure he joined in singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Those who united with him hope to join him before the throne, singing, "Worthy is the Lamb."

RICHARDSON.—Benjamin Richardson died at Gosberton, Nov. 3, 1874, aged 79 years. The memory of the just is blessed; and the memory of the just among our fathers in the hope of the gospel is tenderly and peculiarly blessed. Their shades, as it were, come over our threshold, and form again one of the family. The subject of this memoir was a plain

modest man. But very frequently he was bold for Christ. He was the son of a worthy sire. His father, Thomas Richardson, was a day labourer in his early days, but by industry and economy was enabled to support and bring up twelve children; and, although in those days, 1780 to 1835, wages averaged the small figure of 1s. 8d. to 2s. per day, he brought them up respectably, and all had some education. Thanks to that strong-minded woman and pioneer of Sunday schools in this district, Mrs. Bissill, the wife of Rev. I. Bissill, pastor of Sutterton and Gosberton, and daughter of Rev. Dan Taylor, who opened her house and heart to train and teach many of the labouring class. The testimony of her remarkable and extensive usefulness in that department extends over a period from 1811 to only last week when visiting the death-bed of an "old disciple," who blessed God for ever sending her and her dear husband to Sutterton, which was then a dark and benighted place. Our brother received his first religious and secular instructions at her hands. This privilege formed all or nearly all the educational advantages he had; for very early in life he had to go forth like a little man to tend birds, &c., to eke out the scanty income of a numerous family. At length he entered the Christian home of Mrs. Edward Bissill as farm servant, and from thence was married; and no doubt the gentle, kind manner and pious spirit of his respected mistress had great and good influences on his mind. He settled at Gosberton, where our rev. brother, James Thompson, was minister, and was soon found to have talents fitted for Sunday school work, and became a serious follower of Jesus, when he and his wife were baptized at Sutterton. In his early married life he felt very much difficulty in introducing family worship. He always held very modest views of his own abilities, and so *shame*, the grand ally of Satan, held him aloof from duty in this particular. He was, however, known to be regular in *private prayer*. His temple being an old shed or barn where no eye or ear witnessed his heart's utterance, until one evening his active and good wife traced his steps to his sacred hiding place. He from that time ventured to "stammer out," as he would say, his *wants* before the Lord in the family. His sufferings were severe, and very protracted. But gratitude for mercies, and even any little attentions from his affectionate widowed daughter, would evoke thankfulness. He was patient and fully resigned to all the will of God. His language was, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul," "In Him will I trust." S. A.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

No. I.—*From Cuttack to Calcutta.*

AMID many expressions of affectionate regret we left the home endeared to us by the mercies and trials of many eventful years at six o'clock on Thursday evening, the 24th of March; but, as so much appears in the Magazine for June respecting our departure from Cuttack, any lengthened account is altogether unnecessary here. Slightly altering Acts xxi. 6, it may however be said, "When we had taken our leave of one another, we took" the boat; "and they returned home again." And when the last forms of kind friends had faded in the distance, and the evening shades had begun to gather, the reader can hardly imagine the strange contrast between the pressing anxieties and sorrowful adieus of the past few days, and the quiet calmness of the boat. Night soon came on, and we lighted our lamp in the hope of reading a little; but the swarms of insects which the light occasioned obliged us to desist, and we were glad to retire earlier than we had intended. When the morning dawned we were at Kendupatna, seventeen miles from Cuttack, and here we halted during the heat of the day. The next morning, at sunrise, we were at Marsaghie, a little more than forty miles from Cuttack; and here several of our native christians employed in the government service were ready to welcome us, and bring us presents of plantains and other fruits. An hour or two later we had left the boat, and were on board the government steamer, *The Khoel*, which conveys passengers and cargo to the coasting steamers of the British India Company touching at False Point, or rather at the anchorage, a few miles distant from the lighthouse. On Saturday afternoon we left False Point in the *Patna* steamer. We had now left Orissa, and the reflections to which this would have given rise were soon rudely dispelled by very disagreeable sensations which betokened the approach of sea sickness. As we had not been at sea for twenty years a slight motion affected us more than a heavy swell would have done at a later period. Mrs. Buckley inquired of the quarter-master whether we should have it rougher than it then was, and, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, he replied, "It can hardly be smoother, madam, than it is now." If the reader has experienced sea-sickness he will need no description; if he has not no description will give him an adequate idea of its disagreeableness. I tried to forget my misery by thinking of something that was amusing; but it was easier to attempt than accomplish. I remembered

Sydney Smith's humorous description in the *Edinburgh Review* of "Brother Carey's piety at sea." The reader may remember the letter in the "Periodical Accounts" in which Carey's companion describes that good man as having his mind delightfully exercised with thoughts of the great goodness of God even when his stomach was oppressed with these disagreeable feelings, but I could not respond to the sentiment. I recalled a scene in the *Sutlej* which, twenty years ago, when we were tossed about in the Bay of Biscay, rather tickled my fancy. Mr. Hill's cabin was next to ours, and one morning, as our friends had not made their appearance, I rapped at the door and inquired how they were. "Just alive, and that's all," was the response, and the sorrowful tone in which it was expressed was in harmony with the sad announcement; but spite of all my efforts while the nausea and sickness continued, I could not say that I had any pleasant thoughts. Enough, however, of this.

We spent the Sabbath on board the *Patna*, and the contrast between this and the previous Sabbath at Cuttack was as great as can be conceived. No appearance whatever of the day of rest, but the ship servants appeared more busy than on ordinary days. This is much to be regretted. On Monday morning we left the *Patna*, and remained in Calcutta eleven days enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Sykes. Many of my readers will know that Mrs. S. is the daughter of my old friend, Mr. Stubbins.

My sojourn in Calcutta suggested many solemn and affecting reflections on the changes of twenty years. Thomas, Leslie, Lacroix, Ewart, Boaz, Denham of Serampore, and other servants of Christ, beloved and honoured, had finished their earthly toil, and entered into the joy of their Lord. Nor these alone. The kind friends whose hospitality we then enjoyed (Mr. and Mrs. Sykes), Isaiah Biss, Josiah Rowe, and others, had passed from the church on earth to the higher services of the church in glory. Others, too, like Drs. Duff and Mullens, are now in Scotland or England serving the sacred cause instead of doing so on the banks of the Ganges. Amid "changing scenes and dying friends" it was inexpressibly sweet to think of our unchanging and ever-living Redeemer. "The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." The remembrance, too, of the great goodness of God to ourselves in preserving us through all these years from the dangers of famine, pestilence, mutiny, and disease in various forms, as well as permitting us to render a little service to His holy cause, awakened unfeigned gratitude.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while Thou preservest that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee."

While in Calcutta I was not able, owing to the illness of Mrs. Buckley, to enjoy so much intercourse with Christian brethren as I had hoped; nor could I visit the graveyard—a hallowed spot where the precious dust of several connected with Orissa awaits the resurrection of the just. I may mention Mrs. Stubbins, who for twenty-eight years laboured, and did not faint in the good cause; G. W. Boothby, Esq., agent and manager of the East India Irrigation and Canal Company, a warm friend of the Mission, and several of the missionaries; also, a beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Two or three incidents in connection with my stay in Calcutta I feel inclined to record, in the hope of interesting the reader, and I begin with

A TEA MEETING AT HOWRAH

On the departure of Mr. Morgan, who laboured here for many years, and who was much respected by those who enjoyed his ministrations, Mr. Hallam, of Monghyr, who was formerly connected with the Northern Orissa Mission, and whom I had not met for sixteen years, was appointed to the station. The meeting was held to welcome our brother, and to express the hearty wishes of his friends for the prosperity of the work of God here. Many friends from Calcutta were present, one of whom reminded me of a sermon preached in Circular Road Chapel, more than twenty years ago, on the glory of Christ's kingdom, from Psalm cxlv. 11.

Mr. Hallam presided on this interesting occasion. Prayer was offered by Mr. W. Wenger, the worthy son of a veteran in the missionary cause; and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Rouse and Kerry, General Lichfield, the American consul, and myself. The consul is an effective speaker; and it was gratifying to find a gentleman in his position a devoted christian, and ready to help in every good work. The portions sung, and which appeared to be sung very heartily, were from "Sacred Songs and Solos." I find them very popular wherever I go, but I cannot say that I admire them. The tunes are very much to be preferred to the hymns, and this, I take it, is one secret of their popularity. Some are marked by poverty of scriptural thought; and others by a sickly sentimentalism. Words are not always used accurately; and there is far too much of repetition. The martial air of several does not approve itself to my judgment as befitting the lips of children, by whom they are sung; and, as we are commanded to sing the praises of God "with understanding," some may be justly excepted against as not conveying to ordinary understandings an intelligible meaning. "Hold the fort for I am coming" is a great favourite with many, but its precise signification does not appear very obvious. It is based (so General Lichfield told us) on a very interesting incident in the American War. A General, who was approaching a besieged city or fort, managed to signal to them to keep the city, or hold the fort, as he was approaching with reinforcements; and they—sorely beset as they were—signalled back that they would do so. The application of this, however, to spiritual life and christian work does not appear very obvious. Surely we can hold no fort, achieve no exploit, conquer no adversary, while Christ is coming. Christ must be really *present with us*, or we are without strength. I should think it a very grievous calamity if these "Songs and Solos" should be substituted for the grand old hymns with which we have been familiar from childhood, and many of which have aided the devotions of myriads who are now before the throne. But I would not be indiscriminate in my objections. There are some that I greatly admire, and which, finding an echo in loving christian hearts, are sure to live. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is very sweet; "Sweet hour of prayer" is scarcely less so; "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by" is very touching; "One more day's work for Jesus" is suggestive of solemn and profitable meditation on the blessedness of working for such a Master. Happy when at the close of the day we can say—

"Heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me."

"Almost persuaded," if well sung, must be deeply pathetic. And Dr. Bonar's "Yet there is room," though far from equal to some of the hymns by which he has laid the disciples of Christ of every name under deep obligation, shows in a pleasing manner the hearty welcome which every returning sinner will find in Christ. Enough, however, has been said on this point; and probably many of my readers will not be able to agree with the opinions expressed. Time settles all such questions, and with this I leave it.

It was very gratifying while in Calcutta to learn that the special services held there had been very fruitful of spiritual and saving results. One evidence may be given. The Baptist church at Circular Road has existed for more than half a century; and the additions by baptism last year were larger than in any former one. This is encouraging and hopeful. The present is manifestly a time of blessing. May "the Lord God of our fathers" make His people "a thousand times so many more as they are, and bless them as He hath promised them."

I have not finished all I have to say about Calcutta; but this is enough for one paper.

LETTER FROM REV. W. MILLER TO THE SECRETARY.

Cuttack, July 3rd, 1875.

A FEW days ago I had a long visit from the gooroo and his son who had previously been several times to Cuttack, and whose village and home brother Bailey and his companions visited last cold season. The more I see of them, the greater the interest I feel in them. The son, who is perhaps twenty-two years old, is far in advance of the father in christian knowledge and experience. He is really a most intelligent and hopeful person. They have a large number of disciples located in various parts of the province. They were returning from a two months' tour, and had visited five hundred families—all disciples. They had remained a short time with each, and told them of the change which had taken place in their religious views—how they could no longer teach the rites and worship of idolatry—how they had taken refuge in the Lord Jesus—and that it was the duty of all to come to Him as the only Saviour. Some listened with displeasure; others with astonishment and pleasure, and promised to follow their instructions. In every house, however, they were entertained, and their wants provided for as on all former visits. They both assured me that in every house they made known the way of salvation, and left a tract with those that could read. At one house where they stayed for the night, after a long conversation on the principal events of the Saviour's life, the host said, "Why all what you say is written in the Hindoo shastres. I have a copy which belonged to my father which gives the account of Christ's birth," etc. He then produced what appeared to the gooroo to be really a Hindoo shastre, written on the palm leaf, and so well worn as to lead him to think it must at least be a hundred years old. On opening it, sure enough there was the history of Christ. Having begged this shastre from his disciple, the master of the house, the gooroo brought it to me to Cuttack, and asked me to explain this mystery—the life of Christ among the Hindoo shastres. Knowing that brother Lacey employed some of the first converts of the Mission to write out copies of several of the tracts on the palm leaf, and, in the form of the shastres, I at once surmised its origin. On examination it proved to be a copy of one of the first poetical tracts translated from the Bengali into Oriya. Its title is, "The Life of Christ." It is composed of 124 palm leaves, beautifully written on each side. A few of the leaves are missing. It cannot be less than forty-eight or fifty years old. Mrs. Lacey was delighted to see this memento of her husband's labours to benefit the people, and gave me an account of the number of men who used to daily sit in their verandah copying tracts on the palm leaf. There was then considerable prejudice against the printed tract, and the character was not so familiar as that written with the iron pen; hence the latter was much more valued. I have retained this copy as a curiosity. Its late owner was evidently familiar with its contents; and who knows but what the father, its original possessor, with others, may have learnt from it "that the Lord Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life." Before taking leave, my visitors begged, as a great favour, a complete copy of the Bible in Oriya, which I gladly presented. They had previously received the New Testament and parts of the Old, but had no single copy of the whole Bible. It was delightful to see their look of intense satisfaction on receiving the volume, and how carefully they wrapped it up in their bundle. You may expect to hear again of these men. I cannot but think they are destined to be turned to account in the evangelization of Orissa.

We have recently had the children, a boy and girl, of two rescued meriahs made over to us. They were sent from the Khond Mehals, by order of the Commissioner, through our friend Mr. Poole. The father was employed in the police. After his and the wife's death, it was thought that the continuance of the children where they were might prove a temptation to the Khonds to make away with them; hence, for this and other reasons, they were sent here. The girl is about eleven years old, and seems well-behaved. The boy, about eight years old, was a most wild, unmanageable little fellow. He declared he would not be parted from his sister, who is in Mrs. Pike's school; if so he would at once drown himself. His removal was effected by stratagem. The sister, with the matron of the school, accompanied him to the Male Orphanage. As previously arranged, a number of the boys surrounded him, and with singing

and music so charmed him that he fell asleep. In the meantime, the matron and sister disappeared. On awakening and ascertaining his position, he cried for a time bitterly, and then became reconciled to his lot. He came here yesterday with another little boy for new clothes. On asking him which place he liked best—his own country or the school,—he at once said the latter.

At our last church meeting, from a large number of candidates, eight were accepted for baptism, which will (D.V.) be administered to-morrow. I have not been able to go down to Pooree for the Car Festival. Two of the brethren are there with the Piplee brethren. Another party has gone to Kendrapara, and another to the Denkhanal Gurda; at both of which there will be large gatherings of the people.

One of the students, Benjamin, was married last week. His partner is a Mussulmanee by birth, and during the famine came from Piplee. He is one of our most promising students.

The rains have thoroughly set in, and our rivers are rapidly rising. The latter always occasions some anxiety, our dwellings being so much below the height to which the rivers attain.

CAR FESTIVAL AT POOREE.

BY THE REV. T. BAILEY.

Piplee, July 14th, 1875.

A FEW days ago I returned from attending the Pooree Car Festival. Rumours had been circulated by the native papers some time previously that the number of pilgrims would be much larger than usual. It was said that the famine in Bengal had prevented many who would otherwise have come last year, and that they would be sure to make amends by coming this; as, moreover, the festival fell late in the season, when the rains have fairly set in, we were in no little fear that the year would also be an exceptionally bad one for cholera. Reports were indeed received of this terrible scourge breaking out among the pilgrims long before they reached this part of the country. We gained time in this way for making extra preparations, and every possible precaution was taken. Arrangements were made for patrolling the road with bearers and stretchers, and good supplies of medicines were available at a moment's notice. As the time, however, approached, it became evident that instead of the pilgrims being more numerous than usual, they were fewer; and it appears that the total present on July 5th, "the great day of the feast," was only between fifteen and twenty thousand. To this estimate must be added those who attended from the town and neighbourhood, raising the total to between forty and fifty thousand persons—much smaller, it will be seen, than in former years; and when it is remembered that this total is drawn from all parts of India for this one great occasion, the number still further sinks in importance, and the conclusion appears inevitable that the glory of Juggernath is rapidly passing away, and will, we hope, soon be a thing of the past. I stood within a few yards of the temple doorway during the whole of the time the idols were being brought out, and can also bear my testimony to the comparative indifference of the people. Having never been so near before, I expected to see large numbers of infatuated votaries prostrate themselves on the ground immediately the idols were visible; as a fact, I only saw one poor pilgrim do so, and the effect was apparently the very opposite of contagious. The women in the balconies manifested more feeling, many assuming a devout attitude, and muttering a few prayers. To our eyes, as usual, the show was altogether a very poor one; and the only impressive circumstance connected with it was the vast multitude of responsible, intelligent, human beings—our brothers and sisters, men and women for whom Christ has died—assembled for such an object. In this aspect the spectacle was utterly humiliating and degrading to our common humanity.

Dr. Hill, the civil surgeon of Pooree, had kindly invited me to be his guest during my stay, and as he is health officer of the district, superintendent of the jail, and in charge of the government hospital, I had good opportunities of seeing the various arrangements made for the great event of the year. The lodging-houses provided for the pilgrims are regularly inspected, and improvements insisted upon when needed. Every possible care is taken as to the

sanitation of the town, though the object is largely defeated by the fact that the site is lower than the surrounding country; and though attempts are made at considerable expense to keep clear an opening in the sand ridge which separates it from the sea, it is only at certain times in the year that the drainage can be carried off that way. For the most part it is allowed to be absorbed by the soft sandy soil on which the city is built. Last year more than twenty pilgrims were lodged in the jail for a time, mostly for petty offences; this year only two or three were apprehended. Last year several hundred cases of cholera were admitted into the hospital during the few principal days of the festival; this year only about twenty-five.

We had an excellent staff of native preachers, including Ghanushyam, from Cuttack, Shem Sahu, from Khoordah, and Thoma and Makunda Sahu, from Pipelee; and the speaking was maintained at a correspondingly high tone. A Pooree congregation, especially if composed of residents of Pooree, is not easy to manage; but the admirable tact of our brethren was equal to every emergency, and if many "who came to scoff" did not "remain to pray," they at least paid good attention and all due respect.

On the Sunday we had service in the P. W. D. bungalow, and I wrote to a young Bengali baboo, who has recently arrived as deputy collector and deputy magistrate, inviting him to attend with us. I had met with him previously, and he had expressed himself as being very favourably disposed to christianity. He is the grandson of one of the first five pupils of Dr. Duff, and gave me to understand that both his father and grandfather were christians at heart, though they had made no public profession, and that he himself had been in the habit of attending christian worship in Calcutta. I was therefore pleased when he politely accepted the invitation. He came according to promise, and appeared most reverent and devout. On the *Sunday* he was thus *worshipping with us*: on the *Monday*, the day following, he was most diligent, minus boots and socks, *arranging the ropes of Juggernath's car!* I will only add that the baboo is a B.A. of the Calcutta University. Verily it is hard to understand young and educated Bengal.

Tracts and books were sold and distributed as usual. May they be abundantly blessed in the perusal, and may all our labours be owned of God!

Yesterday we had the pleasure of marrying seven of our school girls, and to-day another is to follow in the same good way. The latter was also to have been married yesterday, but "the bridegroom tarried," and when he arrived it was evening, and the ceremony was at an end. The bride very sensibly rejoiced in her liberty being prolonged another day.

The splendid bell for our new chapel has arrived, and is the wonder and admiration of our people, though still in its packing. The chapel is slowly approaching completion, and we are hoping to hold the opening services in September. Mr. Miller and Shem Sahu have been invited to preach the sermons, and we hope to have "times of blessing."

GRASSI AT FROSINONE.

AMONGST the many problems which our Italy has to solve, certainly the foremost is that of religion. The difficulties are very great, as the people, deceived and tyrannized over by the Popes, would disown altogether conscience and individual liberty. However, the present religious revival is making undisputed progress; and no sooner did it become known to the people of Frosinone that there were amongst us evangelical ministers in the persons of the ex-Canon of the Basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, Sig. Cav. Grassi, and Sig. Alessandro Petocchi, than many good citizens hastened to hear the truth. Sig. Grassi spoke the evangelical truth with so much capacity and dignity, that he won the admiration of all his hearers. Much might be said of their apostolic and generous hearts towards the poor, to whom they have given much, but we spare their modesty. Our readers will be glad to have, by means of this periodical, an opportunity of expressing their gratitude to these apostles for their endeavours to solve this great problem, so important to our social progress, and to the consolidation of our country's liberty and independence.—From "*Il Sampo*," published at Frosinone, July 30, 1875.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XVIII.

"For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.—Acts xix. 24, 25.

"Why do you go about enticing people to go to Pooree?" said I to a pilgrim hunter one day, "you know that many of them will die by the way, and never see home again!" "What can I do?" he replied; "in this way I live; by this craft I have my wealth." And this man was but a specimen of thousands more, for it is calculated that "not less than 20,000 men, women, and children, live, directly or indirectly, by the service of lord Juggernath.*" Among them are shrine makers and image makers; silversmiths and goldsmiths; workers in brass, in wood, and stone; shopkeepers, and keepers of lodging-houses; cooks, confectioners, temple warders, pilgrim guides, priests, prostitutes, and others too numerous to mention; all of whom have vested interests in the worship of the idol. The number of pilgrims rarely falls short of 50,000 a year, and sometimes amounts to 300,000. At the car festival food is cooked in the temple kitchen for 90,000 people. What amount of wealth is conveyed into the city can never be known. No one comes empty handed, and the amount of holiness obtained is in proportion to the wealth bestowed. Gold, silver, and jewels are laid before the god, and rich pilgrims have been said to present their own weight in silver. But besides the offerings and expenditure of pilgrims there is great wealth invested in or derived from lands. Dr. Hunter estimates the annual rental of religious lands in Orissa at £50,000—equal to an income of £250,000 in England, or of £4,000,000 in value.

With such vested interests, no wonder that the people of Orissa and Pooree should hate and oppose the gospel, and that, full of wrath, they should cry out, "*Victory to Juggernath! Victory to Juggernath.*" In vain, however, did Demetrius propose a trade union to protect the workmen of like occupation with himself against the preaching of Paul; and it is equally vain to suppose that the great god Juggernath will, in the end, fare any better than the great goddess Diana.

No. XIX.

"Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—1 Cor. iii. 12, 13.

In India the natives are gradually improving in the construction of their houses, but for the most part they are still built of "wood, hay, stubble." In some instances the walls consist simply of mats or wicker-work, with a thin layer of thatch for the roof. During the hot season these materials become very dry and combustible, and fires are of frequent occurrence. Within a radius of a few miles from our house, five villages were burnt during the past hot season. In the hot season of 1854 Mr. Wilkinson's house (on the site I now occupy), the mission chapel, and native christians' houses, being built of "wood, hay, and stubble," were destroyed by fire. Sparks were carried by the high, hot winds from some burning huts at the back. And though a man with a vessel of water was on the roof at the time, yet before he could reach the spot the flames flashed forth. So rapid was the progress of the devouring element that the missionaries had not time to secure even a change of clothes. Providentially they were "saved, yet so as by fire." In a certain part of the house there were some silver coin and spoons, and after the fire Mr. W. found among the *debris* a mass of silver. True, the spoons and rupees had disappeared, but the silver was silver still, the fire notwithstanding, and as valuable as before. With this exception all things else, as house, furniture, clothes, and books, had perished. The silver, however, was again wrought up, and preserved as a memento of the fire through which it had passed.

In view, then, of "*the day*" when "the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is," how important it is in the first place that we rest on the true foundation, Jesus Christ. And then, in building up ourselves and our works upon it, that we use precious and imperishable materials—that we so receive, and teach, and practice those truths and doctrines as shall stand the fiery trial to which all must be subjected. Even about "*the day*" itself, what heaps of speculation—mere fuel for the flames—have been constructed; and along with the true what false teaching, false doctrine, false character, has been incorporated. "If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

No. XX.

"Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking (margin, meditateth,) or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."—1 Kings xviii. 27.

The god Juggernath is supposed to talk, to meditate, to journey, and to sleep. Indeed he is treated, in many respects, as if he were a human being, with human weaknesses and wants. Food is set before him, as if he required to eat; and water, as if he required to drink. He has his night dress, and morning dress, and his dresses for special occasions. He has his necklaces of pearls, and his ornaments of gold. His bed is carried and placed before him every night, and on this he is supposed to sleep, the door being locked lest he should be disturbed. Early in the morning he is awakened by the cries of his worshippers; his dress is changed; his cot removed; and he is supplied with water and a kind of brush with which to clean his teeth. His attendants are divided into thirty-six orders and ninety-seven classes. He has servants to supply his wants, and servants to contribute to his pleasures; musicians to play, prostitutes to dance, and priests to present offerings. He has keepers of his wardrobe and jewels; servants to cover him up when cold, and to fan him when hot; to remain with him in the temple, and to attend him on his journeys; to place garlands around his neck, and to strew flowers along his path. Indeed he is attended upon and treated as if he were a human being—just as children will treat their dolls when they imagine them to be living creatures. The worship of Juggernath is a kind of play at religion, only it is play of the most debasing and demoralizing character; dishonouring to God, and degrading to man. Having changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like to corruptible man, God also has given them up to uncleanness and vile affections.

Such, always and everywhere, is the terrible effect of idolatry. Let us feel thankful that our God needs not that we cry aloud, and cut ourselves with knives, to awake him out of sleep, or to secure an answer to our prayer. Moreover, let us be careful not to deviate in the slightest degree from what the Bible teaches with reference to the character and spirituality of the Divine Being.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, July 3.
" J. G. Pike, July 3.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, July 15.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from July 18th to August 18th, 1875.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| Hinckley | 7 | 6 | 5 |
| Leeds, <i>Wintoun Street</i> | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Market Harborough | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Morcott and Barrowden | 4 | 7 | 0 |

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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.

OCTOBER, 1875.

THE TRUE USE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

It is not singular that in an age so painfully utilitarian as ours, men should ask for the actual and available use of the Christian ordinances; and indignantly shunting the discussions and speculations of ages concerning the theory of the Lord's Supper, insist on an intelligible answer to the question, "What will that 'Supper' do for us men and our salvation; with what practical force is it charged for aiding us in developing the sum of our powers in righteousness; how will it help us in usefulness to one another and the world?"

Christ Jesus, who never diverted His face from any honest inquiry, has supplied an answer to this question; an answer fraught with infinite wisdom, and urged with indescribable tenderness and undeniable authority.

When our Lord instituted this rite, on the night on which He was so basely betrayed by *one* of His disciples, notwithstanding He was then and there, giving such irresistible proof of His steadfast love for them *all*, He used words which, whilst they indicated the novelty of the ceremony as an observance, and its bindingness on all believers, also showed its supremely practical character, and its thorough efficacy in stimulating and developing that self-forgetting affection which is the spring of all true excellence, and the mightiest redeeming energy in the world. With a soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and therefore yearning for the sympathetic love of His followers, He said, "With desire—with ardent soul-hunger—I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer;" and then, in language of moving pathos, He added to the institutive formulæ the tender request, "Do this in remembrance of Me": but before the Supper was ended, He sealed the new rite they had observed with the stamp of His kingly authority, saying, "A new commandment I give unto you, in order that ye may love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also may love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are MY disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Thus, the celebration of the Supper of our Lord is, according to His own account of it—first, an act of personal communion of the soul with its Saviour; and next and eminently, a means of promoting the special grace of brotherly love, of fostering the "communion of saints," of making the consciousness of a common Christian life a deep, intense, joy-giving, and helpful experience, and thereby efficaciously counter-

working the divisive forces of human selfishness, feeding the fires of Christian sympathy, and giving an irrefutable witness of the power and grace of the Lord Jesus.*

Christ came to form a "people zealous of good works." He sought to be the Head of a great religious society, whose animating spirit is universal love, and whose goal is universal helpfulness. He came from the God of love. He Himself is love. He fills us with love, and seeks to raise every disciple who is enrolled in the new brotherhood to the sublime level of His own self-forgetting, self-annihilating affection. Though leaving us in the world, He will not suffer us to be of it. Its associations are organized selfishnesses. He originates a society for brotherly self-abnegation. The world embodies the principle and passion of self-seeking. His church is the incarnation of His own spirit of self-sacrifice. The world has isolation as the law of its life. "The law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus" is one of unity and mutual helpfulness. Hence He finds our ideal in Himself. "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another;" and He takes that feast which is the memorial of His love, in its most glorious self-abandonment, in its grandest achievement, in its ready acceptance of the death of the cross for the salvation of His foes, and sets it before us as at once the pattern of, and the means by which we are to attain to a love as genuine and as full, as tender and as strong, as enthusiastic and as victorious, as His own.

This was always His purpose with regard to His church. The very first words we have referring to the new society enshrine this law of an uncommon and unworldly love, and provide for occasions on which that love has been hurt and bruised by the faults and sins of brethren.† Again, no words of denunciation are more severe, and no man is more irreclaimably doomed, than he who has to hear the sentence of punishment for putting a stumbling-stone in the way of one of His "little ones;"‡ and correspondingly He assures us that the least act done to a disciple of His, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.§ So that it would have been surprising if this same purpose had not appeared in that ordinance which is the central solemnity of the Christian church, and the most hallowed act of worship and fellowship in which its members engage.

And more especially, because practical help of that peculiar sort was the principal need of the disciples at this juncture of their history, and has been the want felt with most pressure in all ages of the world.

* That the words in John xiii. 34, refer to the Lord's Supper, and state its purpose, seems probable for four reasons. (1.) The usual force of the word translated "that." It marks the end, or purpose, or cause for, or on account of which anything is done. In some cases in the New Testament this is strongly apparent, as in John vi. 38, Matt. ix. 6; in other passages the purposive power of the word is less visible, though perhaps never altogether absent. (2.) The circumstance that these words are spoken *at the Supper*, and not long after the entirely new words, "Take eat, this is My body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me," which Christ, in taking a portion of the old Passover feast and forming it into a new ordinance for His followers, substituted for the phrase, "This is the bread of affliction, which our fathers did eat in Egypt." (3.) The perfect way in which as an institution it meets the urgent needs of the disciples with regard to brotherly love. (4.) The difficulty—which still exists—of regarding as *new*, a commandment which is already present in the Old Testament, and which in its essence and spirit is older even than that. This difficulty disappears if we take the new commandment as referring to the new institute; and instead of reading, "A new commandment I give unto you, which is, that ye love one another," translate as above. An authority of high repute, Lange, says, "Doubtless Jesus refers to this institution" in those words.—*Life of Christ*, Vol. III., 133.

† Matt. xviii. 15—20.

‡ Ibid v. 6.

§ Mark ix. 41.

At least three assailants upon the strength and purity of the brotherly regard of the disciples made their attacks felt on the night of the Saviour's betrayal. As the supper was commencing, the fires of an old dispute were raked up and stirred into fresh flame; and the servants of Jesus renewed with fierce zest the contest about their relations and rank, as though their Master had never said anything of the greatness of humility, the dignity of all real service, and the obligation to use for others every good thing that anyone has more of than his neighbours. They were still caring more about *where* they worked than *how*; looking more to any little honour they might win than the real good they might do. How this divisive and corrupting spirit must have chafed the pure soul of Christ in that solemn hour! One almost wonders that He did not recoil from them in utter loathing. But no! with marvellous patience and inconceivable beauty, He tells over again the old story of the divinity of service, strips off His upper garment, fastens a linen napkin about Him, takes a copper bason, and in a slave's attire does a slave's work in washing their feet, reminding them that it is not enough for His disciples to admit in theory that they are not greater than their Lord; they must do the things that prove the theory is a loving principle within them; and then He gave them the new memorial rite, and thus brought them into closest fellowship of thought and feeling with Him in His mighty love, and so quenched their unhallowed rivalries and restless ambitions, and enabled them to love one another with a love like His own in kind, though feebler in its degree.

The behaviour of Judas, too, was a deepening of their need for this special help. We cannot fairly estimate the destructive force of the shock to their unity of feeling and thoroughness of brotherly affection produced by the traitorous deed of their companion, when he betrayed Christ into the hands of His murderers. We have seen something of the awful panic that follows the collapse of a great name, or the breach of a sacred trust. If, when walking with men in holy associations, working with them in enterprises of great pith and moment, a trusted leader utterly breaks down, an unreasoning terror seizes us, and destroys at a blow our faith in men, in ourselves, and often, alas! our faith in God. Like the on-rush of a devastating flood over a fertile valley was the betrayal of Christ on that small band of apostles. They did not know what to do or think. No sooner did they hear the word, "One of *you* will betray *Me*," than they looked on one another in sore perplexity and painful fright. Each was ready with the question, "Is it I?" not feeling sure that the serpent was not in his bosom. And even after the answer came, and Judas had gone out into the dark night, they felt like men who knew not what might happen, and dreaded the very worst. At once Christ re-assured His disciples of His safety, and declared His immediate glorification by the Father; and then reminded them of the loving ordinance He had just given them, and so lifted them over their difficulties, healed the wide breach in the continuity of their trust, and perfected and reinforced their love for Himself and for one another.

But, after all, the heaviest strain on the bond of brotherly feeling which held the disciples together came from the impending departure of the Lord Jesus. *With* Him they might have faced almost anything;

without Him they were broken straws on the stream of events, incapable of checking the force or altering the direction of their drift. With His helpful word, loving glance, and kindly drill, they could have quenched the heat of their rivalries, and even attained a glowing zeal for righteousness: His removal made orphans of them, the poor victims of their inexperience of the world and of the new ways along which they had to go. But how could He leave them "comfortless?" No; He bestowed a triple gift—His Spirit, His Word, His Supper; and so He kept aflame the flickering fires of their affection.

Thus by this new rite Christ provided for the three most imperative needs of His disciples, and thereby avoided the breakdown of the threatened society, and made it possible to realize His own sublime ideal of a brotherhood of men displaying a passionate, sincere, enthusiastic, and living love, if not equal to His own, yet like it in its rich qualities, and attaining a degree of power which has been the admiration and envy of the church ever since.

This inestimable service of the "Supper" to the "Eleven" in their hour of deepest need was a promise of its true use in all the ages of the Church. Immediately after the resurrection of Christ, and with a promptitude of action revealing warm appreciation of the rite, and an unhesitating loyalty to their new King, the disciples carried this festival of fellowship and affection to a foremost place in their observances, and thereby helped to maintain at a white heat the fervour of their brotherly love. When Jesus was made known to the gloomy and sad Emmaus pilgrims, "as they were breaking bread," they accepted the fact as a fresh utterance of the new command, and a promise of His re-appearing in similar scenes. Once and again He broke in upon the hopeful gatherings of His followers "as they were breaking bread;" and so both quickened their faith in the strange but joy-giving word, "Lo, I am with you always," and strengthened their regard for the ordinance which enshrined His sacrificial love. Hence, after His ascension, the life of the church, for a brief space at least, is divisible into two leading portions; as, in their new born zeal, they continue with one accord (1) in the temple for teaching and prayer, and (2) "breaking bread," at home or "privately" (Acts ii. 46), in obedience to the word and wish of their exalted Lord.

Very early the "Lord's Supper" became the one special occasion for the practical manifestation of sympathy and of glowing brotherly consideration for the necessities of others. On the "Lord's-day," and at the "Lord's Supper," what so befitting as that His disciples should think of "the Lord's poor?" Justin Martyr—born A.D. 103—writing of the ordinance in the second century, says, "the rich contribute according as they are willing; and whatever is collected is entrusted to the president, and from it he relieves the widows and orphans, and those who suffer from sickness or other causes, as well as those who are in bonds and strangers, and indeed all who are in need of assistance." Goldwin Smith, in his work on *Slavery*, speaks of the Supper as the symbol not of a family or national union, but of the union of all mankind; and says, that though not revolutionary in appearance, in force it has been the most revolutionary political agency that has ever been seen amongst men, and has done more for the abolition of slavery than aught and everything besides.

So, gently as the dew, irresistibly as the sunshine, the Supper of our Lord has gone on developing and strengthening the consciousness of a common life in Christ, promoting intimate spiritual communion, inspiring the master to treat his slave as a brother, and, in effect, to set him free; constraining the rich to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and build hospitals for the sick; filling the poor and ignorant with courteous and loving regard for the larger gifts, or acquired powers, of the wise and strong; suppressing sentiments and habits generated in a selfish world, and based on mere external and temporary differences of position and character; elevating the inner and moral characteristics to their rightful supremacy in general esteem; hushing rivalries and ambitions; making the unlovely loved because Christ loves them and saves them; stimulating generous gifts to the poor, kindly visits to the sick, and placing in the midst of men a society eager to forget its own gratification, and to absorb itself in the Christlike work of helping the needy, cheering the sad, and saving the lost.

And still the "Communion" is with us; and no less is our need of its help than that of any who have gone before us. Less? It often seems as though it were greater. The common lament is that the church is an ice-house, its fellowship a pretence, its brotherly love a delusion. Far too true, though not wholly true, is the accusation; and it is due in a large measure to our misconception and misuse of the Lord's Supper. Moreover, real Christlike brotherly love is as difficult to practise as ever. Selfishness is as divisive and murderous as in the days of Cain. To love men with a love that works for them, sympathizes with them, and suffers in order to understand them, and more effectively help them and become all things to them; to love them without regard to money in the purse, culture of mind, and beauty of character, is no easier for us than for Paul and Diotrephes. The way to a love like our Lord's is still through Gethsemane, and cannot be tracked without courage and some suffering. The pain will be *sweet*, but keen. Indeed had it not been a cross we had not needed Christ, nor Christ's church, nor Christ's ordinance. If the brotherhood of Christians were composed of perfect saints, faultless as the angels, lovable as Jesus, what should we have to do *more* than others? If there were no difficulties to surmount, no crass folly, no painful stupidity, no discreditable self-seeking, no wrangling rivalries, no dark betrayals, what need for our supernatural life, the indwelling Spirit and Word, the fellowship of saints, and the hope of immortality? Gentiles "salute one another." Worldlings "throw apples where they will lodge." "Publicans" return love for love. Thieves fraternize. Our work is far *more* than this. "As I have loved you, so ought ye to love one another," is our standard; and therefore He has given us this new rite, and enforced it with a new commandment, that, realizing its purpose, all men may see that we are His disciples.

Do we so use the Lord's Supper; or are we eating of the bread and drinking of the cup of blessing unworthily? Depend upon it there are other ways of degrading this solemn service than the vulgar and animal Corinthian method. They exaggerated its social aspect, and converted it into a gluttonous club dinner. Far other is our danger. We may invest it with an unnatural and unreal awe, forget its eucharistic and brotherly

meaning, and so dishonour it and injure the church. We may impose conditions, create restrictions, and multiply qualifications, till we make it a cause of discord rather than unity, a badge of narrowness rather than of brotherly love. To sit at this table with feelings of ambitious rivalry swelling in the breast, with the gall of bitterness rankling in the heart towards any one; or to leave it in a hard and harsh and inconsiderate spirit, without tender sympathy and deepened interest in the brotherhood of believers is to eat and drink unworthily of the useful ends for which Christ originated this new and beautiful rite. Let us examine ourselves, and discerning the Lord's body, even His Church, consider its perfect oneness, its manifold need, its mission in the world, and eat and drink resolved to help and incite one another to love and good works. Let us examine ourselves, and if any false pride of intellect or place is in us leading us to incautious or discourteous deed, let us repent of it and cast it out, recognizing every Christian as a partaker of the divine nature, as in his measure an incarnation of Christ who died for us all, and so eat lovingly, purposing to treat each one as though he were *Christ Himself*. A piece of soft iron wholly non-magnetic, when brought near the electro-magnet has magnetism *induced* into it; so our proud and selfish hearts, brought near to the "Supper of our Lord," shall feel the attractions of Christ with new energy, and His love being induced into us we shall rise to the ardour and reality and completeness of a love for men such as His.

On no account, then, should the churches of Jesus lose a single opportunity of fostering a loving, regular, and intelligent attention to this new command. The frequency of the observance is obviously a matter of expediency: for precedent may be found for both a daily and weekly practise in the church of the New Testament. But the necessity and importance of actual observance to the life, and love, and work, and usefulness of the church can scarcely be exaggerated. The road back to the ardour, and glow, and helpfulness of Pentecostal times is by way of the facts, ideas, and feelings, that gather and swell in our hearts as we partake of the Lord's Supper. Of all services it should be holiest and welcomest. Incite, induce, allure to the Lord's table. Bring the weak and the strong, the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the sorrowful and the glad, the halting and the progressive, bring all who believe in and cling to Jesus as their Saviour and Lord, and look to His living love in sacrifice and in service as their salvation. Shrink from carrying the responsibility of turning the least of Christ's "little ones" out of the path that leads to the communion of disciples in an act of cheerful and joyous obedience to the will of their Lord.

Nor, on any account but one, let us stay away from the "Communion." Nought but intended or unrepented sin should be suffered to bar our approach to the table of the Lord. He has spread the feast Himself, so that we may, by remembrance of His love and sacrifice, have our penitence stirred to its utmost depths, and our hearts enriched with the joy of His pardon, and fired with His all-constraining love. He meant it to help us: and we need the help, oh! how sorely. We have not the perfect love we desire. We do not always suppress self-seeking, and in rapturous self-abandonment give ourselves to our work in His kingdom. We mourn over deficient ardour, feeble interest in the church, and want of pity for

sinning and suffering men; and yet when He says, pointing to the broken bread and the cup of the New Testament in His blood, "Do this:" we say, "Not yet," and "Not yet."

"But why?"

"I do not feel worthy."

"It is not necessary you should feel worthy. He is your worthiness. All fitness dwells in Him. He did not make the feast for scholastic theologians with flawless creeds, or vehement sectarians with infallible rules, or faultless moralists with precise speech; but for disciples, for men whose hearts respond with a thrill of grateful love to the appeal of the most pure and holy and saving love the world has known. Love is worthiness. Affectionate homage to Christ qualifies. If you have that even feebly vibrating in your heart as you gaze into His face, come, come at once; come and welcome.

"Not yet."

"But why?"

"I am afraid."

"Afraid?" Afraid of whom? or of what? Surely not of Christ. You cannot expect His censure for doing as He bids. This is a service of thanksgiving, not of condemnation; of joy and gladness, and not of fear and sadness; of faith, and hope, and love—and the greatest of these, here, as everywhere else, is love. Let not a false idea of the strong words of Paul to the Corinthians ensnare you. He condemned eating for eating's sake, instead of for Christ's sake. You will not do that.

"Afraid of avowal of discipleship to Christ?"

Is that the real reason of your neglect? But have you no fear of offending and grieving the love of Jesus? Is it a right thing to disobey Him; to refuse the help He offers; to rob His church of your power, and to injure yourself by want of conscientious loyalty to the true King of men? Brace yourself to an open confession of faith in Him, and cease this very day to mar your happiness and harden your heart by refusing so touchingly tender a request as His—"Do this in remembrance of me!"

JOHN CLIFFORD.

OUR INVISIBLE CHILDREN.

Sinite puerulos venire ad me; talium enim est regnum Dei.

SHINE on, dear hearts, in glory shine,
More beautiful than light,
Whose summer reigns without decline,
And day that knows no night.

In other days upon your brow
We pressed our ardent kiss;
God's saints and angels love you now,
While you partake their bliss.

Your feet would walk this way with ours
A little time ago,
That now are where immortal flowers
In happy pastures grow.

We raised you weary in our arms;
We soothed your early fear;
Ripley.

You tire no more, nor feel alarms,
Whose Saviour stands so near.

O! loved ones of our care and prayer,
Because we hold you dear
We joy that you should summer there,
Who knew short winter here.

You never will return to us,
But we may go to you;
Great Shepherd, faith is singing thus—
In Thee our hope is true.

A hope that widens while we sing,
And thrills with speechless love;
Our other lambs wilt Thou not bring,
Till all shall meet above?

EDWARD HALL JACKSON.

TOBACCO AND THE CHURCHES.

BY REV. ROBERT HOLMES :

Author of "Kind Words to all Classes."

"Is it expedient for members of Christian churches to countenance the use of tobacco?" This is a question which, the writer considers, should at present receive very careful attention. He is well aware that some do not look upon it as of any moment. In their judgment, the use, or non-use, of tobacco does not affect at all the welfare of our churches. Then there are not a few who will, perhaps, consider that the mere raising of the question has the appearance of interfering with the individual liberty of Christian people. They use tobacco, and neither try to enforce nor interdict its use in the case of others. They claim full liberty to act just as they may think proper in the matter of wholesome pleasures and harmless indulgences, amongst which they class the custom referred to. To such I would say at the outset, that nothing could be farther from my intention than to presume to lay down any positive law on the subject. The right or wrong of the custom is not the question here raised. It is the expediency of it which I propose to discuss; for granted that it is right to use tobacco, the inquiry may nevertheless in certain circumstances properly arise, "Is it expedient to do so?" There may be usages amongst us against which there is no Christian precept, but which it would be the height of imprudence to adopt. We have the authority of the apostle Paul himself for making such a statement. Twice, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, he declares, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." With all due deference, then, to the judgment and Christian principle of those who may hold a contrary opinion, I incline most decidedly to a negative answer to the question before us, and hold that at present it is *not* expedient for members of Christian churches to countenance the use of tobacco. For,

I. Does it not divert money from the funds of our churches? I believe it does, and no small amount either. Many Christian people allow themselves a certain sum weekly for what they denominate "incidental expenses," in which they include such things as tobacco, and the calls that may be made upon them at church or chapel. Beyond the mark formed by that sum they do not deem it prudent to go. Now if it should happen during the week to be too freely encroached upon, the contributions on the Sabbath are less liberal than they otherwise might, or rather, would perhaps have been. The little economy needful to make all square is often practised here. And it is not unfrequently the case that the encroachment has been made by tobacco, for the habit of using it is one that grows, and that entails increasing expense, and the craving for it such as it is very difficult, we are assured, to resist. In this way the funds of our churches are often impoverished.

About two years ago, the pastor of a Nonconformist church waited upon a young man, one of his members, who was a clerk in a merchant's office, to solicit a small weekly contribution for a specific object, to

extend over a period of twelve months. The substance of the reply he received was this :

“ Well, sir, I highly approve of what you have named to me. The object is a most worthy one. But the fact is, I cannot do anything. I am just now situated thus : I allow myself about four shillings a week for odds and ends. That is, for collections at chapel, my tobacco, daily paper, and any trifling penny claim that may cross my path. In this way it all goes, and I cannot spare myself any more.”

“ I see,” the minister said. “ Now what may your tobacco cost you ? Pardon me.”

“ All right, sir,” he answered. “ Don’t apologise. I see what you are at. I’m ashamed to say it costs me, including a cigar now and then, not less than two shillings a week. Now I’ve a notion what you’ll say, at least, what you’re thinking. It is, I’ve no doubt, that if I would give up my tobacco, I should be able to contribute two shillings more a week to the cause of religion. Quite true ; I should. And I wish I could give that more. And I could, if it was not for the weed. It stands in the way. To that extent it robs God. But I don’t intend it shall do much longer. Now don’t judge me uncharitably. I’m not alone in this. I know many good people who would be able, and also sure, to put more than they now do into the treasury of the church, if they could bring themselves to abandon the use of tobacco. You see it swallows up a large part of their cash.” Undoubtedly it does.

The admission of this merchant’s clerk is suggestive of the diversion of large sums of money from the funds of the church in this way. Let us suppose that amongst all sections of professing Christians there are, in Great Britain and Ireland, ten thousand churches, having on an average ten cases similar to the one just named ; it would appear that not less than £100,000 is annually diverted by this custom from the cause of God. This is, no doubt, much below the mark, as the national tobacco bill amounts yearly to something like £14,000,000, a considerable share of which the Christian public pay. It is a painful and humiliating, yet undeniable fact, that for every twopence contributed by the nation to religious and benevolent institutions, more than a shilling is expended on tobacco. How large from this cause must be the loss to religion !

II. Does not the use of tobacco interfere to some extent with the prosperity of our churches ? Let us see, understanding that we are trying to look at the matter and to discuss it in all charity, of course. I would not be understood for a moment as insinuating that one may not be eminent in holiness and use tobacco. Very far from it. Still, it is holiness in spite of the habit, or rather, in spite of the drawback of the habit ; for to a certain extent there is one associated with it. Whatever affects the bodily functions as tobacco does, can hardly be favourable to the growth of Christian graces. Its tendency is to derangement. This is attested by the highest, or at least by very high, medical authority. It is now spoken and written of without any hesitation as a poison. It would be possible, if space permitted, to adduce a large body of medical testimony in support of this statement. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, referring to the subject,

and to the opinion of the medical profession and eminent chemists, writes :—

“So far there is no controversy. All are agreed as to the deadly nature of the plant (tobacco plant). There is no dispute as to the poisonous action of nicotine.” Again, “Nicotine, as the essential principle of tobacco is called, is a liquid alkaloid of such deadly properties that less than the tenth of a grain will kill a middle-sized dog in three minutes, In a single cigar there is sufficient nicotine, if administered pure, to kill two strong men. And thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, the risk must be run of introducing into the system ‘two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons.’”

Here, then, is an enemy to health, both of body and mind, and as a consequence, an enemy to the attainment of that purity after which we are enjoined in the Scriptures to strive, because “our body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.” How solemn the warning, “If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.”

Then there is often a great deal associated with the custom of tobacco smoking of a character to impair, when he mixes up with it, the tone of a believer’s piety. And many are tempted so to mix. There is something, we are told, very alluring to a smoker about the resorts where the custom is being honoured. The company strongly attracts. Now those companies, as a rule, are of a mixed character, not at all favourable to godliness. If religion should be introduced as a topic, it will be to be discussed, or it may be ridiculed. The consequence is, that the atmosphere is injurious to the soul’s health. Here many of our young members have been ensnared. They have paid the penalty of disregarding the apostolic warning, “Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.”

And I would further observe, that we are here introduced to an evil, to which the custom and company of smokers often lead, that not only makes against the spiritual, but also against the numerical prosperity of our churches. I now allude to the fact that the pipe not unfrequently leads to the taking of the glass in excess. From the one to the other has been found a short path, soon and easily travelled. So strong sometimes is the longing for stimulants which tobacco excites, that even total abstainers have been unable to restrain it, and have broken their pledge to satisfy their craving for what they knew had been to them a curse. A well-known temperance advocate writes:—“I have known members of churches break the pledge: but it has nearly always been the case that such have been smokers, and have blamed the pipe for it. So far as I have observed, more members of our temperance societies fall from being caught in this snare than in any other.”

A few years ago, a promising young man left one of our colleges, and very soon disappointed the hopes of his friends, and saddened the hearts of his relatives, by his fall. He frankly attributed the sad calamity, when spoken to about it, to being induced by his love of tobacco to join himself to a company of smokers, and enticed to take the glass. His mistake was altogether unpremeditated, and the consequences came upon him as a swift and terrible surprise. A gentleman long resident

in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and well acquainted with the churches in the North of England, who had paid considerable attention to the hindrances to prosperity and increase, stated not long ago, in private, that he knew of more than one hundred and thirty exclusions due entirely to misconduct traceable to the use of tobacco, and *then* the glass, as the first steps. *He* did not think it was expedient for churches to encourage the practice of using tobacco.

III. Does not the custom referred to create a hurtful prejudice against our churches? In many minds it unquestionably does. It is now leading large numbers of on-lookers, who feel strongly on this subject, to regard the Christian public as *encouraging* an evil condemned by the gravest considerations and most indisputable facts. For they look upon it as a custom by which (1.) a vast amount of money is annually wasted—upwards of £14,000,000. By which (2.) the public health is being seriously injured; for they can now point to unimpeachable testimony attesting the fact that tobacco is a poison, and that it is now undermining the constitution to an alarming extent of young men and boys. By which (3.) intemperance is being increased; (4.) society in different ways annoyed; and by which (5.) the mind of our youth is turned away from religion. Alas! on this point they can wax even eloquent, without fear of contradiction, for it is a fact which cannot be disproved, that somehow the practice does alienate from religion to a fearful extent. An eminent minister in London remarked long ago that “as a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of the smoking young men are irreligious.” The late John Angell James declared “that the first cigar a young man puts into his mouth is often his first step in a career of vice.”

Now this prejudice is very likely to grow, because there is a growing public opinion that the use of tobacco is in every way pernicious. This opinion has now its organization, funds, and publications. Is it not then inexpedient that the use of tobacco should be countenanced by the members of our churches?

IN A TUNNEL, BUT SAFE.

AT Stuttgart a man came to me in the depths of gloom, saying, “Oh, Mr. Smith, I was so filled with joy in the meeting yesterday, and now it is all gone—all,—and I do not know what to do. It is as dark as night!”

“I am so glad,” I quietly remarked.

“He looked at me in astonishment,—“What do you mean?”

“Yesterday,” I remarked, “God gave you joy, and to-day He sees that you are resting on your emotions instead of on Christ, and He has taken them away in order to turn you to Christ. You have lost your joy, but *you have Christ none the less*. Did you ever,” I continued, “pass through a railway tunnel?”

“Yes, often.”

“Did you, because it was dark, become melancholy and alarmed?”

“Of course not,” he said.

“And did you,” I asked, “after a while come out again into the light,—”

“I am out now,” he said, interrupting me. “It is all right—feelings or no feelings.”—R. PEARSALL SMITH.

THE DIARY OF THE LATE T. W. MATHEWS.

XIV.—*The Atonement.*

It has been seen that Mr. Mathews always felt that he must think for himself, and specially on those profound and mysterious questions about which all human thinking is of necessity imperfect in its character, and fragmentary in its results. He could not slide into the grooves of ready-made opinion around him, even though making his own road were a perilous task. It was impossible for him to be held by the strong logic-cords of Calvinism; for his study of the Word led him to believe that that system of formulated theological belief was repugnant to the nature and revelation of God. Pædobaptism could not satisfy him, with the plain directions and the notorious example of Christ and the church of the apostles before him. Thoroughly conscientious, and always fearless, he followed the leading of his convictions as to the mind and will of God wherever they might lead him; never losing that absorbing awe for the illimitable vastness of truth, which is the guarantee of modesty of spirit, and the source of frankness of speech.

Such a thinker was not likely to echo heedlessly the current phrases of the day on so profound a theme as the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and therefore all earnest students of that solemn mystery will be glad to compare their thoughts with those of a modest and reverent expositor of the Word, who so often had the subject before his mind, not of course in all its manifoldness of aspect—who of mortal men does see *that*?—certainly he would vehemently have disclaimed any such assumption,—but in some of its leading characters, as God's sacrifice for sinners, God's cure for sin, and God's supreme revelation of His love for men.

To comprehend the force of some of the sentences of the following letter, we must remember the dominant metaphysical representation of the atonement of thirty years ago, and the phraseology in which that was expressed.

“Dear Friend,—Your question respects sacrifice; you also ask the meaning of the original word. The Hebrew ‘*zabach*’ means simply to slay, sometimes for food, oftener for worship. The Greek *Thuo* means the same. The Latin and English sacrifice, etymologically, means to make sacred, but *really* to present anything religiously. The idea of devoting seems essential to it, the giving up of something on the part of one to the pleasure of another. Now for its spiritual import, Jesus is the great Sacrifice spoken of in the Scripture; and He is so in a two-fold way, corresponding to that two-fold nature that is in Him. Being the true God and eternal life, He is (1.) *the sacrifice presented by God to us*; and being also a true man, the son of Abraham, the son of Adam, the second Adam, He is (2.) the Sacrifice of the human race to God.

As to the first point, you find Him everywhere spoken of as the gift of God unspeakable, the fruit and proof of divine, eternal, unregenerated, unsolicited love, of love generous, forgiving, untiring, universal, impartial, inexhaustible, which, devoting the divine ‘all’ to us (for all things are ours by the gift of God), spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all—Rom. viii. 22. Therefore it is that we have

forgiveness in His blood—Eph. i. 7, Col. i. 14. In whom we have redemption through His blood—the forgiveness of sin; not that pardon is *purchased*, but *proved*; not *created* in the heart of God by Jesus Christ's death, but *flowing* out from the heart of God through the self-devoted heart of Jesus. It is to me a frightful heresy on the one hand to make Jesus better than God, on the other to make Him less than God. But these two mistakes are almost as common as sermons and books are common. Jesus is the true God and eternal life, God manifest in the flesh; that is exhibiting Himself, His feelings, principles, and character, in such a form as we may perfectly understand, viz., in the body, the feelings, the actings, and the sufferings of a fellow-man.

‘Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find.’

My heart triumpheth to write these words. I am exceedingly filled with comfort. Would that all men knew Jesus—that all nations called Him blessed.

“How often is Jesus made less than God, in His not only being treated as a mere man (as the Socinians do), but in His having a sort of feeling toward us which God has not—a kind of forgiveness and pity merely human. How often, how generally is Jesus made better than God; in its being represented that God never would have had any mercy on sinners had not Christ come, and by paying our debt, exhausting the bitter cup of the curse, and satisfying the claims of divine justice, turned the mind of God, changed His feelings, merited His mercy, purchased His love—in short, induced God to be as good as Himself. No wonder at there being Infidels, and Deists, and Socinians in the world, when the orthodox have promulgated such horrid, unreasonable, unscriptural, anti-scriptural ideas of God and of His Bible. Jesus is the Lamb of God; God's Lamb, which He ‘gave,’ ‘put to grief,’ ‘sent,’ ‘provided for a sacrifice,’—spared not, but delivered for our transgressions, for our sins, for our unbelief—that we might ‘perceive the love of God;’ that we (not God) might receive the atonement—Rom. v.; that ‘we might be reconciled to God’ (not God be reconciled to us)—2 Cor. v.—because God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, nor imputing their trespasses unto them, but forgiving them, all of them, through the blood-shedding of Jesus once for all.

“Then, as to the human nature of Jesus, the Son of God, the Son of man, He was offered to God a sacrifice for a sweet smelling savour. It is right and reasonable that all creatures should be yielded up to God; it is equally their happiness and His eternal claim. Jesus, therefore, the righteous, offered Himself in the Eternal Spirit, the living Holy Ghost, the everlasting right life of moral creatures—offered Himself without spot to God, as the Head of the human family. He did so to show what all ought to do; to show the way of peace with God; the only right state of a creature's heart towards God. And He was raised from the dead to show all men what God does with those who yield themselves up unreservedly to the will of God. Every one who follows this Master in self-devotion shall reign with Him in glory, shall enter into the joy of his Lord. They who will not thus follow Jesus shall

perish. If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him. If we deny Him, He also will deny us. We can only yield ourselves to Him, and suffer with Him, when we fully know the forgiveness of sin, when we know the love of Jesus, that is, of God, for Jesus and the Father are one; and we can only do this in the Holy Ghost. But this is not all. It is right that sin should be followed by suffering. Jesus therefore offered Himself a sacrifice for sin (on account of sin), not His own, for He did no sin, but for ours. Not that God punishes an innocent person for the guilty; but that a good person cannot but suffer with the guilty. God is angry with sin. How could Jesus, the manifestation and image, the visible representation of the invisible God, but suffer from sin? Human nature was withered and cursed with sin. How could Jesus, the representation of the human family, but be cursed and withered with our sins; not by being a sinner, but by being injured by our sins. Here is a family; the father and eldest son are perfectly of one heart; all the rest of the family are rebellious, and having in their disobedience set themselves on fire in the house, the eldest son scorches himself most dreadfully—nay, mortally—in trying to rescue them from the flames. Thus it was with Jesus; the heart of God the Father in Him made Him suffer a sacrifice for human guilt. If we are good, we feel for sin, both our own and others, as Jesus felt. With the sacrifice of praise and beneficence God is well pleased—Heb. xiii. 15, 16. By the one we devote ourselves to God; by the other we devote ourselves to our fellow-men. The idea of devotedness is in both.

“I wish this may be satisfactory to you. I wish all men knew it.

“Believe me affectionately yours, for Jesus’ sake,

“THOS. WRIGHT MATHEWS.”

“My dear Friend,—I will endeavour to answer your question laconically, but I hope satisfactorily.

“The blood of Jesus is the most solemn, awful, and perfect assurance which the almighty and all-holy God could give of His pardoning grace towards a rebel world; and at the same time of human wickedness and God’s unspeakable hatred against wickedness. The blood of Christ, therefore, *which has taken away* all our guilt by its being once offered, does, when it is understood and received by the mind and conscience of a sinner (*i. e.*, when believed), produce immediately entire confidence towards God, love, joy, peace, admiration, delight in God, a desire to please God, shame at all past sins, and a determination to grieve God no more. The pardoned sinner feels the spirit of adoption. His conscience, purged from dead works, serves the living God with living love.

“‘He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free.’

“I am your much obliged and faithful friend,

“T. W. M.”

UNSEEN HARVESTS.—Astronomers say we see the light of stars that have ceased to exist. It is so with the influence of many a mother on her child, many a teacher and his people. The worker is gone, but the work abides, enlightening, gladdening, and saving the world. Be not weary in doing well; the world reaps a harvest, even if the sower never sees a ripened grain.

RICHARD COBDEN.

A Chapter in English Biography.

RICHARD COBDEN was born June 3rd, 1804, at a farm-house near Midhurst, Surrey. We pause not in a life so full of incident to give glimpses of his boyish days. Owing to the death of his father, Richard had at an early age to enter the bustling scenes of business life in London. Here he was so much given to reading, that his old-fashioned master used to caution him against persisting in a practice which would be sure to blast his business prospects. Stubborn facts so far falsified these predictions that, having failed himself, the master afterwards became the recipient of a pension from his prosperous and generous apprentice. Cobden was at this time unconsciously storing his mind with those historical facts and political principles which he employed so powerfully at a later period. But for his early reading habits, he would never have known Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," from which he imbibed his Free Trade notions,—never having possessed the ability to put into practical shape his schemes for unfettering the hands of industry,—never have had the eloquence to gain a nation's ear, a nation's conversion, a nation's good.

While engaged as a commercial traveller, Cobden heard of a business which was to be disposed of for £1,500, and, with two other enterprising young men, agreed to try and purchase it. A customer of Cobden's placed so much reliance in his integrity and industry, that he lent him £500; but his two friends did not succeed in securing their shares. The owner of the concern, however, hearing how matters stood, with praiseworthy liberality, allowed them to take it for one £500. Cobden, as soon as he was established in business in Manchester, did in the calico print trade what the Crossleys did in the carpet trade. Instead of sending round samples *for approval*, he designed new and beautiful patterns, and so created a demand by offering a supply of goods at once chaste and cheap; and what he could not find a ready sale for at home he shipped to foreign markets. The project succeeded, and the continental trade often called him abroad. The results of his observations were presented in pamphlets, which first brought him before the public as a deep thinker and a forcible writer.

When the Reform and Emancipation questions were convulsing the nation, Cobden began to write letters to the *Manchester Times*, signed *Libra*. The Editor, struck with the sound sense and strong Saxon of his letters, requested an interview with the writer. This took place at mid-day, and although Cobden protested, he was prevailed on to address a public meeting the same evening. The ordeal of making a maiden speech before distinguished speakers on so short a notice was simply awful. He bowed and blushed, shook and stammered, and sat down so ashamed and disgusted with his first platform effort, that for a long time he maintained that he was constitutionally disqualified for public speaking. But happily this notion was by degrees dispelled, and the calls of poverty and evil policy urged him to the front, till he took rank among the foremost English orators.

When Manchester was incorporated in 1832, Cobden was elected an alderman, and became the acknowledged exponent and leader of the

much-maligned Manchester party—a party which seeks the widest extension of commerce, the most complete representation of the people, the utmost religious liberty, and the breaking down of all monopolies. From the first, the newly-incorporated town sought to secure the repeal of the Corn Laws, and Cobden was the inspirer of the movement.

The Corn Laws professed to protect British producers by imposing a tax upon all imported grain. Practically, they prevented competition from abroad, and kept up prices at home. A bad harvest, followed by a severe winter, inflicted untold misery upon every poor family. With bread at from 10d. to 2s., often from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per 4lb. loaf, men, goaded on by hunger, and maddened by the sight of pining wives and starving children, did rash things! Would not you? The object of the Anti-Corn Law League was to abolish these laws, and give the people untaxed bread. The history of Richard Cobden and the League are inseparable. Mainly through his skill and courage it flourished, till uniting millions of Englishmen it raised one mighty protest, and by the trumpet blasts of truth brought down the walls of the Jericho of Protection. Cobden was the great projector of the plans by which a favourable public opinion was created in answer to Governmental challenges. Indeed, he proposed that “A Central Association of Associations should be formed,” and this led to the formation of the League.

On February 4th, 1839, a deputation was refused a hearing at the bar of the House of Commons. They adjourned to an hotel close by, where Cobden said, “I think there is no cause for despondency because the House over the way has refused to hear us. We are the representatives of 3,000,000 of the people; we are the evidence that the great towns have banded themselves together; and our alliance will be as an Hanseatic League against the feudal Corn Law plunderers.”

Soon after John Bright's young wife died, Cobden visited him at Leamington, where he found him prostrate with grief. Here is his remedy for its removal: “Come with me, and we'll never rest until we abolish the Corn Laws.” Bright complied, and from that day they were as brothers; and the nation and the world have reaped a rich harvest from Bright's sorrow and Cobden's visit of condolence.

In August, 1841, Cobden entered Parliament, and on the second night of the session he told the people's tale in the House of Commons. In closing a speech in which he had in fervid and graphic language sketched a sorrowful picture of the suffering poor, and shown what he called “the monstrous injustice of the case,” he said, “Englishmen had a respect for rank, for wealth—perhaps too much; but there was another attribute in the minds of Englishmen—there was a permanent veneration for sacred things,—and where their sympathy and respect and deference were enlisted in what they believed to be a sacred cause, you and yours (*turning to the Tories*) will vanish like chaff before the whirlwind.”

In another speech, he turned to Sir R. Peel, and said, “I ask the Right Hon. Bart., is he prepared to carry out the same principle in the articles of cotton and wool?” Sir Robert, “It is impossible to fix the price of food.” “Then,” asked Cobden, “on what are we legislating? I ask the Right Hon. Bart., and I again pause for a reply. Will he try to keep up the price of cotton, silk, and wool? No reply! Then we come to this conclusion—We are not legislating for the universal people.”

Meanwhile, the League had raised vast sums of money; flooded the nation with literature; propounded its principles from press and platform and pulpit; and held a monster bazaar in London, by which £25,000 were raised. By these means the country was aroused. Lord John Russell—renowned as a reformer, a meddler, and a recanter—wrote a recantation of his fixed duty scheme. Men of note followed suite. Parliament met in January, 1846, to repeal the Corn Laws. In passing the bill, Sir R. Peel said, "The name which ought to be and will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of one, who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has with untiring energy made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence all the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned:—the name which ought to be chiefly associated with these measures is the name of RICHARD COBDEN."

Cobden had made great personal sacrifices in the service of the public. The last act of the League was to raise a national subscription of £80,000, with which an estate, embracing his birth-place, was purchased, and, together with the surplus, presented him as a tribute to his singularly disinterested labours in the cause of justice, commerce, peace and humanity.

Cobden's love of peace was intense; his hatred of war bitter. When his countrymen were mad with the fighting mania, as in the Russian and Chinese Wars, he rebuked their folly, and rashness, and sin. Yet he was a genuine patriot. He would have been the first to defend his native shores, and to resist an invasion from any quarter. He advocated arbitration *before* the bloodshed and the strife. This principle, which has fortunately prevailed in settling the vexed Alabama claims, may be regarded as one of his posthumous triumphs.

Lord Palmerston many a time pressed Cobden to become President of the Board of Trade, or of the Board of Audit, to become a Baronet, or a Privy Councillor, but he persistently refused place and privileges.

Cobden was the advocate of Retrenchment, Electoral Reform, the Ballot, Compulsory and Unsectarian Education, when these questions were not popular; indeed we may assert (the space allowed will not admit of proofs being adduced) that he was the pioneer advocate of all those schemes which have forced their way into the sphere of practical politics since his death, and for which Tear'em claims credit!

Fortunate in having rendered one great service to his country, he was instrumental in giving effect to another grand principle destined to bring into happiest fellowship the nations of the earth. We refer to the principle embodied in the Commercial Treaty which Cobden negotiated with the late Emperor of the French, by which the interests of two rival, almost hostile nations, were made almost identical. Owing to the disastrous effects of the Franco-Prussian War the original treaty has been somewhat departed from; but the people for whose supposed benefit the changes have been made are already demanding that it shall be restored in its integrity.

In the spring of 1865 it was feared that America would seize Canada on the pretext that our neutrality had been broken by the St. Albans' Raiders. A debate was to take place in the House on the defences of

Canada in case of attack. Cobden, who warmly sympathized with the North in its struggle against slavery, resolved to resist the attempt to build fortresses which would be regarded as a menace by a friendly state. This effort to serve his country cost him his life. He caught cold in travelling to town, and after a few days prostration died in the path of duty in the sixty-first year of his life. No sooner was he dead than the nation missed and mourned him. All parties joined to rear a monumental pillar to his praise and to laud his many virtues.

Next day the benches of the House of Commons were densely packed at the opening hour. The leaders of the two great parties, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, amid breathless silence, paid tribute to his memory, and declared "that the House had lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of its most useful servants." Then, in response to many calls, rose John Bright, trembling with emotion, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and sobbing, said, "Sir, I feel that I cannot address the House on this occasion; but every expression of sympathy which I have witnessed has been most grateful to my heart. . . . But the time which has elapsed since I was present when the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever tenanted a human form departed this life is so short, that I dare not attempt to give utterance to the feelings by which I am oppressed. I have only to say that after twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship, I knew but little how much I loved him until I found I had lost him."

A *word-summary* of the prominent features of the character of Richard Cobden must close these "glimpses." Richard Cobden was a self-taught, self-made, earnest, independent, consistent, courageous, humble, truth-loving, and peace-making Christian Englishman. In a life of such transparent uprightness only the captious and the cruel would parade in print any mistakes he may have made. May the mantle of his integrity fall upon many of England's sons. May they never forget him; but arise to complete what he so gloriously began, and so make our island home great, free, happy, and Christian!

R. SILBY.

THE RETURN HOME.

THE holidays are over, and we are beginning to think of plans for our winter's campaign. Let us attempt great things for Christ. Men need His gospel as much as ever, and they wait for us to carry it to them. Let each soldier seek to enlist recruits. Kind words, spoken naturally, wisely, and lovingly, will heal the heart and lead men to Christ. Speak to the man who is next you. He expects it. Look after the wanderers. Get the fearful and timorous to confess Christ and unite with His people. Make church-fellowship so real and helpful that men shall covet it. "Every man a missionary," is the right maxim. Pastors and deacons and elders should aim to develop men. Lay hold of them whilst they are young. Train them. Give them work to do. Let them feel the yoke of responsibility. Be not afraid of the zeal of youth. Rejoice in it. Direct it. Give it occupation. Talk kindly to it, and it will rejoice in the wise counsel of age. The all-prospering Lord give all our churches to partake largely of His fulness of love and zeal, and grace upon grace!

DR. PRICHARD, OF NORTH WALES.

A Monologue.

FIFTY-TWO years of ministerial labour in the same town bespeak a life-work that sinks into the strata of past years, where most of us have been wont to search for fossil incidents and curious relics. Leaving Abergavenny College in 1823, John Prichard, a delicate young man who had been fighting for months with liver disease and fever, accepts the pastorate of the church at Llangollen, and the congratulations of senior preachers are spiced with the ominous warning, "There is a curse on the place;" and truly the valley nestling in the hills was a very hot-bed of roystering drunkenness and gambling. The congregation numbered about fifty people, twenty of whom were church members, with another ten resident in the hamlet of Glyndyfrdwy, six miles away. There was a debt of £300 on the chapel, with accumulated unpaid interest to the tune of £80. The young minister had to preach twice in Llangollen, and once in Glyndyfrdwy, or Chirk (in English), both places requiring a walk of six miles between each service. The salary was £22 a year; so that the delicate young pastor had to hire himself during the week as book-keeper to obtain a subsistence. The services were not always very lively; a godly sister used to start the singing, until in after years a young man acquired that ability by a joint-stock arrangement which required old John Edwards to sound in his ear, just before he stood up, the proper key-note.

It was soon found that the drunkenness of the people sapped the morality of the neighbourhood. Some of the members attending a farmer's funeral, were shocked to find that the man who usually repeated a prayer prior to the "raising of the coffin" was too drunk to do so; and during the funeral journey into the valley the coffin was pitched to the ground by tipsy bearers three times. A "Moderation Society" was formed, which allowed members half-a-pint of beer; but, as the minister naively wrote, "We never reclaimed a drunkard, as the first glass always prepared the way for another." Soon afterwards a Total Abstinence Society was formed, and the young minister, notwithstanding his weak constitution and numerous duties, added to his work the duty of addressing temperance meetings—a work in which he continued, in spite of sneers and sometimes unkind opposition. His last sermon, preached a fortnight before he died, was a temperance sermon; and during his last illness he persistently refused "hock" and "port," so that he was privileged to honour his principles by surviving through eighty summers as a cold water drinker. At this time his earnest anxiety for the emancipation of the slaves in British Colonies led him to address meetings in various parts of the principality; he wielded this sword well, and with his fellow-soldiers joyfully hung it up in the hall of victory.

In 1837 some of the church-members "discovered" that their minister was not a Calvinist! Alas! how many of the best ministers of Wales at that period were harassed by such ferreting discovery, until their health was ruined, and the congregation wrecked! He was certainly not an Arminian, and as clearly was he removed from being a Gadsbyite, for he often used to say that God gave strength to the sinner

to come to Him in the same way as He gave strength to the man with a withered arm to obey the command, "Stretch forth thine arm." The patient had to exercise faith and "stretch," and the strength came in the exertion to lift the arm. Much unhappy feeling was caused. The minister's resignation was sent in—a decisive test which settled the question, for only *nine* out of eighty-three members would accept it. The infallible nine each received a letter of dismissal "*to a church more congenial to his religious sentiments.*"

The pedigree of the church may be interesting. Llangollen church was established from Glynceiriog church in 1815; that of Glynceiriog was planted by Cefn Bychan church; and that at Cefn Bychan refused to be identified with the Wrexham Baptists because of doctrinal differences, having been established by the (Gen.) Baptists of Nantwich and Brassey Green in 1715; and the Cefn Bychan Baptists used to go to Nantwich for the Lord's Supper—a matter of some interest to General Baptists.

Dr. Prichard often preached in English to congregations formed of visitors to the Vale of Llangollen, and being a native of Llandudno, he was frequently asked to preach in English there, as the little fishing hamlet began to be a summer resort. In this way he became known to most English Baptists who made tours into Wales, many of whom will remember his tall slender form and agile step. Those who met him on the Llangollen hills, or in Llandudno, would not forget his somewhat quaint conversation—for in his old age especially he was always quaint, in spite of himself, when speaking to English strangers. An English congregation was gathered in Llangollen, and in course of time the Rev. H. Jones was invited as co-pastor. The Baptists of Wales, taking advantage of the residence of Dr. Prichard and Mr. Jones (an eminent Hebrew and Greek scholar) in the same town, established a ministerial College, which now has twenty students, under the presidency of Dr. Jones.

Dr. Prichard was an uncompromising Baptist, and his sermons on baptism were generally very impressive—sometimes pathetic. He took an active part in political work, and was especially prominent in church rate contests—at one time his eloquent declamation caused a solicitor, presiding at a vestry meeting, to cry most pitifully.

In 1864 Dr. Prichard was married, for the third time, to Miss Dexter, a General Baptist, who had been baptized at Woodhouse Eaves chapel; and he often expressed a desire to visit the General Baptist Association, especially when he found that some of their churches were "strict" on the communion question.

The Baptists are now the most influential of the denominations in Llangollen; and many churches have been planted in the neighbourhood, besides the College, which is a source of strength to all the North Wales Baptists. Who can say for how much of this we are indebted to the indomitable perseverance of the young minister who was not disheartened with uphill work, but who toiled on for over fifty years with an unstained escutcheon, and a character to which neither prejudice nor bigotry could turn a single shaft? If, during the early part of his ministry, he had given rise to any scandal or whisper of suspicion, how sad would be the "shipwreck of faith," and how different would have been the position of the then despised and insignificant "dippers!" He was a man of sterling integrity. His earnestness did not perhaps

THE DIARY OF A ROVING HEARER.

attain to enthusiasm; his zeal was always a kind of plodding diligence. He lacked the personal magnetism which makes devoted friends; and could be happy in teaching his daughter to read Greek characters, without knowing the words, when she ought to be enjoying herself and bringing sunshine to his heart: but who knows, alas! how much an affectionate heart may not have been weighted down by early toil, and anxiety about living on £22 a year! He was a man of "Duty;" and therefore, while all his acquaintances honoured and respected him, only the few loved his earnest soul and realized that beneath the rugged bark there was a heart of oak. He became the leader of North Wales "political dissenters," and almost throughout his life was the champion of the Baptist Sunday schools and editor of school literature. In North Wales he was a leading spirit in the temperance reform. Combined with his work in raising the Baptist cause around Llangollen, he established the College. Taking all these things together, we see a great life-work. If the man who pulls steadily at the oars in crossing life's sea can be compared to those whose sails are wafted by the breezes of genius, it may be said that he did more than any man ever did before for the Baptists of Wales. We can say, with Montgomery—

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
"At midnight came the cry—
'To meet thy God prepare:'

He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay!"

R. FOULKES GRIFFITHS.

THE DIARY OF A ROVING HEARER.*

No. II.—*Reading the Scriptures, etc.*

AFTER hearing the Rev. A. B., the Diarist, evidently deeply affected by his skill in READING THE SCRIPTURES, says—

"What a treat it is to hear a good reader, one who gives the sense, and makes the scene depicted, live over again before your eyes and in your hearts! How forcible and even fresh the old and familiar book seems when its parables and love-stories, its discussions and songs, are rendered with fine appreciation of the spirit that pervades them! I can always tell when the Scripture a man reads is *in* him, or is merely before his eye. A sing-song style; a jaunting, jerking intonation, in which the sentences come like minute guns, without flow, without reverence, without the emphasis of intelligent sympathy with the writer; all these signs betray either indolence or incapacity, or both. The minister I heard on Wednesday evidently laboured under the mistake that elevation of the voice is emphasis, and though a man of intelligence and culture, robbed his reading of all good effect by this one blunder, making what ought to have been a pleasure and an instruction a wearying and meaningless vocalization. Going to a higher note is often the opposite of emphasis. A lingering pronunciation of the pivotal word of a passage is frequently sufficient to convey its idea: but it is chiefly an infusion of sympathetic thought into the TONE,

giving a thrill of joyousness or sorrow, of hope or victory, to the voice, that forms the essence of rightly emphasized, acceptable, and useful reading of the Word of God in public.

“And this is more necessary than ever. The Bible is the most familiar of all books. Its incidents are in every mind. Its teaching is superficially diffused over every intelligence. Hearers know what is coming, and are accordingly listless and indifferent until they hear the words of the free and extemporary prayer, or the thoughtful and stimulating sermon. The one cure for this is, that a man puts into his reading what he does into his prayers and into his sermons, viz., *himself*—his own individual thought and experience, his personal life. A. B. reads as nobody else. The best mimic would fail to reproduce him. He reads David’s song as if he himself had just composed it. He reports Christ’s words as if he heard them half-an-hour ago in the next street. He goes through Paul’s letter as if it had come by post that morning. Nobody wants interjected exhortations, rousing anecdote, and jejune or even vigorous comments with his reading, to make it powerful and impressive. It is an inspiration. He breathes the spirit of Scripture; and the ancient message is full of life. I wish all the students and preachers of the land could have heard A. B. read this morning.”

BRIGHTNESS IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.—“It would scarcely be thought that a man could have a topic so bright and joyous as ‘My soul shall make her boast in the Lord,’ and yet conduct a service almost without a cheering and gladdening note, in fact, oppressively gloomy from beginning to end; not a line of praise and thanksgiving in the prayer; and the sermon without any ring of ecstatic triumph in it from its first to its last word: yet that *has* happened under the sun this bright summer’s day.

“Is it that preachers see so much of the sad and distressing in human life that it conquers them: or why do we hear so much of failure, and so little of success; so often of temptation, and so rarely of victory; argument so convincing about the depravity of the heart, and the weakness and insufficiency of our resources, and logic so feebly inspiring about the redeeming and conquering power of Christ; sermons so really helpful to supplication, and yet so wanting in impulse to thanksgiving and adoration?

“The mournfulness of the service at Duke Street gave me fearful visions of the preacher’s illness, of the numberless trials through which he must have passed, and of the general hopelessness of his lot. I often feel as if prayer and preaching ought *never* to have a discouraging word in them. “Would I describe a preacher?” I should say the true preacher is a *comforter*. He knows men come to worship, weary, exhausted, annoyed, and often disgusted with life; sorely tempted to disbelieve God, and to yield to the greed and lust of the world. He thinks of the individual lives of his hearers; how full of care and disappointment, of blighted hope, of self-censure and shame; and therefore he does not elaborately demonstrate what the world and experience are saying to them all the week; but only in the gentlest way, and with a touch full of tenderness, and ringingly eloquent with encouragement, will he remind them of their littleness and weakness

and failure, ever remembering with what terrible eloquence real life insistingly enforces all that from morn to night. His voice is one of cheer. His message is of hope. His eye beams with an assuring pledge that for us, too, as for him, God is a present help, an actual friend, a sure defence. His teaching, by its matter, and not less in the manner of its delivery, fills us with daring and resolution; and we are sent back to our inevitable life of work and conflict with a wise dependence on God, a strong resolve to fight and hope and pray and believe to the very uttermost, assured that righteousness is victory, and that God's love in Christ is the mainstay of the soul in seeking righteousness. If I were a preacher, I think I should never rest till I had found out the secret of making men not only believe, but rapturously *boast* in the Lord, as feeling proud that they know Him, and that He is on their side, and that they need not fear what man or devil can do unto them.

"The last hymn at Duke Street was sung as if the congregation were at a heathen funeral. It was doleful as the dying speech and confession of a criminal, and seemed not to quiver with a single pulse of Christian feeling. I like to hear the concluding hymn in a service sung better—with more spirit and energy and sweetness—than either the first or second or third: as if preaching and praising and praying had really accomplished its work, and filled all hearts with the gladness of faith, and compelled even disheartened men to root out despair, and fill themselves with a song of faith and hope and joy."

THE PREACHER'S HANDS, is a topic on which the Diarist has remarked several times. I will quote two or three.

"How odd it is that so few preachers know what to do with their prehensile apparatus! How thankful I fancy some ministers would be if they could unhook their arms and leave them at home, or in the vestry, whilst they go to preach." Again, he says, "We have many photographs of preachers; I wish we could have one showing the infinite diversity of attitude effected by the various ways in which they dispose of their hands. The orthodox style, as in pictures of Whitfield and Spurgeon, is either with both stretched up overhead, sky-ward, straight and stiff as a guide-post, or else with one in this interesting position, and the other resting on the pulpit desk. Few preachers are orthodox in the use of their hands and arms. That privilege is reserved for greatness. One stands 'trifling gracefully' with the gilt links of the watch-chain that is athwart his breast, as if, like a schoolboy recently dowered with a chronometer, he wished all his hearers to know of his possession. A second stands with arms folded over his breast, as if supremely satisfied with himself and his work; whilst another gently soothes the tropical zone of his being, as if to quiet the unseen agitations of which he is the unfortunate victim. Arms akimbo and fingers stretched backward is a favourite style with weak individuals, who seem to suffer from spinal complaint; and the same use of the hip-joints, with fingers reversed, is made by strong persons, gymnastically inclined, who have taken lessons in 'action' at Hengler's Circus. The minister this morning suffered his hands to *diverge* widely apart when he was talking about facts *converging* to a point, like rays to a focus; and so said one thing with his lips and another with his hands, thereby diminishing the effectiveness of his sermon. The student I heard last Sunday began with his hand

in his bosom, as if cold or contented; then he thrust it violently into his trousers' pocket, as if hunting for his railway fare; and at last found relief for his distresses by placing them under the tail of his coat. He reminded me of many I have seen, who having neglected their morning ablutions, conscience, automatically working, urges them to wash their hands, though soap and water and bason are invisible. The 'pump-handle,' 'sledge-hammer,' 'boxing,' 'ball-catching,' 'knife-chopper,' 'thigh-slapping or cobbler's,' and the 'Bible-slapper,' are all other species of the same abundant genus.

"I have read that the Greeks described elocution as *cheironomy*, or the management of the hands; and I think there is reason in it. The best speakers I have heard seem to avoid excessive use of arms and hands; and thinking and feeling with all their soul and strength, animated with the purpose to be natural and real, succeed in suiting the action to the word."

C. SAMUELSON.

For the Young.

WHAT DECISION FOR CHRIST DID.

In the West lived a very proud, wealthy infidel and irreligious father, who having one day called his family together, told them, if they went to the prayer meeting and "got religion," as he called it, he would disinherit them and banish them from his house. The wife and child were included in the threat. The daughter, however, continued to go to the prayer meetings, and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. When an opportunity was afforded to make a profession, she merely arose and spoke of the "great change" in her heart, and of her faith in the Saviour.

The news was immediately carried to the family of the young lady. Having come home that night, she was met at the door by her father, standing with the Bible in his arms.

"Maria," said he, "I have been told that you have publicly professed, to-night, that you have religion. Is that so?"

"Father," said the girl, "I love you; and I think I love the Saviour, too."

Opening his Bible to a blank leaf, and pointing his finger, he said: "Maria, whose name is that?"

"It is my name, sir."

"Did I not tell you that I would disinherit you if you got religion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I must do it. You cannot come into my house." And tearing the leaf out of the Bible, he said, "There, so do I blot out your name from among my children. You can go."

She went to the house of a pious widow in the neighbourhood, and heard no more from her father for three weeks. But one morning, seeing her father's carriage driving up to the door, she ran out, and said to the driver: "What is the matter, James?"

"Your father is very sick, and thinks he is going to die; and he is afraid he shall go to hell for his wickedness, and the grievous wrong he has done you in disinheriting you and turning you from his house. He wants you to jump into the carriage and come home as quickly as possible."

She found her father sick, sure enough, on going home; but she soon saw he was only sin-sick. She talked with him, prayed with him, and endeavoured to lead him to Christ. In three days, the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, making the whole family, were all rejoicing in hope.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. X.—*Minor Financial Work (continued).*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

IV. THE CARE OF THE EDIFICE is one of the lesser duties of the diaconate which not unfrequently wears a financial aspect, and offers difficulty to a body of men resolved to do *all* their work well. The condition of the building, the character of its general appointments, its *tout ensemble*, has a very appreciable effect upon the character of the influence of the people in the neighbourhood, and the degree of its prosperity as a working community. If the "plant" of a firm is in a decaying condition, and betrays everywhere indications of disrepair, there will be a diminution of profit upon all the capital invested, and an increase of hazard in every pound of work. An old and well-established business house may, perhaps, though it is extremely doubtful, afford to linger up a dingy court, and transact its affairs in the midst of dirt and decay; but men who *have* to get on, must secure good business premises, well-arranged, every way adapted to the work waiting to be done, and kept in such a state as to prove that capacity and tact and thoroughness and despatch are ascendant elements in the business qualities of the firm. Of course, the perfectness of the mere machinery of business can never be a substitute for ability, energy, perseverance, and other mental and moral qualities; but if these are present, they will be greatly assisted by the favourable sphere in which such qualities are exercised.

Similarly with our places of worship. Dust one-eighth of an inch thick on the pews will be an effectual deterrent to worshippers, and will go a long way to mar the effect of a good service. We have no right to charge for a sitting, and then leave it in such a state that it cannot be occupied with comfort. Most men prize their hats too highly to enjoy having them coated with dust from underneath the seat; and ladies find themselves "riled" if their dresses are employed to cart away the material that has accumulated in the previous week. Door-slaming injures preacher and people alike. Bad ventilation makes "keepers at home." Ill-regulated lights give the notion of incapacity in the directing staff. Dirt is nowhere so utterly out of place as when it is in the house of God. Chapels should be models of cleanliness, neatness, and purity in all their internal arrangements. A "cheese-paring policy" in matters pertaining to the comfort and convenience of worshippers, and in the "management" of the building and its appointments, enfeebles the witness of the church for all that is good and useful, and cripples its activities in many though unseen ways.

But does not all this rest with the "*chapel-keeper*?"

"Yes, and No." For the "*chapel-keeper*" is only the servant of the deacon; and bears only a derived responsibility, and ought not to be left to himself. To secure an efficient one is worth any pains. To get a man, or woman, or both, with enthusiasm for the work, an inborn love of neatness, a kind and willing disposition, a quick eye to see, and a ready hand to supply what is wanted, is an immense relief to the diaconate: but it seems to me that it should be distinctly felt that the *care of the edifice* is on our shoulders, and that, slight as the work may seem, it is nevertheless of great importance.

I am told that in some of the ritualistic churches, ladies of rank and position devote themselves to seat-cleaning and other tasks connected with the internal order and harmony of the building. Might not "*deaconesses*," when revived amongst us, as I suppose they will be, worthily and usefully take up the supervision of the interior of the structure? The day for that, however, is not yet! Meanwhile, therefore, we must supply, either by purchase or personal attention, all that is needed to the comfort of worship, and the effectiveness of work.

V. COLLECTIONS.—One deacons' meeting in the year is usually occupied with the arrangements for collections to be made for, or (in the case where weekly offerings represent all contributions) gifts to be appropriated to extra-church objects. The work of that meeting is not always easy. It brings with it serious questions. Not at once is it seen in what directions the benevolence of the people will be best directed—nor under what conditions generosity of character and breadth of sympathy will be most largely and harmoniously promoted.

Some institutions are inevitable and undeniable claimants upon the church's help, and take their place on the annual list as by an indisputable right. Sunday schools cannot be barred out. They are part of the church's work, and come as naturally and ask as confidently for aid as children for bread, or clerks for wages. Colleges for the training of ministers have gained a secure position. Foreign Missions are the direct offspring of the church, and we expect the appeal as regularly as we look for the Queen's taxes.

But there is an area beyond this which is fairly debateable; and we need sound settled principles to guide our discussion as we cross it. Hospitals for the sick and infirm, Almshouses, Orphanages, Bible Societies, Evangelization Societies for Jews and Turks, for bond and free; these and similar applicants require to be dealt with in a wise and far-seeing manner.

There is no danger of forgetting (at least, my experience and observation tell me there is not) that benevolence may be strained by over-pressure. Officers of churches are sufficiently sensitive on that score, and are not likely to damage the generous feeling of the congregations on whose behalf they act, by bringing before them too long a list of suppliants for their assistance. It is less likely to be kept in mind that a church may more easily contract a habit of stinginess than one of universal sympathy and help; and that the free and frequent exercise of practical sympathy strengthens it and the character too. Though I see the statement often received with a smile of incredulity, yet I believe nothing more firmly than the brief creed given by Jesus Christ about giving, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and this for churches as well as for individuals.

These "collections," too, are the chief share the churches have in the broader and more unselfish schemes for work amongst us—work that is purely benevolent, that contemplates the salvation of our neighbours, the relief of the neglected poor, the help of the blind and dumb, etc. So that if this be neglected, or only very rarely engaged in, we neglect a principal means of cultivating the largest and broadest sympathies of the followers of Christ, and of co-operating with our fellows in works of universal charity. That the education and culture of generous sympathies is the mission of the church should never be forgotten in arranging the collections.

Equally necessary is it to hold in view another point. This I saw so well stated recently that I quote it. The writer says, "As to the law of Christian giving, with respect to money, let us carefully distinguish between *gifts* for patriotic, benevolent, and religious purposes mainly for the good of others, and *contributions* which, even though for religious objects, are yet intended for the benefit of the givers themselves. There is often, I think, much confusion of thought here, and people credit themselves with *giving* when they are simply, after the fashion of a club, contributing for their personal or mutual advantage. An illustration will make this plain. Here are, let us say, a hundred godly persons holding pretty much the same opinions on doctrine, methods of worship, church government, etc., living in a town where there is no place of worship in which their sentiments are fairly represented. They resolve to build. Now if they erect only a small and temporary church just large enough for their families, and such as will probably not much outlast their time, or portable, and liable to be removed and sold, their contributions are no more *gifts* than are their annual subscriptions to their club, their news-room, or their library, where they have the use of the fire-side, the benches, the tables, the newspapers, books, periodicals, and telegrams. They are simply paying their way, paying for what they use; and an honest man is as certain to do this in things religious as in things secular, although in the one case there is a county court in which he may be sued in case of default, and in the other *only* a court of conscience."

Of course the number of collections per annum must be settled on a judgment of the whole case. Two a month would not be enough for purely unselfish work in some cases; one a month would be an excess in others. Each case must be judged on its own merits. The place of an institution in the sympathies of the people, and the probable effect of an appeal, will enter into the question of the desirability of a collection; but where the church is kept in a healthy glow of feeling, and has learnt the blessedness of giving, the risk of exhaustion and irritation will only be slight, and may be reduced to nothing by making the appeal at the right time, on the right basis, and in the right manner.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. PROGRESS IN PRESTON. HELP NEEDED IMMEDIATELY.—In our June Magazine (page 230) the origin of the church in Preston is described. We rejoice to add that it is making rapid progress. The school and congregation are increasing, and a goodly number of candidates are waiting for baptism. There is, however, much need for better and increased accommodation, and there is now a fair opportunity for securing very commodious premises. A school-chapel was built by the Presbyterians in the year 1873, on a very eligible site, in one of the best thoroughfares in Preston. The building is substantial and elegant; it is fifty-nine feet long, by twenty-six feet wide, and is fitted with pitch pine seats and pulpit, and will comfortably seat three hundred persons. The gas-fittings, heating apparatus, etc., are all complete. The land in the locality is dear, and is fast increasing in value. There is room for enlargement. The ground and building (though worth considerably more) have been offered to our friends for £1,100; and so sanguine of success is our enterprising friend, Mr. Roe, and so confident of sympathy and help from all parts of our connection, and from the Christian public in Preston, that he has ventured to accept the offer. The transfer is to be completed on the first of November. If necessary, £600 may remain as a mortgage on the building. This leaves £500 to be raised by the first of November next, for which this very urgent appeal is now made. Donations in aid of the above project will be very thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. R. Roe, 137, Friargate, Preston; or by Rev. W. Gray, Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge, Yorks; or by Rev. J. Maden, Shore, Todmorden; or by the Editor of this Magazine. Let friends give *at once*. No time should be lost in securing such a prize! The Northern churches are enthusiastic about it. Let Southern and Midland, Eastern and Western, come to the help of Preston in the most generous mood they know.

II. THE LATE REV. J. WILSHIRE.—We rejoice to report that the fund for the family of our brother has reached at this date (Sept. 21) £2,000. The list of contributions is a most gratifying illustration of the "communion of saints." Members of the Established Church in Derby, as well as of the Independent, Presbyterian, etc., are well represented. The societies

over which Mr. Wilshire successively presided have done nobly.

Will our readers be good enough to make the following corrections in the memoir of Mr. Wilshire? Substitute for what is written in line 5, page 323, the words, "a church which had been sorely tried." In line 4, the date should be Oct., 1868.

III. THE COLLEGE SERMON is to be preached this year by Dr. Dykes, on Monday, October 25th, at Mansfield Road Chapel, Nottingham; and we want to suggest what has often been on our minds with regard to this formal opening of the new session of our beloved College. Could not this occasion be utilized for quickening interest in and rallying sympathy around the institution, by arranging for a meeting of old students? It would do both the men and the College good. Old bonds would be strengthened. The continuity of the College-life would be kept up, and the power of the ministry increased. As a denomination, we need a gathering of the tribes towards the end of the year. Might we not have some of our Committees gathered in the same week, and so secure two or three days of profitable work and happy reunion?

IV. OUR TEMPERANCE WORK.—When the *Times*, writing of the condition of Liverpool, says, "The manner in which the publicans and brewers continue adding house to house, and tap to tap, has placed the temperance community at their wits' end," it surely is not a moment in which we should slacken our pace, or diminish our efforts to prevent the further growth of this terrible curse. We are all agreed that the nation drinks enough. By *Bands of Hope*, by Temperance Societies, by attention to licensing magistrates, by political discussion, and above all by personal abstinence, let us seek to suppress the multiplying evils arising out of the drink traffic. Everybody is wanted in this warfare who can give any real help. The mischief is too grave for much time to be wasted on theories. We want work—earnest, kind, genial, self-denying work; and verily Christian people should be the first to give it. Up and at it.

V. THE TRUE USE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER will be printed separately for distribution, and may be had of our publishers, price one penny, or at the rate of 6/- per hundred, on and after Oct. 8.

Reviews.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD; AND THE HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS. By Dr. Edersheim. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIS volume is the first of a series written "for those who teach and those who learn, both in the school and in the family." It is not exactly a history of the antediluvians and patriarchs, but an exposition of the chief principles of that history, and a defence of the book which contains it. It covers the ground traversed by the book of Genesis—ground which everybody knows has resounded with the tramp of contending disputants; but still this work is not directly controversial in its tone or aim, but it supplies "side lights" on the points in question, partly by making clear the meaning of the original, and freeing it from the false opinions that have gathered about it in the lapse of centuries, and partly by recording the results of research and inquiry on all topics relating to the subject. It is a thoroughly useful and reliable volume.

SAMUEL THORNE, PRINTER. By S. L. Thorne. *Stock.*

THE Bible Christians who tenant the south-western parts of England have had few better servants than the printer of Shebbear. Self-trained, unostentatious, hard-working, sincere, and self-sacrificing, he contributed in an incalculable degree to the consolidation and extension of that important branch of the great Wesleyan body. His work will live, and his memory ought to be precious. This story of Samuel Thorne's life is made up of interesting facts—facts showing the conditions of Christian work in villages forty years ago, the qualifications and powers necessary for impressing the minds of the people, and the forms of church life best suited to do men good: but it is written in a miserably ineffective way. Illustrations of defects in style might be piled up in abundance from the pages of this memoir. It is a pity that so valuable a diamond should have so ungainly a setting.

A CROOKED WOMAN MADE STRAIGHT. By W. J. Humberstone. *Stock.*

THIS book consists of twelve discourses on topics suggested by the story told by Luke of the healing of the woman who had been a cripple for eighteen years.

They were written in sickness, and under the languor of an over-wrought brain, and form an invalid's book for invalids. Both thought and style are quiet and soothing, fitted to produce emotions of grateful acquiescence in the wisdom of the human lot whatever it be, and to fix and sustain hope in the "better country" where the inhabitants "are never sick."

THE SCHOOL OF JESUS CHRIST, *Stock,*

Is a setting forth of some of the parables of the Lord Jesus in parallel columns, in two versions; one the English of the authorised version, and the other the French of De Saoy. A fuller idea of the meaning of the words of the Master is often given when you see at a glance the two different renderings. For educational purposes, a tablet is supplied, so that the parables may be learnt in either tongue, line by line, and the learner tested by hiding the portion acquired from view.

NOTES ON LITERARY QUOTATIONS AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. By J. P. Cooke. *Leicester: Hassell.*

TEXTS gathered from Bishop Horne, Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Carlyle, etc., afford Mr. Cooke occasion for some fairly expressed observations on such topics as "Happiness," "Knowledge," and the like. The Pieces are chiefly "dedicatory" or "acrostic" contributions of local interest. The lines on "Spring" and "Summer" are of higher quality and wider range.

ANOTHER'S BURDEN. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIS is a tale of the Yorkshire colliery district, in which the hero is a most courageous, self-sacrificing Christian man, living wholly for others, and finding joy in it. It is an admirable comment upon the royal law, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and will make obedience to it more easy by the thoughts it suggests, the emotions it kindles, and the hopes it inspires.

SEED AND FRUIT; or, Young People who became Famous. *Rel. Tract Society.*

THE author of "Soldier Fritz" gives in an interesting style the early life of such "famous people" as Lady Jane Grey, Dr.

Kitto, Dr. Livingstone, Katherine Von Bora, James Watt; and traces with skill the connection between the habits of childhood and the deeds and character of after years. It is a healthful and stimulating book.

THE DOOR WITHOUT A KNOCKER. By Mrs. Prosser. *Religious Tract Society.*

WE have so often spoken well of Mrs. Prosser's work, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than to say that these three tales are abreast of her former books. "The Door without a Knocker," "The Master of Aynhoe," and "Blind John Netherway," are admirable illustrations of character, and trace the working of principles, good and bad, in human life with considerable skill. The volume is sure to command and reward a large body of readers.

WORKING FOR JESUS. By Rev. J. A. R. Dickson. *Religious Tract Society.*

PRECISELY the little work to put into the hands of church members who pass their days without ever feeling the missionary's spirit, or helping in the work of winning souls. Practical, direct, cogent, and persuasive, both in style and matter, it ought to do much good.

MORE LIGHT, AND OTHER SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES, by J. G. Fleet, *Sunday School Union,*

CONTAINS twenty addresses to children by a Sunday school superintendent. They have the chief merit of all such work—adaptation. They are neatly arranged, richly illustrated, clear and forcible in their language, cheerful in tone, and full of point and power. They will suggest to Sunday school teachers material for addresses, and methods of "making materials up."

MISCELLANEA.

Isaac Gould the Waggoner. (Religious Tract Society.) A story of smuggling days, told in a simple, easy, artless style.

The Good Man's Epitaph is a memoir of the late Rev. W. Payne, of Chesham, and a sermon preached on the occasion of his decease by Rev. T. Henson, and forms an instructive and interesting chapter in Christian biography.

The Articles of the Darwin Faith. By F. O. Morris. (Moffat, Page, & Co.) Caustic, severe, but too supercilious in tone to render any other service than that of confirming anti-Darwinians in their faith.

Church Register.

BAPTIST UNION.

THE Autumnal Session will be held at Plymouth, Oct. 4—7. Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., President. Cards of admission, &c., will be duly supplied to all Members of Assembly who shall notify their intention to be present.

The London and South Western, South Devon, Cornwall, and West Cornwall Railway Companies, will grant tickets at single fares for the double journey.

E. STEANE, D.D. } *Secretaries.*
J. H. MILLARD, B.A. }

THE MIDLAND BAPTIST UNION

HELD its Annual Meetings on Tuesday, Sept. 15, at Broad Street, Nottingham. Rev. J. C. Pike presided, and delivered a thoughtful, timely, and able address on "Earnestness in Christian Work." The Rev. Watson Dyson stated in his report—

"It is a little remarkable that contiguous counties should be so remarkably different in their denominational strength. Derbyshire, for instance, is much more populous than Leicestershire, but, denominationally, it is very much weaker. With a population larger by 100,000, it has only about half the number of Baptist churches, and considerably less than half as many members. Viewed relatively to the population at the last census, in Leicestershire one person in about every forty is a Baptist church member; in Derbyshire we only meet one in every 130; Nottinghamshire has about one for every 75. To put the matter in another form, Derbyshire falls considerably below the average for all England, and vastly below the average for Wales. Lincolnshire is, in some respects, as bad as Derbyshire, or even a little worse. In such facts the Midland Baptist Union, or any other Baptist organization, may catch a glimpse

of much work which requires doing, and doing with all possible speed."

Rev. J. H. Lummis spoke on "The Deficiencies and Wants of our present Sabbath School System."

The following resolution was also passed:—"That this Union, on the grounds alike of Christian principle and ordinary commercial fairness, begs respectfully to urge upon the Baptist Union the desirability of taking steps, at the forthcoming autumnal meeting, to secure some adequate provision for the widows and orphans of deceased Baptist ministers."

Rev. J. W. Thew preached in the evening.

CONFERENCES.

The next half-yearly **CHESHIRE CONFERENCE** will be held at Macclesfield on Tuesday, Oct. 12, Rev. W. March to read a paper on some religious subject, or to preach a sermon, in the morning, at eleven o'clock; Rev. R. P. Cooke to preach in case of failure. Business at 2.30.

W. MARCH, *Secretary*.

The autumnal meeting of the **WARWICKSHIRE CONFERENCE** will be held at Nuneaton on Tuesday, Oct. 5. Paper in the morning by the Secretary. Church business in the afternoon, for which the churches are earnestly requested to furnish full reports. Sermon in the evening by the Rev. H. W. Meadow, of Coventry. Visitors to the Conference will have an opportunity of seeing the new chapel, and of congratulating the Nuneaton friends on their enterprise and success. A day's outing in the country, pleasant sights, pleasant greetings, and pleasant fellowship, ought surely to secure a large attendance.

LL. H. PARSONS, *Sec.*

The **EASTERN CONFERENCE** was held at Peterborough Sept. 16. After prayer by the Secretary an able sermon was preached by brother J. C. Jones from Jer. vi. 14. Reports showed 95 baptized; 21 received; and 44 candidates.

Home Mission Work.—A conditional grant of £10 was made to the church at Fleet for HOLBEACH. The sum of £25 was granted to the church at NORWICH to assist in the payment for their chapel, making the entire grant £200. Brother Taylor was requested to speak as the representative of this Conference at the Home Missionary Meeting at the next Association.

Conferences in 1876.—April, Northgate, Louth; Sept., Long Sutton. At the

next Conference a paper on "Church Discipline," by brother J. C. Jones, will be read.

Brother Isaac Watts preached in the evening from Heb. xiii. 8.

W. ORTON, *Sec.*

CHURCHES.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—The chapel in this place, which was closed in January for repairs and improvements, was reopened on Aug. 25th. The Rev. G. W. M'Creo preached afternoon and evening, and the collections amounted to £105. On the following Sunday the Rev. G. Hill preached, and nearly £30 was collected. The services were continued on Sept. 5th by the Rev. Jos. Pywell, of Stockport, and on the Monday evening were closed by a lecture from him on the *Baptist party's visit to Rome*. About £25 was raised by these services, making a total of £160. The bazaar held last year, in prospect of the improvements, yielded about £200. The pecuniary result of the effort made has given pleasing proof of latent life in one of the oldest of our midland village churches.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—Anniversary services were held, Sept. 5 and 6. The pastor, J. T. Almy, preached on Sunday. On Monday a public tea meeting was held, which was attended by an unusually large number. Mr. Piggin presided at the public meeting. The addresses being delivered by the Revs. H. Holyoake, J. T. Almy, Messrs. Buck, Calladine, and Beswick. The proceeds of the services, amounting to £63 will be devoted to the building fund. We acknowledge the following sums for the building fund received, through the *Magazine*, Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., £1; Mr. A. Fryer, £1. On Monday, Sept. 13, R. Hinmer, Esq., delivered a very interesting lecture on a visit to Japan. J. Nall, Esq., presided. Mr. Hinmer also brought a donation of £25 for his father.

KILBURN, Derbyshire.—Our bazaar was held, Sept. 7 and 8, and has realized, along with collecting cards, £92. The committee heartily thank every helper. The debt of £40 is cleared off, and the remainder is a "nest egg" for a more commodious place of worship.

LEICESTER, Friar Lane.—On Sunday, Sept. 12, chapel anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. George Hill; and on Monday, Sept. 13, the annual tea festival was held. Rev. J. C. Pike, pastor, presided; and addresses were delivered by Revs. Ll. H. Parsons, S. Lambrick, T. Stevenson, W. Bishop, and R. Caven, B.A., on subjects given to them

by the pastor. Selections of sacred music were very efficiently rendered by the choir, including solos by Miss Shaw, Mr. A. J. Shaw, and the organist, M. A. H. Blankley. The substantial tea was wholly provided by Mr. G. Stafford, a deacon of the church, of which about 500 persons partook. The proceeds, including the tea, collections, and one or two subscriptions, amounted to about £100.

MANCHESTER, Hyde Road.—Anniversary sermons were preached, Sept. 12, by Mr. Ryan, and the Rev. J. Sutcliffe, late of Stalybridge. Collections, £3 1s. Monday, 13th, a members' tea meeting was held, and addresses were given by brethren Ryan, Petie, and Don. Mr. Worsley in the chair.

MORTON—NEW CHAPEL.—The memorial stone of a new chapel at Morton was laid on Wednesday, Sept. 15. Morton is a village of about 1,000 inhabitants, and about two and a half miles north of Bourn. The doctrines of the General Baptists have long been held in this neighbourhood. As early as 1646 there were members residing in Thurlby, Langtoft, Witham-on-the-Hill, Bytham, Hacconby, and Bourn. A century and a half ago Morton was the residence of Mr. Joseph Hook, who, for forty-nine years, was the minister of Bourn and Hacconby. The old church book contains several entries of baptisms in this village; and in 1723 it is recorded that a marriage took place "in Mr. Joseph Hook's house at Morton." The Rev. Joseph Binns was ordained pastor of the church at Bourn, April 19, 1796; and the record states that "at Morton the hearers became so numerous that the usual place of preaching would not hold one fourth of them, and he preached in the open-air in the summer of 1798." After this time preaching was continued in various dwelling-houses till about thirty years ago, when the Lord put it into the heart of Miss Jane Redmile to build a preaching-room at her own cost. In this place the gospel has been regularly preached, a Sunday school has been conducted, and a goodly number have become believers in Christ. For some time the place has been too small for the congregations, and much anxiety was for some time felt about finding a suitable site for a new building. A plot of ground was at length found and purchased for £70; a plan has since been obtained from Messrs. Horsfield & Son, Manchester, and a builder has entered into an engagement to erect the chapel and school-rooms for £675. The laying of the memorial stone was a great event in the village. The weather was favourable; a goodly number of persons came

together. A devotional service was held at two; and at half-past three the friends assembled at the appointed place. The first prayer, dedicating the ground to the service of God, was offered by the pastor, Rev. W. Orton; an address was then delivered by Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., after which Mr. Wherry, the senior deacon of the church, performed the ceremony of laying the memorial stone. A second stone was laid by our venerable friend, Miss Redmile; and a number of bricks were also laid by various friends, on each of which a contribution was placed. The offerings amounted to upwards of £32. Tea was served in the barn of Mr. Gibson, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mr. Charles Roberts, the second deacon of the church, took the chair, and delivered an appropriate address. Addresses were then given by brethren W. R. Wherry, E. C. Pike, J. C. Jones, T. Barrass, and W. Bishop of Bourn. It was sad to miss two friends who were members of the committee, but who had both been suddenly called away before the commencement of the work which they desired to see. The day will long be remembered as one of hallowed enjoyment; and from many a heart the prayer will ascend, "Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord!" "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity!"

NOTTINGHAM, People's Hall.—More than eighty friends, members of the church at Stoney Street, including the treasurer and secretary of the church, and twenty-eight teachers of the Sunday School, have left Stoney Street and engaged the People's Hall as a temporary place of worship, with the view of being formed into a church, and ultimately building a chapel.

NORWICH.—Rev. G. Taylor gratefully acknowledges the following donations on behalf of their present need. Rev. W. Miller, Cuttack, £2 2s.; Mr. J. G. Hapton, £1 9s.; W. Grimes, Esq., Castlethorpe, 10s.; other sums, 15s. 6d.

SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD. — PROGRESS.—Our friends in this town are making an effort to establish a branch cause at *Stanton Hill*—a new colliery district in the immediate vicinity—and special services have just been held to raise funds towards building a chapel. On Sunday, Aug. 22, Mr. W. J. Avery, of Chilwell College, preached twice, and on the following day tea was provided, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Arnold Goodliffe. Addresses were given by the Revs. H. Marsden, W. W. Robinson; Messrs. John Craig, of Toronto, Canada; F. Shacklock, and W. J. Avery.

On Sept. 5, two sermons were preached in a tent at Stanton Hill, by Mr. John Smith, of Derby. On the afternoon of the following day the Rev. George Hill preached. In the evening a tea and public meeting was held; Mr. S. Lane presided, and addressed by Rev. H. Marsden, Messrs. F. Shacklock (Kirkby), R. Fletcher, and W. J. Avery. The financial statement, made by the secretary (Mr. Toon), was satisfactory and inspiring. At most of the services and at the meetings the attendance was very large.

SCHOOLS.

BACUP.—Anniversary sermons were preached by Dr. Burns, Aug. 29. The annual address to the young was given by Mr. J. S. Gill, of Todmorden. Collections, £43 13s. 4d.

MINISTERIAL.

BOOKS FOR POOR PASTORS AND LAY PREACHERS.—Having a number of theological books to spare, I shall be happy to give a few volumes to our brethren who need such aid. Applicants must state their absolute inability to buy books, and that they are in constant preaching work. They must pay carriage, and state how they are to be sent. I will send post card, and give titles of books I have selected, so as to avoid their having duplicates. Preference will be given to abstinensers from intoxicants and tobacco. The parcels will be sent about the end of October. J. BURNS, 17, Porteus Road, W.

CANTRELL, REV. E. W., of Todmorden, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Longford.

BAPTISMS, AUGUST 18 TO SEPT. 18.

BIRMINGHAM.—Twelve, by E. C. Pike.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Eight, by W. Gray.

CHESHAM.—Eight, by D. McCallum.

COALVILLE.—Five, by C. T. Johnson.

DOUGLAS, *Isle of Man*.—Two, by W. Lees, of Walsall.

DEWSBURY.—Three, by N. H. Shaw.

DUFFIELD.—Three (from Windley), by H. A. Blount.

EDGESIDE.—Five, by J. Watmough.

HALIFAX.—Two, by I. Preston.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—Two (man and wife), by J. T. Almy.

KIRKBY WOODHOUSE.—Seven, by F. Shacklock.

LEEDS, *Wintown Street*.—Eight (from York Road church.)

LINCOLN.—Four, by E. Compton.

LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—Ten, by J. Fletcher.

LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Seven.

LOUGHBOROUGH, *Wood Gate*.—One, by J. Alcorn.

PETERBOROUGH.—Five, by T. Barrass.

RIPLEY.—One, by E. Jackson. The pastor's only child.

SMALLEY.—Three, by Mr. Tootel.

SUTTON-ON-TRENT.—One, by H. A. Fletcher.

SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.—Seventeen, by A. Crossland. Sermon by W. J. Avery, of the College.

WALSALL.—Nine, by W. Lees.

MARRIAGES.

BENSON—WELLINGS.—August 9, at Macclesfield, by Rev. W. Evans, Mr. J. H. Benson, to Miss Phæbe Wellings, both of Macclesfield.

COE—HAMMOND.—Sept. 19, at the G. B. chapel, Fleet, by Rev. T. Watkinson, Mr. Robert Coe, to Sarah Jane Hammond, both of Gedney, near Fleet.

HENSON—TAGG.—Aug. 24, at the Baptist chapel, Lenton, by the Rev. J. Parkinson, assisted by the Rev. F. Henson, brother of the bridegroom, Rev. H. Henson, of Bulmer Tyr, Suffolk, to Mary Leedham, second daughter of Mr. S. Tagg, Gas Works, Radford.

SNAPE—THIRLBY.—Sept. 16, at the G. B. chapel, Castle Donington, by the Rev. W. Underwood, D.D., James Snape, Wednesfield, Staffordshire, to M. J. Wells Thirlby, of the former place.

Obituaries.

CROSS.—Elizabeth Cross, once a member of the Beeston church, but for several years an invalid, confined to her room, died on the 5th of Jan. last, at an advanced age. Her patience and cheerfulness amidst the languors of declining nature greatly relieved the toil of prolonged attendance upon her, and made the work of pastoral visitation a pleasure.

PICKERING.—Elizabeth Pickering died at Castle Donington, July 2nd, aged 71. She was the widow of Mr. James Pickering, for many years a deacon of the church at Donington.

SEALS.—Ada Seals, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Seals, of Nottingham, died at Sawley, Aug. 19th, aged seventeen. Her sickness was short, and her death unexpected. Only nine days previously she was received into the Sawley church by Dr. Underwood, who also officiated at her interment in the General Cemetery Nottingham.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

OCTOBER, 1875.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

No. II.—*A Day at Serampore.*

WHILE remaining in Calcutta, we were particularly interested with a day spent at Serampore, and as Serampore has holy and blessed memories—memories, too, associated with Orissa, which, especially in the early days of the Mission, was greatly indebted to the then Danish settlement,—my readers will, I hope, be willing to know a little of our visit to this interesting spot, where Carey, Marshman, and Ward lived and laboured together for many years, and where, when the Master called, each of them finished his course. Three such men, as the late Dr. Godwin said in his sermon at the Kettering Jubilee, were never brought together to labour in the work of God at any other place since the world began. They had, of course, their imperfections, and let those who delight in picking holes describe them. My object is different. I adore the wisdom and magnify the grace that raised up such men, placed them where they were, and rendered them instrumental in effecting an amount of good that can never be computed. I have not an iota of sympathy with the spirit that depreciates the plans of the fathers, in order to show that we—great and mighty we—know a little more and see a little farther than they did. Standing as we do on their shoulders, it would be marvellous if it were otherwise. The question, however, is, If we had lived in their day, should we have been the gigantic men they were? Would our plans have been as wise, our hearts as large, and our efforts to bless all India and China with Bible knowledge as sublime as their's? There were giants in the earth in those days, and William Carey was the first of the three. I have always heard him spoken of by those who personally knew him with much loving reverence; but his colleagues were noble-minded and large-hearted workers in the kingdom of Christ, and they have laid all succeeding missionaries, certainly those who labour in Orissa, under immense obligations. The story of their lives, as told by Mr. Marshman, who knew them better and was more qualified to write their history than any one else, is an exceedingly valuable contribution to missionary literature, and is marked by much research, as well as much vigorous writing, though the wisdom of entering so largely into the quarrel between Serampore and the Baptist Missionary Committee may well be questioned.

We went from Calcutta to Serampore by an early train, and returned in the evening; and as it was a sunny day in April—a phrase which has a very different meaning in India from what it has in England,—we could not go out so much as we should otherwise have been glad to do. The distance from Calcutta is eighteen miles, and we were from thirty-five to forty minutes on the

way. The aspect of the country was very uninviting, and presented a singular contrast to the lovely scenery that often meets the eye on an English railway. We were the guests for the day of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan. Mr. Jordan is the respected principal of Serampore College, and Mr. Martin and Mr. Thomas are associated with him in the work. At the last examination of the College, Sir Richard Temple—the able successor of Sir George Campbell as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—presided, and delivered an important address. Many of us, as we read it in the papers, were surprised and gratified to find that His Honor was so well acquainted with the history and operations of the Baptist Missionary Society. In distributing prizes to the successful students, he told them to remember that they were “being educated under the care of the great Baptist Missionary Society,” and that they were “to understand that the Baptists formed an important section of the christian church.” He contrasted the unsettled and excitable state of the country when the founders of the Mission came to India—the distrust and suspicion in the minds of the natives, and the alarm felt by the Government of the day in regard to the preaching of the gospel—with the present remarkably changed aspect of things, adding, “The Government now no longer fears that disturbances will arise from proclaiming the gospel of peace. The natives themselves seem no longer to regard missionaries with distrust; and indeed, as an impartial observer travelling through Bengal, it seems to me that the missionaries are absolutely popular.” In conclusion, he called on the students “to follow the noble, the bright, the elevating examples set them by the great men whose names he had recalled to their grateful remembrance; to continue to make use of that most precious legacy of a good example which they had bequeathed to them;” and expressed a hope “that in all they might do hereafter they would prove themselves fit to have gone forth from those walls as students of the Serampore College, under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society.”

We went to the *old Danish church*, where the Serampore missionaries regularly preached one part of the Lord's-day. When Serampore was transferred to the British Government, this church was devoted to the Anglican Establishment. The particulars of this transfer I am unable to give, but it is no secret that it occasioned some uncomfortable feeling between the late Bishop Wilson and Mr. Marshman. I was gratified to see an inscription in the old church to the memory of the men who had so long and so faithfully preached the gospel within its walls. The following is a copy:—

In Memory of

WILLIAM CAREY, D. D.,

Born at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, 17th August, 1761,
Died 9th June, 1834;

JOSHUA MARSHMAN, D. D.,

Born at Westbury, Wilts., 20th April, 1768, Died 5th December, 1837;

REV. WILLIAM WARD,

Born at Derby, 20th October, 1769, Died 7th March, 1823.

The Serampore Missionaries, who, in addition to their many other labours in the cause of religion and humanity, from the opening of this church in 1805, to the end of their lives, gave their faithful and gratuitous ministrations to the congregation here assembling.

We were also much interested by our visit to the *little chapel* built by these honoured men, and where they not only preached the gospel, but kept the ordinances as the Lord delivered them. It is a hallowed spot.

In going over the *College*, the bronze staircase arrested our attention as very remarkable. It was no doubt a great expense, but it will be very durable. The library is, I should think, the best in India. It is certainly by far the best I have seen; and the collection of Oriental books and translations of Scripture is far superior to any. I was rather ashamed of *our* Mission library, as I went

over it. Here we saw the *crutches* that were helpful to the venerable saint (Dr. Carey) after the accident that befell him. Nor were the *three chairs* of these eminent men overlooked; but it is not by sitting in the chairs of our ascended Elijahs that we catch their mantles, but by cultivating their habits, copying their humility, prayerfulness, faith in God, patient application, and whole-hearted consecration to the work of Christ.

The *grave-yard* was visited with deep and solemn feelings. The dust of Carey, Marshman, and Ward here awaits the voice of the archangel and the trump of God. Here, too, sleep in Jesus the three wives of Dr. Carey, Mrs. Marshman, William and Felix Carey, an infant child of Dr. Judson's, and many others; Mrs. Marshman, it may be added, was the last to fall asleep in Jesus of the noble band who at the close of the eighteenth century settled at Serampore. Does the reader remember the tragic history of Felix Carey? He went to Burmah to extend the kingdom of Christ; was "shrivelled up," as his father said, "into an ambassador" of the king of Burmah; in this capacity came to Calcutta with great pomp and splendour; found, as all do who confide in the honour of native princes, that he was trusting to a broken reed, or rather to a spear, whose sharp point had well nigh pierced him to the heart. He had to flee for his life. The native woman he had married and his children by her were drowned. He himself was remarkably preserved; brought back to Serampore; returned, as was trusted, to the God of his father; and died at a comparatively early period of life.

The inscription on Dr. Carey's tomb, which was by his own request, must not be omitted:—

WILLIAM CAREY,

Born August 17th, 1761, Died June 9th, 1834.

"A wretched, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Let my readers, especially young readers, mark this. Here was a man whom God had raised from a low and obscure position to be admired and honoured by the disciples of Christ of every name. His praises had been sounded in Parliament by a senator of unrivalled eloquence and power. Governors-General had honoured themselves by honouring this humble-minded and eminent man. He was a man of distinguished learning—Oriental as well as Western; a man of untiring perseverance, who for more than forty years toiled under an Eastern sun, firmly resolved never again to look on the loved scenes of his native land; and when the messenger came to release him from his toil, this was his state of mind. He felt that he was an unprofitable servant, and that his only hope was in the mercy of God through Christ. So may we die!

Any description of Serampore that did not refer to *Carey's interest in botany*, and to his *famous garden*, would be incomplete. So strongly did he feel about the garden, that he one day said to Dr. Marshman, who, as he knew, had not his botanical tastes, "After I am gone, brother Marshman, you will be turning the cows into the garden;" but his colleague promised that the preservation of the garden should, for his sake, be a sacred duty. It has, however, sadly decayed since those days; and the Lieutenant-Governor, in his speech at the College, described it as "carried away by this ruthless and destructive river." It is said that Dr. Carey was the first to grow potatoes in India. It would be a great addition to our comfort if they could be generally grown; but in many parts there is a worm at the root, and they wither and die.

While remaining in Serampore, we called on the Editor of the *Friend of India*, and found him very agreeable, gentlemanly, and intelligent; but the *Friend*, of which we had been a constant reader for thirty years, we heard was passing into other hands, and a fortnight after our visit ceased to be published at Serampore. It may interest our readers to know that the last issue of the old paper, before its removal to Calcutta, contained an article on the "Cuttack Mission;" one extract from which we give—"Few Missions have exerted a more powerful influence, of late years, in this country than the one at Cuttack." The *Friend* has a remarkable history, and during a considerable part of its course has been

connected with the Mission. It began in 1818 as a monthly periodical, but did not continue long in this form. From 1820 to 1835 it was published quarterly, and the censorship of the Press was vigorously exercised in those days. From 1835 it has been published weekly. Mr. Marshman, who was Editor till his return to England in the early part of 1853, made it a power in India; and he was ably followed by M. Townsend, Esq., who, with the exception of a few months in 1857 (a very important exception, for it was a terrible crisis), conducted it till 1859. Mr. Townsend, who, on his return to England, became the Editor, or one of the Editors, of the *Spectator*, was succeeded by Dr. George Smith, now Editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, who conducted it with much ability and vigour till the autumn of last year, when he was succeeded for a brief season by the gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting. Twice the *Friend* has been unfortunate in its temporary Editors. In 1857 the gentleman who occupied the editorial chair (he is now dead) wrote very unadvisedly, and indeed recklessly; in consequence of which the proprietors were warned; and if the Editor had not been changed, the paper would have been stopped. I could not censure, as many did, the action of the authorities, for the crisis was fearful, and the Editor was defiant. Four years ago the temporary Editor of the paper offended many of its best friends, and it is generally supposed that the *Friend* has never recovered the position it then lost. And now it has ceased to be published at Serampore, it is only honest to say that the *Friend* has a glorious history. It has been conducted with great ability and christian integrity. It has deservedly had great influence, and has done more than any other journal to remove the blots on our Indian administration, and to further the cause of christian missions.

Serampore was a Danish settlement when I landed in India; but towards the close of 1845 it was transferred to the British Government. It had been "a little sanctuary" to the ministers of Christ, when the rulers of British India were opposed to the introduction of the gospel; and probably few of my readers know that the *first Oriya Bible* was printed under the protection of Denmark—the country that has enriched us with the lovely Princess of Wales. I can heartily say, with the poet,—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee."

As one of her dutiful children, I hardly like to write, "with all thy faults;" as if my country's faults were very many and very great. But one great fault—one foul blot—my pen shall never extenuate—the opposition of her rulers to the introduction of the gospel into India. It is one of the most melancholy chapters in our national history—a chapter which enlightened Englishmen and christians can never read but with sorrow and shame.

My paper is extending to an unreasonable length, but I cannot close without referring to the lovely *Henry Martyn*, who, in the abandoned temple near Serampore, often enjoyed sweet fellowship of spirit with the missionaries, especially Dr. Marshman. Carey, in referring to Martyn, says, "As the image or shadow of bigotry is not known among us here, we take sweet counsel together, and go to the house of God as friends." But Martyn's biographer, admirably as in other respects he executed his task, did scanty justice to the catholic spirit of the man. Instead of saying that Baptist missionaries united with clergymen of the established church in imploring a blessing on his labours when he was leaving for Dinapore, the biographer says, that "several of his friends"—a more convenient phrase—"came together to his pagoda" for this purpose. Martyn, describing the holy pleasures of this time of prayer, says, "My soul never yet had such divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the saints above. May I go 'in the strength of this many days.' Amen. How sweet to walk with Jesus, to love Him, and to die for Him." And the next day he writes, "The blessed God has again visited my soul in His power, and all that was within me blessed His holy name. I found my heaven begun on earth. No work so sweet as that of praying, and living wholly to the service of God." With this important remark, I leave the reader till another month.

LABOURS AT POOREE IN THE HOT SEASON.

BY REV. W. MILLER.

Pooree, May 24th, 1875.

I REACHED here on the 6th inst., and was joined in a few days by two of the native preachers and a colporteur. It is the time of the Chandana Festival, which continues twenty-one days. At this time of the year the gods, like men, are supposed to suffer from the intense heat, and need the benefit derived from a change of air and scenery, hence by proxy they have an excursion each evening of the festival, in boats, on the large and beautiful tank, called the Chandana Talau. They are conveyed each day to the boats in something like a small sedan chair, carried on the shoulders of four men, attended by a noisy rabble, headed by the rajah, mounted on an elephant, with a very showy howda and trappings. On reaching the part of the large road where we stand with our congregation, the excited mob, looking towards us, shout out most lustily, "Behold the glory of our gods, you vile sinners; catch a glimpse at them while you have the chance, and be saved. Victory to Juggernath!" This has, as you may imagine, the effect of disturbing and thinning our congregation for a time. It, however, soon recovers itself, and we proceed as if nothing had occurred. The first afternoon of our labours here was anything but agreeable. We stood opposite the rajah's residence, and where the cars are made. Our congregation seemed to be composed of the most brazen-faced priests and pundahs Pooree could produce. Their object, evidently, was to prevent us speaking—in which, I am sorry to say, they to a great extent succeeded. I dare not pollute this page with their unutterably filthy sayings; nor can I describe the storm of dust, gravel, and shouting, which assailed us as we retired. I was forcibly reminded of what brother Lacey passed through on one occasion—perhaps on the same spot. He wrote, "This evening the people were extremely violent, shouting 'a lie! a lie!' at every word spoken. Some called aloud to drown my voice; others made impudent gestures; and, in short, all means of diverting the attention of the hearers were resorted to. The epithets fool, thief, liar, &c., were liberally bestowed. Brother Bampton came up followed by a mob shouting him away. We both retired together, amidst the shouts and hisses of the multitude, and a shower of dust and broken pots." Though now, for various reasons, seldom exhibited, the intense hatred of the truth cherished then by the priests of Juggernath has not died out. It still rankles in the hearts of their descendants, and revels in an opportunity of venting itself on the heralds of the cross.

Happily there has been no repetition of this outrage. Since then we have occupied a more central and open part of the large road, and have had large and interested congregations. It is true we have had objectors—strange to say of these a larger number than I ever met with before at Pooree were quite familiar with the sufferings and death of Christ, which they could not reconcile with His being the Son of God and Saviour. If Christ were the Son of God, they say, why did He submit to such ignominy and suffering? In many instances this opened the way to show that thus it was written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations. I was pleased to see among our hearers, several times, paying the greatest attention, men of Pooree, who, in former years, were noted for their fierce opposition to the preaching of the gospel. I was struck by the change that had come over them. They had, within a few years, become old and decrepit men. Let us hope that they have seen their folly and sin, and are now really anxious to seek and find that blessed Saviour whose name they have so often blasphemed. Among the several met with who are disgusted with idolatry and seeking after God was a man from Benares. He came twice to the bungalow to converse with me. He stated how it had been the dream of his life to visit Pooree and behold god, who here, he had been taught to believe, had assumed a visible form; how, when he entered the temple, he asked the priest to show him Juggernath; and how he turned away in bitter disappointment and disgust from the unsightly image pointed out; how, when he expressed his inability to recognize God in the image the priest cried out, "You are a blind, unbelieving, sinful wretch. Only believe, and it will be according to your faith." He seemed to drink in what was told him about the true God, and

the Saviour whom he has sent. I was sorry we had no books here in his language to give to him. We have had an Oriya service in the bungalow twice each Lord's-day. At one service there was a congregation of twenty-eight persons. In addition to the books given away the colporteur has sold three hundred and forty copies of single gospels and small illustrated books. More might have been sold had he not been laid aside several days by illness. I have found the change down here beneficial.

DANGEROUS CONDITION OF THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNATH AT POOREE.

The following letters from MR. THOMAS BAILEY furnish much information upon a subject which is greatly agitating native society in Orissa. It may be that a MATERIAL as well as a SPIRITUAL downfall awaits the great lord Juggernath and his ugly relatives.

Piplee, August 5th, 1875.

IN writing you a brief account of the late festival at Pooree I omitted to mention that, as soon as the idols were taken out of the temple for their annual airing, several large stones fell from the inner roof on to the platform from which they had been removed, so that they had a very narrow escape of being crushed; though the priests, with their usual tact, declare that we may see in the circumstance a proof of the power and glory of the god—while he remained the stones “were unable to fall;” it was only in his absence, and by his permission, that they left their ancient resting-place—in other words, as one of our native preachers remarked, Juggernath had given permission for his own house to fall to pieces. It is of greater importance for us to note that a government engineer was at once applied for by the magistrate to examine the damage done to the temple, and report upon the same to government; whether with a view to assist in the repairs or not, has not yet transpired; but until the repairs are executed it has been arranged for the idols to remain in temporary lodgings, and this arrangement, as the native paper complacently remarks, is “sanctioned by the magistrate.” An evidently well-informed correspondent of the *Indian Daily News* referring to the circumstance says, “it is a pity that the gods don't help themselves, instead of causing christian officers to prop up their falling houses. When and where is this to end? We understand that, on a late occasion, a gentleman of Cuttack, offended at the payments made by or through the government to a heathen temple, declined to make or order the payment; but he was forced to obey his superior officer, our excellent Commissioner, and had to disburse the necessary item. Is it not time, Mr. Editor, to cause such scandal to cease?” Perhaps, as the writer observes, we have arrived at “the beginning of the end.”

Taken in connection with the promptness and activity displayed in the above case, it is discouraging to have to state that an application, made more than a year ago, for the orphans to be permitted to cultivate a piece of waste land near to our location at Bilepadda, has not yet met with any definite or satisfactory response. The case is still pending, and I am not without hope of a favourable issue; but, in the meantime, the floods have again destroyed all the crops, and have reduced the people to a state of great distress and despair. The land they now have is low and subject to inundations, while that applied for is high and secure from the floods, so that, with a little of each, they would be moderately sure of a crop; in dry seasons from the low land, and in times of flood from the high. If the application is not successful I fear the location at Bilepadda must be given up, nor do I see what is to become of the people there.

August 12th.—The condition of the Juggernath temple at Pooree is much worse than I knew or supposed it to be when I wrote last week, and I hasten to furnish the readers of the “Observer” with the further information just to hand. The facts which follow are mainly gathered from the native paper, published on Saturday (*The Utkul Dipika*, Aug. 7th, 1875) and may be relied upon.

It has hitherto been very difficult to obtain correct information relating to the interior of this famous structure, partly from the exclusiveness of the priests, but also from its utter darkness. This is said to be so dense that even in the day time, and with the aid of five or six oil lights, nothing is visible save the idols themselves. Now, however, that large masses of stone have fallen,

endangering the lives of those who enter the building, a strict and thorough investigation has become necessary, and not only the government-engineer, but the priests and satellites of the temple have been very busy in the matter, and the results of their labour have been communicated to those most nearly concerned by illustrative plans which have been issued for the purpose.

In his account of the building of the temple Dr. W. W. Hunter says that, "Gold and jewels to the value of a million and a half measures of gold were set apart for the work, being estimated at half a million sterling in the money of our time. Fourteen years the artificers laboured, and the temple was finished in A.D. 1198. The great pagoda is the one dedicated to Juggernath. Its conical tower rises like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf 192 feet high, black with time, and surmounted by the mystic flag of Vishnu." It is of this tower that we have now to speak. From the plans produced it appears that it consists of four stories, the first of which is forty feet high, and contains the platform on which the idols are ordinarily enthroned; and it is from the roof of this, immediately above the idols, that four large stones have fallen. There are also cracks in the building seven and eight feet long by two and three inches wide. The iron clamps and beams used for support are rusted through, and the whole fabric is reduced to such a precarious state that it is dangerous to life to enter it.

Several reasons are assigned for this ruinous condition. It will be seen from the above that the building is now very old; and this, with its proximity to the sea, is sufficient to account for the rust and entire destruction of the iron-work used in its construction. It is also said that two years ago the part of the temple from which the stones have fallen was struck by lightning. Still further, trees have been allowed to grow in the exterior till their roots have penetrated through the stone walls into the inside, thereby loosening the joints and weakening the whole building.

To my own mind, judging from the style of building, it is extremely doubtful, even with the proposed expenditure, 10,000 rupees, whether any satisfactory repairs can be executed, the temple rather appears to be tottering to its fall. The attempt, however, is to be made, and at the least it will take a long time; and the question arises, and is keenly discussed by the priests and in native circles, as to where the idols are to be located while the work is in progress. On this knotty point there are two main opinions. Some advocate that they be accommodated in temporary quarters; others that they be placed on their usual throne, and that a strong platform or canopy be prepared to protect them from the work progressing above. To the latter proposal it is objected that other stones may fall and smash the canopy, and what *further damage* might be done no one can tell, and the native writer wisely leaves this delicate contingency to the lively imagination of his readers!! on the other hand it is naively added that the priests and temple servants have only one concern in this matter. They fear that if the idols are not on their usual throne, ideas may enter into the minds of "stupid pilgrims" that will destroy their faith in the idols, and with it their own means of subsistence. To the latter proposal the rajah replies that he cannot consent to the idols being placed in such a perilous position without the sanction of government. An application has, therefore, been made to the Pooree magistrate, to which no reply has yet been received—and here for the present the matter rests.

It will be seen from the above that the crisis is a most ominous and critical for Juggernath and his worshippers. If the magistrate decides that the condition of the temple is dangerous to human life, and prohibits the idols being restored to the building, it is difficult to see how the priests can escape from the dilemma, or how the prestige of the idols can be maintained. The conclusion appears inevitable that the days of Juggernath's glory are rapidly coming to an end.

August 19th.—Native society continues to be greatly agitated about the Pooree idols. Another great meeting for consultation has been called by the rajah, at which all the chief priests, and brahmins, and pundas, were present, and it was decided that till the temple repairs are finished the idols shall be placed in the "Anasara" building. (This is an open shed where Juggernath is taken every year to have the old paint scraped off and the new put on). Passages were quoted from the shastres which were understood to sanction the arrangement, and it was supposed that all had been settled amicably; but when the attempt was made to proceed from consultation to action there was rank rebellion

in the camp—not a man would move to execute the rajah's commands. In his helplessness he appealed to the magistrate, while the opposing party adopted the same course. The magistrate promptly decided that the rajah's orders were to be obeyed, and any venturing to oppose him were to be at once removed from their posts. Under the fear inspired by this threat the three idols have been duly installed in their new quarters; though it is said that, with the exception of the immediate dependents of the rajah and the poorer classes of pilgrims, none eat of the holy food prepared there; the consequence being that the latter article is now very cheap.

ITEMS.

CUTTACK.—Referring to a visit paid to Macmillan Patna in August, by brother J. G. Pike, Mr. Miller writes, "I am happy to say he preached in Oriya while there. Now he has broken the ice, he is sure to go ahead. We shall try and arrange for a long tour together soon after the Conference. I hope our boat, the *Herald*, will be ready by the end of October."

Dengue has again visited Cuttack. Brother Brooks has had an attack. The weather has been very trying during the rainy season.

PIPLEE.—There was a baptism of seven on Lord's-day, August 1st. Five were from the girls' school, and two from the nominal christian community. One of the latter is a grey-headed old man, whose case has given much satisfaction to the friends at the station.

The rains in this neighbourhood have again been unusually violent. One of the school walls has been sadly breached, and a good deal of damage is reported in the district.

THE DYING HINDOO.

(The scrap taken from the dead hand of the Hindoo contained 1 John i. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.")

As 'neath a burning Indian sky
A missionary sped,
Fast by a jungle's tangled thorns
The lonely pathway led;
And there, beside the dusty way,
Gasping for breath, a Hindoo lay:
The tide of life so low had run,
Its ebbings only made it known.
Within his clenched hand he seem'd
Some treasure-prize to clasp—
The missionary weeping, took
The treasure from his grasp:
It was a tatter'd leaf, than gold
Or gems more precious,—for it told
Of sin all pardon'd through the blood
Of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

That single seed of living truth,
Dropt by some christian hand,
Had found his heart, and borne its fruit
In that once barren land.
Watch'd by his Father's eye alone
That hidden child of God had grown—
Untold, unknown his heavenly birth,
"Till God had ta'en him home from earth.
Oh! let us scatter while we may,
In faith, with liberal hand,
Leaves from the healing tree of life
O'er every heathen land.
They will not perish. Truth will spring,
And life to many a bosom bring;
And harvests wave on many a sod
Unknown to us, but known to God.

—Church Missionary Gleaner.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—W. Miller, August 21.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, August 5, 12, 19.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
August 18th to September 18th, 1875.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. | |
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| Coalville, Mr. J. Gutteridge—for Rome | 1 | 1 | 0 | Nottingham, by Miss Jane Ancliff | .. | 1 | 2 | 0 |
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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.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

THE LATE REV. W. H. ALLEN.

VERILY, these are sad and bitter days! Not two months have elapsed since we mourned the departure of one of our ministerial brethren who joined in the work and worship of our last Annual Association; and now, before our hearts are healed, the wound is opened afresh by the distressing tidings of the premature decease of our beloved brother, William Henry Allen, of Burnley. So recently had we heard from him; so high and bright were our anticipations of his expanding and perfecting usefulness, so eager his intellect, large his sympathies, and warm our mutual regard, that we experience a real and unfeigned grief as we think we shall see his face, and enjoy his friendship and help "no more" in a world which so sorely needs cheerful, able, and self-sacrificing workers for God and man.

To the readers of our *Magazine* Mr. Allen's removal will cause a keen regret. His signature was one of the most familiar on our pages, and one of the most welcome; for he never placed above it ought but good, bright, genial, and refreshing work. Since his first communication in July, 1872, to the last "copy" we received from him, "On the Study of other Men's Lives" (how singular that such a theme should have been his last!), he had developed a special faculty of writing historical sketches. Six papers of "Wayside Gossip," brimful of interest, always vivacious, and without even one sleepy line, prepared the way for eight "Antique Gems Reset," in our issues of last year, and his "Historical Cameos," conceived in the same vein, for 1875. These productions were universally admired and enjoyed. We have heard of their repute from all parts of the denomination. Richly picturesque in language and colouring; dramatic in form; they were at the same time thoroughly accurate in historical detail, and evinced an amount of labour it is difficult to estimate, but proving him to be possessed of a vivid imagination, a fluent style, and that singular power, akin to genius, of seeing things in the concrete, and breathing into them the breath of life. Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," tells of a certain Scotch stone-cutter, Donald Fraser by name, who could far out do his comrades both in the quality and quantity of his work, because of an "extraordinary capacity which the man possessed for conceiving the finished work within the rough material, so that he cut upon the true figure at once, avoiding the indirect approaches and the endless repetitions of work common to others." Using a similar endowment on the central and stirring scenes of Church History, Mr. Allen made us feel as if we were witnessing the persecutions of the First Christians, listening to Savonarola at Florence, or sitting with Bunyan at Bedford. As

we look at the work of these three years now before us, and remember conversations revealing the absorbing interest of the author in it, we feel that we have lost a spirit of large promise and of genuine power. Alas for us! that the keen winds of wintry death should nip the blossom of cultured ability whilst yet the dew of spring mornings is fresh upon its beautiful petals.

He has gone at thirty-five! Year fatal to so many! Gone almost without a warning; his bright armour still on, his sword in his firm grip, his heart full of zest for the fight. For only nine brief days was he ill: and such was the nature of his sickness that even on the Sabbath, whose closing hours he spent in heaven, he was talking of the coming winter campaign. His medical attendant anticipated his recovery, and uttered that word, so welcome to a suffering toiler whose work seems only just beginning, that his health would probably be better than for some time past. But in a moment, almost without a chance to say "farewell," he passed away. The disease from which he suffered, rheumatic fever, shot to his heart, and he became unconscious, and as the sun sank in the glistening west, his spirit went "to shine as the sun in the kingdom of the Father;" leaving his endeared wife and children and church covered with the thick darkness of an unutterable sorrow. He never suspected his end was near; and we cannot but feel grateful to God who thus, "in the day of His rough wind, stays His east wind," that his tender and sensitive nature was saved the agony he must have endured had he been aware he was about to be removed from his beloved family.

But, though a brief life, Mr. Allen's career was full of work; perhaps (but who shall say?) too full. Born in London, of godly parents, in the year 1841, his conversion and consecration to God were not delayed longer than his fourteenth year. His father was a zealous, intelligent, and acceptable lay preacher amongst the Wesleys; and his son naturally found an early home in the Wesleyan Sunday school. Roused to repentance, and soothed and stimulated by faith in the Lord Jesus during a time of religious revival under the late Rev. T. O. Keysell, his active temperament soon found appropriate exercise in the courts and alleys, lodging-houses and thieves' kitchens, of Spitalfields, now distributing tracts, and now preaching the gospel he had just learned to love.

Graphic pictures of these Sundays in the "London Slums," written at our request, will be found in the *Magazine* for 1872, page 209, and 1873, p. 64. The skill with which he adapted himself to his work, his good sense, quick and accurate perception of character, abundant vigour, and loving sympathy, are all vividly disclosed in these reminiscences. Speaking of the requisites of preaching to such audiences, he concludes the former article saying, "Your discourse must be hortatory in the extreme. Long-winded sermons, with their logical chaff-cutting, their divisions, lessons and applications, won't do here. You must put plenty of 'sneeshin' in it, as the Scotch say. Plain, homely Saxon, garnished with pungent appeal and vigorous illustration. Don't expect folded hands and silence. They will go on cooking and feeding, and perhaps talking; but they are listening, some of them, nevertheless. You'd rather not? Well, perhaps the audience isn't quite the kind of thing you are used to, and you might feel embarrassed. Officiate as clerk then; and when you 'feel' amen, put it in, vigorously. No, we don't sing generally,

though sometimes we can get up a tune. We have had them singing in a rough uncouth way, yet with an indescribably touching music,

‘The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.’

And as they have sung the scalding tear has dimmed the eye and moistened the cheek of those who long since seemed insensible to shame and ‘past feeling.’ Yes, thank God, there is such a power in ‘the Name’ that the most hardened and criminal have broken down under it and wept like children.”

In 1864 business led him to York, and his desires and aptitudes to the preaching of the gospel amongst the Wesleyans. Here the question of baptism confronted him; and with the candour, eagerness, and promptitude that marked him in all things, he was no sooner convinced that the immersion of believers, as believers, is Christ’s will, than he obeyed. Frank and ingenuous in nature, and restless till his surroundings squared with his intelligent beliefs, he left the Wesleyans and joined the Baptists. Thoroughly catholic in spirit; yet he could not occupy a position which to him seemed questionable, throwing his support in favour of what he regarded as radical error, and giving only a muffled testimony to the truth.

United with the Baptists, his gifts were soon recognized, and in six months time he was called to the pastorate of the church at Malton, in Yorkshire. After remaining there for two years and nine months, he removed to Victoria Street, Crewe, where he laboured for about three years.

Receiving an invitation from the church worshipping in Enon chapel, Burnley, he entered upon his labours on the first Lord’s-day in October, 1870. Of his work in Burnley, brother Needham, of Burnley Lane, who has kindly furnished many of the particulars of this memoir, said, on the day of the funeral, “Our brother held a position of honour and usefulness among us. He died on the anniversary of his settlement over this church. Just five years before he commenced his stated labours in this sanctuary. During these five years he has discharged arduous duties, overcome grave difficulties, and achieved glorious success. The interest he took in the service of song, in the work of the Sunday school, in the young men of his charge, and in the congregation in general, has been very graciously rewarded with the divine blessing. An increased congregation, an enlarged Sunday school, a united and loving church, and the changed hearts and lives of many through his instrumentality, are the divine seal which heaven has set upon his work. For his genuine ability, his warmheartedness, his flaming zeal in the service of Christ and men, and for his genuine self-abandonment, many of us loved him very dearly, and we cannot help but feel stricken and sad. Yea, a whole congregation mourns, and a gloom rests upon the neighbourhood in which he lived and laboured. Men of business, many not connected with his congregation, and only very remotely associated with him, deplore his loss, and have in the most spontaneous and generous manner expressed their sympathy with his bereaved widow and seven little fatherless children. May the Lord reward them for their liberality!”

The report of the church for 1870 is mournful in its tone, and the number of members only 143. That in the year book of 1875 is jubilant with the sounds of successful toil, and the roll has gone up to 225. Only recently, owing to the increase of the Sunday school, the lecture-room has been converted into an infant class-room, and a new lecture-room erected above at a cost of £240. Two enthusiasms would be observed by any one long in his company—one for promoting the welfare of young men, and another for the service of song in the house of the Lord. During his pastorate a new organ has been erected at a cost of £500, and is now free from debt. He issued an admirable selection of chants and hymns for the special use of the church, and had gathered a well-trained choir. To this hour we remember with what beaming satisfaction he showed us his large room for young men, and with what noble self-surrender he was seeking to promote their mental and spiritual welfare. His heart was thoroughly in *all* his work, and Christ was thoroughly in his heart—at its very core.

The *Burnley Gazette* says, "He was a martyr to his own zeal. But whilst Mr. Allen spent so much energy to strengthen the church at Enon, he was not a bigot. His heart was so large that he did not shut heaven's gate against everybody who did not see eye to eye with himself. He taught a rational and manly Christianity." Such words are not over-weighted. Indeed, no eulogium could out-run his energy of self-abandonment, his uncomplaining, cheerful heroism. Mean, niggardly souls, who never say a good word of a man living without smudging it with the mud of their depreciating envy, and cannot endure to see a good man praised when he is dead without blistering his memory with their spleen, will protest against such statements as unguarded, and hastening on their scavenger's work, prove beyond a doubt the profoundly original maxim that "to err is human." Not such was our brother's spirit. A beautiful generosity of soul graced his unwavering fidelity to conviction; a large-hearted charity infused kindness and geniality into his work and his judgment of men, and won him friends everywhere.

This was seen on October 7th, at the funeral service. Some thirteen ministers of various denominations, and a large congregation, mostly dressed in mourning attire, assembled to testify to the esteem in which he was held. A very large procession preceded the hearse to the cemetery, many of the tradesmen of the town partly closed their shops, and crowds of spectators stationed themselves along the streets to witness the solemn scene. As soon as the tidings of his death and the circumstances of his family became known in the town, a spontaneous and generous effort was made to supply the needs of his bereaved wife, left with seven children under twelve years, and no means. On the day of his interment more than £200 had been subscribed at the Mechanics' Institute alone, the Member of Parliament for the borough contributing ten guineas. How this must cheer the hearts of the deacons and members of the bereaved church, who are themselves doing their utmost to supply the wants of the fatherless and the widow! And shall not we, as a denomination, share this privilege? Sweeter, richer joy we know not, when the heart feels the pressure of the orphan's need, than to be able by prayer and by gift to minister relief. For what, too, are we united in the brotherhood of the ministry and the church, if not for kindly cheer in sorrow, and real help in need! JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE PLACE OF BAPTISM IN THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF JESUS.

“WHY was Jesus baptized with John’s baptism?” is a question which can only be safely answered when we have gained a clear conception of the meaning and purpose of John the Baptist in the adoption of that rite. Two dangers beset us. We may unwittingly strip it of some of its original ideas because the sinless Christ deigned to accept a baptism of repentance at the Reformer’s hands: or, what is more likely, we may import into it notions which are of later growth, and belong to what may be called distinctively Christian baptism, or the baptism of the Apostles. A vivid realization of the current thoughts and feelings of the Jews when John broke in upon their monotonous corruptions with his quickening message, and a faithful treatment of Scripture statements will be a sufficient safe-guard against both perils.

It is certain that John’s baptism was not absolutely original. Much astonished as the people were at the man, his manner and his speech, they took the ceremony as a matter of course, and submitted to it with unhesitating readiness. Not a look of surprise flashed from the eye, not a word of wonder escaped the lips, as though it were a new thing under the sun. In fact it was not new. It was simply a fresh adaptation of one of the stock religious types of all nations. Just as circumcision was not restricted to the Hebrews, so baptism was not invented by *the* Baptist. Amongst the Egyptians it was an indispensable qualification for priestly service. The Hindoos always assigned it a foremost place in their ceremonies. The special mysteries of Greek worship could not be known without it; and the Romans thought they washed away sin by dipping the head in the waters of the Tiber. The Jew found lustrations everywhere. His history was full of them. His sacred typology knew as much of them as of circumcision, and only less than of sacrifice.

Still, baptism, in the hands of the forerunner of Christ, had a specific meaning—a new purpose. It was “from *heaven*, and not of men,” as the Saviour Himself forcibly intimates. John was divinely guided in the choice of such a method for the accomplishment of his purpose as the forerunner of Christ; and therefore, though one of many baptisms, it is unique in itself, and fully warrants the appellative of *John’s* baptism.

On the lips of the preacher of the wilderness baptism was inseparably associated with the act of REPENTANCE. In this is its full meaning found; and in this, strange as it may seem, is discovered the true answer to the question, “Why was Christ baptized with John’s baptism?”

John was pre-eminently a prophet. “It was his glory to have successfully revived the function of the prophet.” He was a commissioned representative of the invisible King of the nation; an Elias, risen again in spirit and in power, and inspired to witness for a forgotten Ruler, a despised theocracy, a real righteousness, and a coming Redeemer. And the baptism of repentance he enjoined and practised was the symbolical apparatus by which he sought to do his great reforming and restoring work as a prophet of the most high God.

For in John's view the nation was wholly and utterly unclean. Its seemingly best men were a viperous brood, sucking the life out of the people, only to gorge their hypocritical selfishness and batten their hidden vices. From crown of head to sole of foot there was no health in them, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. They were a stench and an abomination to God and men. How could they enter the coming kingdom of the Messiah? How could they renew the covenant with God's servant, and begin afresh communion with Him? Saturated with self-conceit, bloated with pride, vain of their Abrahamic descent, as if it were an infinite virtue, haughtily boasting of a mere varnish of religion as if it were its heart and core, how could they approach the door of the heavenly kingdom? How! Only by repentance. They must *all* repent. They must put away their evil doings, and vow to practise again mercy, brotherly love, honesty, and righteousness.* Jews though they were, nothing but a deep inward change could lift them out of their devouring corruptions. Pharisees, Sadducees, and scribes, Professors of the higher life, ostentatiously devout, they must repent too. Circumcision was nothing. Genealogical goodness was a delusion. Public worship was a mockery and a snare. The baptism which pledged repentance, and promised a new heart and life, was necessary for every one who desired to be ready for the gracious manifestation of the favour and help of God which was at their very doors. Nothing excepts. Repentance is the universal duty, and baptism its appropriate sign.

There may have been more than this in John's baptism; but this was assuredly its cardinal element, its engrossing feature. In a loose sense it was a badge of discipleship, but only in the loosest way, for the permanent baptism to which it pointed soon took its place, just as Christ speedily eclipsed the glory of His pioneer. No doubt, too, the Nazarite told the people that they should believe on Him who should come after him, *i.e.*, on Jesus; and so his baptism was, in a measure, a baptism of faith and hope; but these ideas hung loosely about that ordinance, and did not form its body and substance.† The note which is struck with such energy and frequency, which rings again and again in his rebukes and in his exhortations, in his answers to the questions of soldiers and tax collectors, and in his grand Puritanic severity of life, and which succeeds in rousing the nation to momentary earnestness and enthusiasm, is one which finds no better expression than in the word which at once accounts for the adoption of baptism, and also declares its true meaning and its practical and prophetic purpose. It is a *baptism of repentance*.

Now we must travel one step further to make way for the approach of Jesus to John. The idea of *derivative* uncleanness was as common and as vividly realized amongst the Jews as that of *actual* and individual uncleanness is with us. The Mosaic Law stated, with sharpest emphasis and repeated urgency, the distinction between actual uncleanness, as in the case of a leper, and derivative, as in that of one who touches him: but it made cleansing by significant washings as necessary for the one as the other. There was no difference. He who ate that which died of itself was to wash his clothes and bathe his flesh;

* Cf. Luke iii. 10-14. Matt. iii. 7-10.

† Acts xix. 4.

and not less must he practise the same ablutions who had in any way come into contact with animal carrion.* Men were excluded from the fellowship of the sanctuary as readily for one cause as the other, and they could only regain their place after careful attention to the prescribed ritual of purification.

That this notion of relative and derived uncleanness was in full force in the later Jewish history is evident from the four gospels, and specially from the question of Haggai, who says to the priests, "If one that is unclean by a dead body touch bread, or pottage, or wine, or oil, shall it be unclean?" and they answer, "It shall be unclean;" and forthwith he takes up the very parable that fills the mind of the Baptist, and says, "So is this people, and so is this nation before me, saith the Lord; and so is every work of their hands; and that which they offer in sacrifice is unclean."†

Into the very midst of that people, both actually and derivatively unclean and excommunicate, Christ had come. He was one of the nation, a Jew amongst Jews, in closest contact with them, and therefore, according to the Levitical law, derivatively and relatively unclean, though inherently sinless. Hence it was not *necessary* but fitting, so Christ Himself judged, according to the principles of the Old Testament righteousness, that He should be baptized with the baptism of repentance.

But John did not see that at once. He felt the full shock of the contradiction. To him Christ's request for baptism was unexpected, strange, unique, perplexing. At once he changed his tone. Daring, defiant, and full of rebuke to the Pharisees who came to his baptism, he said to the Lord Jesus, with wondering meekness, and deep humility as in the presence of spotless goodness, "*I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?*" He felt the profound humiliation of the act on the part of Christ, and shrunk from associating so holy a person with his baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. Jesus recognized the justifiable hesitancy and surprise, and said to him, "'Suffer it to be so NOW;' at this juncture, when men's minds are moved towards righteousness with an unusual impulse, and publicly vow their eagerness to seek it, let me join with them in so holy a race out and out, 'for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness,' the Old as well as the New—the temporary and national, as well as the eternal and universal:" and at once John, notwithstanding the painful strain it had put upon his feelings of propriety, acquiesced in the wisdom of Christ's request, and suffered Him to join all the willing and earnest minds of the nation in making this "new departure" towards righteousness, under the inspiring assurance that the Divine Helper was at hand.

And now mark the striking change that follows. John's baptism is transfigured as Jesus submits Himself to it, and forthwith becomes another and higher baptism. The touch of Christ glorifies it; fills it with new light and meaning; makes it the originating point of Christian baptism; and so converts the transitional into the perpetual—the symbol of repentance into that of conquest and victory.

Immersed in the river Jordan, Christ was at once glorified of the

* Lev. xi. 24; xv. 8; xvii. 5.

† Haggai ii. 12—14. Matthew xv. 1—20.

Father. Three decisive signs attested the approbation of heaven, cheered the heart of the Son of Man, and changed an act which was one of voluntary humiliation into one of exaltation and glory. (1.) The heavens were opened *unto Him*. He had a vision of the world He had left to redeem man, and into which He and His should go after His saving work was done. (2.) The Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove, the emblem of the very innocence, simplicity, and gentleness He had seemed to put away from Him in being baptized, and the assurance of the divine recognition of the unstained purity of His thought and deed. (3.) A voice from heaven was heard, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." So He takes upon Him the likeness of sinful flesh; He bears the collective guilt of Israel; He stands in the same baptismal waters with covetous Pharisees and licentious Sadducees, just as He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh: but at His baptism He is declared to be the Son of God with power. The Father delights to glorify His Son; and never more than when He humbled Himself and became obedient to the laws of social righteousness, to the customs of the time, and even to death itself, so that He might redeem men; and therefore hath He exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.*

Although John continued for a time the administration of the baptism of repentance, yet it was not long before baptism took a new and Christly phase in the hands of the baptized Preacher and His disciples. John and Jesus baptized side by side. "Howbeit Jesus baptized not, but His disciples;" but though He does not Himself baptize, He urges with strong and convincing insistence its necessity as a condition of admission for Nicodemus into the new kingdom. The old and timorous man, addressing the young Rabbi in a tone of authority, and as representing a party, said, "We know no man can do what you are doing without God. We are willing to endorse you." At once the axe is laid at the root of the tree of self-righteousness, and a mighty blow is struck sufficient to fell the toughest bole. Nicodemus assuredly cannot enter the kingdom without the double baptism of water and the Spirit. He must come out and be separate. He must avow himself a disciple. For him, at least, baptism is absolutely indispensable. Many a man would have been saved from the devils of fear and cowardice which destroyed him, if only he could have dared publicly to declare himself on the side of God and truth.

After this one faint glimpse of baptism is afforded us in the Gospels, and then it passes out of sight till the ascension of Christ. Why? How came Christ to surrender the practise of baptism for nearly two years? Or if He practised it, why is there no trace of it, or of John's baptism, in the sacred story after the journey through Samaria, recorded in the fourth chapter of the fourth gospel? Why has baptism so prominent a place at the beginning of Christ's work, and no place at all when He labours incessantly in Galilee, discusses in Jerusalem, and dwells at Capernaum and Bethany? We do not know. We might speculate, and would if we were sure it would yield any profit.

Suffice it that baptism does reappear, at a time and in circumstances most solemn and impressive, and set out in words that fix the institution,

* Cf. Luke ii. 21-39, 42-47; Matt. xvii. 24-27; Phil. ii. 6-11.

both as to its meaning, its subjects, its mode, and its authority for ever. Evidently Christ had not surrendered water-baptism because it had no mission to fill, no part to play on His and man's behalf; for in His final commission to His disciples He gives a definite *formula* for it, in words more exact and creed-like than any that He had before spoken, and shows that candidates are to be made acquainted with the three great names in which God through Christ has glorified Himself—the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Weigh all this. Hear Him say, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth; I am King about to be enthroned, and I speak as your King. Go ye, make disciples of all the nations, baptizing* them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world." Verily if Christ had intended water-baptism to lapse, He could not have more effectually counter-worked His own purpose!

This, then, is the result. The place of baptism in the life and teaching of Jesus is that of a *permanent and authoritative institution of Christianity*. Like the "Lord's Supper," it springs out of an older rite; but, like it also, it has a new meaning and use. The baptism of repentance fore-shadowed the baptism of the Spirit. The baptism of faith attests it. The baptism of repentance was a pledge and a promise; that of Christ is a record and seal. John's baptism was a confession of sin, and a hope; Christ's baptism is into fellowship with the Conqueror of sin, and the fruition of hope—into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

But is it obligatory?

How dare we deny the King? Where is our warrant for the rejection of His command? If He had not meant His word to hold us to obedience, why did He, after the ordinance had been passed over for two years, recall it, and set it in such a clear position, and back it with the weight of such solemn words? Verily, for ourselves, we dare not lightly esteem it: as we dare not make too much of it. We reject with vehemence the idea that water-baptism is a universally necessary condition of the forgiveness of sins, and of the enjoyment of the life everlasting. We cannot find in our judgment or conscience to enforce it as an absolutely indispensable condition to church communion, however seemly and beautiful it is as an act of matriculation or initiation into the fellowship of saints; but we hold with increasing tenacity that a *cheerful and intelligent acceptance of New Testament baptism is positively necessary, not to salvation, but to a full discharge of the believer's duty towards His accepted King*.

Surely severity of climate effects a release!

* It is surprising that any one should find content in the idea that this refers to the baptism of the Spirit, and not to water-baptism. Read it thus, "baptizing them in the Holy Ghost into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and it is the very folly of tautology; to say nothing of the unparalleled circumstance that it represents the disciples of Christ as doing what God only can do, "baptize men in the Holy Ghost." Moreover, it is clear from the book of the Acts that those who heard the words did not so regard them. They baptized in water those who had been baptized in the Holy Ghost. The place of baptism in apostolic teaching and practise is too large a theme to enter on here: but surely it is totally opposed to the view referred to.

By no means. The Queen's authority extends over all her dominions, and is as final and complete on board Her Majesty's ships in the most distant seas as in Westminster; and her acts run with the same force everywhere, *unless* otherwise stated. Our King has expressly included "all nations;" and His commands carry the same weight in Labrador and in India, in Jerusalem and in London. Only HE can release us from our obligation; not a real or a baseless fear; not an apprehended pain; not the self-denial involved in obedience.

"But what's the use? I'm saved now. Baptism would not make me one whit more safe."

And so your idea of Christ and His gospel is the miserably selfish notion of personal safety; an assurance ticket for which you have paid your penny, and therefore can justly claim your reward! Out upon the wretchedly mean notion! Fling it from you with ineffable scorn! You need strength and purity and devotion and culture as well as safety. There is the joy of pleasing Christ, and the reward of obedience to His will. Are they nothing to you? Use or no use, as He bids it, it is yours to obey.

But there *is* use! Christ never sets us to do fruitless work. It is not like Him to be a hard master. Surely we can trust His love and wisdom to say what is of use to us! Shall the disciple dictate to the Master? It is rare that the pupil does *see* the use of his lessons till he has done them. Is not our very position as disciples a demand for obedience, for it is in the *keeping*, not the knowing, of His commandments there is great reward? The sense of hallowed satisfaction obedience diffuses over the whole being is the beginning of heaven. The conviction that you are a declared, enlisted soldier of Christ is a check upon evil, help in watchfulness, courage in warfare, and inspiration to patient endeavour. It is a means of grace, set by Christ at the beginning of the Christian life, to perfect our detachment from evil surroundings, and to unite us by inseparable bonds to righteousness and peace. Dare we risk the danger of spurning the slightest aid offered by such wise and loving hands?

"But I complied with this command when I was baptized in my infancy."

"You did? You claim that as your act? *You* understood it? *You* rendered homage to Christ?" What! you regard a deed that was done *for* you, without your consent, without your knowledge, as an act of obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ! Surely the influence of prejudice and early education could no further go! Yet for forty years that prejudice held one from an act that was afterwards declared to be full of spiritual blessing and help!*

* Moreover, is sprinkling New Testament baptism? Let Dean Stanley answer—"There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters; and that for at least four centuries any other form was either unknown, or regarded, unless in the case of dangerous illness as an exceptional, almost a monstrous case. To this form the Eastern church still rigidly adheres; and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it, that of the Byzantine Empire, absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin church has wholly altered the mode, and, with the two exceptions of the cathedral of Milan and the sect of the Baptists, a few drops of water are now the Western substitute for the three-fold plunge into the rushing rivers of the wide baptisteries of the East."—*Hist. East. Ch.*, Lec. I.

Add to this Professor Maine's testimony, also a learned Pædobaptist,—“It may be honestly asked by some, Was immersion the primitive form of baptism; and if so, what then? As to the question of fact, the testimony is ample and decisive. No matter of church history is clearer. The evidence is all one way, and all church historians of any repute agree in accepting it. We

"But I fear to commit myself. I shrink from baptism lest I should afterwards discredit Christ by disobedience. I am afraid of falling."

But may you not trust the grace that has saved you, and now commands your obedient homage to keep you from falling? Is it not sufficient for you? It was for Paul. It has been for myriads. Surely it will be for you. Your distrust dishonours Christ. Cease from it, and obey Him at once, to show how hearty is your regret that you *could* have doubted the sufficiency of His love and power for a moment.

Moreover, does not this very objection of yours hint the true use of baptism? You feel that, if baptized, any act of uncharity or wrong would have an additional blackness. Would not the memory of your baptism be thus a new bond to steadfastness, a warning against indifference, and a stimulus to fidelity? Confession of Christ is your present need. Open avowal of His name is at once your duty and safety. Commit yourselves to Him and His cause, so that you shall not dare to go back and walk no more with Him.

And do not forget that the time for doing a duty is the moment you know it should be done.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

MAN, LORD OF CREATION.

"Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him!"

FOR whom were all the creatures made?
 For whom were earth's foundations laid,
 And the blue heavens above?
 Sun, moon, and stars? the rolling sea?
 Exultingly I cry, "For ME!"
 For me—what wondrous love.

What dignity is stamped on man!
 For whom creation first began,
 With endless blessings rife!
 The fairy scene, when spread abroad,
 A world show'd worthy of a God!
 (Unknown then sin and strife).

How wide man's sway! Earth's monarch
see
 Stretching abroad o'er land and sea.
 Made subject to his will

To him the creatures homage yield;
 While all the produce of the field
 His hands with blessings fill.

For him the sun put's forth its light;
 For him the moon and stars by night
 Their watch and order keep;

For him the plants, and flowers, and trees,
 Diversified, his senses please;
 And e'en the flowing deep.

For him the seasons as they roll,
 And as by a Divine control,
 They make the changeful year,
 Put on their ever-varying hues,
 And good in endless forms diffuse
 In light or darkness drear.

What gratitude from man should flow,
 On whom his Maker did bestow
 Dominion o'er the earth!
 How all his soul should *upward* rise,
 Befitting one who from the skies
 Hath an immortal birth.

O, bless thou Him to man who gave
 So fair a world!—and thou, to save,
 Gave His own Son besides.

"He trod the wine-press" here "alone;"
 And now a mansion near His throne
 For man redeemed provides.

C. HODDINOTT.

cannot claim even originality in teaching it in a Congregational seminary. And we really feel guilty of a kind of anachronism in writing an article to insist upon it. It is a point on which ancient, mediæval, and modern historians alike—Catholic and Protestant, Lutheran and Calvinist—have no controversy. And the simple reason for this unanimity is that the statements of the early fathers are so clear, and the light shed upon these statements from the early customs of the church is so conclusive, that no historian who cares for his reputation would dare to deny it, and no historian who is worthy of the name would wish to."

In the face of such witnesses need we say more?

ON THE STUDY OF OTHER MEN'S LIVES.

"THE proper study of mankind is man." That saying perhaps has grown common-place by repetition, but its substantial truth remains unaltered. Few branches of reading afford so much pleasure and profit as the life-stories of other men. Our social instincts are intensely strong, and our curiosity well-nigh unbounded. And in the perusal of these records the social instinct is gratified, and curiosity is indulged by the revelation of what once were secrets. Carlyle notes, with great truth, "how inexpressibly comfortable it is to know our fellow-creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery: nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it; so that we can theoretically construe him, and could almost practically personate him; thoroughly discerning both what manner of man he is, and what manner of thing he has got to work on and to live on. Gossip, egotism, personal narrative, scandal, railery, slander, and such like, the sum total of which constitutes that other grand phenomenon called 'Conversation;' do they not mean wholly Biography and Autobiography?"

We propose, in this brief paper, to offer some remarks upon the utility of the study of other men's lives, and to suggest some very needful cautions and qualifications to the reader.

The usefulness of the study of biography is undoubted. And amongst other benefits, it tends in a remarkable manner to simplify and elucidate history. We are not of those who contend with a celebrated modern writer that "all history is a lie." Nevertheless, from reasons which need not be dwelt upon here, much of history, so called, is obscure and doubtful. Some of its commonest facts are perplexed and involved to the last degree. In these matters, contemporaneous biography does much for its correction and explanation. We get many valuable side-lights upon dark things from the lives of those concerned in their transaction. And just as a painted window, seen from without, is a scrappy and colourless mystery, while seen from within, it is luminous and beautiful; so, from the inner view of biography, the dark and confused things of history often become plain and even harmonious. In fact, all history, rightly considered, is a mere bundle of biographies. Specially so are the primitive histories of nations. The progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization is set forth in the lives of its heroes, its priests, and its sages. And rightly to understand the life, is in great part to comprehend the bearings of the history.

And what is, perhaps, of even greater importance, we get by this study a closer and more accurate acquaintance with humanity. The inner life often becomes visible. Hidden motives and springs of action are revealed. The weaknesses and limitations of a man become manifest. It is seen, after all, how unequal and crooked a thing is human nature. How inconsistent, how selfish; and anon, how scrupulous and how generous. We meet with philosophers who discourse of eternal verities, and who yet are mean-spirited and corrupt. Poets, who soar to the very gates of heaven, and yet grovel in sensuality and vice. Warriors, who conquer nations, and cannot subdue themselves. Statesmen, who sway the councils of empires, and are them-

selves ruled by the pettiest trivialities. These and the like things become manifest to the student of biography; and he is led thereby to a sounder estimate of men and manners. To him it is clear, all that glitters is not gold. He sees greatness nearly allied to meanness; that which is noble and God-like mixed with that which is low and earthly. And he learns to form a more generous judgment of men's failures, a more just conception of their difficulties, and a more acute valuation of their successes.

The study of other men's lives, too, encourages those who are themselves struggling with difficulty. Men who are in the grip of poverty are apt to lose heart. Obstacles are all around them. The road to success is steep and precipitous. The men who, in wealth and success, live at ease above them, seem to have been raised to that enviable position by an inscrutable and almost unfair Providence. And struggling genius or plodding industry is apt to become disheartened by failure. But let it study the early history of success. Bernard Pallisy is reduced to starvation before he discovers the white enamel. Samuel Johnson, with the desperate eagerness of hunger, devours his greasy dish of tripe in an underground eating-house, before he becomes the theme of an admiring Boswell, and the centre of a brilliant circle. George Stephenson cleans clocks and does engine tenting at twelve shillings a week before he rises to colossal fortune, and becomes the father of the railway world. Struggling industry finds that one step at a time does it—that patience and plod and thoroughness are the elements of success always; and struggling industry takes heart accordingly, and presses forward with renewed energy.

It seems scarcely needful to remark that the study of biography affords ample warning of the dangers that beset the path, the sunken rocks that threaten the voyage. There are signs for the unwary traveller, beacons for the incautious mariner, "sailing o'er life's solemn main." And many have been aroused to a sense of their own nearness to danger, by the story of the wreck and destruction of others.

Guidance, also, in the study of other men's lives. Men see how others have ruled themselves; how others have overcome difficulty and achieved greatness. Many a life has been a very gospel to those who have read it; affording lessons of gentleness, of firmness, of patience, of energy, of invincible determination and unfaltering trust in God. And men are raised to a higher conception of what humanity may be, by the story of what humanity has been. Their purposes for good are quickened, their ambitions are purified, and their aspirations intensified. The life-writing becomes germinal. It is as seed sown in good ground, bringing forth fruit, thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold.

And then, how widely is the circle of our acquaintance increased by the study of biography. Great men dwell with us, and become communicative. They tell us in confidence of their fears and their hopes. They unfold their plans, or recite the secret history of their lives. And they are always friendly and always constant. They introduce us to new scenes and new society. We accompany them into circles of fashionable gaiety, we join them in visits to the coteries of literature. We bivouac with them on the tented field, we sit with them at the council board of kings. Our favourites come ever at our call;

and the student, surrounded by his books, dwells in a world of his own, full of pleasantness and free from contradiction.

Nevertheless, there are some cautions and qualifications as to the study of other men's lives which must be kept steadily in view. The customary grains of salt are specially needful. To accept all that biographers tell us would indeed argue extreme gullibility. To judge a biography by unvarying standards would argue equal simplicity. Ancient biographies are, for the most part, simple in their nature, dignified in their narrative, and sparing either of praise or blame. Striking instances of this are to be found in the histories of the ancient Jews, in the lives of Plutarch and some other examples. Modern biography, on the other hand, is full of criticism. It seeks to explain motives, to unravel mysteries, and to present a philosophical view of things. And as a biography is framed upon the one model or the other, so it must be judged. It is evident we must be guided by the scope of the work and the intentions of the author. His book may be a simple recital of the public life, as visible to the bystander. Or it may embrace the inner as well as the outer life, as viewed from the family circle, and made manifest by the privacies of diary or correspondence. Or again, it may consist of an elaborate estimate of character, mingled with notices of eminent friends, and a sketch of the times.

But whatever the style or scope of the work, we must be on our guard against the prejudices and predilections of the author. His book may be conceived in a partisan spirit, and his purpose may be to make apology for the sins and shortcomings of his hero. In other words, his business is "whitewashing." It is worthy of notice, that in the lives sketched in sacred story, we never find the slightest attempt at this practice. The portraits are photographs, with all the defects and scars and wrinkles. Nothing is touched up, and nothing is concealed. The history of the life is stated in plain and unvarnished language, and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. Not so, however, in numerous instances of biographical writing that might be referred to. In them, unscrupulous ambition is regarded as state-craft, and moral turpitude is converted into mere gaiety of life. Shuffling meanness is prudence, lying is policy, and cruelty is explained away until nothing but firmness remains. In short, under the brush of the whitewasher, the subject quickly becomes an hero or an angel, to the intense astonishment of those who have known him best. Or it may be the author approaches from quite another quarter, and with very different intentions. Under guise of fair and candid statement, he may misrepresent the actions and blast the character of his subject. We have a conspicuous example of this kind of thing in the accounts of Puritan worthies as written by Royalist biographers. The critical spirit of the present age has proved their falsity, but it has not yet neutralized their influence. That king of men, Oliver Cromwell, has specially suffered from this cause. With Clarendon, and a host of the contemptible small fry who followed him, Oliver's religion was cant, and his profession of godliness hypocrisy. His magnanimity was fear, and his patriotism unscrupulous ambition. It was nothing that he made England great; nothing that under the flag of his sea-generals her fleets were victorious

in every sea. To them it mattered nothing that Europe trembled at his nod, that his troops were invincible, that his power was used to succour the distressed and stay the horrors of persecution. He must, forsooth, be gibbeted as the scheming, crafty, low-bred Huntingdon brewer! And so, for all ordinary readers, his memory was overwhelmed with misrepresentation, until the industry and critical acumen of the present day provided a truer history of things.

But while we are careful as to the prejudices of our author, we must be on our guard also against our own. Our early training, our limitations, our prepossessions, may almost incapacitate us from forming a right estimate of a man. For instance, a reader who is entirely unacquainted with religious phraseology would be disposed to accept too literally Bunyan's terrible words of self-accusation, and rank him in his youthful experience with the vilest wretches that ever disgraced the earth. Yet, as Macaulay clearly points out, tip-cat and bell-ringing were among his worst vices; and, judged by the standards of his day, he was not an immoral man. So Cromwell's hypochondria has been perverted into the confession of dreadful offences against society. We must bear in mind that opinions and professions will modify the conception of character. Thus, for instance, the military man will hardly be disposed to give full weight to the scruples of the peace-loving Quaker; while the Friend will very likely altogether fail to appreciate the soldier's thirst for glory. So that it appears, in our estimate of other men's lives, judgment must be very largely influenced by the relative position, acquirements, and prejudices of author, hero, and reader.

Further, we must make allowance for defective information—for those blanks in the record of a life, concerning which it may be said that increased knowledge might seriously modify our estimate of the person whose history is related. Readers of the "Curiosities of Literature" will be familiar with the case of Vere, Earl of Oxford, who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, lived at Florence in more than regal magnificence. The splendour of his equipage and the luxury of his table eclipsed even the state of the Grand Duke himself. He was the talk of Europe. His reckless extravagance, his boundless prodigality, made him notorious. But the reason for his self-banishment was as ridiculous and silly, as the reason for his prodigality was mean and wicked. The secret history of the Stuart Restoration, as related by Clarendon, is another instance in point. Bonfires were blazing. The conduits ran wine. The mob shouted, God save the King. Yet, at the very moment when Charles was reviewing the troops at Blackheath, we are told that "when he appeared most gay and exalted, the king and all his hopes stood in a melancholic and perplexed condition," and that "he wore a pleasantness on his face that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as it was possible to put on." The fact is, as related by Clarendon himself, that in the very midst of seeming triumph, the King was so racked with fear, that he had nearly resolved upon another flight! This matter of defective information might be illustrated at considerable length, but we forbear.

The last point to be borne in mind is, that the physical and mental condition of a man—and consequently his vigour and power—will vary considerably at different periods of his life. And this must be borne in

mind in forming an estimate of his character, both for consistency and force. When a man is in feeble health, worried with anxiety, and suffering from the strain of overwork, he frequently becomes as irascible and impatient as previously he was magnanimous and forbearing. We have a striking instance of this in the case of that great statesman, who, under the providence of God, has achieved German unity, and placed a Protestant power foremost in Europe. Over-burdened and over-worked—worried by the buzzing attacks of Ultramontane wasps, constantly threatened with assassination, and weighed down with the cares of government—his iron nerve seems at times to have given way, and we have heard of outbreaks of temper at once undignified and unworthy of his greatness. But it has been well remarked, that in “reading the life of any great man, you will always, in the course of his history, find some obscure individual who, on some particular occasion, was greater than he.” The fact is, as related by an old proverb, no man is a hero to his valet. He who lives with a great man will find that on some occasions he is very common-place and ordinary. And so when, in biography, we are admitted to the confidences and privacy of one who has occupied the world’s attention, we shall be astonished at his occasional weaknesses, and amused sometimes at his failures and mistakes.

We have said nothing so far of Diaries and Autobiographies. Of course the same rules will hold good in reading them, with this further qualification, that we are more often taken into the confidence of the subject. Hence we know more of his self-importance and conceit, or his fits of nervous depression and self-depreciation, than we are permitted to see in the ordinary biography. There is, moreover, a morbid self-consciousness—a posing for effective appearance, even in cases where the diary or autobiography was not professedly written for the public gaze. Some, however, are very free and natural. The diaries of pleasant gossiping Samuel Pepys, of elegant and accomplished John Evelyn, and of earnest and devoted John Wesley, are among the most readable of books. Others of more modern date might be named which are quite as entertaining. Of autobiographies there is no need that we should speak. Their name is legion, and the growing self-importance of the age will inflict them upon us more and more.

But whether in the Biography, as set forth with embellishments by an author, or the Autobiography, as related by the person whose thoughts and doings are placed on record, or in the unguarded language and confidences of the Diarist,—we very earnestly commend to the thoughtful notice of our readers “the study of other men’s lives.”

W. H. ALLEN.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

THAT is what we all need and all may have. The following receipts may help us to secure it:—

1. Look at your mercies with both eyes; at your troubles and trials with only one.
2. Study contentment. In these days of inordinate greed and self-indulgence, keep down the accursed spirit of grasping. What they do not have, makes thousands wretched.
3. Keep at some work of usefulness. Working for Christ brings heart-health.
4. Keep your heart’s window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus’ countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows.

REGINALD HEBER.

BY R. YOUNGER ROBERTS.

THE spirit of the gospel is pre-eminently a spirit of just yet charitable dealing with those to whom it is sent. Because of this, those who have imbibed—not a fancied gospel spirit—but the true gospel spirit, are only pleased to recognize Christ's servants, and their brothers in Christian work, in those who labour in fields other than their own. For while by reason of the very freedom of thought and liberty of conscience which the gospel gives, Christian life is divided into many sects and parties, Christian brotherly kindness manifests itself in the due recognition of others Christianity, and of others usefulness in the cause of Christ. There may be differences of opinion just now in the world as to the standing and position of the body to which he belonged; but I think all will agree that, though he was an official of the "Established Church," he was a Christian; and though he was a bishop in his later life, he was one of those who shunned not hard work: indeed that Reginald Heber, as well as being gifted with the poet's fire, was also blessed with the grace of our Lord Jesus, and lived and died as a humble steward of the manifold grace of God.

Not a pioneer, by any means, in the missionary work, I have not selected him as a model of energy and push; not of marvellous power in getting into free intercourse with idolators, I have not selected him as an admirable example of conciliatory manners or engaging address. I have selected him for this reason—in him we have an example of genius consecrating itself, with praiseworthy self-denial, to the uncertainties and dangers attendant upon hard rough mission work. In this I know full well there is only a certain range to be allowed. We cannot compare him with Williams, or Knibb, or Moffat, or Buckley, or Carey; but we cannot compare them with him. There are certain points in which each excels, and there are wide differences among the whole.

Reginald Heber, born in 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, was considered a dull sluggish lad, superior though even then for his compositions in prose and verse, especially in verse. Entered at Oxford in 1800, where his elder brother was a fellow, his abilities were known only to a few; but his conversational talents and taste for literature soon introduced him to a dangerously wide circle of friends. But Heber never shirked his work. In the spring of 1803 he brought out his prize poem entitled "Palestine." In this he had the encouragement of Sir Walter Scott. "During the course of the composition of 'Palestine' Sir Walter happened one morning to breakfast with Heber. As was natural, the poem was produced and read; at that part where the building of the temple is described, Sir Walter remarked, 'one striking circumstance has been forgotten; no tools were used in its erection.' Reginald retired from the breakfast table to a corner of the room, and wrote those expressive lines which now form part of the poem—

'No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.'

He had to recite this poem in the Oxford University Theatre. His manner of reciting "gave evidence that it was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, the accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compeers, but here was a true poet

indeed—not one only of bright promise, but of bright achievement—one whose name was already written in the roll of the immortals.” When Heber returned from the theatre after this triumph, instead of waiting to hear the landings of his proud family, he withdrew to his own chamber, where his mother found him giving thanks to God for his success.

In 1807 he was instituted to the living of Hodnet, in Somersetshire. The spirit in which he entered upon the duties of his office are expressed in his request to a highly esteemed friend, “Pray for me, that I may have my eyes open to the truth, whatever it may be; that no interest may warp me from it: God knows that I have no possible excuse for a failure in my duty.” In 1815 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer in his old university. In 1822 he was elected to the preachingship in Lincoln’s Inn. On the 1st of June, 1823, he was consecrated Bishop of Calcutta. But he had not spent this time simply as a country parson, or dry lecturer in theology to students to whom hearing was dry work. He had worked hard. He wrote, in addition to “Palestine,” “Europe,” “Honour its own reward,” very many hymns, in addition to his lectures, and regular contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. He commenced a dictionary of the Bible. Indeed his pen was never idle. And had he refused the Indian mitre, he would have found his way to the highest point that the Church, to which he was an honour and a glory, could have bestowed upon him. It may seem somewhat strange to nonconformist ears to say that Heber practised self-denial in becoming a bishop. But it was fifty years ago, when there was a widely different spirit among the clergy of the “Establishment” than at the present day. His love of work for God sent him abroad. Love of ease and wealth might have kept him at home. For between Calcutta and Canterbury there was this difference: at Calcutta he must work; at Canterbury he might if he pleased. At Canterbury all things had been in his favour; at Calcutta all things were against the man. He twice refused to go; a third time he is offered, and resolves to take the post.

The story of his labours, in his particular field of Indian missions, is almost unknown. His career was but of three years. He was cut down in the midst of his usefulness. His time was constantly spent in writing for the help of his diocese, in cheering the few and widely scattered helpers in his labours, in going from station to station to inspire by his presence and counsel. He worked as hard as any curate, prayed as fervently as any Christian could, and preached as earnestly and as often as the opportunity came. He was a missionary bishop, in labours more abundant, and in grace abounding. His Master’s business was the object of his heart and life; and he found, what all true workers for Christ will ever find, wherever there is the desire for work for Christ, there will always be found the field wherein to labour. At last, he fell. Intense mental application, combined with the effects of a cold bath upon a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue, precipitated the catastrophe, and he died at forty-three, just in the beginning of what promised to be one of the most useful careers in the service of Christ.

There are two or three points in this very bald sketch of Heber I wish to notice. *There is the superiority of the Christian worker to the aspirant after fame.* Take Heber as a Poet and Missionary; in which was he most useful? In his poetry he ministered to the delight of the

poetic; he has charmed the cultured and refined taste, but that is all you can say. It is true he wrote "From Greenland's icy mountains," but that was directly in connection with mission work. As a missionary, he was a messenger of Christ, not to cultivated and elevated tastes, but to poor, and wild, and untutored sinners. As a poet he came in contact only with man's tastes; as a missionary he came in contact with his spiritual needs. Simply as a poet, he did not, of necessity, shed one ray of helpful light across the dark path of a lost soul; as the missionary of the cross, he pointed man to his lost condition, and directed him to the one great help and refuge for him in the extremity of his condition: and hence, as a missionary, he was superior to himself merely as the poet. He gave up the laurel chaplet of the poet's fame; and gained, instead, the amaranth of Divine approval as a faithful steward of his Lord.

Then again, *Take the fact that Heber is known more by his poetry than as a missionary.* This does not arise from any such fact as that he was successful as a poet, and a failure as a missionary; neither is it from his seeking the honours of a poet, rather than the toils of the missionary. One reason for this undoubtedly is, the short time he was spared to his mission work.

But there is this reason—*The comparative obscurity in which the missionary has to labour.* That which is best in his work is hidden deepest. It is true that in Heber's day there were not "Chronicles" and "Heralds" by which even the humblest worker can publish abroad his doings: but even with the help of such things, how much is there in Christian work which never sees the light? And that which is known is often only some pursuit, which provides recreation; or, as in the case of Heber, some accomplishment which is more pleasing to the popular and superficial mind than hard and rough and rugged toil. We, in our land, have an ignorance of the missionary's work, natural to the peculiar blessedness of our position, and the happy advantage of our lot, and we naturally look out for that which we can best appreciate. For instance, we speak of Livingstone as a traveller and explorer, and quite lose sight of the fact that he was a missionary. His travels, his discoveries, interest us; but who thinks of asking whether he was useful for his Master, and what souls were saved by his instrumentality! This comparative obscurity is the result, not only of the missionary's vocation, but of the want of interest taken in his work by others. We hedge the man away from us. We enclose him in a rampart of forgetfulness, and leave him there alone; and left there alone to his hard toil, we know not of the depression and often sad nearness to despair which oppress him. Now and then, at an annual meeting, we get a glimpse of something of the kind, and we either groan in sympathy, or satisfy ourselves with fancying that we do, and the next morning it is all over with us. But the missionary is alone still; and yet not alone, his Master is with him, and his trust and dependence are in that Master. There is no obscurity so far as He is concerned. Fellow mortals know only of the poetry or the discoveries; Christ knows of the deep heart-longings for human souls, and the plaintive cries for the Divine blessing. As with Heber, so with many a worker in the mission field—that which is secondary is known to man; that which is chief is known only to God.

Then take, *the comparative ignorance of Heber altogether.* There is this fact concerning Heber, that though he was known tolerably well in

his day, yet that now his poetry is very little read; and he, as either bishop or missionary, is thought of or remembered only by a handful of our race. He is gone; comparatively speaking all knowledge of him has gone also—and yet his work remains. Men sing his hymns, and know not whether he was a “Wesleyan local” or a “Baptist itinerant,” and dream never that he was an Indian bishop. But what does it matter? The workman may have gone; the work yet remains. And though he is dead, he yet speaks. His voice may be unrecognized, and its “whence” unperceived, and its “whither” equally unknown. But the voice once uplifted, its sound never dies. And just as our voices, by their different inflections and intonations are said to be still ringing on in some upper airy region where their owners are unknown, so the voice of the servant of Christ never ceases sounding the Master’s will. Though the workman goes, the work remains! The word endures. Like the plants of earth self-sown and reproduced, and reproduced and self-sown again, so that for generations following the crops come up in glad abundance, rich and strong, the word spoken for the Master descends from generation to generation, carried on by means of its tenacious hold upon the hearts of men, and ever carrying with it the fire and earnestness of the voice that first sounded it abroad.

The word lives, though the speaker dies. It is so with Heber. It will be so with you and me. Whatever work, earnestly, sincerely, prayerfully, we have done in the Master’s service, that work will not be lost. Whatever teaching, humbly, earnestly, and with ardent yearning for souls for Christ we have striven to give, that teaching will live. We, too, must die. Our names may be forgotten; our very existence may be positively lost in the lapse of time, our work for Christ will still live. Our earnestness will be reproduced in the earnestness of after ages. Our ardent longings for the Master’s glory will be reproduced in the earnest self-denying toil and noble fidelity of the growing love of the family of God. Being dead, we yet shall speak, though none recognise our voice, and though no one has heard our name. The glory of the workman is lost in the glory of the Master’s work. “He must increase.”

TEARS O'ER OUR BROTHERS' GRAVES.

LAST summer were their hands in ours,
 Their greetings in our ears;
 Our joy was bright as summer flowers,
 Our parting knew no fears.
 Yet with the summer flowers they went,
 Touched by no autumn spell;
 For scythe-mown, with a swift descent,
 They faded not—but fell!

The first where ocean’s billows roam
 Around the Great Orme’s Head;
 The next so far from friend’s and home
 That no farewells were said:
 But one, with all his kindred near,
 Was underswept by death;
 ’Twas something that he knew their tear,
 And they his parting breath.

And stunned with grief we feebly ask—
 Were skilled physicians near?
 Or think, had each had lighter task,
 Then all had still been here:
 We heave the heart’s sad bitter sigh,
 And cry, as Mary cried—
 Oh! Christ, if Thou hadst then been nigh,
 Our brothers had not died!

Ripley.

Hush! Christ was there—is here—and weeps
 His loving tears with ours;
 And all the gentle words He speaks
 Are calm victorious powers;
 They carry to the inmost heart
 The hope that ever saves
 From all despairs—they heal our smart
 E’en by our brothers’ graves.

Not only still they tears and fear,
 But give intelligence
 Of those who were so lately here—
 How He has borne them hence,
 That somewhere in His glory they
 In all their wills are one
 With His, who helps us ere we pray
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

And so content us with His peace
 That had we now the power
 We would not, though our sorrow cease,
 Abridge their joy an hour
 By cancelling their glory-birth
 And freedom from our bounds
 To call them back to weeping earth,
 And from their early crowns.

EDWARD HALL JACKSON.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. XI.—*Getting rid of Chapel Debts.*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

MR. BEECHER'S paper, the *Christian Union*, inserted the following caustic paragraph a short time ago:—"Church debts are becoming a nuisance and scandal; church loans an incubus which none but the best saints have grace enough to carry; church finances more than a match for angel's wisdom." And Dr. Holland, in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, says that the following ought to be the form of dedication for places of worship at the present time:—"We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of 150,000 dollars. We bequeath it to our children and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid), and we trust that they will have the grace and the money to pay the interest and lift the mortgage. Preserve it from fire and foreclosure, we pray Thee, and make it abundantly useful to Thyself—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage." From which interesting items we may conclude that the unwelcome combination, of a "chapel debt" and a "church deacon," is as often found on the other side of the water as on this.

Deacons must deal with chapel debts. We cannot avoid them if we would. The very qualities which made us the elect of the church for the management of its financial business will render it incumbent upon us to accept responsibilities in connexion with work which is not only similar in character, but which also closely affects the amount of the fund raised for purely church purposes. So that this *special* work is obligatory; and the diaconal influence ought to be the most weighty brought into action on committees for forming chapel debts, or for the more difficult and perilous task of getting rid of them.

A deacon of a church in the South tenaciously maintains that chapel debts are unrighteous creations, and ought on no account whatever to be contracted; and therefore holds Mr. Spurgeon aloft as a pattern of good works, because he would not open the Metropolitan Tabernacle till it was paid for. He might as well maintain that nations should never borrow money, or proclaim the Queen as a pattern in *all* housewifely duties. Mr. Spurgeon is an exceptional man, and can do exceptional things, as not a few find who try to do things a la Spurgeon. Chapel debts are inevitable, so long as we have men of venture, who are impecunious; and ministers who will live on the barest pittance, if they can but serve God by building houses for His worship and glory.

And what is more to the point, those debts are often as righteously created as they are inevitable. Why, it is often asked—and nobody can give the answer,—should not a handful of people, wisely judging the needs and ability of a neighbourhood, erect a building, and leave a large share of the cost to be met by those who will enjoy the privileges of work and worship therein? Why, again, should ministers, who have cut off large slices from a scanty income for years, for the sake of doing such a good work, continue at that self-denying task to the end of their days, for the sake of setting, may be, a wealthy congregation free from a slight burden? The division of responsibilities is a dictate at once, of justice, Christian feeling, and good sense.

The points to be kept steadily before the diaconal mind are, first, that debts obviously of an unmanageable character ought never to be incurred; assuredly not by expenditure for mere show and ornamentation, or elaborate and unnecessary apparatus. That a debt will be a difficulty is no reason at all against it. Business men know that well enough, and act upon it six days a week. The incurring of a debt is often the acquisition of a large gain. A merchant knows that borrowing money is often the wisest thing he can do. So if a chapel debt is justified by the circumstances of the case, and can be handled by men of average ability so as neither to cripple the church nor its pastor, then there is no strong ground against inviting it.

The second point is in reference to getting rid of a debt. It should be so done as that the process will be a "means of grace" to church and pastor alike.

More skill is requisite to compass this than for anything else the deacon has to do. Getting rid of a debt is mostly a perilous thing. Still it should be wisely, hopefully, and bravely undertaken, with an eye to all the risks of the business, and a determination to avoid them as far as possible. Whilst there should be no feverish hurry, yet cowardice must not suffer the debt to live too long, or its removal will be sure to become intolerable, its very antiquity taking all the grace out of giving to get free of it.

I know a minister who says that a debt wisely managed is one of the best means of grace a church can have; and who tells sad stories of churches that have acted in the most "graceless" way almost as soon as they had no debt to remove, no special financial work to do. But mostly it is otherwise. Churches either do, or think they do, suffer in freshness of spiritual tone, fineness of conscience, and energy of evangelizing endeavour, by the consecration of their power to money getting and giving.

It is easy to say, "These things ought not so to be." Everybody knows that. It is only here and there a solitary individual who carries such an intensity of spiritual emotion that he can spread his spiritual nature over all his life, bathe it with the pure light of heaven, and so infuse a life divine into all material work as to prevent it from materialising him. Still, ministers and deacons must not talk twaddle about this subject. The sickly maundering about money giving and getting, as if it *could* not be a supremely spiritual service, is irritating in the extreme. Let us be men. Never say it is unspiritual work. It is nothing but maudlin cant that blubbers thus. It *may* be more spiritual than a prayer-meeting; more bracing to the faith and zeal and love than the best service of song. Getting rid of chapel debts never need lower the spirituality of the church's life in the least. If it does, it is because the church does its work in the spirit of the world, and not in the spirit of Christ.

But great care should be taken not to worry and annoy churches, either with the method, or the time, or the urgency of the effort. The process should be comparatively easy, always cheerful and good-humoured, with well-chosen pauses, and abundant explanation of the spiritual aspects and bearings of financial work in Christian life. Most men look on money giving for God as they do on the payment of a bill; not as an act of worship, a sacrifice of love and devotion to the Lord of our new life. With unwearied persistence we must keep foremost the idea that the giving is to God, and for His service, and so it will expand the heart and ennoble the life.

More imperative is it that deacons should shield the pastor of the debt-burdened chapel from any possible peril. Never let your minister be a travelling "beggar" for more than fourteen days a year. I have seen so much of the riskiness of this begging occupation, that I wish I could get all our deacons to feel as I feel about it. I do not say it is necessarily injurious. Indeed, I heard a minister say once that begging for a chapel debt is the best school you can go to for acquiring a knowledge of the wonderful inventiveness of human nature in giving reasons for *not* doing an unwelcome thing. I also remember meeting a man in the city some years ago who was positively overflowing with delight because he had unexpectedly obtained £100 where he scarcely expected £10. These facts notwithstanding, I am sure that while a little begging *may* do him good, too much will kill him. It wastes time, energy, moral and spiritual fibre. It depraves. Not a few men have built new chapels, and buried themselves in the foundations. Many a minister has cleared off a debt, and *himself* too. To repeat the same story a hundred times, with the same unabated interest; to stand, cap in hand, before men of wealth, to beg and crave for assistance, is to take the best life out of the man, to exhaust his energies, and, in a word, demoralize him. Like angels' visits, so the money begging visits of ministers ought to be, few and far between, for *their own sakes*.

But whilst the removal of the debt is delayed by this great care for the truest welfare of the church and its spiritual leader and teacher, the real burden of the debt must not be left on the narrow shoulders of the pastor, as if it were his and his only. This is a sore mischief. I have made inquiries of pastors who have asked me for help, and have been grieved to find churches whose officers do not so much as feel an ounce weight of the responsibility of inventing plans or arranging methods for the diminution of the size of the incubus. They

leave it. They do not so much as relieve it with one flash of their generous sympathies: and occasionally, in unguarded moments, are willing to believe we talk as though they had no deep concern with regard to it; and so suffer the whole strain to fall on the minister, till the crushing debt takes the heart out of him, and forces him to adapt all his life and work to the removal of an incumbrance which has become unbearable because he stands under it alone; but would scarcely have bent him one-eighth of an inch from the perpendicular if his fellow-officers had heartily and sympathizingly stood by his side.

“Yes,” one will say, “and this is because we cannot tell what methods to adopt.” But this branch of the subject I must leave to next month.

WORK FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB IN DERBY.

It was my intention to give to the readers of our Magazine a short account of the Deaf and Dumb Association affiliated to the St. Mary's Gate Sunday school; but as the Conservative church organ in Derby, the *Derby Mercury*, has given a report of the first public meeting, held Oct. 12, it will perhaps be better to leave the official reporter of the *Mercury* to tell his own tale, rather than to one specially interested in the undertaking. The report is necessarily much abridged.

“One of the most interesting meetings ever held in Derby was that at the St. Mary's Gate chapel on Monday night. For some time past religious services have been held at this place of worship for the spiritual instruction of the deaf mutes, and to this have been more recently added entertainments of a more secular character, consisting of lectures and conversation meetings. The teacher and secretary of this class is Mr. W. R. Roe, who has laboured with a zeal and disinterestedness which is worthy of all praise. All the services and lectures are conducted in the finger and sign language, and no speech is heard. The deaf and dumb, having good characters, are assisted in obtaining employment, and provided with an interpreter on certain occasions. The religious instruction conveyed, it should be remarked, is distinctive of no sect.

“Three hundred and fifty persons sat down to tea; and afterwards a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. George Dean, the president of the Association. In the centre of the chapel were seated the clients of the movement, between thirty and forty in number, some of them having come from other towns to be present. Excellent and telling speeches were delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. E. H. Jackson, of Ripley, the Rev. W. Griffith, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Thompson, and others; and these were translated into the sign language by Mr. Roe. The report of the Association was interpreted by one of the class, Mr. G. Kniveton. The following resolution was passed:—‘That this meeting hails with great satisfaction the formation and steady progress of an Association for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the deaf and dumb, and pledges itself to use its best efforts to promote its success.’ There was also a lip recitation by Mr. Kniveton, and a recitation in the sign language, entitled ‘The Bible,’ by a boy named Peat, a deaf mute.

“Mr. Griffith, the missionary to the deaf and dumb of Birmingham, himself thus afflicted, delivered a capital address in the sign language, which was read to the meeting by Mr. Roe at the same time. In his address were the following touching sentences:—Have you ever mused on the real condition of the deaf and dumb? By my own experiences I know and feel their condition perfectly. Not only are we shut up from hearing pleasant sounds, music, praises, hymn singing, birds singing, bees humming, music of the streams and rivers, etc.; but also from the tones of loving mothers' and fathers' voices. Other children are called dears and darlings and other names—you know best, because I have never heard them myself. But the deaf and dumb child hears nothing of all this. He is insensible to the sweet softening influence of loving words—deprived of the moral and intellectual advantages which social conversation gives. When the deaf and dumb leave school, after having received instruction, they are still shut up in prison house; but the only difference is that afterwards there is no grate on the prison house, but they come out with a little opening,

through which they can receive the thoughts and feelings of their fellow-man. This poor loop-hole for knowledge needs to be kept in continual use. They depend on the eye for all the knowledge they can gain. There are thousands left altogether untaught.

“Mr. Crocker, of Nottingham, who claims the honour of having formed the first deaf and dumb class for religious instruction, gave a very interesting explanation of the sign language.

“The most interesting portion of the evening, however, was the presentation of a splendidly illuminated address and inkstand to Mr. Roe by his class—no one with vocal speech being allowed to contribute. The presentation was made by Mr. G. Kniveton, in sign language, as follows:—It is with unfeigned pleasure that I have to present to you, on behalf of your deaf and dumb friends, this testimonial, consisting of an address and inkstand, as a token of our gratitude for your noble efforts for our spiritual and temporal welfare. I wish that the present was worth its weight in gold; but as we are too limited in number, and as we give it from our hearts, you will rejoice us by graciously accepting it as a token of our appreciation of your noble work, as a labour of love, and that of a true philanthropist. We wish that Almighty God may abundantly bless your labours on earth; and that at last you may receive your reward in heaven. Such is the prayer of your humble flock, on whose behalf I now make this gift.

“Mr. Roe replied as follows:—My deaf and dumb friends,—If I had two hearts, I should feel with one very unworthy to receive your beautiful gift; but as I have only one heart, I thank you with the whole of that, not only for the gift itself, but a thousand times more for the kind feelings which prompted it. I will honestly own that at certain times I have felt somewhat discouraged with the many difficulties which beset my path in the work connected with our Association; but I have never doubted its ultimate success, feeling assured it was the hand of God which led me to start this work; and being for the promotion of His glory, however humble the undertaking, it could not possibly fail. The kind terms in which you speak of me in the beautiful address, will not only be an encouragement to me, but a stimulus to further exertion; and I sincerely hope it may be preserved for many, many years to come as a memorial of this most interesting occasion. When I look upon your address, and remember that no hearing person was allowed to subscribe to it; when I look at the fact that you were but a small assembly to secure it—it will be an encouragement to me to use my utmost efforts for your welfare; and I trust while my life shall last I shall at least be deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of our Association. During the past nine months I have addressed you ninety-two times, and as you know I make it my rule never to address you without telling you some truth from the grand old gospel, so to-night I feel I must say a few words, however brief. I have repeatedly urged the claims of Christ upon your heart and life. I have put before you sin and its consequences if not repented of. I have earnestly appealed to you to come into the Saviour's fold—to lay down your arms of rebellion, and yield yourselves to the Lord. It is my privilege and duty to present Jesus to you all to-night as the way, the truth, and the life, and through Him is the only way to eternal joys. Though you are, my friends, deaf and dumb, I beseech you be not spiritually deaf to the calls of a loving Saviour; neither let your heart be dumb, but let it rejoice that He came to redeem us from all sin; and if we believe and trust in Him, He is truly our Saviour. While thanking you again for your testimonial, which is a most beautiful one, let me say that nothing will bring more joy to my heart than to see you leading a true and happy life—living to Christ, who lived and died for you. If such a life is yours, you will have the encouragement of every right-hearted person, the approval of your own conscience, and best of all, the smile of God will ever be upon you. Such a life as this adds a lustre to the brightest character; if such a life be yours, then, notwithstanding your silence, it will shine out in the midst of the dark generation as the stars of the firmament, and your death will be as the going down of the morning star, which sets amidst light and glory.”

Will some of our churches look out for the W. R. Roe's in their midst; and will the members of our churches—all of them—give God-speed to such men, especially in the earlier stages of the formation of societies similar to the one described above?

FRED THOMPSON.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. T. RYDER.

JUST as we are finishing "copy," we receive the painful intelligence of the decease, far away from his home and his church, of our dear brother, Thomas Ryder, pastor of Stoney Street church, Nottingham. Three standard-bearers fallen in less than three months. May the Lord console our hearts, and teach us the meaning of these mysterious and distressing events!

Our friend was only thirty-six years of age, and was just on the point of completing the fifth year of his ministry at Stoney Street. He had gone to America to recruit his health; and not feeling better, was just on the point of returning, when he was struck down by his disease. Much prayer will be made by our churches, both for the bereaved widow and the afflicted Stoney Street church.

When the news reached Nottingham, an influential committee, comprising representatives of almost all the churches in the town, was formed for the purpose of considering what action should be taken in reference to this unexpected and sorrowful event.

At the first meeting of the committee, held in the Mayor's Parlour, on October 12th, the Rev. G. R. Thornton, Rector of St. Nicholas, in the chair, it was resolved—"That in consideration of the high regard felt for the character of the late Rev. Thomas Ryder, and as expressive of appreciation of the many public and philanthropic services rendered by him during his residence in the town, a fund be raised as a tribute to his memory, and that the amount be devoted to the purchase of an annuity for the benefit of his widow, or to such other similar purpose as a meeting of the subscribers to the fund may decide."

The grounds on which the above resolution was adopted were briefly these—that the sudden death of Mr. Ryder, at the early age of thirty-six, had rendered it impossible for him to make adequate provision for his widow; that beyond the small amount of the insurance effected on his life (£200) there was little or nothing left for her support; and that the disinterested philanthropy and earnest devotion to the best interests of the town at all times evinced by Mr. Ryder, call for hearty recognition on the part of those who honoured and loved him.

Donations of any amount to the memorial fund may be remitted by cheque or otherwise to the Treasurer, Mr. John Bayley, the Park; or to the Hon. Secretary, Rev. R. Dawson, Mansfield Grove, Nottingham; or to Mr. J. Leighton, Secretary of the church.

The next issue of our Magazine will contain a full memoir of our brother.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.—FOR THE YOUNG.

WHEN I met Mattie Simmons at her cousin's, in Philadelphia, last winter, I thought her one of the neatest, prettiest, brightest girls I had ever seen. She would come into the breakfast-room in a nicely fitting dress, a jaunty white apron with pockets in it, and a primrose tie, with a smiling face to set them off. Whenever you met her, her toilet was *comme il faut*, and her manners were lovely.

But lately I paid a visit at Mattie's own home. What witch-work had wrought a change in my darling? She wore the most slipshod shoes, the dingiest wrappers, and the most soiled and twisted collars. She hardly took the trouble to say good morning when she came down stairs.

"Has there been a fire?" I inquired.

"No!" was the astonished reply.

"Has mattie's trunk been lost, or have burglars got into her closet?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Then, Mattie dear, where are all your pretty clothes gone?"

"O, they are all in the house. I think old things are good enough for home, aunt Marjory."

A great many young ladies are of Mattie's opinion. They consider anything fit for father and mother to see. They take no pains to be beautiful and attractive in the household. And then they are surprised when their brothers think other boys' sisters nicer than themselves.

A girl's dress and a girl's behaviour at home can hardly be too carefully designed. There is a brusque candour about home-folks too often, that makes it harder to be good there than to be good on a visit. But the daughter is the silver clasp of the family circle, and she should never forget that it is her privilege to look pretty, as well as her duty.—*Aunt Marjory.*

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. THE GENERAL BAPTIST ALMANACK AND DIRECTORY FOR 1876 will be published on the 25th of November. It will contain, besides the usual Almanack information, a List of our Churches and Pastors; Items of General Baptist History every General Baptist should know; what General Baptists believe; what they are doing and where they are working; mistakes about them, etc., etc. We shall aim to make this penny Almanack and Directory exactly what is needed by the "rank and file" of our churches. Let Magazine Agents, Deacons, and Pastors, order it in shoals! We shall need a large circulation to save us from loss.

II. THE BAPTIST UNION—"RETIRING MINISTERS' AND WIDOWS' FUND."—The circumstance that gives promise of securing perpetual fame to the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union recently held at Plymouth, is the initiation and enthusiastic adoption of a scheme for providing an annuity of £50 for pastors of churches who have ceased to be able to do their work, and of £30 for their widows. The details of the scheme are not yet fully settled; but from the business-like character of the proposals, and the earnest spirit in which the work is undertaken, we seem at length in a fair way to accomplish one of the most necessary works for the Baptist ministry of Great Britain and Ireland. An appeal is made for contributions towards a capital fund, and Rev. C. M. Birrell, Rev. Dr. Brock, Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., W. Middlemore, Esq., R. Cory, Esq., and W. S. Caine, Esq., are requested to obtain and hold the same till the fund is fully organized.

III. "WHAT IS KILLING OUR MINISTERS?—Surely there is a cause," is the constantly recurring inquiry in meetings, on the domestic hearth, in chapel vestry, and in public. We have heard several members of our churches, not ministerial, give free utterance to answers on this question. We have letters from others on the same topic. One to hand by this very post, says, rather tartly, the answer may be found in the "Autobiography of the Editor of this Magazine." That is rather personal. Still, we should like to gather a consensus of opinion from the deacons and friends of ministers. They see us. They know our methods of work. None so deeply as they are interested in the maintenance of our health. Let them freely speak unto us of the things which so closely concern the welfare of the churches

of the Lord Jesus Christ. We shall be glad indeed to give "free course" to their wise words.

IV. SECESSION FROM THE STATE CHURCH.—The Rev. G. Chute, Vicar of Market Drayton, has recently seceded from the Established Church, and uttered some bold words on the occasion of his departure. He says, "Things have now come to that state in the Church of England that she has become apostate. She is the very image of the beast; the very resemblance of popery. The doctrine of transubstantiation is held by the majority of the members of the Church of England. The Prayer-Book is full of pegs on which popery hangs. What brought me finally to a decision to leave the Church was, that after constant care and watchfulness I felt I would rather cut off my hand than be present again at the rite of confirmation in this church. What is the tendency of it? To bring every child in England up as a Ritualist; and therefore it is that I am compelled to relinquish my position in the Church of England." These words are no more brave than true; and the question they urge with burning force into our hearts is, why is this seceder alone? How comes it that so many "evangelicals" can be "partakers of her sins?"

V. THE NATIONAL PAPIST MANUFACTORY.—But there are other secessions. Oh yes: many! Roman Catholics are boasting about it. Cardinal Manning, in high glee, celebrates the day of the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country, and invites Englishmen to thank God for it, and vaunts the successes they are making. We would as soon thank God for the worst pest we have in society as for priests. The "government of the priests" has always been a government of deception, tyranny, and of double-dyed iniquity. And yet these priests are being "made" in our State Church by the score. We have before us a well-authenticated list of more than twenty clergymen who have recently gone over to Rome. As they are Romanists we are glad they are gone to their own place; but it is unbearably galling to think that the nation is supporting a State Church for the manufacture of the worst foes of liberty, prosperity and religion. Oh that God would smite it to the earth! O that the unhallowed alliance of State and Church were broken! Brethren, as you love Christ and men, pray for it every day!

VI. THE MONTH OF CONGRESSES.— We have a batch of notes on the meetings held at the beginning of this month; enough, indeed, to fill an issue of our Magazine! Never were the meetings more prophetic of the triumph of righteousness and truth. The State Church is slowly learning self control, has at last taken one lesson in the art of talking quietly, and is actually beginning to consider the needs of dissenters. Congregationalists and Baptists are full of life and energy, and not only understand but are addressing themselves to works

of the first importance with sagacity, resolve, and hope. The meetings in London and Plymouth have done more to consolidate Nonconformity than any before held.

VII. THE PROGRESS OF PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION, in one of its branches, is seen in the fact that the sum of two thousand guineas has been contributed to the "Wilshire Fund." £500 have been already given to the "Allen Fund." Subscriptions are urgently needed for this Fund, and should be sent to Mr. Edmund Heap, Thomas Street, Burnley.

Reviews.

SCRIPTURE NAMES AND THEIR RELATION TO ANCIENT HISTORY. By W. G. Hind. *Hamilton, Adams, & Co.*

SCRIPTURE names are not infrequently so interwoven with the meaning of Scripture that error or ignorance in regard to them exposes to mistake as to the drift and force of the Word. The thorough scholarship, abundant labour, clear expression, compact arrangement, and good sense displayed in this brief treatise, will make it a most useful addition to the "tools" of the expositor of Scripture in church, and school, and home.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. S. Cox. *Hodder & Stoughton. Strahan & Co.*

THIS periodical steadfastly maintains its place as the best preacher's assistant we know. The luminous exposition of "menechah" and of the "goel," in the Book of Ruth, by the Editor, Mr. Lumby's richly suggestive paper on the Graphic and Dramatic Character of Mark's Gospel, further instalments of Godet on the Prologue of St. John's Gospel, and of Dr. Morrison on the Hebrews, and the sermon of the late Bishop Thirlwall, place the October number abreast of its predecessors. Ministers will get more of the "marrow" of the Bible from such contributions than from thousands of "skeletons and sketches."

BROUGHT HOME. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." *Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. London: Tweedie & Co., and Houlston & Sons.*

ONE of the best Temperance tales we have read. It is free from that common vice of stories, exaggerations and unnaturalness; and indeed, bases itself on events which, in their broad outlines, are unfortunately common place. It is full

of pathos, rich in fine feeling, traces with a skilful hand the sophistries by which "Christian" society justifies itself in bringing to the table, day after day, a robber who perpetrates his awful deeds before their eyes; and makes clear the duty of Christians to use the only infallible agent known for recovering the victims of intemperance, viz., abstinence. We urge our readers to get this tale into the libraries of home, school, and church.

THE CIRCLE OF TRUTH. By Rev. James Walker. *Congleton: Cockayne.*

AN extremely able, though brief, discussion of such topics as Personal Influence, Giving, Unity in the Church and with the Churches. The suggestions are practical and opportune; and the style in which they are set is fresh, florid, and forcible.

HOW TO ANSWER OBJECTIONS TO REVEALED RELIGION. By Miss E. J. Whately. *Religious Tract Society.*

THOSE who are familiar with Archbishop Whately's works will find in this volume much to remind them of the clear-headed, safe, and sagacious author of "Easy Lessons on Christian Evidences." To young Christians pestered with the objections of doubters, and anxious to rebut them, it will be a most valuable help. It is elementary in its character: but it is thorough as far as it goes, reliable in its statements, timely and wise in its choice of objections, and apt and cogent in reply.

LIFE ON THE DEEP: MEMORIALS OF CHARLES MARCH, COMMANDER R.N. By his Nephew. *Rel Tract Society.*

A MOST interesting photograph of a model seaman. A better biography could hardly be put into the hands of those who go to the sea in ships, and do business on the

great waters. A brave heroic adherence to noble principles, an intense and manly Christian life, a genial, frank, and fearless spirit, a sunny cheerfulness, and an active consecration of power to the kingdom of Christ, form a character intrinsically excellent, and a story deeply instructive and attractive. None could read it without enjoying it, none could enjoy it without profit.

ANGELIC BEINGS: THEIR NATURE AND MINISTRY. By Rev. C. D. Bell. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIS vol. consists of ten discourses on angelic character and agency as portrayed in the Scriptures. Expository in their nature, they are clear in style, sound in exegesis, spiritual in tone, and practical in character. It is a welcome contribution on a theme of much interest.

Church Register.

AUTUMNAL CONFERENCES.

I. CHESHIRE

WAS held at Macclesfield, October 12. Rev. W. March read a paper in the morning, on "How is the Christian Church to Reach the Masses of the People?" Mr. March was thanked for his paper; but through want of time there was no opportunity of discussing this important subject. Rev. C. E. Pratt opened the service by reading and prayer. Mr. R. Pedley was voted to the chair at the sitting in the afternoon, and Rev. J. Walker took part in the devotional proceedings. Reports showed nine baptized, and fourteen accepted candidates.

I.—Report of Mr. R. Pedley, treasurer of Home Mission Committee, expenditure of £258 2s. 9d.; receipts £242 16s. 8d.; balance due of £15 6s. 1d. A grant of £35 for ensuing year was made jointly to *Nantwich* and *Audlem*; arrangements respecting *Congleton* were left with the Committee; the case of *Stockport* could not be entertained for want of resources.

II.—That the members of the H. M. C., with its officers, be thanked for their services, and reappointed for the ensuing year; they are Messrs. Joseph Aston and Roger Bate, of *Tarporley*; Edward Birchall, of *Nantwich*; Richard Booth, of *Whealock Heath*; Isaac Norbury, of *Congleton*; R. Pedley, treasurer; and Rev. R. P. Cooke, secretary. C. E. Pratt, of *Stoke*, and W. Hilton, of *Macclesfield*, were added to the above list. The ministers of contributing but unassisted churches are eligible to attend on this Committee.

III.—That in future the Conference arrangements be as follows:—Business at 11.0 a.m.; Devotional Meeting at 2.30 p.m.; Paper to be read on some religious subject, with discussion to follow, at 3.0 p.m.; in the evening a special sermon to be preached, and collection made in behalf of the Home Mission Funds; the

church receiving the Conference to select the preacher for the evening. It is earnestly hoped that this alteration will secure a larger representation of delegates and members as well as of the Christian public at the Conferences.

IV.—That the next Conference be held at *Nantwich* on the first Tuesday in April, 1876; Rev. J. Maden to read a paper for discussion, on some subject to be selected by himself.

WILLIAM MARCH, Sec.

II. LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE

MET at *Stalybridge*, Sept. 29. The morning service was opened by the Rev. W. Gray, and the Rev. W. Smith delivered an address on "The best methods of conducting Inquirers' Meetings." An animated and profitable discussion followed. The Rev. E. K. Everett presided at the afternoon service. From the reports given by the brethren, it was evident that several of the churches were enjoying a large measure of prosperity. 144 baptized; 16 candidates.

I.—*Preston*.—1.—That this Conference regards with extreme satisfaction the steps taken by Mr. Roe to secure the new chapel at *Preston* for the use of the denomination, and pledges itself to render all the practical sympathy in its power.

2.—That the election of trustees for the new chapel at *Preston*, be referred to the Home Mission Committee, along with the following brethren:—Messrs. H. Crossley, J. Bramley, J. Horsfall, and G. White.

II.—*Secretary*.—1.—That the resignation of brother Maden be accepted, and that we hereby express our hearty thanks to him for his unwearied and efficient services as secretary of this Conference for a period of nearly six years.

2.—That brother Sharman be appointed secretary, in place of brother Maden, resigned.

III.—That as the Revs. J. Maden, E. W. Cantrell, and W. Jarrom, are about

to leave this district, we desire to record the pleasure we have received from fraternal intercourse with them, the benefit we have derived from their judicious counsels in conference, the zeal they have manifested in all denominational efforts; and pray that they may have much happiness and prosperity in their new spheres of labour.

IV.—That the January Conference shall be held at Halifax, and that the Rev. J. Watmough read a paper in the morning on the "The best method of introducing members into our churches;" to be followed by discussion.

Todmorden. W. SHARMAN, *Sec.*

P.S.—The secretary will be pleased to receive subscriptions on behalf of Preston. £300 are wanted *at once*.

III. THE LONDON (OR SOUTHERN)

MET at Borough Road, Oct. 14. The Rev. G. W. McCree in the chair.

Though the reports from the churches did not show as great a numerical addition as at the last Autumn Conference, the additions were rather above the average of the past five years; whilst the reports were characterized by much hopefulness and fervour. Additions reported: by profession, 56; by transfer, 28; total, 84.

Resolutions were passed with reference to the churches at Tring and Colwell.

The representatives of this Conference reported that as yet there had not been a meeting of the Unification Home Mission Committee. The Rev. J. Fletcher resigned his seat on this Committee. Resolved—That the Rev. J. Clifford be representative of this Conference, *vice* Rev. J. Fletcher, resigned.

I.—That the next Conference be held at Chesham on Monday, May 22, 1876; that devotional services be held in the morning; that the Revs. J. H. Atkinson and G. W. McCree be requested to give addresses; that an open-air meeting be held in the afternoon, at which the Revs. Dr. Burns, J. Fletcher, and G. W. McCree, be requested to speak; that the Rev. J. Clifford be requested to preach in the evening (if he should feel well enough to do so) or in case of failure, the Rev. R. Y. Roberts.

II.—That at each Conference a definite date and place be fixed for the next succeeding Conference; that a Committee be appointed annually for the arrangement of Conference business, the said Committee to consist of a president, the minister, *ex-officio*, of the place at which the Conference is held, two elected members, and the secretary.

III.—That for the year 1875-6 the Rev.

D. McCallum, of Chesham, be president, and the Revs. Dawson Burns and J. Clifford be elected members of the Committee.

IV.—That this Conference desires to utter its firm and indignant protest against the recent instructions of the Admiralty as to Fugitive Slaves; and whilst recognising the fact of their suspension, to declare that nothing will satisfy this Conference but their absolute and immediate withdrawal. Further resolved—That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty.

In the evening a public meeting was held, at which the Rev. G. W. McCree presided; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, of New Cross, and J. Fletcher. The choir of the chapel sang with effect some selections of sacred music. J. WALLIS CHAPMAN, *Sec.*

IV. WARWICKSHIRE,

WAS held in the new chapel, Nuneaton, Oct. 5. The Rev. James Brown presided.

After devotional exercises, a paper was read by the secretary, subject, "How to increase the interest of the Churches in the Conference." A very useful discussion followed; and thanks were heartily accorded.

Business.—Reports—baptized, 105; received otherwise than by baptism, 13; candidates and inquirers, 57; gross increase since Oct., 1874, baptized, 46, candidates, 16.

The following suggestions, arising out of the morning paper, were adopted:—

1.—That a moderator or president be elected annually to preside over the Conference during the year. The Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall, was unanimously chosen first president.

2.—That the Conference be for the future held on Monday, instead of Tuesday, as heretofore.

3.—That a Committee—consisting of the president and secretary, the Revs. E. C. Pike and H. W. Meadow, Messrs. Marshall, Carpenter, Lawrence, and Rollinson—be appointed to consider the propriety of recommending the Conference to undertake some specific work; and to suggest a form of work.

4.—That in future, special services be held by the church which will entertain the Conference on the Sunday preceding the visit, and in preparation for it.

5.—That the churches be respectfully requested to pay the expenses of delegates.

6.—That the questions of Representation, and of the Voting Powers of the Conference Assemblies, be considered by the Committee appointed under Resolu-

tion 3, and reported on at the next Conference.

7.—That each church be earnestly recommended to appoint a Conference agent—either sex to be eligible.

The following arrangements for the next Conference were adopted:—Coventry to be the place; the beginning of April the time; subject of the morning paper, "Our young Converts—their Culture, Temptations, and Work." The appointment of a writer was entrusted to the president and secretary. The Conference sermon to be preached by the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., of Birmingham.

The evening service was opened by the Rev. — Hames (Independent), of Nuneaton. The Rev. H. W. Meadow, of Coventry, preached from 1 Cor. xv. 58.

Thus ended a Conference which for attendance, *esprit de corps*, and general hopefulness, was one of the best ever held in the Warwickshire district.

LL. H. PARSONS, Sec.

PRESTON.—IMPORTANT MEETING.

A special Home Mission Committee Meeting was held in the vestry of Wellington Road chapel, Todmorden, on Thursday, Oct. 7, 1875. The Rev. W. Chapman presided. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

I.—That the following brethren be requested to act as trustees for the new chapel at Preston:—Messrs. J. Lister, J. Rhodos, J. Bramley, J. Horsfall, J. S. Gill, R. Roe, G. White, H. Crossley, C. Binns, Joseph Thomas, Ellis Barker.

II.—That the trustees be recommended to borrow £800 on promissory notes.

III.—That Mr. J. Bramley, Northgate, Halifax, act as secretary to the trustees.

IV.—That all money collected be paid to Mr. J. Lister, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

W. SHARMAN, Sec. pro. tem.

CHURCHES.

COALVILLE, *Anniversary Services*.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 27, a very interesting children's service was held in the morning, largely attended. Afternoon and evening Rev. W. J. Mayers, of Bristol, preached to a crowded house. On the 28th, upwards of 300 sat down to tea (gratuitously provided), and in the evening a full chapel listened with delight to one of Mr. Mayer's "Evenings of Sacred Song." Amount realized, £59 10s.

CONINGSBY. — Anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. W. Jarron, Sept. 26th. On the 27th, a goodly number sat down to a "knife and fork tea," which was excellently served, and gratuitously

provided. In the evening Mr. J. preached again. These services were well attended. Collections and tea £10.

ISLEHAM.—The annual meeting was held, Oct. 13. Rev. H. B. Robinson preached in the afternoon. Nearly 350 sat down to tea at five o'clock. Public meeting at 6.30. The pastor, Rev. W. E. Davis in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Revs. H. B. Robinson, Chatteris; J. Porter, Soham; J. A. Wilson, Isleham; C. E. Boughton, Fordham; J. Johnson, Barton Mills; and C. Gomm, West Row. The chapel was decorated with flowers, fruit, corn, &c. Collection, £3.

KIRKBY.—*School Sermons*.—Sept. 19. Preacher, Rev. J. Alcorn. Congregations large. Collections, 12.

LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—Fifty-fourth chapel anniversary. On Oct. 17th, two sermons were preached by Dr. Barnardo and Rev. J. Fletcher (pastor). On the following Tuesday, Oct. 19, one hundred and ten friends sat down to tea, and afterwards we held a public meeting, with the pastor in the chair. The report given showed a net increase of thirty-one members since last year, and that the church was in a very satisfactory condition. The Revs. W. T. Lambourne, A. G. Brown, W. J. Inglis, J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., and others, addressed the meeting. Collections, £9 16s. 4d. This is devoted to the renovation debt of £118, which it is intended to clear off in Feb. next.

LONDON, *Praed Street*.—Anniversary services were held, Oct. 17 and 18. J. Clifford preached. Collections, £98. R. Johnson, Esq., presided at the annual meeting. Speeches by Rev. J. O. Fellowes, J. Fletcher, J. T. Wigner, and Mr. E. Cayford. The report referred to the exceptional character of the year, owing to the pastor's illness, and stated that 55 had been received during the year, and that the following sums represented the major part of the financial work of the year:

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|-------|----|----|
| General Church Fund | 560 | 18 | 6 |
| Sunday School | 54 | 15 | 2 |
| Hall Park, do. | 26 | 1 | 7 |
| Society for Ministry to the Poor .. | 75 | 12 | 9 |
| Church Poor Fund | 74 | 8 | 11 |
| Temperance Society | 14 | 17 | 0 |
| Band of Hope | 5 | 4 | 3 |
| Dorcas and Sick Visiting Society.. | 15 | 12 | 0 |
| Hospital Sunday | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| The College | 18 | 3 | 4 |
| London Baptist Association | 21 | 15 | 0 |
| Foreign Missions | 92 | 18 | 10 |
| New Chapel Fund—£300 of which were from Mrs. G. W. Pegg; £50 from R. Johnson, Esq.; and £10 from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon .. | 486 | 11 | 0 |
| Young Men's Society | 16 | 19 | 6 |
| Gift to J. Clifford | 115 | 10 | 0 |
| Total | £1590 | 2 | 10 |

LONDON, *Worship Street.*—The chapel, which had been closed for some weeks for cleaning and repairs, was re-opened on Sunday, Oct. 10, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. B. W. Briggs, who had kindly come up from Dover for the purpose. The congregation was larger than usual, and the collection was, for the number present, very liberal. The chapel has been renovated with great judgment, and presents, what it has long wanted, a bright and cheerful appearance. The recent great alterations in the immediate neighbourhood have decidedly improved its position, and the further alterations still in progress will improve it yet more. The services are conducted, so far as his health and strength allow, by the late pastor, the Rev. J. C. Means; but the church would be glad to meet with an earnest minister of an evangelical and liberal spirit, to whose labours the position offers an encouraging prospect of success. Mr. Means will be happy to receive communications at his residence, 21, New North Road, London, N.

LONGTON.—The second annual tea meeting since the arrival of our minister amongst us was held on Monday, Oct. 11, Aaron Edwards, Esq., Mayor of Longton, presided. In his opening remarks his Worship congratulated the friends on the encouraging aspect of affairs, especially in regard to the chapel building fund, and also promised a donation. Mr. Springthorpe gave a sketch of his efforts to increase the building fund during the past year. The liberality of friends in various parts of the connexion was thankfully acknowledged. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. W. March, J. Mills, J. H. Jones, and Messrs. Brittain, Frost, Jones, Fernyhough, Morton, and Swan, interspersed with songs and recitations. The proceeds of tea and work table were satisfactory. The ladies intend to continue the use of the needle and the sewing machine in aid of our movement. Should any of your readers feel inclined to remit additional favours, they will be duly appreciated. Estimates for our new premises will shortly be obtained. We hope to lay our corner and memorial stones in February or March next.

We rejoice also to know that our brother, appalled and saddened by the scenes of intemperance and vice so prevalent throughout the potteries, has deemed it his duty, "for Christ's sake and the gospel's" (Mark x. 29), to identify himself with "the Baptist Total Abstinence Society." A Band of Hope has been formed, and other measures auxiliary to the progress of morality and religion are in contemplation.

MANSFIELD, *Notts.*—On Oct. 12, the friends of the church and congregation met to partake of a good tea. Able and interesting addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Cuttall, J. T. Almy, Mr. Purcell, Mr. Parks, and by the pastor, the Rev. H. Marsden, who had just entered upon the third year of his ministry, during which the church has enjoyed great prosperity. In the spring of last year the chapel was thoroughly renovated, and the number of sittings increased. Since that time the congregation has steadily improved, and again the chapel is too small. Arrangements have been made for fitting the aisles with seats; and the friends intend next spring to considerably enlarge the chapel, and build new and commodious schools.

MILFORD, *Derbyshire.*—Anniversary services were held, Oct. 10. Three sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. T. Tempest (Primitive Methodist), and in the afternoon and evening by Mr. Abraham Swan, of Derby. The congregations were good, collections being made at each service on behalf of the chapel funds.

NOTTINGHAM—PEOPLES' HALL.—Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., officiated, Oct. 10, in the organization of the new church worshipping in the above hall, and we henceforth take our place as one of the churches of the denomination of New Connexion of General Baptists, holding its beliefs, and adopting its order and discipline. At Mr. Goadby's request we (eighty-seven in number) declared ourselves by lifting up our hands—1. To regard each other as Christian brethren, members of the same community and fellowship. 2. To be associated with the churches of the same faith and order in Christian effort and enterprise; and, 3. To make provision for the regular preaching of the word, and the observance of Christian ordinances. After this ceremony Mr. Goadby administered the Lord's supper to the newly constituted fellowship. Several members of other churches who came to witness our order and mode of procedure also participated with us in this solemn ordinance. All appeared to feel the presence and blessing of the great Head of the church as they said, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." E. B.

SWADLINCOTE.—A public tea meeting was held, Oct. 11, in aid of the new chapel building fund. A kind friend, whose name has not yet transpired, had kindly offered to provide tea for 100 persons providing 100 tickets were sold at one shilling each; 150 were soon disposed of. The Rev. W. Groen, of Melbourne, in the evening, gave also, without charge, a

very interesting and instructive lecture entitled, "The Story of a Wonderful Book." Mr. G. Price presided. The friends would thankfully accept another tea, or lecture, on the same terms, which would materially help them on in their great undertaking.

MINISTERIAL.

BARKER, REV. CHARLES.—On the recommendation of a medical gentleman I have resigned the pastorate of the church at Eastgate, Louth, and am now open to another engagement where the air is cold and dry. Address, Lee Side House, Copy, Allerton, near Bradford, Yorkshire.

JARROM, REV. W., having accepted the pastorate of the G. B. church, Coningsby, expects to commence his labours there the first Lord's-day in November.

PRESTON, REV. I.—A public tea meeting was held, Oct. 5, to commemorate the settlement of the Rev. Isaac Preston, who has now fulfilled the sixth year of his pastorate at North Parade, Halifax. About 250 took tea. Mr. Preston spoke thankfully of the amount of peace and success that had attended his settlement in Halifax, but still looked forward to yet more prosperity to the church and more additions thereto. Addresses were also given by Mr. D. Wilson, senior deacon. Mr. Samuel Atkinson and Mr. Henry Cockroft. Mr. Joseph Holt spoke of the principles of the General Baptist body, and he was followed by Messrs. Joseph Wilson, B.A. (son of Mr. D. Wilson), of Cambridge University, James Bramley, Joseph Binns, and Mr. E. Haley. It was a most successful meeting.

SHARMAN, REV. W.—A tea meeting was held, Oct. 9, to celebrate the second anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. W. Sharman, at Lincolne. Attendance was large, and addresses were given by several of the brethren. The church has recently raised Mr. Sharman's salary £20 per annum, as an expression of their desire to promote his personal comfort.

BAPTISMS, SEPT. 18 TO OCT. 18.

BARLESTONE.—Four, by H. Wood.
COALVILLE.—Three, by C. T. Johnson.
ISLEHAM.—Five, by W. E. Davies.
LONDON, Præd Street.—Three.
NANTWICH.—Three, by R. P. Cook.
NORWICH.—Four, by G. Taylor.
OLD BASFORD.—Two, by W. Dyson.
WEST VALE.—One, by W. Jarrom.

MARRIAGES.

GREENWOOD—GREENWOOD.—Sept. 24, at the Central Baptist Chapel, Allerton, by the Rev. B. Wood, of Bradford, Mr. Mark Greenwood, of Allerton, to Miss Sarah Greenwood, of Fair View, Todmorden. It was the first marriage in the new chapel.

SAGAR—ALCORN.—Sept. 29, at Woodgate Baptist Chapel, Loughborough, by the father of the bride, Benjamin, son of Thomas Sagar, Esq., Sunny Bank, Burnley, Lancashire, to Sarah Thompson, daughter of the Rev. J. Alcorn, Rectory Cottage, Loughborough.

Obituaries.

FIELDING.—Sept. 9, at Blackwood, Stacksteads, Elizabeth Ann Fielding, the beloved wife of Samuel Fielding, aged twenty-two years. For more than six years she had been a consistent member of the church at Edgeside, and as a Sunday school teacher she has been very useful and highly esteemed. We deeply deplore our loss, although we firmly believe that to her it is gain. Her death was sudden and unexpected, but tranquil and serene. She fell asleep in Jesus.

"Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his venom'd sting."

JENNERS.—July 1, at Duffield, Mary, the beloved wife of Samuel Jenners, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was the daughter of Samuel and Millicent Bentley, of Hilton, Derbyshire. It was by the pious influence of her mother that she was led to care for heavenly things. When about twelve years of age she went to reside with a pious uncle and aunt at the Newlands Farm, and was in the habit of attending the Baptist chapel at Windley, and was very much impressed under a sermon by Mr. Fogg; so much so that she could neither eat nor sleep. One day when she had retired to seek the Saviour she found Him, to the joy of her soul, when she went to her uncle and explained, "Oh! uncle, I have found Jesus, and now I can eat my breakfast." It was not long before she offered herself for baptism, was accepted, and was baptized along with thirteen others, in the river Dore, at Duffield Bridge, by Mr. Stocks, then the minister of Smalley, Derbyshire. After being in fellowship with the church forty-five years, she had a long affliction, which she bore with Christian fortitude, and then fell asleep in Jesus.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

No. III.—*Visiting the Sick; Leaving Calcutta; and other matters.*

ONE of my most interesting reminiscences of my stay in Calcutta is a visit I paid with Mr. Sykes to two maiden sisters, one of whom is member of Circular Road, the other of Union Church. The former has been unable for more than three years, from bodily infirmity, to worship in the house of prayer, and she feels the privation greatly. Such disciples of Christ have a strong claim on the sympathies and prayers of more favoured christians. But though she remains from morning till night in her solitary room, the time is not idly or unprofitably spent. She employs herself in making fringes for hand-punkahs; and, as the Lord has blessed her with a moderate competence, she devotes the proceeds of her labour to the church; and I observed in the published accounts of last year that seventy-nine rupees, or £7 18s., had thus been realized for the cause of God. I was told that in one year she had made as many as 1,463 of these punkah fringes, and she would insist on my accepting two as a memorial of my visit. She greatly values the visits of Christian friends; and occasionally enjoys in her room, with her pastor and a few others, the memorial of the Lord's death.

Her sister belongs to Union Chapel, and is like Phœbe, a servant of the church. I was interested to hear how she was first incited to work for Christ. On learning that I was from Orissa, she said, "Was not Mr. Sutton from Orissa? I shall never forget a word that he spoke to me. It was indeed a word in season. I was very young; and it was after he had preached in Union Chapel on new year's day, 1837. Passing out of the chapel, he tapped me on the shoulder, and familiarly said, 'My little girl, what work have you done for Christ?' I could not answer a word; and I can never forget the effect it had on me. I felt that I had done nothing for Christ; and that the Lord had told His minister to speak to me about it. I went home, retired to my room, and wept very much. On coming down to dinner my father perceived from my appearance that I had been weeping, and inquired the cause. I told him what the minister had said, and how much it had affected me. In doing so I could

not but weep again. He said, 'My child, don't lay it to heart so. I will give you something to do, and you can begin to-day.'" That day she received her first collecting book for the Auxiliary Mission. Her beginning was small: at first she only collected a few rupees; but afterwards obtained very considerable sums. And though nearly forty years have passed since that new year's morning, the remembrance of it is as fresh as if it was only yesterday, and she still continues in various ways to work for Christ. This incident was to me deeply interesting. Probably it was never known to Dr. Sutton; and it should encourage us to be always ready to speak a word for Christ, especially to the young; assured that though we may not on earth know the precious results, we shall rejoice in the day of Christ that we have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain. Many little boys as well as little girls will read this; and all will, I trust, prayerfully ponder the question, My little child, what work have you done, what work are you doing for Christ? Oh that it may affect you as deeply as it did the little girl of whom I have been writing, and that the effect may be as abiding in your case as in hers. And, dear young readers, do not forget that you cannot acceptably work for Christ unless you love Him. He asks you now, as He once asked the repentant apostle, "Lovest thou Me?"

We left Calcutta on the Peninsular and Oriental Company's S. S. *Surat*, on Thursday morning, April the 8th; and with a punctuality that reminded us of Young's lines—

"At the destined hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,"

Many came on board with friends who were leaving India; and when the signal was given for them to leave the ship the separations were very affecting, as some of them would in all probability never meet again upon earth.

A few general statements as to the voyage may here be made, that I hope to fill up in subsequent papers. It was in many respects much more agreeable and interesting than our voyage to India twenty years ago, of which I wrote a pretty full account; nor had we any terrible storms to alarm our fears, or calms to try our patience, for we could go ten miles an hour without wind: but we cannot secure in these steamers the large roomy cabins that we enjoyed in the old passenger ships, especially when we obtained a stern cabin. Facilities for quiet reading and study were then enjoyed which the more limited accommodation of the steamers does not afford; but there are compensations in the distance being so much shorter, and the time so much briefer. Twenty years ago we were more than four months on the voyage, and only stayed a few days at Cape Town. On this occasion we were only forty days on the way, and touched at the following places:—Madras, Point De Galle, Aden, Suez docks, Port Said, Malta, and Gibraltar. The distance we then passed was about 15,000 miles; while the distance by the Suez Canal is only 7,700 or 7,800. We took up some passengers and left others at all the places at which we touched. Our number of passengers amounted to 264; and as a fair proportion of them were children, we had plenty of noise, often by night as well as by day—at which discontented and grumbling old bachelors sometimes complained, but with little effect. When coal was taken in at the different stations, our little friends often got as black as chimney sweeps. In addition to the passengers were the officers of the ship, the ship servants and crew; making a floating population of about 400 souls. The cargo amounted to 12,784 packages; and the specie on board to £460,000. We carried the Southampton portion of Her Majesty's mails from India, Ceylon, China, and Australia. I cannot give the number of letters and newspapers; but this portion of the mail is much heavier than that *via* Brindisi, and ought to be heavier than it is, as a newspaper can be sent from any part of England to any part of India for a penny; and the facilities for sending periodicals and books are as great, or nearly so, as can be desired. Thirty-two years ago the postage to India of a pamphlet like our Mission Report was 7s. 6d.: at the present time a pamphlet not weighing more than two oz., if sent prepaid *via* Southampton, is twopence; and up to four oz., fourpence. We cannot say, in reference to such matters, that the former days were better than these. But I am digressing. I should, however, add that the circumstance of our carrying the mails was no doubt one principal cause of the punctuality I have noticed in our leaving Calcutta.

I hope my young friends will carefully note the places at which we stopped, as they will thus be able to trace our course on the map, which they will find an improving exercise.

As I have much more to say about the voyage than can be given in this paper, I will end by describing my visits to an aged and afflicted disciple of Christ who died on board. Colonel ———, of the Bombay army, had long been a faithful servant of the Queen, as well as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and when sudden and alarming illness seized him at Bombay, as his wife and family were in England, he decided at once to return. It was his earnest desire, if in accordance with the Divine will, to see once more in the flesh those most dear to him; but it was not his heavenly Father's will to grant this desire of His servant: still, grace was given him to say, in the spirit of the agonizing supplication of Gethsemane, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." He had not his religion to seek on the bed of sickness, Christ had long been precious to him, and he had long rejoiced in the possession of a good hope through grace—a blessing of priceless value: but he sighed for a larger measure of the full assurance of hope than was always realized. Probably the extreme restlessness and greatly enfeebled state of the body prevented the constant enjoyment of this; and I reminded him that however our frames and feelings may vary, Christ does not change with them. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and being "found in Him," our everlasting safety is secured. He seemed comforted by the remark. We conversed together on a verse in "Charlotte Elliot's Life and Remains"—a verse which seems to have been the motto of that devoted christian and gifted poet—

"Oh 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."

But the state of mind this verse describes is one of the heights of holy experience not easily climbed. It is most desirable—should be earnestly coveted—and prayerfully sought; but it is difficult constantly to realize that we love Christ in the same way as a man feels that he loves his wife, or as a mother that she loves her child; for Christ, though supremely lovely, is the unseen object of adoration and affection.

"My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom having not seen I adore."

Thrice blessed are they who daily live and nightly sleep on the Delectable Mountains; and scarcely less blessed are they who in reference to this desirable attainment, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before, can say, "This one thing I do."

Among the books which I saw in the cabin of my aged friend, besides the one in which he meditated day and night, were two that I had not before met with. One was Spurgeon's "Types and Emblems;" and he especially referred to the remarks on Christ being the door from John x. 9. The other was by Dr. Winslow, and the title of it was, "Consider Jesus." He spoke with much interest of the benefit he had derived from its perusal. The day before his death, I read at his request the brief meditation on considering Jesus in prospect of death, founded on, "Father, save me from this hour." I was with him again on the morning of his dying day, but he was too much enfeebled to converse. I expressed a hope that he felt Christ precious to him in that solemn hour: his brief reply was satisfactory, and I commended him to the Lord in whom he believed. For several hours after this he was unconscious, and with one interval, which was extremely brief, continued so till the spirit departed. It was on this wise. A christian brother, Colonel G——, spoke to him of that "name which is above every name." He appeared to understand, and as if anxious to speak; but the tongue was unable to express what the heart evidently felt. It was a touching incident; and we could not but think that "the music of that name" refreshed his soul in death. Oh that it may refresh ours! "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"—precious if angels carry them from the calm stillness of the peaceful chamber of an endeared home; and not less precious when heavenly messengers conduct them from ocean's billows to the saints' everlasting rest.

I felt it a privilege to aid a brother in Christ in the last scenes of his pilgrimage, especially as he was separated from his beloved family and friends; and as no names are mentioned, I may add that before leaving the ship I wrote a detailed account of these conversations for the information of the widow and family, and have since received a very touching reply.

The corpse was committed to the deep on the following morning; and many showed their respect for the deceased officer by attending the funeral. We were not far from Malta. A funeral at sea is a very solemn and affecting sight. The burial service of the Anglican church is used on such occasions, and is generally read by the captain; only, instead of the words, "We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth," etc., it is said, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ." As the first sentence is pronounced, the body falls into the deep waters; a splash is heard; and all is over, so far as man can see or know, till at the bidding of the Almighty voice "all that are in their graves," with all that are buried in the deep, "shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Why the authors of the Prayer Book directed that "the sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life" should be omitted over those who are buried at sea, I am unable to say. Some have supposed that it was because the sea could not be consecrated! Perhaps they thought that those who went down to the sea in ships were more forgetful of God, and more regardless of their everlasting welfare, than others. The latter idea would seem to be suggested by the rather remarkable change in the absolution as pronounced at sea. It is rather a prayer for pardon, than a declaration of it as enjoyed. May "Almighty God" "have mercy upon you; pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness; and bring you to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Reader, may you live and die in the Lord! and then it will be a small matter whether the grave or the deep receive your dust, for you will be numbered with them "that are Christ's, at His coming."

LAND OBTAINED FOR LOCATION OF PIPELEE ORPHANS, BAPTISM, &c.

BY THE REV. T. BAILEY.

I AM delighted to be able to inform you that we have at last succeeded in obtaining the piece of land near Jamkholi for cultivation by the orphan boys. Negotiations with the Deputy Collector having come to a deadlock, I made an urgent application to the Magistrate; and, after some necessary official preliminaries, a native subordinate was sent to investigate the circumstances on the spot, also to survey and measure the land. The greater part of what has now been made over to us had been illegally ceded by the local government agent to a man who was largely his creditor, and in part satisfaction of his claim—and with this more than doubtful title the latter had begun to cultivate. It was ruled, however, that he was not responsible for the illegal part of the proceeding, and as we should derive the advantage it was stipulated that compensation to the extent of two hundred and fifty rupees should be paid him for work done and money expended. This makes a heavy draw on the funds we have in hand for this object; but it was a case in which hesitation was out of the question, and I at once paid the money, and on the following two days, Aug. 25 and 26, went with a small company of our people to take formal possession.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and importance of this acquisition to the Pipelee community. It is so exactly what was needed, and the time so opportune. The quantity of land is sufficient for about thirty families; it is within a few minutes walk of what we already occupy at Bilepadda, and whereas the latter all lies low, and is liable to inundation, this now obtained is high enough to be out of the reach of such dangers. We propose, therefore, to equalize matters by giving to each ryot a

portion both of the high land and the low, so that in seasons when one fails the other may succeed. The jungle that remains to be cleared is neither high nor very dense, and the boys will probably be able to manage it themselves.

We also selected a very beautiful site for the new village. It lies between the new and the Bilopadda land, so as to be convenient for both. It is also on the side of a hill, which commands a fine view of the country round. There is a large grove of mango and other shady trees close at hand, and an old tank is conveniently near to be of the greatest possible service when cleaned and enlarged.

The native friends are delighted with what they regard as an evident answer to our prayers; and the more so as it had become a most anxious question with us as to how the boys were to be provided for as they grew up and left the school.

Last Sunday I baptized four persons, and the day was one of unusual interest. The first to receive the ordinance was an East Indian, clerk in the Customs Office at Pooree, named Mr. Charles. He had called upon me several times at Pooree, and on one occasion I arranged for an interview when the native ministers would be present. The result was satisfactory; and as his official superiors also spoke well of his general character and conduct, and we were pleased with his evident sincerity, his desire was cheerfully complied with. This, I believe, is the first occasion on which any but purely native converts have been baptized at Piplee, so that the event created some little excitement, and curiosity to witness the ordinance was none the less from the fact that our friend stands more than six feet high. There was, however, abundance of water in the river, and all passed off well. This friend may be a great help to the few native christians we have at Pooree; and as a witness for Christ "where Satan's seat is," may render important service to the cause we love. His temptations will be great: may his faith fail not. Another of the candidates was the eldest daughter of our worthy brother Thoma. She is an intelligent and good girl, and will, I believe, adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. Of the remaining two, one was from Bilopadda, and the other from the girl's school.

This baptism was witnessed not only by a large concourse of natives, but also by the European agent of the British India Steam Navigation Co., who has recently settled at Pooree, with the view of establishing a line of steamers between that port and Calcutta, which, if successful, will be a great convenience and advantage to the district.

On the previous day we were visited by a wandering German—not a Jew. He came as a professor of music—said he could speak thirteen languages, and had travelled through nearly all the countries of the world. He holds some opinions of more than doubtful tendency, but signified his desire to join in our family worship by saying he would like to have "a shot from the Bible before he left."

Affairs at Pooree continue much as they were. The dispute about the efficacy or otherwise of the holy food now prepared is still raging, and the pundits are preparing a statement in writing of their views on the subject. When this is complete it is to be circulated for general information, and the hope is expressed that all will hold themselves in readiness to abide by its decisions. The efficacy and dispensation of the holy food is the one great glory of Pooree, and if this is brought into question that glory is gone.

The Executive Engineer of the Dursun (our good friend Mr. Bond) has submitted the report of his Hindoo subordinate to Government, and has appended his opinion that the temple is in a very dangerous condition, and that no pilgrims should be allowed to enter its precincts till it has been thoroughly repaired; and there can be no doubt that this view will be endorsed by the Government, so that for a time the pilgrims will probably cease to resort to the shrine.

The native writer adds, that in these circumstances it is the duty of the rajah to obtain the services of a Government engineer (*sic*) and have the necessary repairs done without delay, otherwise he will sustain a loss of no common magnitude. The moaning of this is that he will not only lose a great part of his present revenues, but Pooree will lose its position as a place of pilgrimage, and another great blow will have been dealt to idolatry and heathenism in general. May the Pooree and all other idols speedily come to a perpetual end.

NEWS FROM CUTTACK.

BY THE REV. J. G. PIKE.

September 4th, 1875.

WE are having an exceptionally rainy season this year—at least this appears to be the opinion of the older residents here. Every three or four days we have a heavy downpour, accompanied by a good deal of thunder. At present the prospects for harvest are unusually good; but if the latter rains fail, as some cronkers prophecy they will, the whole aspect of affairs will be changed; but the farmers here, as in other countries, claim the privilege to grumble, and are apt, like many other people, to meet troubles half way. A very plentiful yield is described as a sixteen anna crop, but the farmers seldom admit their crops to be more than eight anna ones.

I don't think the season has been a healthy one at all. Only a day or two ago I heard of several cases of cholera in Cuttack. This disease generally makes its appearance with the pilgrims to Pooeroo; and the track of the pilgrims may almost be marked by the victims of this scourge as the track of an army is marked by burnt houses and desolate fields. Thus the cholera is seldom very severe in Cuttack proper, for the pilgrims are not permitted to enter the town, but along the line of villages through which they must pass, the mortality is often very great. This year the plague seems to linger unusually long.

There has not been much severe illness among the European community, but a good bit of general "unwellness." Very few confess to feeling strong. Nearly all the Mission circle, by turns, have had their ailments. As I write Mr. Miller is at Narage, whither he went for a few days change. He had a kind of aguish fever, which also partook a good deal of the nature of dengue; the attack was not long, but he was very much prostrated by it. I trust the change will set him up.

We shall welcome the cold season this year very heartily. That season is as near perfection in the way of weather as anything can be in this imperfect world. It is neither too hot nor too cold. It is just one long bright summer with the heat pleasantly moderated.

At this season we cannot leave the station very much, though probably when our new mission boat is finished we shall be able to do more than has hitherto been possible. The name of the boat will be, I think, "the Herald."

The work in the station is not quite the kind to furnish incidents which would strike strangers as of particular interest. It is none the less real for all that, but it is more like the work of the home pastorate. Every month, I am thankful to say, there are new candidates proposed for baptism and church fellowship; and so the church of Christ grows in numbers, as I trust it will in spirituality. The church in Cuttack is now sufficiently strong to make itself felt among the heathen to this extent, that persecutions of christians here is not possible as in former days. You must not misunderstand me, if any would join from the heathen now they must still face persecution at the first, but that would be chiefly from their own relatives and friends; but the number of christians living in the town makes them independent of the heathen, and the heathen are obliged to recognize christianity as an existing fact against which it is useless to fight.

About three weeks ago I went over to Macmillan Patna for four days, taking my dear wife and the children. The change did us all good. A number of Mr. Miller's boys are settled here, as you know. It is very pleasing to observe the good terms on which they stand with their neighbours. The cattle of the mission village, and those of one or two heathen villages, are all in the charge of one man. There is no school in our village, for the village is young yet; and though there are a great many children, I suppose the eldest child is not more than five or six years old. But a few hundred yards from the village is a school, in which we found twenty-eight children (heathen), and what surprised and pleased me not a little, they read in our books, and learnt and sang our hymns. Surely this is a great improvement upon the system which crams the child's memory with ditties about the love exploits of Ram. Talk about the religious difficulty, here is a heathen teacher using christian books and teaching christian hymns (I suppose because he finds teaching so much easier with tools provided to hand). I didn't hear either that any of the heathen are asking for a conscience clause.

The work in connection with the orphanage goes on as usual. I am thankful to report that so far as it is concerned there has been a marked freedom from sickness.

Last month we had our first marriage since Dr. and Mrs. Buckley left, and during the last few weeks we have had applications from four more would be bridegrooms. This, to a paront who has more than a hundred marriageable daughters under his care, is, of course, satisfactory. There was one amusing little incident which may serve to show the altered position of woman in our christian community. Of course amongst the heathen the bride has no voice in the matter of her marriage—everything is arranged by her parents; but one of the young ladies of the orphanage, not liking the tone of her lover's letter, wrote to him breaking off the engagement. He came to me and said that he had made her many presents, and if the engagement was broken off, she must give him ten rupees. The girl said, "Oh, yes, I will give the rupees!" and begged that I would have mercy upon her, and advance the rupees at once.

But I must conclude this rambling note to save the mail.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XXI.

"The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts."—Psalm lxxii. 10. See also 1 Samuel ix. 7, 8; 1 Kings x. 2—10; Isaiah xxxix. 1; Matthew ii. 11.

THE words "presents" and "gifts" in the above and other passages of Scripture do not convey to English readers a clear idea of the original meaning of the words. Hence the common interpretation or understanding of the tenth verse of the seventy-second Psalm is, that the wealth of kings and the riches of the world will be placed at the feet of Jesus. This may be true, but it is not the meaning of the passage. The allusion rather is to the Oriental custom of taking a present when going into the presence of a superior; a custom which obtains in India to the present day. Shortly after the Mutiny, I was present at a durbar, or levee, held in Cuttack for the purpose of conferring honours and rewards upon several rajahs who had been faithful during the time of rebellion. As each rajah entered into the presence of the commissioner—Her Majesty's representative,—he presented an offering or gift of gold mohurs or sovereigns. To come empty handed would be deemed, according to Oriental usage, an insult to a superior. The present thus offered is designated in Oriya, "*bhatee*" or "*dursanee*," and is well understood by the people to denote respect, homage, and subjection. In the Oriya version of the Scriptures both the above words are frequently used. For instance, the tenth verse of the seventy-second Psalm reads thus: "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles *bhatee* shall bring; the kings of Sheba and Seba *dursanee* shall offer. For these two words, which accurately describe an Oriental custom, there are no equivalent or synonymous terms in the English language. They are applied to presents taken when going into the presence of a superior. For presents or gifts, in the ordinary conception of the term, other words are used. Rich men may bestow gifts upon poor men, and kings may bestow gifts upon their subjects; but these would never be called *bhatee* or *dursanee*. According to the Hindoo shastres, there are only three classes entitled to receive "*bhatee*:"—(1.) divinities (brahmins being included); (2.) kings; (3.) teachers. "*Dursanee*" is the term employed to describe the present which a native takes when he calls upon any one for the first time to pay his respects. Some weeks ago, for example, a rajah called several times at our house. The first time he called he brought a few oranges as "*dursanee*." Though of little value, they were a mark or token of respect. The same custom was observed by the wise men when they went to see Jesus. They opened their treasures, and "presented unto Him *gifts*; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh; i.e., "*dursanee*," or gifts of seeing, reverence, and honour.

In view, then, of Eastern customs, how expressive and beautiful the prediction of the psalmist. In token of their respect and reverence, their homage and subjection, the richest and greatest of earthly kings shall present "*bhatee*" and "*dursanee*" to king Jesus—the King of kings and Lord of lords. Moreover, as in acknowledgement of *bhatee*, presents of greater value are often bestowed, so in like manner shall Jesus acknowledge the presents of His subjects by the bestowal of far more valuable blessings. Referring to this point, one of our native christians observed, "We present Jesus with the *bhatee* of defiled and worthless hearts, and He, in return, bestows upon us the purity, the honour, and the blessedness of eternal life."

MISS PACKER'S DEPARTURE.

THE readers of the *Observer* will be glad to know that Miss Packer is now on her way to India. She embarked at Gravesend, Oct. 15th, on board the good ship *Eldorado*, one of the finest of Messrs. Wilson's fleet. A party of dear friends accompanied her on board. Parting on board ship is always painful; and as the *Eldorado* carries 120 passengers, it was especially so in this instance. Many countenances were sad, and tearful eyes met you at every turn. After arranging the luggage, we met in Miss Packer's cabin, to commit her and her companion, Miss Thom,* to the care of God. We all felt it to be a very solemn and touching scene, and one that will never be forgotten; it was a Bochim, but it was also a Bethel. Miss Packer will carry with her many kind and prayerful wishes; and she will ever retain grateful recollections of dear friends in England. Her visit to this country has been beneficial to her health, and in some localities has deepened the interest in the Mission.

The Ladies' Society have requested her to engage in zenana work, and her future sphere will be Cuttack. It has been thought that her knowledge of the language, and long experience of native character and life, will eminently fit her for this undertaking.

On Monday evening a very interesting service was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to take leave of four missionaries. For an account of this service, we must refer the reader to the *Christian World* of Oct. 15th. Mr. Spurgeon gave us an opportunity to say a little about Miss Packer's past and future work; and at the close we were invited to his study. The kindly greeting and words of good cheer he gave to our dear sister will long be remembered far away.

* Miss Thom is going to Delhi, for zenana work.

MEETINGS IN TODMORDEN VALE.

ANNUAL services on behalf of our Foreign Mission were held in the five chapels in Todmorden Vale on Lord's-day, Oct. 10th, and on the Monday and Tuesday evenings following, the latter in Vale and Lydgate. The services of the deputation, brethren Buckley and Hill, were well calculated to sustain and deepen the interest already felt in foreign missionary work. Our hope, as expressed in last year's report, was fully realized, the income having risen from £89 9s. 7½d., to £103 7s. 10½d. Todmorden, in this effort, under the inspiration of its pastor, brother Cantrell, and it is hoped a higher inspiration, has done nobly, having contributed the sum of £42. The correspondence and arrangements for our meetings have been chiefly in the hands of brother C.; and now that he is about to remove from us, we cannot but express the wish that his successor in the office may be actuated by similar earnestness and wisdom. Of this we are quite sure that the best wishes of the entire district will go with and follow brother Cantrell to his new sphere of labour. The attendance and spirit of the whole of our meetings promise well for the future. W. CHAPMAN.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, Sept. 4.

PIPLEE—T. Bailey, Sept. 9.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
September 18th to October 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| A Friend | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Bradford, <i>Tetley Street</i> | 26 | 19 | 7 |
| Clayton | 7 | 13 | 7 |
| Heptonstall Slack, Blakedain, and Broadstone | 12 | 12 | 0 |
| Lineholme | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Lydgate | 12 | 9 | 0 |
| Shore | 18 | 16 | 8 |
| Todmorden | 41 | 16 | 10 |
| Vale | 13 | 12 | 7 |
| Woodlesford, <i>near Leeds</i> | 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, 1875.

THE LATE REV. THOMAS RYDER.

THE early Christians, filled with the true instincts of the spiritual life, and forming their speech under their healthy guidance, used to speak of and commemorate the day of death as "the birthday feast of the dead"—a joyous and triumphant entering into full life, rather than a dying from it. Christ had swept their minds clean of pagan gloom by His resurrection, and so richly inspired them with the hope of eternal life that they felt themselves only set free for the most perfect enjoyment of their new blessedness when death released them from the bonds of this mortal existence. Dying was the soul's advent to its true home with Christ; and like the rapturous spring of the eager slave over the boundary which separates him from the pursuit of the oppressor for ever, so the spirit leapt out of the chariot of death into its own free and sunny clime. The same hope is ours, and it is still victorious over sorrow; and therefore, though bereaved and sorely afflicted wife and kindred, church and friends, of the late Thomas Ryder shed tears of grief at the recollection of Thursday, October 7th, yet will they chase them away as they think of it as his birth into the perfected life of the sons of God.

That day was, as we short-sighted mortals judge, the third birth epoch in his history; each of which is dateable, each a starting-point, each marking the entrance of new potencies and new experiences; and yet, probably, to a mind that sees the end from the beginning, are scarcely distinguishable days in the long, delicate, and subtle processes by which a soul is prepared for its eternal destiny, its abiding citizenship in heaven. Sharply defined, separate, and boldly projecting themselves in life, like promontories into the sea, are the birthdays of body, soul, and spirit: whilst the real character-making influences of parentage and training, of bright-winged hope and soaring aspiration, of bruising trial and painful defeat, of keen discipline and transporting joy, of whispered word and subtly-flowing streams of power from other lives—all of which have their place in building a man in righteousness and true holiness, as much as, and perhaps more than the word winged with converting energy—these ordinary quiet inworking forces are hidden from us, and we can only with difficulty get on their track. Much as we know of repentance and conversion and soul-growth, the study of other men's lives makes us feel that we have nearly all to learn as yet, as to how God makes "a new man in Christ Jesus," and feeds and nourishes him, so that he may come to such a man's full stature.

The birth epochs in Thomas Ryder's life stand thus. Born of godly parents into a godly home at Wem, in Shropshire, on the 11th of June, 1840. Born from above of a godly ministry, persuasive, earnest, tender, and holy, at Birkenhead, August 5th, 1858. Born into heaven, his final resting-place, from the house of Professor C. E. Stowe, Hartford, Connecticut, United States, on the 7th of October, 1875. But between these decisive stages are intermediate ones, as closely graduated as the inches between two milestones. Many of them as yet we see not; but the materials placed in our hands will help us to detect a few.

His home was the dwelling-place of godliness and good sense, of piety and principle. Like Trebonius in his avocation, Mr. Ryder's father was also like him in his faith in the possibilities of his pupils, and specially in those of his son. He highly appreciated learning, and would endorse the advice with which the most eminent pupil of Trebonius, Martin Luther, concludes a letter, saying, "I have been a beggar of crumbs, and have taken my bread at the door; yet I have prospered so far forth with the pen that I would not exchange my art for all the wealth of the Turkish empire. . . . Yet I should not have attained thereunto, had I not gone to school, and given myself to the business of writing. Therefore doubt not to put your boy to study; and if he needs must beg his bread, you nevertheless give unto God a noble piece of timber, whereof He will carve a great man."

And young Thomas Ryder needed training too. He was no dullard, too inactive for fun, too phlegmatic for mischief. His buoyancy was most inventive, uncontrollable, troublesome. Mimicry was his special delight, and in it he acquired a dangerous proficiency. He had the boisterous explosiveness of a lad rarely at rest, and as rarely letting others rest. Sunday school teachers found managing him a difficulty, and could only do so by the expenditure of sagacity, sympathy, and skill. Nor were his parents without anxiety, as they thought of the temptations of London life (for they had removed to the metropolis in his second year), and of the feverish restlessness of his spirit.

But the training was not lost upon him. He made fair progress in languages and mathematics, loved chemistry and drawing, and distinguished himself in music and elocution. He won the "first prize" as a reciter in the Fitzroy Band of Hope; became a pupil teacher in his father's school; and gave promise of teaching power of a very high quality.

Still, the decisive consecration of himself to the service of Christ, for which his parents prayed and yearned, was delayed. Often he was stirred to thoughtfulness, Bible reading, resolution making; but the serious impression *seemed* like the morning cloud and early dew, which quickly pass away. Seed was sown, and it was not trampled out of life; but it was a long time before the green blade was seen. The ministry of Baptist Noel, a man he loved and venerated; the efforts and prayers of parents and friends, left him at eighteen years only a seeker after religion, a Zaccheus striving to get a glimpse of Christ.

And, like Zaccheus, he was in earnest looking for Christ; and Christ knew it, and was waiting to say to him, Come down from your

self-righteous ways, and let Me abide in your heart, for to-day is salvation come. During the time he was acting as assistant master in a large school in Liverpool, his eye fell upon a placard announcing that Mr. Noel was to preach at Birkenhead. With a heavy heart—a heart filled with that mourning which is itself the sure pledge that the blessing of Christ's comfort is at hand—he crossed the ferry from Liverpool, to hear the words of one who still had greater sway over his thought and will than any other. The preacher discoursed on the "Parable of the Sower," to one, at least, whose heart was prepared of God to receive good seed. The Spirit of God carried home the gospel message, and he recrossed the ferry "a new creature in Christ Jesus." To him that night was crossing the rubicon of life: entering the kingdom of heaven. His foot had been on the threshold for years; now he had passed in, and taken his place amongst the children and servants of God. Let not ministers of the Word of God despond. God may give us in a moment we know not of, to complete and crown the labour of years! Seed sown in London may come to harvest in Liverpool.

Henceforth the current of the young man's life was changed. Old associates were given up, old habits broken, and in right earnest he gave himself to prayer, Sunday school teaching, occasional preaching, and other forms of Christian activity. Leaving Liverpool, he took charge of a school in Dean Forest, and there began to preach on a more extended scale, and was there urged to devote his life to the ministry of the Word of God. Not being a Baptist, he was advised by Mr. Noel to seek admission into Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt, where he remained for two years, and then once more resumed the duties of his scholastic life.

These took him to Manchester, and near to the stirring and powerful preaching of Mr. Maclaren's. He was not slow to avail himself of the privilege of listening to such a helpful voice. Becoming convinced of believer's baptism, he, by Mr. Maclaren's advice, once more turned his attention to the ministry, and accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Padiham, East Lancashire, in September, 1866. In his first pastoral charge he worked with self-consuming enthusiasm and ardent devotion. Young and old alike felt the spell of his exuberant activity. Musical culture was a passion with him, and he soon resumed work he commenced at fifteen, and had carried on at different stages with unvarying success, viz., that of teaching the Tonic Sol-fa system of music. A twin birth in his soul with the love of song, was the love of Total Abstinence work, and a Band of Hope soon sprang into power under his fostering care, and became a centre of good in the village; whilst his appeals to the neighbouring Burnley magistrates prevented the renewal of licences to several publicans and beer-sellers who had been guilty of violations of the Licensing Acts. The church at Padiham reported 77 members in his first year; in his last it was raised to 113; and when, in the autumn of 1870, he accepted the pastorate of Stoney Street, Nottingham, he left behind him a warmly attached and devoted people.

Once settled in Nottingham, the enthusiasms of his life soon showed themselves. The eager restless activity and buoyant hopefulness of the lad in John Street Sunday school were now yoked to the chariot of

progress, and pulling with all their might. The reports of the church to the Association speak of the formation of Mothers' Meetings, Bible Classes, and the like. Our *Magazine* for 1873, as our readers will remember, bears witness, in a series of six articles, to his continued and deepened interest in the service of song in the house of the Lord. With a theme like "the Music of the Sanctuary" he was particularly well qualified to deal. He had been trained under exceptionally favourable circumstances; first by his father, a teacher of high repute and long standing, and next by Dr. Lowell Mason, of America. Nor had he at any time relaxed his efforts to perfect his musical ability, increase his musical knowledge, and ripen his judgment on musical questions. He was a member of the Council of the Tonic Sol-fa College from the first; and was appointed in 1873 to the Chairmanship of the Grand Lodge Committee of Good Templars on Music; and had published a collection of tunes specially composed for hymns of peculiar metre.

His papers are full of historical allusion, sparkle with humour, and are marked by good sense. Though opposed to organs for the purposes of praise, yet he admits their use in sustaining tone and keeping time, and does not violently eject them. He urges that the service of song should be the service of the *whole* congregation; and states that he agrees with Beecher when he says that "choirs are like bombshells, liable to explode at any time; and fearing that they may, he is careful to keep out of the way of the *pieces*;" yet he is specially anxious that the congregation should be so trained that it may be, as a large choir, ready and able to follow a good lead. Warm praise was bestowed on these papers by those able to judge: even by those who could not accept all Mr. Ryder's conclusions, as, for example, by our friend Allen, of Burnley, who was passionately devoted to music, but who counted the organ the perfection of human mechanism, and a paragon of power in praise. How both these beloved and glorified brethren exult now in the sweet music of heaven, set to the song of Moses and the Lamb!

On few subjects did Mr. Ryder think more frequently, or feel more strongly, than on National Intemperance. The Total Abstinence principle was part of his life. It was put in early, and it was kept there to the end. He was a Band of Hope boy at the "Fitzroy" at ten years of age. At College he belonged to the Total Abstainers' Union, and fought in College debates. At Padiham, Temperance work was a prominent feature of his ministry. He originated the Nottingham and Nottinghamshire Band of Hope Union, and acted as its honorary secretary; and lived to see no less than forty Bands of Hope established, mainly by his personal influence in the town and district. He was pre-eminently the children's friend. He knew the way to their hearts; entered into their sorrows; sympathized with their sufferings; sought with beautiful wisdom, winning speech, charming song, sound counsel, and warm love, to guard them from the perils thickening around their untried feet. In him every form of attack upon that sworn foe of English prosperity and English goodness, intemperance, found an advocate and a champion. His convictions were deep; his soul was in earnest; he was "weary with forbearing, and could not stay;" he must give deeds, quick, brave, determined deeds, or he would attain the pureness of his loyalty to his

conscience: and even men who felt they could not always approve either his weapons or the mode in which he wielded them, were always ready to applaud the sincerity of the soldier.

About eighteen months ago, as we gather from the report sent by the Stoney Street church to the Association, Mr. Pearsall Smith visited Nottingham, and Mr. Ryder, along with others, adopted his representations of the gospel of rest; and by slow stages he appears to have come to a fuller enjoyment of the calm that rewards souls that succeed in conquering selfish desire. His latest letters breathe this spirit of repose. One we had from him whilst he was at Brighton is full of it; and others we have seen which were written in America bear witness to the fact, that whilst he was not wholly free from anxiety, yet his supreme and pervading feeling was one which cast anxiety itself aside, and trusted in the Lord. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's communications with regard to his last evening on earth are as strong in their testimony to the presence of this hallowed tranquility as to the charm and power of his singing. "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "He is always mindful of His own," and does not fail to prepare them in His own way for the "great gain" of the victory that is never followed by defeat, the rest that knows no breaking, the fulness of joy, and the pleasures for evermore.

In many ways the events and services connected with the funeral, both in Hartford and Nottingham, bore testimony to the power of our brother over the hearts of men. Nothing could have been more thoughtful, tender, and loving, than the attentions of Mrs. Stowe and of the Baptist church in Hartford. Nottingham newspapers state that hundreds attended the funeral in Nottingham, and great was the lamentation at his burial. Brethren who have known our friend long and intimately, the Revs. John Stevenson, M.A., and R. Dawson, B.A., in memorial sermons, spoke in glowing terms of the strength and simplicity of his faith, the transparent sincerity of his purpose, his unswerving loyalty to conscience, the winsome grace of his manners, his fidelity as a pastor and teacher, his activity as a philanthropist, and his thoroughness as a Christian.

Our brother has gone up on high. He walked with God: he was not, for God took him. It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. We, too, find rest for our chafed hearts in our Father's wisdom and love. Though, as we look out,—

"Night falls with shadows deep,
With Thee we calmly rest;
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep
Close nestled to Thy breast."

"He doeth all things well;" all things; *even this one!* For, bereaved ones, be assured of this—

"There are no dead! The forms, indeed, did die
That cased the ethereal beings now on high;
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by:
This is the dead."

"The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not: they have but taken wing.
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring:
There are the dead."

JOHN CLIFFORD.

"CHURCH FINANCE."*

BY REV. JOSEPH FLETCHER.

THOUGH I appear before you this morning as the reader of a paper, I am not responsible for my position. It is the Secretary's mistake, not mine. But since, as I believe, he heartily and truly repented the moment he saw what subject I had selected, I hope you will as heartily and truly forgive him.

At first sight, a paper on Church Finance seems out of place, as addressed to an assembly of ministers. It would be more appropriate, we are apt to think, if read before a meeting of deacons. The popular opinion is that these matters of pounds, shillings, and pence, ought to be left entirely to men engaged in secular callings. I cannot subscribe to that opinion. As ministers, nothing that affects a church's welfare is foreign to us. True, the actual management of financial matters in our churches is generally left to the deacons; but who is so blind as not to see that when those finances are badly managed, the minister is by far the greatest sufferer? That being so, we cannot, even if we would, be indifferent to the matter now before us. I withdraw the *voe*. Perhaps *you* are beyond these mundane feelings. If so, whilst I crave your attention to the subject named, I apologize, as in duty bound, for asking you to condescend to the very earthly and material considerations which affect not the higher, but the lower Christian life.

The subject of Church Finance is *the* question among Baptists at this moment. I know of no subject, at once so practical and so timely. It was forced upon us, in the first instance, by the wail of widows and orphans "totally unprovided for;" then it became the principal topic of correspondence in our denominational organs; and at last it has laid hold of and shaken even the Baptist Union itself out of its slumbers. The facts and figures brought to light at Plymouth during the autumnal session of the Baptist Union, show beyond dispute that in the majority of our churches the finances are in a very unsatisfactory state. Nor is this to be accounted for solely by the poverty of those churches. The wealthiest among the baptized may have gone to other communions, and those in the comparative degree of affluence may have bought a second horse, which has the unfortunate knack of stopping with them at the door of the Established Church; but when these deductions are made, we have still in the possession of the rank and file of our churches money enough to redeem us from the present distress. It only remains, therefore, to "cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." Perhaps the best way to discover the right side of the ship is to cast the net all round. Cast it, if you like, in the direction of a "sustentation fund;" or in that of a "retiring fund for ministers and their widows." If the advice to work in any given direction be fairly reasonable, let it be tried. We want more schemes than one to meet all the needs of our churches.

In pressing upon your notice my idea as to which is the right side of the ship, I am guided by the conviction that every church, before

* A paper read before the London Baptist Association, October 26th, 1875.

looking anywhere else for help, is bound to leave no stone unturned by which it may help itself. I hold it, therefore, of prime importance, that, in seeking a remedy for the present state of things, we should consider our system of Church Finance, and ask whether it is not capable of some improvement. Of late years the country has greatly increased in wealth—the classes which contribute most largely to our congregations have shared in the general prosperity; and yet, strange to say, whilst the country is wealthy, our churches are needy—whilst the people are rich, their pastors are poor.

In looking round for the reason of this, I am sorry to say that suspicion rests upon the financial system by which the funds of our churches are sought to be sustained. Suffer me to quote the words of one whom it is dangerous to question. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has recently said, “The system of pew-rents is not, I think, likely to be abandoned; but it has been the death of us on account of fixing a shilling a quarter—a shilling a quarter.” In that statement I note two points. One is, that the pew-rent system is spoken of as the prevailing method of Church Finance. The other is, that it does not answer the end for which it was designed. “The commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death.”

If there is more than enough of ungiven wealth among us—and that there is, all people cry aloud,—we seem driven to one of two alternatives. We must either forsake the system that fails to obtain it; or else we must “for ever live at this poor dying rate.” The latter alternative is not to be thought of for a single moment. Let us then come back to the inevitable, and see whether there is not open to us some better system of Church Finance.

First of all, let us find out the basis on which all giving ought to rest. This we may very easily do. God declares Himself in Scripture to be the supreme owner of all that we possess. “The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of hosts.” Whatever we have, we owe to His goodness. “The blessing of the Lord, *it* maketh rich.” For the same reason, therefore, that we are to yield ourselves to Him—viz., because we are not our own,—we are required to consecrate our money to His service. When we know what we do in giving, we gratefully recognize the blessing of the Lord our God upon us, and say, “Of Thine own have we given Thee.” That being the basis on which all our giving ought to rest, it is manifest that our gifts must be in proportion to what we have received. So Jacob felt when he vowed, saying, “Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.” So Moses commanded, when he said, “Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee.” And so the apostle Paul taught, saying, “Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.” *What* proportion of his income any man ought to give, it is not for me to say. Suffice it that his gift must be *voluntary*, in order that it may be cheerful: it must be *liberal*, in order that it may be blessed to the giver: and it ought to be large enough to involve *self-denial*, being brought in the spirit of him who said, “Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.” The rendering of such gifts becomes an act of worship. The treasury

into which they have to be paid is the treasury of the Lord's house. Hence the necessity for Church Finance.

The success or otherwise of this department of religious service will largely depend on the plans by which it shall be characterized. If, in the preparation of our plans, we take but a partial view of the ends to be achieved, the result will be as when an architect prepares a plan for a building without taking into account all the purposes which the proposed building is intended to serve. Or if in our plans we reverse the Divine order, what more natural than for a reverse to be the result? Have not our church financiers erred in these respects? I blame them not. I only criticise their work. The founder of the pew-rent system may have been wise in his generation as Moses was; but his system may be as far from perfection as was the economy called Mosaic. Already it shows signs of weakness. It has never been very strong. For a long time it has been obliged to have one crutch—the quarterly collection; and of late it has been compelled to lean for additional support upon a young and vigorous system called the "weekly offering." Poor thing! Its end cannot be far distant.

The great fault of the pew-rent system seems to me to be this. It says, Self first, and God next. Its spirit is of the world, worldly. It barter so much room for so much money. It offers certain advantages at certain prices. It makes the obligation to give no higher than the obligation to subscribe to a club, a library, or a news-room. All this, I submit, is wrong in principle, and unjust in practice. It is wrong in principle. God's word says, "Give according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee." The pew-rent system says, "Give according to the value of the pew you occupy." It is unjust in practice. The pew-rent system says, "To him that weareth the gay clothing . . . sit thou here in a good place;" but to the poor it says, "Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool." It accommodates the rich, who give of their abundance, with the most spacious and best situated pew; but it would put a certain poor widow, who gave "more than they all," into a seat labelled "free;" for if she gave her two mites every Sunday, she could not "*rent*" any other sitting. Thus, in the sanctuary of the most high God, where there ought to be "no high, no low, no great, no small," we have this "respect of persons."

The churches have said, "We must pay our way—we must provide things honest in the sight of all men." They have taken thought for their life, saying, "What shall we get?" And for the seat-rent, "What shall we 'put on?' and wherewithal shall we pay the minister's salary?" Not an unimportant question, this last, for "the labourer is worthy of his hire." The fault has been, not the seeking of those things, but the seeking them *first*. Self has been the prime consideration. The text of all financial legislation has been—The duty of a man to meet his just share of the expenses of the church. His duty to God has been placed only in the margin, or written in a foot note. Such a policy ought to be reversed. We should impress upon men the sacred duty of honouring the *Lord* with their substance. The claim we make for any gifts should be God's claim, not ours. By preaching, and by private persuasion, we must let every man know that he owes a debt of gratitude to God. Our financial skill must be expended in devising

how to make the payment of that debt easy. But there we must stop. On no pretext whatever must we interfere with personal responsibility. If it be said that a pew-rent system framed on a sliding scale, with very moderate charges, is not intended to fix the extent of a man's responsibility, but rather to afford him one means whereby he may discharge a portion of his obligation to the Lord—I reply, it is the language of them that sold in the temple “oxen, and sheep, and doves.” If ye sell at any price the privilege of sitting here or there in the sanctuary, ye make your “Father's house a house of merchandise.”

The voluntary system is the only sound one. No other method puts giving on its proper basis, and treats all givers with equal fairness. By the voluntary system, I do not mean something slipshod and unbusiness-like. The peculiar form of it which I can recommend is this. Let the seats be appropriated, *i.e.*, let every regular attendant have his own place. The people love to have it so; and with that arrangement the minister has the best opportunity of knowing his congregation. Let each one *promise* how much he will give weekly to the support of the place. A promise is of importance, for in some cases it may be needful to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance. Let the contributions be given in numbered envelopes, so that accurate account may be taken of them; and let a receipt be given to every contributor *quarterly*. If the receipt can be made to express not simply the amount given in the quarter, but the amount contributed per week, it will be all the better.

The voluntary system thus sketched will be found to fulfil the scriptural conditions of giving. It also recognises the peculiarities of the givers. The persons on whom we are mainly dependent for money, find it easier to pay a small sum thirteen times, than to pay a large sum once. Everybody who has had experience of the “weekly offering” system, knows that numbers of people who would shrink from taking a sitting at half-a-crown per quarter, will pay sixpence a week with the utmost readiness. Indeed, it is astonishing how nobly the masses of the people will give, when the *method* of giving is adapted to them.

It is impossible to judge of the “weekly offering” system by what it does when allied with pew-rents. When a feeble old man leans for support upon a vigorous youth, the youth must keep the old man's pace—he must walk as if he were infirm too. But leave the young man free to go alone, and then, and not till then, will you see of what activity he is capable, and how lithe and strong he really is. Even so, if you would see what the “weekly offering” system can do, you must not link it with pew-rents; you must leave it free to go alone, and then, I have no hesitation in saying, it will do more and better than will pew-rents, weekly offerings, and quarterly collections combined. Accept two cases in proof. The secretary of Richmond Chapel, Salford, says, that to meet the incidental expenses, they first tried quarterly collections; but without success. They then tried boxes at the doors, into which people put what they pleased. Neither did that plan succeed. They next tried weekly offerings in numbered envelopes; but still they were in debt, because the pew-rents were insufficient. At last they abandoned pew-rents, and resolved to depend on weekly offerings alone. I give the secretary's words. “The result was most satisfactory. Pew-rents

and weekly offerings in 1872, £768; weekly offerings alone in 1873, £958; £190 increase." The secretary of the Warrington Congregational Church reports to the effect that in 1873, from pew-rents, boxes, and collections, their income was £499. Whereas in 1874, by weekly offerings alone, they realised £656. An increase of £157.

There I leave the matter. I have indicated rather than elaborated a plan of Church Finance. I have endeavoured to show that it is right in principle and successful in practice. These are the chief things. Other matters may safely be left to the consideration of the deacons.

CAMBRIDGE SERMONS.*

THESE sermons, as their title will indicate, were preached to congregations in which the *clerical* element predominated. They are sermons to preachers, students, and thinkers of the present day, and might very appropriately be named "Present-Day Sermons." The question is sometimes asked, "Is it right to deliver addresses from the Christian pulpit having for their theme the Relation of Science and Religion? Are preachers warranted in animadverting upon the religious aspects of Science, and the scientific aspects of Religion?"

If the answer were left to us, we should give a most emphatic "Yes." There are certain conditions which render such discourses as Dr. Abbott's a perfect boon, a heaven-sent blessing to those who have the privilege of hearing them. Higher praise can hardly be bestowed upon a preacher than to say that he has spoken "a word in season to him that is weary." And the number is very large of thoughtful and godly students of sacred truth, whose minds have been perplexed and paralyzed by the apparent contradiction of modern scientific teaching to their cherished beliefs, who would read these discourses with profound satisfaction, and find in them a means of unspeakable relief and profit. It is no trifle to meet the wants of men like these. Intellectual difficulties, doubts, and misgivings, which are the outcome of serious thought upon the most profound and important subjects, are not easily removed. It requires a master-mind for the task, one that not only appreciates the difficulties placed in the way of Christian faith, but can look far beyond and beneath them. So long as scientific research continues to extend the bounds of human knowledge, and her devotees introduce new theories, true or false, such difficulties will disturb the minds and "destroy the faith of some." But it does not follow that the "foundations" will be destroyed, or that they can be in the slightest degree imperilled. Difficulties and contradictions of science are only relative to us. They are simply the refraction of the light of truth which is occasioned by our stand-point, and the dense atmosphere of ignorance in which we mortals live. They do not affect eternal realities. They have no real relation to the truths which are revealed to us by God in both His Word and His works. Still, for us, they have the semblance and effect of terrible reality. They loom before the mind at times, to the

* Preached before the University. By the Rev. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D.
London: Macmillan and Co.

exclusion of the light which is the life of the soul. And few experiences are so sad and awful as those through which many of the very best of men have to pass before they can come into the clear light of an assured belief, and feel that their feet are resting on a rock. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God," is a maxim of which many have been reminded in their endeavour to enter the realm of truth. Now, to condemn such men for their want of simple faith, to tell them their doubt is "devil born," and to visit them with ecclesiastical anathema, is unreasonable, impolitic, and cruel. Nor is their case met—let no one be shocked if we speak plainly—by reiterating "the simple truths of the gospel." They have no inclination to deny these truths, but, on the contrary, a strong desire to accept them intelligently, and preach them wisely and faithfully. Far better, then, than either of the above-mentioned expedients, is the plan adopted by Dr. Abbott. He speaks to the student of modern science and philosophy in calm, wise, loving, and earnest words. He meets those whose minds may be supposed to have received a shock from the startling character of newly discovered facts and recent theories *upon their own ground*. He looks in the face of facts; weighs carefully the theories deduced from them; and, sympathising with the conflict of mind they have occasioned to the theologian, endeavours to show how the truth of Christ remains to-day as yesterday, and will abide for ever.

The questions that are in the fore-front of scientific research, and are all supposed to conflict more or less with our acceptance of the Bible as an inspired revelation from heaven, are all considered in the course of these half-dozen sermons. Dr. Abbott assumes at once the position of an advanced scientist and a devout believer in Christ. He accepts many of the conclusions arrived at in different departments of scientific inquiry, and placing them side by side with the spiritual teaching of the Divine Word, professes his hearty belief in both. The Creation of the World; the Source of Life in Plants and Animals; the Origin and Antiquity of Man; the Theory of Development by Natural Selection; the Relation of Law to Prayer in the Divine Economy; are all brought under review, and into connection with Christian faith; as well as the more common-place topics of Christian Work and Church Reform. It is difficult to make any selection when so much commends itself to our notice. There are few pages in the book which do not contain some striking and valuable thought relative to the main topic of these discourses. Perhaps the best idea of Dr. Abbott's views on the relations of Science and Religion may be obtained from the introductory discourse, in which he lays down the principle which should be followed in all our inquiries. He reminds us that there is a scientific as well as a theological narrowness and prejudice; that one has often provoked and intensified the other; and that they are equally unreasonable and blind. Very needful, also, is the reminder that the Christian church has been in error before in opposing herself to the deductions of Science, and that none who lay claim to average intelligence would now think it incumbent upon them, as Christians, to controvert the teachings of Astronomy and Geology. In the following striking passage, the subject is fairly entered upon:—

And for us Christians is not our duty clear? Are all God's warnings in the history of Christendom to go for nothing with us? Having erred twice at least

and having been convicted of error, shall we a third time err? In the face of past experience, ought we not to give up our suspicious dread of that part of God's revelation which is called Science; and instead of shrinking, instead of timidly acquiescing, instead of coldly accepting, ought not we, the children of light, thankfully and reverently to welcome fresh light, from what source soever it may come?

"But what if modern discoveries appear to contradict the language of the Scriptures? Must we not fear that our faith will be shaken?"

I propose to touch on this objection in a future discourse; meantime I will content myself with asking, Has our faith, I do not indeed say in the letter of the Scriptures, but in Christ, been shaken by the admission that the sun does not move, and therefore could not be arrested in its course by any human voice; or by the admission that death was in the world even before man was created, and therefore before man could possibly have sinned? If our faith has not been shaken; if rather it has been confirmed and widened and purified by discoveries, at first seemingly subversive of faith, then surely there is some ground for the presumption that, as a result of the discoveries made in the present and to be made in the future generations, we shall grow into a deeper reverence, a nobler faith, a more implicit trust in God our Maker, in proportion as we attain to a knowledge that this mysterious universe, and we the human tenants of this one planetary speck of it, have been far more *fearfully and wonderfully made* than had been dreamt of in our theology. In any case, we must fall back upon this truth, which ought to be a truism—that we have no more right to shut our eyes to the teaching of the world than to the teaching of the Bible—that if He inspired the authors of the Scriptures, He also created the world.

As an illustration of the fearless yet reverent spirit in which this principle is applied, we quote the following. The topic under discussion is, the origin of life, and the motto, "The banishment of life," of a celebrated chemist, who set himself to produce "a living germ out of lifeless matter."

"The banishment of life"—a strange term, surely, to denote what ought rather to be called, "the production of life!" Does one banish electricity by producing it? And, when produced, is not electricity just as much electricity, whether produced by what we call Nature, or by man, being in either case produced by God's laws?

Then follows a remarkable passage. The Christian church ought to be thankful for men who, in the face of all that has recently been spoken and written by the "very first authorities in the scientific world," has the wisdom and grace to speak thus:

I could stand by the side of such an investigator, with good will and gratitude, wishing him God speed in his laborious path, in the full conviction that, if he were successful, he would succeed, not by banishing God's laws, but by obeying them; and that the result of his success would probably be to elicit some new cause for *rejoicing in the name of the Lord*. Great ought to be our compassion for the weak brother whose faith in God would be shaken because a chemist should succeed next year in producing vital cells out of a hermetically sealed vessel containing only the elements of protoplasm.

W. E. WINKS.

NOW READY.

PORTRAIT OF DAN TAYLOR. *See General Baptist Almanack.*

WHAT GENERAL BAPTISTS BELIEVE. *See General Baptist Almanack.*

MISTAKES CONCERNING GENERAL BAPTISTS. *See General Baptist Almanack.*

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SURREY HILLS IN DREAR NOVEMBER.

LOVELY as the Surrey Hills are in the bright and sunny days of hot July and August, and bracing to wearied muscle and exhausted nerve as is a walk up their thinly carpeted slopes in October, what fascination can they have for town-hived men in that dreariest, dullest month of all the year—fog-filled, mist-enwrapped November? Melancholy tinges every day and every scene. Nature appears to have no garments except those of weeping mist; and no voice, save for hoarse lamentation and woe. Sodden leaves, packed close together along the lanes, with here and there the elegantly shaped bowl for holding the acorn, and the freshly shelled bright and gleaming chestnut;

“Calm leaves,” filling the air, and floating
“Each to his rest beneath their parent shade;”

leaden skies, that seem as if they had not known a genial sun, and would not cease their penetrating rains, force with painful energy upon the soul the sense of coming bareness, wild desolation, and universal death. Earth is being robbed of all her beauty, and hill and vale alike join in the lament that the full and flooding life of jovial summer is past and gone, and that stern autumn, sated with earth's abundant fruits, is ungratefully conducting her ward into the gloom-bound prison of wintry frost and snow.

But is the earth so utterly bereaved of loveliness? And does November form an exception to the saying of the wise king, “that God hath made *everything* beautiful in its time?” Let us go out and see. Push forth from the glowing and enfeebling fire. Get into thick boots and warm wrappers. Arm yourself with a stout umbrella; and to keep the mist out of your lungs (if you are a semi-invalid), take a respirator with you; and as you trudge along, and as your blood gets warmed and your spirits cheered, maybe you will find that Nature is always beautiful to those who look for beauty in her, and that there is a “Holy Grail” of loveliness in the earth even in dreary November for those who begin the chase in pure and honest love; and so you shall get, by sacred barter, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and we shall hear you sing—

“How beautiful is Nature, and how kind
In *every* season, *every* mood and dress,
To him who woos her with an earnest mind,
Quick to perceive and love her loveliness.”

For it is November, and therefore the fields are not utterly bare and bankrupt, the flowers are not all dead, the grass has not yet quite stopped growing, the fruits are not all garnered, the trees are not yet naked. Winter days are coming, but they are not yet *come*, and—

“the boughs that shake against the cold,
Are *not* bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.”

The birds are there; and the open ear lets in the mellow and strong note of the thrush, the shrill piping of the finch, and the sweet sounds of lark-music, “as singing up to heaven's gate he ascends,” along a narrow path of light, discerned by his quick eye and grateful heart.

With their song in your soul, look round from this prominence and say whether this mass of foliage, in colour so rich and various, in

setting so exquisitely effective, does not present a panorama of quiet and cheer-giving beauty? First, you note the russet and yellow festoons of wild bryony, set with rare clusters of coral berries, draping the hedges near at hand, which are already decked with brightly gleaming "hips and haws;" and next comes to view the yellow tinge of vast lengths of dwarf oak, golden and sunny as if, being aware of the certain departure of the sun's hot rays, the leaves had absorbed and stored to the very last this rich gilding; and behind, hard by, you see breadths of the dull brown foliage of the common oak tree, and, as if for relief to the eye and beauty for the soul, are dark green patches of much-enduring Scotch and other firs. Further afield, the dark chocolate colours of the ash, looking mournfullest of all, and yet not without beauty, and the brown red of beech and elm and chestnut, with here and there lanes of pale green, made by larch and poplar, impress the vision; all making one feel that it was truth and not exaggeration which inspired the poet's fancy, when he sang of—

"The death-flushed trees, that in the falling year,
As the Assyrian monarch, clothe themselves
In their most gorgeous pageantry to die."

Nor are the flowers all gone. A November nosegay "is a thing of beauty." There are the delicate pink and white cups of the erica, or heath, gathered from the banks; and next it, the bright yellow pea-shaped flower of the wild furze, seeming more attractive in its paleness than in the hot days of August, and making one feel sympathetic with Linnæus, when, beholding it for the first time, he fell on his knees and thanked God for its loveliness. Sprigs of bramble, bearing a few of its pretty rose-like flowers, appear by the side of bunches of the brilliant red and almost glistening berries of the *solanum dulcamara* (woody nightshade); add to these, the common mustard of the fields, a solitary spray of the honeysuckle, a bunch of crimson thistles, two or three buttercups soaked with morning dew, two species of the drooping bell-shaped *campanula* or hare-bell, a bunch of sweet-scented meadow-clover, black horehound, white dead-nettle, a lonely but lovely daisy, and some fading bracken.

These, with a dozen more species of flowers, the seed-pods of the furze, hanging bunches of blackberries, clusters of bright red berries of the common arum or cuckoo-pint, and branches of the fruit of the *May-trees*, and some superbly coloured fungi, with gills of a deep orange, and crown of rich crimson—all gathered without going more than a few yards from the road, suggest that, to those who have the strength, enthusiasm, and courage to track their way in marsh and bog, through forest underwood, and over bleak common, there is about the Surrey Hills in November a harvest of all-rewarding loveliness.

These drear days, then, are not so empty as they seem. They are part of our common life, and have their place and purpose both in Nature's annual round and in our human education. The month of November is not "a star that dwells apart" from human interest and sympathies, dumb and voiceless amidst the general symbolism of the seasons. It is sad, and its music is set in the minor key; but it has music, as it has singing birds, and meek flowers, and richly coloured foliage. It is a month of transition. Winter has not come; and all of

summer has not gone; and there is enough of beauty and loveliness left to cheer us as we pass on to the actual winter that is threatening to overtake us so soon.

How like to life, when the May of abounding and dew-filled blossoms has long passed away, and the July of fervid endeavour and bold deed has given place to the September of proud achievement and coveted success, and that again to the gathering weakness and dreary melancholy of waning powers, and we sit awaiting, with sad thoughts of defeat and failure within us, and plans half carried out, books half written, houses half built around us—awaiting that true Christmas, the advent of the soul to Christ, and to the unending spring of the paradise of God!

Be of good cheer, then, aged Christian! the merciful Lord is with thee. “Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you.” He shall give you calm and deep peacefulness, make your old age to flower, if not with the exuberance of “the leafy month of June,” yet with a real though sobered beauty; and in His own well-ordered time shall usher you into the world where—

“Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

JOHN CLIFFORD.

ANOTHER WORKER REWARDED.

THE REV. JAMES SHAW

WAS an “old disciple” and an “old servant.” He lived longer than the allotted threescore years and ten, and had finished the work his Lord gave him to do. When only a young man he met with and accepted the Saviour amongst the Wesleyans, and soon became a preacher of considerable acceptance and power. On the separation of the Arminian Methodists from the larger body—though he was not one of the seceders—accident, or rather Providence, threw him among them, and he became one of their travelling preachers, giving up for that purpose a profitable business, and the prospect of a good position in the world. Afterwards he was connected with the late Rev. Mr. Aitken (since settled at Penzance), in his evangelistic labours, and ministered in Liverpool, Sheffield, and other towns.

On becoming a Baptist he accepted a call from the General Baptist church, Union Place, Longford, near Coventry, where he laboured with much success for more than seven years, and where his first wife, the mother of his children, a woman of saintly memory, lies buried. Thence he removed to Cradley Heath, in Staffordshire, and some years afterwards to the united churches at Ross and Lay’s Hill in Herefordshire. These two places were four miles apart, and the labour proved too much for his strength; though but few ever knew how heavy a burden his work was. Next he went to Whitestone, in the same county, where the opposition of the clergyman to the Baptist Sunday school induced him to open and maintain, for a considerable time, a free day school. Feel-

ing a desire to live again in his native county, Nottinghamshire, he was easily persuaded to take charge of the church at Southwell; but the dominance of the Establishment, and the previous troubles of the church, together with the absence of any trade to keep young people in the town, prevented great progress.

On leaving Southwell, he retired from the ministry and fixed his home in the Isle of Wight, near to Ryde, preaching sometimes for Congregationalists, sometimes for Baptists, and often for Methodists. Being so much occupied with preaching, and his hearing having become so impaired as to make it difficult to listen to other preachers with profit, he entered the ministry again, undertaking the care of the church at Ledbury. This position he held till a year and a half ago, when he resigned, and has since employed his time in preaching, visiting, distributing tracts among the people, and praying, and talking with them of spiritual things.

On Thursday, Oct. 21, his niece, who had for several years made his house her home, died, and in bidding her farewell he said, "We shall not be separated long, darling." The next day he followed her to heaven. For a week he had been ailing; but nothing serious was apprehended till Friday, Oct. 22, when he suddenly complained of feeling faint, and in a few minutes his happy spirit took its flight for its native clime.

All his affairs he had left in the most perfect order. Two months previously he had visited his sons and daughters. His letters were all answered; his papers all arranged; and the last of a number of tasks which he set himself about his house and garden finished. Everything was in its place. He had nothing to do but to die. Nothing could be more fitting or beautiful than the setting of his sun.

His body, along with that of his niece, was laid in the Ledbury Cemetery, Oct. 26; all the houses on the way thither having their blinds drawn as a mark of respect. He was followed to the grave by his three sons, Mr. Henry Brown Shaw, of Coventry; Mr. James Shaw, of West Bromwich; and the Rev. N. Herbert Shaw, of Dewsbury—the Burial Service being read by the Rev. C. Y. Potts, assisted by the Rev. T. Field. The latter gentleman preached a funeral sermon on the following Sunday to a crowded audience.

The deceased was a specimen of what a Christian may, and ought to be. As a preacher he had much more than the average native ability; and he might have been amongst the foremost preachers of his day if his training had been worthy of his natural endowments. But he was entirely self-educated, and often felt deeply the want of scholastic attainments. In temper and disposition he was well-balanced, and nearly always sunny. He was characterised by strong common sense, independency of spirit, deep religious feeling, and Christian manliness. His widow and children have suffered an irreparable loss, but they have a precious legacy in the remembrance of his noble example, and the truest joy mingles with their sorrow. They know that he is only hiding himself for a little while, after which they will see him again, and heaven itself is the brighter for the prospect of meeting one who reflected, with such clearness and beauty, the character of Christ.

N. H. SHAW.

DR. BROCK—THE PREACHER.

THE decease of Dr. Brock, notwithstanding he had reached the age of sixty-eight, comes upon us with all the shock of a painful surprise. His appearance and spirit at the recent meetings of the Baptist Union at Plymouth were so hale, hearty, and cheerful, and his work so able, energetic, and strong, that all who were present were encouraged to anticipate years more of valuable service from him. His ringingly eloquent words, his overflow of cheerful enthusiasm, seemed to indicate much stored-up power; but after a very brief illness, the forces of the body have failed, and his name has to be added to the list, so long and so sad, of men taken away from us during the months of this year of ministerial bereavement.

Dr. Brock was a leader: eminently such amongst Baptists, and in the first rank amongst other leaders of Christian and public service. His advent to London marks the beginning of an epoch of Baptist history in the metropolis. It ceased to be parochial, and became metropolitan. Thanks to Sir Morton Peto, it leapt out of its hiding-places and stood forth a public and an impressive fact; doing work of no better quality, perhaps, than before, but doing it now so as to arrest the attention of the rushing tide of life in the great city.

William Brock came from Norwich to London when he was in his prime. His natural powers, by no means of secondary quality, were enriched with the potent and perfecting forces of a long and chequered experience. Overflowing energy; keen and active sympathies with men and goodness; strong sound sense; an eager and practical intellect; a large catholicity of spirit, blended with warm affection for his own denomination; a fairly furnished mind; good speaking ability; and whole-souled consecration to Christ: these, and other qualities, enforced and fortified with the ripe results of business knowledge acquired in watchmaking, of training at College, and of ardent pastoral labours for many years in the city of Norwich, were all ready for the service of God in the gospel of His Son when William Brock stepped into the Bloomsbury pulpit.

The place to which he thus came was undoubtedly an incalculable advantage. It set his powers on a throne, and gave them a wide dominion. The Bloomsbury spires were at a commanding point of metropolitan life. The chapel was new, large, commodious, impressive. Compared with other Baptist chapels of that day, it was a giant. It compelled attention to itself, as the Metropolitan Tabernacle does now. And perhaps the greatest merit of the Norwich preacher is this, that he was great enough for such a place and time, and could meet the wide and various demands made upon his resources.

He was a living and growing preacher. His sermons on Sunday were not those of a recluse, hidden away from men and the world all the week; buried out of sight and hearing in huge tomes of dry theology, or lost in reveries of world-forgetting meditation. They were like himself, all astir with the life-pulses of the age. Men felt as if he had been with them all the week; sorrowing with them over their defeats; shouting over their victories; looking with their eyes on that incomprehensible but always profoundly interesting phenomenon, society. The newspaper was to him no idle gossip of the hour, to be conned at the

breakfast table and done with. It showed the signs of destroying disease or increasing health in humanity to a sympathetic man, whose hand was on its pulse. Again and again we have heard him speak of his indebtedness to the *Times*, and with what thoroughness he studied it. "The Bible and the *Times* newspaper are the best material for the preacher," was the way in which he unwittingly represented his quick susceptibility to the life around him, and his strong faith in the living creed that the God of the Bible is the God of every day.

Another prominent feature of his preaching was the manifest proof it bore in every part, of elaborate workmanship. He wrote his sermons—wrote them fully, carefully,—and retouched them after they were written. He never shirked labour. Sermons, lectures, addresses, all alike gave indication of hard and persistent work. There was nothing slipshod, awkward, or involved in his utterance; nothing haphazard in his choice of words or themes. His language was often ponderous, immense, like the man, affecting Latin derivatives rather than Saxon; but it was always selected. The structure of his discourses was artistic in a high degree. Every sermon we had the privilege of hearing had the ring of the anvil in it; a ring so distinct and resonant, that we could not always forget the worker in listening to his work. The finished sentences were to a large extent given from memory; yet with none of that painfully introspective glance and sentence-hunting aspect, so often characterizing *memoriter* preachers. His manner was free from constraint; and his "delivery," save for the reminders it contained of the artistic construction of the different parts of the discourse, as fresh as the most extemporaneous utterance.

This art was, however, part of the preacher's strength. It suited *him*. It seemed to fit his nature. All will remember the Brockian style of repeating, in another setting, emphatic words in a sentence, and of concluding each successive section of a discourse with a graphic summary of the main points it contained, and urging them home on the reason and conscience with a tremendous sledge-hammer power. The energy of conviction with which such reasoning struck the mind was sometimes perfectly irresistible. Men who were young in the early days of the Bloomsbury ministry have recently told us that they vividly recall to this hour the penetrative and overwhelming power of many of his discourses.

Dr. Brock was *par excellence* a defender of the faith once delivered to, and the work carried on by the saints. In a certain, hearty, popular, and crushing style, this was his forte. Being a man of his age, and responsive to the thought and feeling of the hour, it was inevitable, in such times as the last quarter of a century, that his preaching should often partake of an apologetic and reasoned character. Not so much by a careful analysis and complete recital of the doubts and objections of opponents of Christianity; but rather by setting out, in cogent well-knit sentences, and with the resonant accent of personal conviction, the positive truths and beneficent issues of Christianity, he illumined the path of the doubting, fortified the spirit of the timid, steadied the step of the wavering, and increased the confidence of the believer.

The prospect of routing the foes of modern Missions to the heathen

was always attractive to him; and in fine style he smote the scoffing crowd of objectors, hip and thigh, and compelled his audience to see the ignominy of their defeat. It was a positive luxury to a combative spirit to hear him in this vein, and to cheer the defiant warrior, as he stood master of the field. The Christian faith has lost a valiant champion in his removal; and Christian work will miss his hearty co-operation, practical counsel, and stalwart defence.

Loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ in all things, a strong and manly Christian life, a felt and acknowledged dependence on the grace of Christ, together with the qualities we have very briefly sketched, contributed to make William Brock, whose loss we mourn, one of the most healthily influential English preachers of the last half century.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR NEXT YEAR.

THE six years' service of the churches we have been privileged to render as Editor of our denominational Magazine has fixed in us a strong conviction of the real use of our literature to the churches. To champion principles like those we hold, to help in work such as our churches undertake, to feed the springs of Christian life, and purify Christian thought and life, can never be rated too high. It saves men. It builds up character. It tends to the glory of God. We therefore appeal to every church officer, minister, elder, and deacon, and to every reader, to increase the number of our subscribers. Make a vigorous effort to double the circulation in your midst. In many quarters we are below the maximum of readers. Make the Magazine known. Introduce it. Give it away. Somehow or other, let it have the chance of speaking for itself. Now we scarcely need "letters of recommendation to *you*." You know us and it. But we may add that we feel so keenly the responsibility of the work, that we will spare nothing within our power to carry the GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE up to our ideal of an instrument meant to help all the Associated Churches in all their corporate and individual work. We trust to loving hearts, and know that we do not trust in vain.

THE SACRED NAME OF JESUS.

ONE name of beauty and of joy
We give no little child;
It is so pure, we tremble lest
By us it be defiled.

And yet it was a common name
A man would give his son,
Before the Holy Child of God
Had to the manger come.

And still the names of noblest men,
And those of angels fair,
We give our loved-ones with a hope
That strengthens into prayer.

We long to link them with the good
In any way we can,
With some sweet love that found our hearts
From angel or from man.
Ripley.

But reverence finds no common use
For Jesus' hallowed name;
That sign of beauty, truth, and love,
Is lifted to His fame.

And howsoever 'twas used before
He made it, as His own,
A name redeemed and glorified,
Henceforward His alone.

But O! Thou Fount of love and good,
Do what we never dare,
Give Thou Thy sweetest name to all
In answer to our prayer.

Writ deeply on their secret souls,
On lives devoid of blame,
May all our children ever bear
Thy blessed holy name.

E. HALL JACKSON.

HOW TO MANAGE CHURCH FINANCE.

No. XII.—*Methods of getting rid of Chapel Debts.*

BY A "LIVE" DEACON.

EXPERIENCE is the only qualified teacher as to the best methods of accomplishing so desirable a result as the emancipation of the house of God from the oppressive burden of debt. Sound principles any ordinarily reflective mind may suggest; but the details of "the way of doing it" should be framed by one who has presided over their actual working, and seen the effects of their operation. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I have only a slender stock of experience; fortunately, or unfortunately, it rarely happens to a deacon, whose propensities for roving are weak, to officiate in connection with more than one "operation" for setting the oppressed free. And therefore I am reduced to the necessity of citing the experience of others.

Certain plans are obvious. For example, borrow as large a sum as you can from some fund that lends money free of interest, and requires regular and methodical payment of stipulated amounts. The so-called Building Funds, which ought to be called the Chapel Debt Removing Funds, are amongst the best institutions we have; and were they not necessarily so homely, mechanical, and matter-of-fact in their movements, and could get the appreciation they deserve, they would rouse more enthusiasm than missions at home and abroad. This is hardly likely to be the case. Churches and Associations, like nations, are not governed by logic; and a work that deals with plain, obvious, ringing pounds, shillings, and pence; merely saves interest, and facilitates the removal of a debt; makes no appeal to sentiment or imagination; must be content with doing immense good; and let other organizations rejoice in the applause of excited crowds and the warm praise of fervid orators. Nevertheless, a deacon with a debt to remove cannot do better than go, cap in hand, to the Committee of such a Fund, say, as our Union Baptist Building Fund, and abstract a loan as large as he can get.

Next come Bazaars, Christmas Trees, and the like; of course, honestly conducted, and with strict regard for fairness, justice, and integrity. Handsome sums have been "wiped" off by "plying the needle and thread," or setting in motion a congregation of "Wilcox and Gibbs", for the production of garments useful and ornamental; garments for children, who, by wearing out some things and growing out of others, are always needing new clothes; garments for young men and maidens, and indeed for everybody. Woman's power in the church is set to fine issues when it lifts £500 weight off a chapel. Not a few deacons, bowed down with the burden of chapel debt, have regained the perpendicular under this nimble-fingered and cheerful ministry.

One of the oldest ways of dealing with a debt is that of special appeals for promises of sums to be paid within a given time: and our experience suggests this to be one of the best for churches having a large proportion of members not of the weekly wage-earning class, and who can afford to give at one stroke, sums ranging from a sovereign and upwards. This method is commended by its simplicity, its quietness, and its effectiveness. It is not necessary to have more than two meetings about it; and those may be made of a most joyous and helpful character.

Another method is of issuing collecting cards; organizing an army of Christian maidens, placing them under skilled captains, and gathering weekly or monthly payments from every one who is willing to give. For gathering small sums with regularity from persons in receipt of weekly wages, this is the most effective method possible. A paper in this year's *Congregationalist* contains so good a "case" in point, that I take the liberty of citing it, merely remarking that a "live" deacon would want to know how the ordinary and, so to speak, "house-keeping" expenses went on meanwhile. Had this church a pastor? If so, did he suffer, and to what extent? Had the church fund a deficit at the end of the year? I know it is not desirable to be too anxious about such things;

but it is important that arrangements for removing debts from chapels should be so made as not to saddle one on churches.

But to the case. The writer says,—

“Not long ago we were called in to advise with regard to the reduction of a debt of £600. It was a heavy burden upon a people who were not rich, and who had already exhausted themselves by their liberality. We proposed that the balance should be liquidated by a special subscription of £100 a year fairly distributed over the people. The deacons shook their heads. ‘Can you find,’ we asked, ‘two of your number who will give to this object say half-a-crown a week?’ ‘Oh, yes.’ ‘And three who will give two shillings?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘And three who can give eighteenpence, and three fifteenpence, and ten a shilling, and twenty sixpence, and ten twopence, and ten a penny?’ ‘Oh yes, I think we can manage that.’ ‘Well, that’s all that is needed,’ we replied; ‘that’s £100 a year.’ ‘Nonsense,’ exclaimed a sceptical deacon, smiling; ‘that will never make £100 a year. We could raise that easily enough, but we couldn’t raise £100 a year.’ ‘Well,’ we rejoined, ‘let us work out this little sum, and as, according to the accepted theory, we ministers are never men of business, and you deacons always are, you will be able to show where the error lies.’ So, sitting down to a school-room desk, we set to work, our friend the deacon being sure that there ‘must be a mistake somewhere.’ And thus it stood:—

| Weekly Contributors. | Weekly. | Monthly. | Yearly. |
|----------------------|-------------|----------|---------|
| 2 at 2s. 6d. ... | 5s. ... | £1 0 0 | £12 0 0 |
| 3 „ 2s. ... | 6s. ... | 1 4 0 | 14 8 0 |
| 3 „ 1s. 6d. ... | 4s. 6d. ... | 0 18 0 | 10 16 0 |
| 3 „ 1s. 3d. ... | 3s. 9d. ... | 0 15 0 | 9 0 0 |
| 10 „ 1s. ... | 10s. ... | 2 0 0 | 24 0 0 |
| 20 „ 6d. ... | 10s. ... | 2 0 0 | 24 0 0 |
| 10 „ 2d. ... | 1s. 8d. ... | 0 6 8 | 3 11 0 |
| 10 „ 1d. ... | 10d. ... | 0 3 4 | 1 18 0 |

£100 1 0

“‘The only inaccuracy,’ we remarked, ‘in this estimate is that it brings in a shilling too much; and in the fact that by the proper estimate of fifty-two weeks in a year instead of forty-eight, a still larger sum would be realised.’ ‘Well,’ replied our friend the deacon, as he scrutinised and rescrutinised the figures, ‘I confess I am surprised. I have no doubt we can find the required number of contributors, and for the required amounts; but I should never have supposed that by comparatively so small an effort so large a result could be secured.’ Our friend had, however, his recompense. He took his colleagues one by one into counsel; found them at first equally unbelieving, and then vanquished them as he had been vanquished, by the cogency of the arithmetic. Elated with the discovery that what had appeared to be impossible was really practicable, we went to the meeting of church and congregation which had been summoned, launched our little scheme, carried the day, secured the required promises, and went our way homewards rejoicing. A year afterwards we had a ‘garden party’ in the grounds of a principal contributor, and it was announced that the sum actually received during the twelve months was considerably in excess of the amount expected.”

A method of liquidating debts, combining the last-mentioned with the loan principle—only creating, so to speak, a loan fund inside the church,—is that of issuing debentures in the name of the trustees for the amount of the debt; getting them taken up, and paying them off by weekly contributions, and so at once stopping all the *interest*, and gradually paying off the principal. Here is a case from the same authority, the like of which might easily be multiplied. The debt was £2000, interest £100.

A friend made the following proposal. Suppose, he said, instead of paying this £100 a year in interest, you can borrow the money for a limited period without interest; and that during that period you devote all your energies to the removal of the principal. Merely to obtain release from the interest, say, for seven years, would be worth £700, and that would of itself go a long way towards paying off the principal; while the fact that during that period the church would be relieved from its burden of interest would serve as a powerful

stimulus to liberal effort for the cancelling of the whole. Let debentures be issued. Let weekly contributions be obtained to the amount, say, of about £5 10s. a week; and in seven years the thing will be done.

Accordingly, 200 debentures were prepared in the following manner:—

TRINITY CHURCH DEBENTURES.

No..... *(Name of Town and Date.)*
 We, as Trustees of Trinity Church, do hereby promise to pay to
 Mr....., or order, the sum of Ten Pounds, without interest, on
 or before the 24th day of June *(date seven years forward).*
 (Stamp) }
 Entered } Trustees.
 }
 Secretary.

A meeting was held, the plan was submitted, and the debentures were issued. Many of these were taken up by the members of the congregation, others by friends at a distance, and eventually all were got rid of, and the mortgage was paid off. Meanwhile the contributions of the members of the church and congregation were invited for the regular discharge of the debentures; and so cordial was the appreciation of the plan that within three days after its promulgation £1600 were promised, and within a week nearly the whole amount was undertaken. The Sunday offerings averaged £70 a quarter; and as quarter after quarter ended seven debentures were cancelled. The occasion of cancelling these shares was very interesting. Usually a tea meeting was held; and in the course of the evening the ballot-box was produced. This was provided with two locks and keys, which were kept by two gentlemen, and when it was opened its contents were still concealed by a brown holland bag, fitted into the sides of the box, and drawn together at the top with a string, but having an orifice through which a hand could be passed. In this bag were originally two hundred counters, the numbers of which corresponded with the numbers on the debentures in circulation. Some young gentleman was now invited to come forward and draw one of the counters. He puts his hand through the neck of the bag, draws out a counter, the number of which is, we will say, "ninety-four," reads the number to the audience, and hands it to the secretary. The secretary refers to his book, and announces that the debenture numbered "ninety-four" is held by Mr. So-and-so; and that that debenture will be paid off and cancelled. Six others are drawn in a similar way; the debentures are perhaps then and there produced and cancelled, and the money paid. And thus, quarter by quarter, to the great satisfaction of all the parties concerned, the liabilities of the congregation are steadily liquidated; and the whole remaining debt would have been discharged in the course of two or three remaining years; but happily some special circumstances led to special effort, and the debt came to a close earlier than had been anticipated even by the most sanguine.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas-day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet,
 The words repeat,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Till ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the south;

And with the sound
 The carols drowned,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 And in despair I bowed my head,
 "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
 God is not dead; nor doth He sleep;
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men.
 H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

A REMINISCENCE AND AN APPEAL.

A LETTER I have received to-day carries my thoughts back twenty-three years, when, on a beautiful summer's Sunday afternoon I set out from Beeston to the village of STAPLEFORD, distant a little more than three miles, to try to preach. I was but a lad, with only village experiences, and in much fear and trembling the tremendous task was undertaken. I had twice before battled my way through a discourse in the presence of a public assembly; and with much more ease and courage accomplished a similar work in the hearing of four or five young men. The special horrors of a preaching visit to Stapleford sprang from the fact that it was a journey to the unknown, and who could tell what might be there?

The small room located in an out of the way back yard, reached by means of a back street, is photographed in distinct lines on my memory. The wood-work answering the purpose of a pulpit is in one corner, and when the preacher is in it, the ceiling is so conveniently near that he may use it as a "white" board and score upon it his illustrations, if he has nerve and skill enough. Forms without backs sustain the bodies of some twenty adults; and other forms of like sort are placed to render a similar office for about twoscore of shifty, fidgetty children. The singing is hearty, strong, even vehement, and not overdone with the marks of artistic culture. A good ringing "Amen" breaks the monotony of the one-voiced prayer, and fires the timid speaker with new courage. The sermon is on "faith without works is dead." It is fully written out, and is as fully read. There is no looking round the little room on the part of the speaker, no eye for the audience; the steadfast gaze is on the MS.; and great is the relief when, in a hot perspiration, he utters the customary "Amen," and proceeds to announce the hymn which is to conclude the service.

The sermon was heard in quietness by the patient people. How much we ministers owe to the good folks who listened, or went to sleep, as we gave vent to our slender reading, inexperience, and ambition! I summon hundreds of faces whose owners dwell in the villages round Nottingham before me as I sit in my study to-day, and as I look at you all I bow my profoundest thanks to you, and marvel that I should ever had the temerity to open my lips to you.

Whether my Stapleford audience went to sleep or not I cannot say. I think they ought to have done so; but certainly they did not vocally assist in the sermon as one did a year and a half afterwards in the neighbouring village of Sandiacre. Then I was fully established as a "local," and had my "appointments." Gradually the amount of written paper for a sermon had been diminishing; and on this occasion I was talking without a fully written discourse about the interview of Christ with Nicodemus, and unfortunately called the latter Nathanael, and instantly a generous soul shouted out at the top of his voice, "Thou mean'st Nicodemus, lad!"

Of course I did; but surely it was not necessary to bellow in that startling way and call everybody's attention to the blunder. Why Canon Liddon himself would be in danger of losing his self-command if a voice like the one I heard that afternoon were to ring through St. Paul's summoning his attention, and that of his audience, to a passing slip. Fortunately for me my little success in preaching had given me enough conceit to drive out the pulpit fever, and so I accepted the correction with a degree of coolness that not only quite surprises me, but I fear would be impossible now.

The visit to Stapleford was repeated again and again, and the little room finds to-day, by reason of hallowed association, a warm place in my memory. The friends of those days formed one of the many branches of Stoney Street, Nottingham. A very slender branch indeed it was; but still a branch with some life in it. Subsequently it was cut off the parent tree and grafted on to the stem of a church nearer—that of Queen Street, Ilkeston. And now, at length, it is a tree separately planted, and healthily growing in the soil of Stapleford.

It consists of thirty-two members, and has several candidates for baptism and church fellowship. It is received into the Association. £150 have been

paid for an eligible site, £75 being realized by a bazaar in October. A chapel is to be built to seat some 350, for about £800 or £1000: but a start is not to be made till £200 are in hand. The brave people are doing their utmost, and they deserve all the help that it is possible for us to give them. "Never," says my correspondent, "did our villages more require the assistance of our towns than they do now; never were they fighting a harder battle, for priestcraft is in earnest." There is a population of 5,000—i.e., a population larger than not a few southern towns. Here is a good work for us to do. Who will lend a hand? Donations may be sent to Mr. J. Fletcher, Orchard Street, Stapleford, Notts., or Mr. W. Smith, Market Place, Ilkeston, Derbyshire. To receive aid for our friends will be a special pleasure to

JOHN CLIFFORD.

SCRAPs FROM THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET.

I. CHRISTMAS CHEER.—Blessed is the institution of Christmas if only for the inspiration it gives to kindly benevolence and social re-unions. It is a time of good wishes; but also of good deeds. All Christian hearts find their own joy the brighter and fuller after they have enriched some soul more needy than they. The fatherless are comforted, "the widows heart is made to sing for joy;" the unfortunate, to whom the departing year is crowded with sad recollections, find that somebody cares for them, and that they are not left to go down without a sympathizing word. Blessed season that breaks in upon the gloom and sadness of the world with its cheering light, and makes the sorrowful forget their ignoble care in the fulness of gratitude to God. "Go your way, brethren, old and young, fathers and children, "eat the fat and drink the sweet, AND SEND PORTIONS UNTO THEM FOR WHOM NOTHING IS PREPARED; NEITHER BE YE SORRY, FOR THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH."

II. MINISTERS INSURING.—We are glad to learn, from several quarters, that our ministers are taking active steps for the insurance of their lives. It is being done, in cases not a few, at the sacrifice of "book-money:" (and yet books are a minister's bread, and tools, and stimulus, and strength) and possibly at the sacrifice of even more than that. Nevertheless it is being done: and we rejoice in it—though we cannot but regret that care for future emergencies should lift bodily and mental "grist out of the mill" of the present; and we are sure our friends, the members of the churches, will do their utmost to make such a calamity as light as possible. But some CANNOT insure. It's of no use people with shares in railways, and certain knowledge of a legacy for the wife in the corner of a will, saying they *ought*. We know a good deal of the inside of minister's homes, and know that sometimes insuring for to-morrow would mean starvation to-day. Of course

the best thing to be done is, as some churches are doing, so to increase their minister's stipend that he may be able to insure at once. But if this cannot be done, then find out whether your pastor is insured or not. If not, wait no longer for elaborate plans and faultless schemes. Just get two or three friends to join you, and make your own Christmas all the gladder by sending the first year's payment to your pastor as a CHRISTMAS BOX!

III. THE POWER OF GENIALITY has not had a more interesting illustration than that afforded by the visit of the Prince of Wales to our Indian Possessions. Almost every telegram we read describes the attractive and conquering effect of the kindly, genial, and affable bearing of the Heir Apparent to the Victorian throne. Native rajahs, and quondam chieftains, accustomed to triumph by glistening pearl and blazing gold, find themselves charmed and subdued by the courteous and winning manners of the Prince. No quality sits more gracefully on a ruler anywhere, in court, or home, or school, or church, than a spirit of genial gentleness. It conquers where everything else fails. For want of it many a father has lost the hold of his children, many a church deacon the respect of his fellow-members, and many a pastor, like King John, the hearts of his people.

IV. OUR AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS.—*Preston*.—£150 are wanted immediately for our new and important movement in the town of Preston, Lancashire. The property is secured at a cost of £1,100. £800 are borrowed upon it, and £150 have been contributed to it. The remaining sum is advanced till the end of the year by three kind friends and donors. Help instantly is wanted. Whoever has not helped and can, should do so forthwith by remittances to Rev. W. Gray, Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge, or to me. Don't hang fire, friends. Let us set this good work right for the new year.

Reviews.

JESUS IN THE MIDST. By G. Cron. *Glasgow: T. D. Morison.*

THIS volume expounds one of the most precious histories contained in the gospels—that of the salvation of the woman who, though a “sinner,” met with gracious recognition from the Lord Jesus Christ. The writer brings the salient points of the narrative to the front, enters with thorough sympathy into the doctrines of a consciously enjoyed salvation, an appropriating faith, and a universal gospel, and traces out, in clear language, the practical lessons Luke’s record suggests. It is a book that will do good.

THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE. *Sunday School Union.*

FOR children and young people ardently attached to animals, always eagerly watching their movements, or reading of their history and doings, this profusely illustrated work on the animals of the Bible will form an acceptable present. The pictures are life-like and abundant, and the letterpress is popular in style, simple in language, accurate in statement, and full of help for readers of the Bible.

MAY NORBURY. By B. Clarke. *Sunday School Union.*

“How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done” has had few better illustrations than this tale of the Cornish coast. The story is well planned, interestingly written, has a good moral, and is handsomely bound.

CHILD’S OWN MAGAZINE, Vol. IV., is a collection of choice reading and attractive illustrations for the little ones, sure of that victory so prized by parents, and only won by some books, viz., that of keeping tongue and hands quiet for a brief space.

We can only mention the capital set of teachers’ “tools” issued by the Sunday School Union for the new year, such as the *S. S. Teachers Diary—Class Register—The New Year Golden Text—Pictorial Lesson Papers.*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE LION; or, the Church in the Catacombs. *Religious Tract Society.*

THE skilled pen of the author of “Faithful, but not famous,” and “Glauca, or the Greek Slave,” is engaged in this volume in tracing the fortunes and misfortunes of the Christians of the reign of Marcus Aurelius. One of the principal

figures is the aged Polycarp, martyred for his unswerving faithfulness to Christ the Faithful Witness. The best praise we can give this volume is, that whilst it is accurate in its history, its description is so vivid and realistic that the readers sympathies are roused to share in the sorrows and victories of these much enduring followers of Christ.

REST FOR THE WEARY. *Religious Tract Society.*

CONSISTS of a series of brief papers for the sick and sorrowing, written with much tenderness of feeling, wise discrimination, and good judgment. They will soothe and stimulate, heal and bless, wherever they go.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE SUFFERING AND SORROWING. *Religious Tract Society.*

A MOST valuable collection of songs for the weary and worn children of affliction. Visitors of the sick should distribute it freely. The hymns are well chosen, the type is large, the book light, and can be held in the hand easily.

MAY’S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. *Religious Tract Society.*

READ at the tea table to nearly half a dozen children, this brief story was unanimously voted “very good indeed.” In a winning way it sets forth the usefulness of a single young life devoted to the Lord Jesus, and by the unselfish service of others casting out their jealousy and ill-will.

THE ILLUSTRATED MESSENGER. *Religious Tract Society.*

THIRTY-TWO numbers of this serial bound together make a volume of pictures and print every way suited for distribution by evangelists and visitors amongst the poor and needy, and those “out of the way.”

ALMANACKS.

THE Religious Tract Society publishes the following six Almanacks for 1876. Their titles indicate their character. In excellence both of “get-up” and material they are unsurpassed.

1. *The Scripture Pocket Text Book.*
2. *The Young People’s Pocket Book.*
3. *The People’s Almanack*—finely illustrated.
4. *Sheet Almanack.*
5. *Tract Society Penny Almanack.*
6. *The Pocket Book Almanack.*

Church Register.

CHURCHES.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH—*Work for Young Men*.—Nov. 2, a free tea was given in the school-room to the members of the Bible Class, and to those young men who do not regularly attend a place of worship. Fifty-four sat down, among whom twelve were members of Mr. Mumford's class. After tea brief addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Salisbury, Mr. J. J. Mumford, Mr. G. Orchard, and the Rev. C. Clarke. The choir of the chapel attended, by request, and gave a selection of vocal and instrumental music. This was the second tea and meeting of the kind held to enlist the sympathy of young men who habitually neglect divine worship and profane the Sabbath. The demeanour of the young men was very praiseworthy, and they evidently felt an interest in the truths in which no doubt most of them had been trained.

NEWCHURCH (*Edgeside*).—A public tea meeting was held (Oct. 23) to bring to a close recent efforts for the liquidation of the chapel debt. Between two and three hundred persons were present. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. John Hargreaves, of Cloughfold. A report was read by the pastor, stating that a donation of £25 had been received from Joseph White, Esq., of Crawshawbooth; that £65 had been received from other friends who were in no way connected with the place; and that £70 had been raised by the Edgeside people themselves, making in all the handsome sum of £160, which, with £200 borrowed from the "Union Baptist Building Fund," will pay off the whole of the chapel debt, and leave a surplus of £30, which will be of service for necessary repairs in the chapel. Addresses were given by the Rev. A. J. Parry, Messrs J. White, H. Stott, S. Hargreaves, W. Proctor, J. Greenwood, T. Fielding, T. Sutcliffe, and the pastor. Since the above meeting the church has made an addition of £20 per annum to the pastor's salary.

NORWICH.—An inaugural tea meeting in connection with our occupancy of "St. Clement's" chapel was held Nov. 2, when over four hundred guests were entertained. After tea a public meeting was held, when the Revs. G. S. Barrett, B.A., P. Colborne, R. M. Wilcox, T. A. Wheeler, A. Williams, J. Jackson, G. Maddeys, and several others, expressed their hearty congratulations and earnest good wishes. The chair was occupied by H. Trevor,

Esq., supported by the Treasurer, J. W. Dowson, Esq. The day was a very high day in our history; and, we trust, the harbinger of increasing prosperity and blessing. Collections and profits of tea, £32 10s.

STALYBRIDGE.—A second series of Sunday afternoon lectures to working people has been commenced by the Rev. E. K. Everett, in the Town Hall, which promise again to be very successful, as there are already crowded audiences. Mr. Everett has formed an unsectarian committee of gentlemen who took great interest in the series of lectures delivered during last winter, and who now heartily co-operate with him in the movement.

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARIES.

CHELLASTON.—Oct. 17. Preacher, Mr. H. A. Blount, of Derby. Collections better than ever.

CLAYTON.—Chapel anniversary, Oct. 17. Preacher, the Rev. J. Alcorn. Collection, £13 3s. 6d.

HITCHIN.—Anniversary services were held, Oct. 24 and 25. Rev. F. W. Goadby, M.A., preached. M. H. Foster, Esq., of Wymondly presided at the annual meeting, and addresses were given by the Revs. F. W. Goadby, M.A., H. B. Robinson, J. Aldis, S. B. Driver, and E. Abrahams. J. H. Atkinson, the pastor, reported—members, 106; added during the year, 21; and a nett gain of six. Sunday school scholars, 205. Voluntary offerings, £145 8s. 11d.; anniversary, 1874, £45 3s.; Foreign Mission, £25 4s.; Chilwell College, £4 9s.; Sunday school, £12 3s. 6d.; various objects, £34 4s.; Building Fund, £348 13s. 5d.; total, £615 5s. 10d. The whole of the promises and receipts for Building Fund, £1,651 0s. 4d. The pastor added, that the church had recently afforded him another proof of their esteem by giving him an increase of salary. Services realized about £45, including a donation of £5 from Mrs. Pegg. The entire cost of the tea was defrayed by Mrs. Norton, and eighty-five trays of 5s. each were very willingly contributed by members and friends.

LEEDS, *Wintoun Street*.—Anniversary services were held, Nov. 14. Rev. J. S. Workman (Wesleyan) preached in the morning; and Dr. S. G. Green in the evening. On the Monday following a tea and public meeting was held. Mr. Coun-

clitor Boothroyd prosided. The report, prepared by the Secretary, Mr. G. Rowand, showed that some progress had been made in every department. Eighteen had joined the church during the year, eight from the Sabbath school. The average weekly offering was £2 12s. 6d. Addresses were given by Revs. G. Smith, J. W. Butcher, H. Matthews, J. Compton, and the pastor, Robert Silby.

LOUTH, Eastgate.—Rev. W. Orton preached anniversary sermons, Oct. 31. Meetings and collections good.

NANTWICH.—The second anniversary services were held, Oct. 31. Rev. Thos. Goadby, B.A., preached. Tea meeting in the Town-hall on the Monday following. Mr. T. Pedley, of Winterley, presided at the public meeting. Addresses were given by the Revs. T. Goadby, B.A., W. Durban, B.A., T. Clark, R. F. Griffiths, J. Cook, and R. P. Cook, the pastor. Services well attended, and nett proceeds £26.

NORHALLERTON.—The Rev. J. Lawton preached anniversary sermons, Oct. 10. On the 11th the annual tea and public meeting was held. Revs. J. Lawton, R. Beoccliffe, S. Dixon, J. Leadbeater, R. Crookall, gave addresses. The total cost of the alteration was £98 15s.; paid £88; leaving a balance of £10 15s., added to the debt of £90 on the chapel, makes a total of debt remaining, £100 15s. With grateful thanks we acknowledge the following donations—London: R. Johnson, Esq., £5; J. P. Bacon, Esq., £2 2s. Bath: Rev. S. Murch, £2 10s. 6d. Shore, £1 10s. Todmorden, £1. Leicester: W. Roper, Esq., 10s. Wisbech: R. Dawbarn, Esq., £2; Mr. Dawbarn, £1 5s.; Mr. H. Dawbarn, 5s.; F. C. Southwell, Esq., £1; Mrs. Wherry, £1. Derby: Mr. Harrison, £2; Mrs. Harrison, sen., 10s. Liverpool: Mrs. Gladstone, £2.

THRUSSINGTON.—An interesting meeting took place, Oct. 11. The Leicester and Leicestershire Baptist Preachers' Association held their annual conference in connection with our anniversary tea meeting. Proceedings commenced at 2.45 p.m. The president of the association, Mr. John Mee, in the chair. Mr. G. Burden read the report, which showed that five had been added to the church since they had placed themselves under the care of the association. A balance of £3 0s. 8d. was reported. The Sabbath school is in good condition. The President then read a paper on, "Our Village Pulpit," which was ominently practical, and worthy of the consideration of local preachers and village congregations. It was warmly appreciated, and the writer was thanked. The discussion was opened by Mr. G. Payne, followed by Messrs.

W. Linney, G. Burden, J. Shephard, and F. Cole. At the evening meeting speeches were delivered by Messrs. F. Cole, W. Linney, G. Burden, J. Shephard, A. Lythall, and G. Payne.

WHITWICK.—Anniversary sermons were preached, Nov. 7th, by Rev. T. R. Evans, and collections were made towards the fund for cleaning and painting the chapel. On the Monday a tea meeting was held, followed by a public meeting to welcome Mr. Lacey, who has commenced his labours for six months in their midst. Friends of Mr. Lacey from Charley, Sheepshed, Long Wharton, Loughborough, Mountsorrel, and Leicester, were present to bid him God speed. Mr. Goodacre presided. Addresses were delivered by brethren from the neighbouring churches. Mr. Bonser, in the name and on behalf of the other nonconformist churches in the town, cordially welcomed Mr. Lacey; and a few friends from Mountsorrel took the opportunity to present, through Mr. Barnes, a very handsomely bound hymn book to Mr. Lacey as an expression of their regard and good wishes. The proceedings were highly encouraging, and it is hoped this church will again revive and prosper.

SCHOOLS.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—Two sermons were preached by Rev. I. Preston, of Halifax, on Oct. 17th. Special collections were made towards meeting the outlay incurred by the erecting of boundary walls, and by other improvements. Collections, £38 4s. 2d.

MINISTERIAL.

THE FUND FOR MRS. ALLEN AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN now reaches £600. Further contributions will be cordially welcomed by Mr. Richard Law, Burnley, Lancashire.

REV. C. BARKER, late of Louth, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Sutton-in-Ashfield, and commences his labours there the first Sabbath in the new year.

CANTRELL, REV. W. E.—A farewell tea and meeting was held on the occasion of the Rev. E. W. Cantrell's removal from Todmorden to Longford, near Coventry. A large number had tea. Mr. J. S. Gill presided at the public meeting. Mr. D. Sutcliffe, the secretary, stated that during Mr. Cantrell's pastorate of four years, 75 persons had been baptized, 22 received, and the reductions amounted to 29, leaving a nett increase of 68 members. That

for the year previous to Mr. Cantrell's settlement nothing was sent to the Foreign Missions; but for the year just closed £42 16s. 10d. had been collected. Reference was made to the chapel alterations, for which over £200 has been paid; and to the debt, which has been reduced from about £400 to £100 during the last four years. In other departments of Christian work Mr. Cantrell had shown considerable zeal, and had presided over the business of the church with great ability. On behalf of the members of the church and congregation, as a mark of their esteem, he presented Mr. Cantrell with a purse of gold containing £16 10s., which had been given spontaneously, without anyone being asked for anything. Mr. Cantrell thanked the friends for their gift, and for their kind expressions as to him. Addresses were given by the Revs. W. Chapman, W. Sharman, Henry Briggs, J. R. Godfrey, and Messrs. John Speak, E. Barker, W. Shackleton, and D. Greenwood. Much regret is felt that Mr. C.'s health had necessitated this change, and fervent wishes for his prosperity follow him to his new sphere.

MADEN, REV. J., having resigned the pastorate of Shore, a largely attended public farewell tea meeting was held, Oct. 30. Mr. H. Crossley presided. Mr. R. Greenwood, vice-president of the young men's class, presented, on behalf of the class, to Mr. Maden, as late president, a very beautiful and valuable telescope—a companion to a microscope previously presented—as a small token of esteem. Mr. J. Cunliffe, deacon, presented, on behalf of the church and congregation, to Mr. Maden, a purse containing ten guineas; and to Mrs. Maden one dozen silver tea spoons, sugar tongs, and Elkington's best electro silver-plated teapot, as a tribute of respect and token of love and esteem. The meeting was also addressed by the Revs. W. Edmondson and J. A. Andrews. Mr. Maden's address is 429, Park Lane, Macclesfield.

ROBINSON, REV. A. J., of Gainsboro', having received a unanimous invitation to become co-pastor with the Rev. T. Watkinson of the church of Fleet and Holbeach, entered upon his labours Oct. 3.

THE RYDER MEMORIAL FUND is about £400. Subscriptions are gratefully received by Mr. John Leighton, 25, Colville Street, Nottingham, Secretary to Stony Street church.

DR. UNDERWOOD writes:—"It may be proper to apprise your readers that I have removed to No. 11, North Parade, Derby. I have ended my regular ministry at Castle Donington, but shall preach

there frequently, and administer the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday in each month, until they obtain another pastor. My partial retirement from that church, and my refusal of overtures from other churches, are but the tardy carrying out of my intentions in relinquishing the care of the College more than two years ago. The Donington friends expressed regret at my decision to remove, and gratitude for my ministerial labours, together with the help rendered in the renovation of the old chapel. My purpose henceforth is to preach occasionally as often as my services may be required, and to work for the Lord in other ways as ability and opportunity may be given.

BAPTISMS, OCT. 19 TO NOV. 16.

- BOSTON.—Three, by J. Jolly.
 CHESHAM.—Eleven, by D. McCallum.
 CLAYTON.—Three, by J. Taylor.
 COALVILLE.—Twenty-one, by C. T. Johnson.
 HITCHIN.—Two, by J. H. Atkinson.
 ISLEHAM.—Five, by W. E. Davis.
 LINEHOLME.—Three, by W. Sharman.
 LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—four.
 " *Præd Street*.—Eight.
 LEICESTER, *Archdeacon Lane*—Six, by W. Bishop.
 LEICESTER, *Friar Lane*.—Five.
 NANTWICH.—Three, by R. P. Cook.
 OLD BASFORD.—Two, by W. Burton; one the administrator's second son.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Two, by T. Barras.

ERRATUM.—Page 418, line six from top, erase Somersetshire and insert Shropshire.

MARRIAGES.

CHECKLAND—HAWTHORN.—Nov. 7, at Lombard Street Chapel, Birmingham, by the Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., William Henry eldest son of Edward Checkland, to Catherine, second daughter of William Hawthorn.

ALLEN—ETCHES.—Sept. 18, at the Baptist Chapel, St. Mary's Gate, Derby, John Henry Allen, to Elizabeth, youngest and only surviving daughter of Mr. W. Etches.

ADAMS—PRESTON.—Oct. 27, at the Baptist Chapel, Barton Fabis, by the Rev. H. Wood, Mr. George Adams, to Miss Jane Preston, both of Carlton.

OBITUARY.

JOLLY.—Nov. 5, at Gatebridge Farm, Hemel Hempstead, suddenly, John Jolly, aged 65, deeply lamented.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

DECEMBER, 1875.

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.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

No. IV. — *Our Fellow-Passengers.*

THE passengers on one of our large ships, especially on one of the steamers of the P. and O. Company, generally form a very miscellaneous party—military officers, civilians, their wives and families, doctors, tea planters, colonists, merchants, clergymen, missionaries, etc.; and the christian who wishes to glorify his Lord and Master on board must “walk circumspectly” and soberly, especially attending to the government of the little member, and daily remembering the exhortation, “Walk in wisdom toward them that are without.”

I begin, as is fitting, by referring to the two missionaries we had on board besides myself, and who were both agents of the London Missionary Society—Mr. Naylor, of Calcutta, and Mr. Colin Campbell of Bangalore. Mr. Naylor only went with us in the *Surat* as far as Madras, and there waited the coming of another steamer, on which he embarked for England. He lost his wife in Calcutta under deeply affecting circumstances, and after an illness of three days. She was at chapel twice on the Sabbath before her death, and appeared in her usual health. On Monday she became unwell, but no immediate danger was apprehended; the next day she was much worse; and on Wednesday she died. I heard her repeatedly spoken of in Calcutta as a very lovely christian lady; and deep sympathy was naturally felt with the bereaved husband and his motherless babe. To him the stroke must have been utterly crushing if he could not have seen a loving Father's hand; for he had loved her for ten long years, and they had only been married fifteen months. How swiftly and happily the months had passed, and how sudden the sorrowful close! Truly the Lord's ways are not as our ways. *Colin Campbell*, who embarked at Madras, was a veteran in the Mission cause, having laboured for *forty years*, and only returned to his native land *once*.

"To such I render more than mere respect."

He had been separated from his wife for *five years*. When the state of her health obliged her to leave India, they agreed to a separation of three years; but before the time was expired, he felt that he could not then leave the work, and so he obtained the consent of his wife and the sanction of the Directors to his remaining another year. This heroic self-sacrifice was renewed for even another year; and then, as Mrs. Campbell was not able to join him in India, and as a younger missionary was ready to enter on the work, he thought it right to retire from the field. Surely the language of the apostle Paul in reference to Epaphroditus may be fitly applied to such a veteran, "Hold such in reputation." The race of heroes and of heroines has not yet died out. When Mr. Campbell was in England before, it was after the exciting scenes of the Mutiny, when the name of the veteran general, Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, was in every one's mouth; and many seeing placards with the name of the Rev. Colin Campbell, supposed either that the general had turned preacher, or that the missionary was a relative of the famous commander. Two things I may add about Sir Colin. *His decision and promptness* may well be imitated by those who are engaged in another warfare. Soon after the terrible tidings of the Mutiny had been received in England, it was known that Sir George Anson, the commander-in-chief, had died of cholera. Lord Palmerston, then Premier, with characteristic wisdom, at once selected Sir Colin for the important post. He sent for him, told him of the decision of the Cabinet, and asked when he should be ready to leave for India. *To-morrow*, was the noble reply of the general; the steamer was delayed for a few hours, and on the next day he embarked. *The care of the general over the lives of the soldiers* entrusted to him was eminently worthy of commendation. He sought to accomplish the object for which he was sent—the suppression of the rebellion—at the least possible sacrifice of life to the troops. Fiery spirits, who had not a tittle of his military knowledge, nick-named him "Old Khaberadar" (*i.e.*, Old Caution). That nickname was the finest laurel that encircled his brow, and marked him out as a very different general from one of his predecessors in command (Lord Gough). But I am digressing.

As all my readers, young and old, enjoy "the cups that cheer but not inebriate,"* I may say a word about *tea planters*, of whom there were two on board. The cultivation of the tea plant in Assam and other parts of India has very much extended during the time of my residence in India. A few years ago there was a great deal of wild and reckless speculation, and not a few sustained serious losses; but the trade is now, so far as I can learn, on a solid and satisfactory basis. I have been surprised to learn that Indian tea is not appreciated in the English market, and that it is only sold mixed with China tea. We greatly prefer it to the China article.

* This is often misquoted "the cup that cheers," etc. It was written in the times of our grandmothers, and they were not satisfied, any more than we are, with a single "cup." They liked, as most tea drinkers now do, "the cups that cheer;" and so Cowper wrote it.

At *Point de Galle* we received a large number of passengers from *Australia*, and several from *New Zealand*. With some of these I had a good deal of conversation. I was struck with the statement of one who had spent thirty-seven years in *Australia*. He possessed a fair measure of the shrewdness and good common sense which characterize the average Englishman all the world over. He said that when a young man he looked round, but there seemed to be no work for him to do and no place for him to fill in the old country; and so he wisely thought of emigration; and by the blessing of God on diligence, sobriety, and integrity, he had been favoured with a good degree of prosperity. There may be some amongst my readers circumstanced as that young man was, and who may wisely pursue the course he did; only let it be understood that in the colonies, as well as in England and in other lands, it is "the hand of the diligent that maketh rich;" and that "patient continuance in well doing" is necessary to the achieving of success; while idleness and intemperance will bring a man to beggary anywhere. I heard of one of the colonists on board that sold off his stock just before leaving; and it was the finest herd ever sold in the Southern Hemisphere, and realised higher prices. There were thirty-six head of cattle, the pedigree of each of the animals being carefully given; and the sum realised at the sale was £14,605 10s., or an average for each of more than £405! Not being learned in such matters, I can hardly say whether my farmer friends will be as much surprised as I was at the high prices obtained.

Our longest distance without sighting land was between *Galle* and *Aden*. We did not stay many hours at *Aden*, and as it was a very hot, trying day we did not care to go on shore. The barren, rugged rock presented a very uninviting appearance, and so far as could be seen from the steamer, there was not even a blade of grass. The town, which is said to contain 40,000 inhabitants, is at some distance from the rock; the hotel is kept by Parsees. This place formerly belonged to the Arabs, but there was no security for commerce till it came into our possession; and the importance of its being held by a maritime power will be obvious, as it guards the southern entrance into the Red Sea. Forty miles distant from the Straits of *Babel-mandeb* there is a group of rocks called *Harnish*; and *Mocha*, famous for its coffee, is only thirty-five miles distant. The *Alma*, a splendid vessel of the P. and O. Company, was wrecked on one of these rocks in 1859; and the navigator when ploughing this part of the great deep has still to be very cautious. We passed the most dangerous part in the night, and had a little alarm; for the steamer suddenly stopped, and of course we all woke out of sleep, wondering what could be the matter. Imagination was beginning to picture scenes of shipwreck, when soon a welcome voice was heard in the cabin next to ours, "All right;" and we learnt that the steamer had been stopped to take soundings—a very proper precaution. The next day we saw a mountain called *Jibbell Tear*. It is volcanic, and said to be still burning. It is nine hundred feet high. The *Southern Cross* is nightly visible in these latitudes; but it generally disappoints those who see it for the first time. I well remember the disappointment I felt in seeing it on my first voyage in 1844. It by no means equals in brilliance *Orion* and other constellations of the Northern Hemisphere.

I am now approaching scenes famous in sacred story, and which, associated as they were with some of the most stupendous manifestations of the power and glory of the Most High, were to me intensely interesting; but the narrative would be too long for the present paper. I close with an incident that was to me interesting. One day an infirm old gentleman came up to me as I was reading, and expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing what I was reading. I may tell the reader that I was studying the Bible, or some other book to help me in understanding its precious contents. I assured my old friend that it was gratifying to me to know that I was engaged on what was interesting to him. He then said, "I have known Him and walked with Him for fifty-two years." He did not mention "the name that is above every name," or say with whom he had walked; but the reader understands, as I did. I added, "I hope I have found Him precious for nearly half a century." "Well," he said, "that is something to say, and something very blessed." So indeed it is; and writing this as I am on the forty-ninth anniversary of my baptismal day, how can I forbear testifying to younger disciples of the faithfulness and love of my ever blessed Saviour? Old disciples will magnify the Lord with me; and younger

friends will, I trust, learn to cling to Him more closely, "for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever." Let us all unite in the fine paraphrase of the 136th Psalm, which John Milton wrote when he was a youth of sixteen,—

"Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

"To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

NATIVE AGENCY.

THE subject of Native Agency is ever felt to be one of first importance by those who are seeking the evangelization of a heathen country. Who, for instance, could for a moment imagine that it is possible to convert to christianity the peoples of India, simply by the agency of Europeans? Native labourers have the advantage every way. They are accustomed to the climate; they know the language, with the habits and customs of the people, better than any foreigner can do. In proportion as we can increase the number of able and devoted native ministers, we may expect that the knowledge of Christ will spread in all directions with accelerated speed.

The attention of the large annual Committee meeting was directed to this subject at Loughborough last year. A sub-Committee was subsequently appointed to consider the whole question, consisting of Messrs. T. Hill (the Treasurer), T. W. Marshall, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., E. C. Pike, B.A., and E. Stevenson. The following report, presented to a Committee meeting held at Leicester on Nov. 16th, is the result of much correspondence and careful deliberation. We think that our readers will heartily join with the Committee in giving best thanks to the above brethren for their diligent attention to this business, and for the valuable report they have prepared.

REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE ON NATIVE AGENCY.

In presenting their report, the sub-Committee ask the attention of the general Committee, first, to a brief statement of facts respecting the College at Cuttack, and then to remarks and suggestions as to Native Agency in general.

I. The College has been established thirty years. The premises have hitherto been found suitable, and are capable of enlargement should that become necessary. The students do not reside at the College, and it would be very undesirable that they should. The number of students has never been more than eight at one time, and sometimes as small as two or three. The President is assisted by a native brother as tutor, of whose ability and zeal he speaks in very high terms. The course of study pursued embraces, daily Biblical Exposition, a course of Lectures on Divinity, another on the Testimony of the Old Testament to Christ. Also Lectures on the Bible, the Church, Preaching, etc. Church History, the Sanscrit Grammar and Dictionary, etc., are studied; Sermons are read and criticised; and in the main the plan adopted at the formation of the Institution is still followed. The applicant for admission to the College needs to be recommended by the church of which he is a member, and his case is decided on its merits by the Conference. If received, he has the benefit of a course of study varying from two to four years according to circumstances. During this time the books necessary for College work are supplied at the cost of the Mission; and a small monthly allowance is made to him for maintenance—eight rupees if he be a married man, five if unmarried. In the cold seasons the student accompanies the missionaries and native preachers on their evangelistic tours; and at the close of his College course he is at the disposal of the Conference as to his location and work.

It is noteworthy that one of the students recently received is a Pooree brahmin, and that amongst the applicants for admission is a government clerk, whose present salary is much more than double the College allowance.

The sub-Committee understand that there are very few English books in the

College library, and think a small sum might be voted with advantage for the purchase of more.

II. Convinced that a very wide dissemination of gospel truth amongst the vast population of Orissa can only be secured through the instrumentality of converted natives, the sub-Committee are not surprised that the brethren in the Mission field have given constant attention to this important subject, and strenuously endeavoured to develop so essential an agency. Gratitude to God is excited as the names of eminent native preachers who have passed to their reward are recalled to mind, and as it is observed that they have left behind worthy successors. These brethren itinerate with the missionaries, and preach and do pastoral work at the stations to which they are assigned—a change of location being made every three or four years. Nearly all of them have been trained in the College at Cuttack. They receive much lower salaries than some of their own relatives of inferior ability in the government service; and though native preachers have some advantages which civil servants have not, it is certainly to the honour of our brethren that no one of them has ever left the service of the Mission to engage in secular pursuits.

The sub-Committee are of opinion that any attempt to approximate Mission payments to the scale adopted by the civil service would be futile and mischievous; they believe that in the future, as in the past, the love which is natural to the renewed heart must be looked to as security for a succession of faithful heralds of the cross.

Besides the preachers, there are other native helpers of the colporteur and scripture reader class, who have received no special training, but have been examined by the direction of the Conference.

The missionaries appear to be fully alive to the importance of instilling into the minds of the native christians the principle of self-reliance, and the duty of contributing to the support of those who minister to them the Word of life; but they find this a difficult task. An interesting experiment of a church entirely under native management, and dependent on native support, is being made at Khoordah.

The sub-Committee hope that in days to come a Native Agency more highly trained may supplement that already in exercise; but they feel that the crying need just now, in respect to this and all things affecting the stability of the Mission in Orissa, is an increase to the exceedingly small European staff, more than half of whom have become veteran in the service to which they have consecrated their lives.

In conclusion, the sub-Committee desire to acknowledge the cheerfulness and cordiality with which their inquiries have been met by the missionary brethren, and to unite with them in the prayer that the work so dear to us all may be still more abundantly blest by the Almighty Saviour.

EXCESSIVE FLOODS IN INDIA.

We quote the following from the *Friend of India* :

“The year 1875 will be long memorable as a year of almost universal floods. It is difficult to believe that there is not some error in the statement that twenty-three inches of rain fell at Delhi on the 7th and 8th inst. (i.e., of Sept.) in the course of twenty-four hours! Forty lives are said to have been lost, and thousands of houses destroyed in this strange deluge. We have known thirty-three inches fall in Western India in seventy-two hours; but this Delhi flood is the heaviest we have ever heard of except on the Ghaut ranges.”

The following extract from the *Friend of Sept. 15th* relates to our southern station; Aska being about midway between Berhampore and Russelcondah :

“Aska has been flooded for twenty-four hours. Five breaches have been made in the south embankment of the Goomsoor river, and the whole country for miles is under water. Excessive rainfall has occurred also at Berhampore and Gopalpore.”

MISSION SERVICES.

I HAVE, at the request of several friends, promised to furnish a monthly account of the Mission Services held in our churches; but in order that the record may be complete, I shall begin with the first services held after our arrival in England.

Mission sermons were preached on Lord's-day, May 30th, at *Spalding*, by Mr. Stubbins, and at *Bourne* by J. Buckley; and meetings were held on the Monday evening at Bourne, and on the following evening at Spalding. An account of the meeting at Bourne has already appeared. It was an interesting and remarkable circumstance—I trust, too, a token for good—that at the first missionary meeting on my return I should be associated with my dear old friend, Mr. Stubbins, the beloved fellow-student of more than forty years ago, and with whom I had been for many years associated in the blessed work of the Lord in Orissa; and that this first meeting should be held in the chapel where my dear brother, Mr. Orton, has faithfully and usefully ministered the word of life for a number of years. It was an additionally interesting circumstance that this meeting was presided over by Colonel S. D. Young, of the Madras army, whose last years with his regiment were spent at Cuttack, who was always welcomed in our social circle, and who was ever ready to help in every good word and work. He is now the Travelling Secretary of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India, and will, I hope, be encouraged in his work wherever he goes. Bourne, I may tell my readers, has for me many interesting and holy associations. After the death of the good old pastor, Mr. Binns, I came to spend my first midsummer vacation here, and remained for three Sabbaths.* Forty-one years have passed since that time, and many have fallen asleep; but a few still remain who remember, with grateful interest, the visit of the young and comparatively inexperienced student of 1834, and who were glad to welcome the old man of 1875; and with these I did, as Paul did at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, “thanked God and took courage.” At Bourne, I may add, the first three weeks of our sojourn in England were spent in the society of beloved relatives.

Lord's-day, June the 21st, was passed at *Knipton*, when three services were conducted, the morning being devoted to the young. The collections and subscriptions amounted to £14—a pleasing advance on the previous year. My visit to Knipton awakened solemn and tender recollections: for twenty-one years ago I was at a missionary meeting here with the late revered Secretary of our Society. It was the last missionary meeting of the many he attended; and it appropriately closed with a solemn and earnest appeal to the unconverted. Well do I remember the solemnity with which he repeated the third and fourth verses in the 89th hymn—

“No matter which my thoughts employ;”

And—

“Nothing is worth a thought beneath,” etc.

It was a fitting close to the hundreds of missionary addresses which for some thirty-five years he had delivered. Nor could I forget that a few weeks before returning to India I was at a meeting at Knipton with my late dear friend, Mr. Goadby, one of the warmest friends and most effective advocates of the Orissa Mission. A voice from the tomb seemed to say, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.” A visit to Belvoir Castle, which we enjoyed, on Monday morning, with our kind host, may probably be described in some future paper.

From Knipton we went to the Annual Association, Wisbech; in but full accounts have already been published of the Annual Missionary Meeting I need not enlarge. The friends of the Mission are not likely to forget the important testimony of Sir George Campbell to the value of the services rendered by the missionaries in the time of Orissa's calamity. It was also a remarkable circumstance that five out of six who were at Wisbech together under the roof of the late revered Joseph Jarrom forty years ago (I. Stubbins, J. Buckley, R. Hardy, H. Wilkinson, R. Ingham, and W. Jarrom,) met at Wisbech that week. Dear Dr. Ingham has fallen asleep, but his memory is fragrant and blessed to all who knew his worth.

August 1st. Missionary sermons were preached, morning and evening, at *Barrowden*, but no meeting was held on the week evening. Collections, &c., £4 7s. This locality has interesting historical associations, which I may describe in some future paper, if leisure be given.

* In those days our Midsummer vacation was a month, and the Christmas vacation a fortnight only.

August 15th, sermons in aid of the Mission were preached at *Hinckley*, and in the afternoon an address was delivered to the Sabbath scholars. It was not found convenient to have a missionary meeting. Collections, etc., £7 6s. 5d.

Shall I describe a missionary meeting, on the 26th of August, in the Independent Chapel at *Matlock Bank*? I was staying at this place with Mrs. Buckley, and saw a printed notice of the meeting; and as I thought it likely that it might be the only missionary meeting I should attend without taking any part, and hoped that I might learn a little, I resolved to go; but my hopes of being a hearer only were soon rudely dispelled, for the presiding minister, in his opening address, observed that he had reason to believe that there was a missionary from India present who had been engaged in the work for more than thirty years, and if he was correct in his supposition, he hoped that the said missionary would come on the platform and address the meeting. As there was no help for it I gave them a little information about Orissa, and the missionary from the South Seas furnished some very interesting details relating to the work of God there.

Particulars of other services in future papers,

J. BUCKLEY.

Services on behalf of the Foreign Mission have been held as follows:—

| DATE. | PLACES. | DEPUTATION. |
|-----------------------|--|---------------------------|
| Sept. 12, 16 | Bradford, Denholme, Allerton, and Clayton .. | Dr. Buckley, and W. Hill |
| " 19, 21 | Barton, Barlestone, and Bagworth | " " |
| " 26, 29 | Birchcliffe, Heptonstall Slack, and Nazebottom | " " |
| Oct. 6 | Burton-on-Trent, juvenile | W. Hill " |
| " 10, 12 | Todmorden, Shore, Vale, and Lydgate | Dr. Buckley and W. Hill |
| " 17, 20 | Tarporley, Wheelock Heath, and Audlem .. | " " |
| " 24, 28 | Halifax, Lee Mount, West Vale, and Dewsbury | " " |
| Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2 .. | Wirksworth, Shottle, and Bonsall | W. Hill " |
| Nov. 7, 8, 9 | Ashby and Packington | Dr. Buckley |
| " " | Leeds, North Street | W. Hill |
| " 14, 15 | Macclesfield | " " |
| " " | Sheffield | Dr. Buckley, H. Wilkinson |

The above services have been interesting, and well attended. Valuable assistance has been rendered, not only by our own ministers, but by ministers of other denominations. In many places there appears to be quite a revived interest in our foreign missionary work.

The following communications from friends on the spot will sustain the truth of this remark:—

LEEDS, NORTH STREET.—Mr. Hill has just left us. I write to say how much all our people, and especially the young folks, have been gratified by his visit. All the services have been large, and profitable, and interesting. Love to our Mission has revived and increased. He has proved an admirable deputation. The pecuniary results will, I have no doubt, prove satisfactory. We shall have, I trust, larger contributions, and more subscribers. Altogether I am inclined to think that our auxiliary is in a good healthy condition.

RICHARD HORSFIELD.

MACCLESFIELD.—Our annual missionary services were held in Macclesfield on Sunday, Nov. 14, and on the following night. The expositions and sermons of the Rev. W. Hill will long be remembered with profound interest. At the Monday night meeting the pastor occupied the chair, and a large congregation listened with evident satisfaction to Mr. T. Hallam's report of juvenile efforts, and also to the earnest and inspiring addresses of the deputation and other ministers. It is very gratifying to report progress, and to find that the sum raised this year is in advance of last year's income.

JAMES MADEN.

SHEFFIELD.—In reference to the visit of brethren Buckley and H. Wilkinson, Mr. John F. Hiller writes:—"We had glorious services on Sunday, Nov. 14, and the missionary meeting the next night was the best we have ever had." The friends are trying to get their list of subscriptions up to *three figures* for the year.

WIRKSWORTH.—On Sunday, Oct. 31, and following day, interesting missionary services were held at Wirksworth. Rev. W. Hill attended as deputation; and in the course of an excellent address alluded to the circumstance of his decision having been made in that chapel, twenty-one years ago, to devote himself to the work in Orissa. Contributions and collections amounted to £19 1s. 10³d.

J. C. FORTH.

INDIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. W. HILL.

No. XXII.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.”—Rev. ii. 17.

“THE hidden manna” is supposed to be in contrast with “the things sacrificed to idols.” With regard, however, to the meaning of the “white stone” there has been great diversity of opinion. Some suppose that allusion is made to the stones in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest, or to stones of friendship or approval. Others regard the stone as the symbol of good fortune or prosperity. If, however, the “hidden manna” is in contrast with the “things sacrificed to idols,” may not the “white stone” be in contrast with the idol itself? What that idol was, it may be impossible to decide; but throughout the whole of India there is an image worshipped—the Lingam—which is said to correspond with the Baal Peor of Assyria, the Osiris of Egypt, the Pallas of the Greeks, the Priapus of the Romans, and to correspond with that worshipped by the Jews, to which allusion is made in Deut. iv. 16, Ezekiel xvi. 15, etc., and Rev. ii. 14. And though the image is sometimes made of clay, wood, and other materials, yet the best kind are those made of *black stone*. Moreover, not only are these images set up and worshipped in temples, but they are often carried in silver shrines suspended from the neck. Erun, the first convert baptized in connection with the Orissa Mission, wore one up to his baptism; at which time he broke the image, and presented the silver shrine to Bampton, by whom he was baptized. With regard to the “new name written,” there have been different opinions as to its meaning. On the black stone image worshipped by the Hindoos, there is said to be the sign of the sacred monosyllable OM, a sign known only to the brahmins, and from which the vedas proceed, and Brahma and Vishnoo became enlightened. In the light, then, of the customs of the Hindoos, how striking and beautiful the promise of Jesus—“To him that overcometh will I give to eat (instead of the food offered to idols) of the hidden manna, and will give him (not a black stone, like the obscene image) a white stone, and in the stone a new name written (not a mystic sign), which no man (not even the priests) knoweth save he that receiveth it.”

To my mind, it appears not at all improbable that the doctrines of Balaam and of the Nicolaitanes were similar to those of Seva. To those who understand what the latter are, it will not be surprising that Jesus should say of the doctrines of the Nicolaitanes, “*which things I hate*.” Like our first convert, may myriads soon renounce the impure, the obscene, and the debasing doctrines of Sevaism, and receive in their stead the holy, enlightening, and elevating doctrines of Jesus, of which the “white stone” is the symbol.

FOREIGN LETTERS RECEIVED.

BERHAMPORE—J. H. Smith, Sept. 15. | CUTTACK—W. Brooks, Sept. 25.
CUTTACK—J. G. Pike, Sept. 18.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from
October 18th to November 18th, 1875.*

| | £ | s. | d. | | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|--|-------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Austrey and Appleby | 0 | 16 | 3 | | Kirkby Woodhouse | 3 | 8 | 10 |
| Barton, Barlestone, etc. | 65 | 15 | 0 | | Lee Mount—Friend for Pimple Chapel | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Birchcliffe | 50 | 16 | 0 | | Macclesfield | 18 | 13 | 6 |
| Burnley—Mr. J. Whittaker | 1 | 1 | 0 | | Melbourne... .. | 12 | 13 | 2 |
| Burton-on-Trent—Juvenile Society, on account... .. | 20 | 0 | 0 | | Nottingham—Mr. J. S. Fisk, for Rome | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Caversham—E. West, Esq. | 5 | 0 | 0 | | Queensbury | 27 | 0 | 0 |
| Chatham—Rev. T. Rofe | 1 | 10 | 0 | | Quorndon | 2 | 7 | 9 |
| Cuttack—F. Bond, Esq., for Rome ... | 2 | 10 | 0 | | Tarporley | 52 | 10 | 3 |
| Glaoucester—Mr. F. F. Wilkins, for Rome | 0 | 5 | 0 | | Welford—Mr. W. Billson | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Hullfax | 27 | 12 | 4 | | West Vale | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | | Wirksworth and Shottle | 10 | 0 | 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.